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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

By adopting the previous question after only a brief discussion, the Conference of the Independent Labour Party at Huddersfield last week avoided an explicit repudiation of Bolshevism; that is to say, of Bolshevism as commonly understood in this country, namely, as sovietism in place of Parliamentarism. At the same time, however, both its principal speakers and the vast majority of its members made it apparent that the soviet system, whatever charm or fitness it might have for other countries, had nothing to offer our own country that could not more easily be obtained by parliamentarism. Mr. Jowett, as the particular patron of the parliamentary system, was almost tearful in his references to the "deeply rooted parliamentary institutions" of England. These institutions, he suggested, had "worked" in the past; and it would be folly to cast them aside just when Labour was about to enter upon their control. And to cast them aside for an untried system such as Sovietism would be to carry folly to the height of madness. We may agree with Mr. Jowett (and with Mr. MacDonald who took the same line) in a distrust of the soviet system, especially as likely to be put into practice by an imperfectly educated proletariat, without, however, entertaining their hopes of the present parliamentary system; for the truth is that parliamentarism, as now practised in this country, stands in need of something like revolution if it is not to degenerate into an enslaving superstition. Like the Labour Party in general, the I.L.P. is much too satisfied with the mere contrast between parliamentarism and sovietism. Because sovietism is bad, they conclude that parliamentarism is good; whereas the fact is that parliamentarism is only good because it can be kept, and in so far as it is kept, under adaptive reform.

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Herr Kautsky, to whom we have referred before as one of the ablest of the German Socialists, has been warning Germany against the perils of "going Bolshevist." That the temptation exists and may be intensified on the publication of the peace terms cannot be denied; and, indeed, there are some observers who believe that it will prove to be too strong to be resisted. Nevertheless, according to Kautsky, a tremendous mistake will be made by Germany if she allows herself to "go Bolshevist" under any provocation whatever. On general grounds, common to this country as well as to Germany, going Bolshevist, Kautsky says, implies reversion to the doctrine of force. It is something more than simple passive resistance; for it involves the specific attempt of the proletariat to set up a dictatorship that shall take the place of the fallen dictatorship of the capitalist class. But what is this but to invert the ancient order without fundamental change? How, in fact, does a proletarian dictatorship differ from a capitalist dictatorship save in being the latter upside-down? And much the same consequences may be expected from it as from the regime of which it is the twin-brother. On particular grounds, equally applicable, we may again say, to this country, Kautsky also disapproves of the adoption of Bolshevism in Germany. Germany is largely an industrialised country dependent, therefore, upon capital and skill for its standard of living. Unlike Russia (let us say), the productive resources of Germany are eminently destructible, being, as they are, constructed and psychological. The dictatorship of the proletariat in Germany, with all the means by which alone it could be brought about, would thus in all probability destroy not temporarily but permanently the greater part of the nation's present assets; and only a universal pauperisation of the population could result from it. The difference in this respect between Russia and Germany or Russia and England is the difference between a field and a factory, an agricultural and an industrial order. Revolution in Russia, bad as its immediate effects may be, is not necessarily fatal, since you cannot really destroy the natural capital of agriculture. In Germany and England, on the other hand, a "Russian" Revolution would have permanently bad effects, since, as may be foreseen, it would undoubtedly involve the destruction of a considerable part of our chief effective capital, namely, machinery and credit.

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The interview with Lenin published in the "Daily Chronicle" of April 23 deserves to be read and re-read, and then laid aside for further study. It is, in our judgment, the most illuminating document yet published on the significance of Lenin's revolution. That Lenin is at bottom a Russian nationalist and that, sooner or later, the Russian national tradition will

absorb Bolshevism, assimilating what is congenial and rejecting what is foreign to itself, we have no doubt; but, in the meanwhile, it unmistakably appears that Lenin regards the attempt to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat as upon all fours with a military conquest of Russia. It is an accident only that the party of conquest should happen to be composed of Russians resident in Russia; for in other respects Lenin's policy does not differ from the policy that any enlightened foreign conqueror, designing the conquest of Russia, would be driven to adopt. Assuming the possession of the effective power, Lenin says that the "first aim" of the would-be conqueror must be "to convince the majority of the people that its programme is right." In other words, military power being established, the aim of the enlightened despot is to procure general consent to it by all the means available. And that these means include "terrorism" as well as "propaganda" Lenin makes no more bones of admitting than a William the Conqueror or an Akbar. For the second problem, following on the capture of the effective military power, was, he says, "the suppression of resistance on the part of the capitalist classes"—a problem, he adds, the solution of which necessitated a "rule of terror," the more "pitiless" as the danger of resistance was great. It is true that Lenin goes on to say that as the "danger" of resistance diminishes, "terrorism" can be dispensed with; but so, under similar circumstances, any foreign conqueror might say. The history, ancient and contemporary, of every imperialising Power is full of such conditional promises. But the admission is no more one of principle in the case of Lenin than in the case of any other conqueror; it is the pure expediency of force; and Lenin reveals himself as a typical "conqueror" with only a Marxian in place of a Cæsarian vocabulary to distinguish him from the military conquerors of history.

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It is useless to deny that there are military conquests that are lasting, but these arise, it is to be presumed, when the "conqueror" is as wise or fortunate as he is powerful. Lenin, on the other hand, appears to be neither. He has foreseen few of the circumstances that have actually arisen; and in several aspects he has been blind beyond the average. Some "disappointments and difficulties" were, of course, "inevitable"; but apart from the coolness of Lenin's excuse that "it was impossible to foresee how the social philosophy of Marx would work out in actual government," his assumption of the necessity of a "permanent state of war against the bourgeoisie" is destructive of his whole conception. In fact, he has discovered, as anybody might have told him he would, that "the transformation of a capitalist into a communist State is impossible without the assistance of the scientific and technical experts" who to-day constitute a considerable section of the bourgeois class. His discovery, however, has in all probability come too late; and, moreover, it is still incomplete. For after having been compelled by force of experience to allow that the "bourgeois" are indispensable, he still continues to maintain that their indispensability is only temporary, and that their admission into his communist State represents only a "truce inevitable to a period of transition." It is impossible, however, that this should really be the truth of things; for it is not in nature that the "salaries" of the bourgeoisie (that is to say, of the scientific and technical experts of industry) can ever be reduced without exception, as he thinks, "to the level of an ordinary workman's wages." We are not thinking now of salary as a motive; we are not pretending to believe that men will always decline to become experts or to exercise their superior skill except under the stimulus of a differentiated and high salary. We put it merely on the ground of means to function; and, assuming salary to include the means of function, we assert the obvious when we say that the majority of the expert functions discharged by the bourgeois demand as the very condition of their development and exercise a higher "salary" (in one form or another) than those discharged by the "ordinary workman." Not to have foreseen that the bourgeois would be necessary to his proposed transformation of a capitalist into a communist State was bad enough. To contend that their present co-operation is only in suspense of a permanent condition of war is worse. But worst of all is his obsession with, in face of equity and experience, the mechanical theory of equality, which maintains that the "salaries" of all functions must be identical. Altogether, this complex of fallacies is incompatible with the success of Lenin as a permanent conqueror.

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All this, however, is not to say that Lenin is without ideas or that, in spite of his tremendous mistakes, much of his work will not last. As the first great practical reaction the world has ever seen against Capitalism, his Revolution is the precursor of others, some of which may one day find themselves inaugurated under more favourable circumstances. It appears that Lenin himself has learned a good deal from his experiences; and it is possible that revolutionaries in the days to come may take up his work where he will be compelled to drop it, profiting by his failures to avoid his errors. In particular we would direct attention to the passage in the interview in which Lenin describes his experiences of the potency of the "money-power." Money, we are accustomed to say, is the root of all evil; but Lenin has discovered, as we ourselves are beginning to realise, that not only is money the root of all moral evil, but that the control of money includes every form of economic control that exists. Money-power is the apex of the pyramid of economic power; and without its control every other order of control is really only nominal. Creditism, as Major C. H. Douglas says elsewhere, is the final form of capitalism. "Experience," Lenin remarked to his interviewer, "has taught us that it is impossible to root out the evils of capitalism merely by confiscation and expropriation, for however ruthlessly such measures may be applied, astute speculators and obstinate survivors of the capitalist classes will always manage to evade them and continue to corrupt the life of the community. . . Before the revolution can be completed, the great illusion of the value and power of money, on which the capitalist State is based, must be definitely and finally destroyed." These, it must be remembered, are not only the words of a theorist; they are the confession of the most practical communist revolutionary that perhaps has ever lived. They are wrung out of experience, out of experience of measures of confiscation, expropriation and democratic control such as we in our own country can only dream of. And at the end of a series of such experiments and experiences, Lenin has to admit that money-power and, with it, all real power, has evaded him. We hope that our readers will learn with us from Lenin's discoveries; and that they will not be impatient if we devote an increasing amount of attention to the final problem of economic power.

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The Coal Commission resumed its sittings last week and had before it as witnesses a procession of professors, most of whom, if they had anything to say at all, were more or less hostile to nationalisation direct or joint. Whatever misgivings we may have ourselves concerning the wisdom of any of the immediate plans, we cannot pretend that the evidence of the professors of economics, least of all when they are unanimous, impresses us very much. When they are unanimous they are usually wrong; and when they disagree we are equally left to find a solution for ourselves. In the case of four of the professors who gave evidence last week, their credentials are damaged by the fact that they have been wrong before, and in a matter much less open to doubt than the advisability of nationalising

coal. We have before us the General Report of the Committee of Economists appointed by the Cabinet to inquire into and to forecast "the probable state of industry after the war, with special reference to unemployment"; and in the opening sentence we read as follows: "In attempting to forecast the general condition of British industry on the eve of the peace some facts relating to all industries and almost all the facts relating to some industries may be taken as already known. *It may be assumed, for instance, that there will be an almost complete absence of unemployment*" (italics ours). Among the signatories of this astonishing forecast we observe the names of four of the recent witnesses—Professors Sir William Ashley, Edwin Cannan, A. C. Pigou and W. R. Scott; and of these it is expressly stated that Professor Sir William Ashley reported particularly on the prospects of engineering, and Professor Pigou on those of the building trade. Will it be believed that at the moment of writing the highest percentage of a high rate of general unemployment is in engineering, and that the next highest is in building? Yet such is the fact. After this, we may fairly discount the claims of the professors to rank as prophets even in industries all of whose facts may be "taken as already known."

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Of the professors whose evidence was heard last week, Sir William Ashley appears to have been the least unsympathetic to nationalisation. Nevertheless, he expressed considerable doubt whether it was wise to expect any large accession of public spirit among the masses of the workers in consequence of their transfer from private to public service. The point, we admit, is debatable; but is it, even if it were certain, necessarily fatal to the claim of nationalisation? Suppose even that it were certain that a "creeping paralysis" would tend to set in among the workmen on finding themselves public servants instead of private tools, should the prospect of that danger necessarily debar our consideration of the policy? We do not think so. The ultimate value of economics, it will not be denied, is to be found not in production as production, but in the ethical and spiritual circumstances accompanying or resulting from it; and even though it might conceivably be proved that the motive of private gain is more stimulating to production as production, the substitution of the higher ethical motive of public service, though at the outset it might tend to decrease material production, might nevertheless compensate society at large for a material loss. There is bound to be some risk of material loss in substituting a higher for a lower motive. If it were not so, the conversion of the world to the practice of Christianity would be infinitely faster. If it were always and everywhere immediately certain and demonstrable that the choice of the higher ethical values included an increasing quantity as well as quality of the material values, who would fail to be constant in his Christian faith? It is precisely the risk and the doubt that constitute the "sacrifice" and the need of "faith" in all matters of ethics. From any human point of view we do not suppose that anybody denies the ethical superiority of public service over private profit; nor, again, does anybody doubt the real superiority of the motive of independent and voluntary service over that of dependent and forced service. At bottom, we all more admire (because, unlike Mr. Harold Cox, we are social in ideal) a good public spirit than an intense private ambition. And in so far as "nationalisation" would put a premium on public service—since without public spirit nationalisation could not possibly succeed—it may be said to be a school for the development of a superior morality. Whether we are fit to enter such a school at this moment; whether the time has come when the motive of public service can be trusted to develop under training—these are fair questions. Presumably, however, if the Miners insist upon going to school, they are fitted to profit by it; and we have no doubt ourselves that in the end nationalisation will justify itself economically as well as ethically.

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Mr. Harold Cox must have been alone in the enjoyment of the exhibition he made of himself before the Commission; for we cannot discover that anybody else was gratified by his garish self-advertisement. Of any contribution to the problem under discussion or even any attempt to consider the problem his evidence bore no witness; and he might have been more profitably employed in digging coal. Unfortunately, the unexpectedness of the arrival of a pterodactyl in their midst appears to have taken away the breath from even the Fabian members of the Commission. They failed to treat Mr. Cox with the arguments he deserved. The chief thing, of course, to be said of "private enterprise" in these days is that its inevitable goal is the Trust; and it might have been amusing to put it to Mr. Cox that in defending "private enterprise" he was not even defending private enterprise, but only a tendency towards the formation of a Trust in which private enterprise would naturally become impossible for all save the few at the top. At this moment, as Mr. Cox probably knows as well as we do, the amount of private enterprise and the range over which it is exercised are rapidly diminishing in all the great industries. It is commonly known, for instance, that there is only one engineering employer in this country; and before very long there will be only one engineering employer in the world. Much the same thing applies to steel, to cotton, to wool, to meat,—not to mention a score of particular articles from bedsteads to tobacco. The ultimate extinction of anything like general "private enterprise" in trustification is so obvious and inevitable that no professing economist alive to-day has the excuse of yesterday for failing to see it. Yesterday (or, let us say, under good Queen Victoria) Mr. Harold Cox might have passed for an adventurously romantic disciple of Mr. Samuel Smiles, whose hopes and counsels were still to be proved in practice. With the evidence of the goal of private enterprise before his eyes, such a rôle is no longer open to him to play anything but the fool in.

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At the Conference of the National Union of Teachers held last week at Cheltenham an amendment to an Executive resolution was carried with enthusiasm. The resolution affirmed the desire of the teachers to be "represented" on a Whitley Council to be set up under the auspices of the Government; but the substituted and successful amendment claimed for the teaching profession a basis of "self-government with full partnership in administration." We sincerely hope that the reluctance of the Executive to assume any other than material responsibility for the welfare of their profession will be overcome by the Guild spirit thus manifested in the rank and file; for it is obvious that if we are about to enter an era of nationalisation with democratic control, whose motive must be responsible public service, the teachers of the rising generation have the key of the future in their hands, and can make or mar the success of the next step. But if they are not free and responsible themselves, how can they teach freedom and responsibility to their charges? More than anything else, teachers teach what they *are*; and a servile, materialistic and responsibility-shirking teaching profession will infallibly inculcate these qualities in the plastic characters that come into its hands. As Lenin has discovered that the money-power is supreme among economic powers, education can be said to be supreme among the psychological influences of society. It is the business of education to make men fit for democracy as it is the business of statesmen to make the world safe for it. Here, too, however, we note that it is the rank and file that leads in ideas. We trust that the resolution passed at the Cheltenham Conference will be forced into action over the heads of the Executive as it has been carried against their resistance.

The Control of Production.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

IT has frequently and rightly been emphasised in THE NEW AGE that the essence of any real progress towards a better condition of Society resides in the acquisition of control of its functions by those who are affected by the structure of Society; and it is well if somewhat vaguely recognised by the worker of all classes that this control is at present not resident in, but is external to, Society itself, and that in consequence men and women, instead of rising to an ever superior control of circumstance, remain the slaves of a system they did not make and have not so far been able to alter in its fundamentals.

This system is assailed under the name of Capitalism; but of the millions who are convinced that by the destruction of Capitalism the Millennium will be achieved, not very many have yet awakened to the fact that Capitalism died an unhallowed death twenty-five years ago, more or less, and that the driving force of the system which, more than any other single cause, has produced the tangle of misery and unrest in which the world now welters, is Creditism.

Credit is a real thing; it is the correct estimate of capacity to achieve, and the function and immense importance for good or evil of this real credit will be impressed on Guildsmen and others with cumulative insistence in the difficult times ahead. But for the moment it is desirable to consider a narrower use of the word; one conveying, however, a sense with which it is more commonly associated—financial credit.

Financial credit is simply an estimate of the capacity to pay money—any sort of money is legal or customary tender; it is not, for instance, an estimate of capital possessed; and its use as a driving-force through the creation of loan-credit is directly consequent on this definition. The British Banking system has, since the Banking Act of 1844, based its operations on the ultimate liability to pay gold, but in actual fact the community, as a whole, has dethroned gold, and bases its acceptance of cheques and bills on its estimate of the bank credit of the individual or corporation issuing the document, and for practical purposes not at all on the likelihood that the bank will meet the document with gold. This bank credit simply consists of certain figures in a ledger combined with the willingness of the bank to manipulate those figures and at call to convert them into purchasing power. What, then, is likely to induce a Bank to increase the credit by the creation of loans, etc., of an applicant for that favour? The answer is contained in the definition: the capacity to pay money; and the credit will be extended absolutely and solely as the officials concerned are satisfied that this condition will be met. It is quite immaterial whether the judgment is based on existing "securities" or contemplated operations; the basis of bank credit to-day is simply and solely the capacity within an agreed time-limit, which may be long or short, to pay money.

Now apply the consideration of this to such a problem as control of the provision of decent housing for the miners at rents not exceeding 10 per cent. of the miners' earnings. There are a number of idealists who cannot be labelled otherwise than half-baked, who will say that it is a "sound business proposition" to house the miners properly at low rents. There are also a number of people by no means half-baked who are prepared to lose a little on housing to retain control of industry. That it is in the highest sense sound is unquestionable; but as to being a business proposition we suggest to those well-meaning people of the first class whose minds are above detail, that they go to the banks unsupported by security, and endeavour to borrow money for such a project.

We see, then, that it is purely a question of the financial effect likely to accrue from an enterprise which will induce the banks to back it with credit, and the use-value or inherent desirability of doing certain work is a pure by-product. But the deduction to be made from this is of transcendent importance—it is that to control industry in the interest of use-values you must back use-values with credit. And that means the control of credit. And in order to control credit the base on which it rests must be altered to meet the changed aspirations of Society. The economic power of Labour is a potential power. By withholding it, Labour (using the term in its widest sense) can break down civilisation; but it cannot build it up again by any agency that the mind of man has yet conceived which does not involve the use of credit capital in some form or other. The community creates all the credit capital there is; there is nothing whatever to prevent the community entering into its own and dwelling therein except it shall be by sheer demonstrated inability to seize the opportunity which at this very moment lies open to it; an opportunity which if seized and used aright would within ten years reduce class-war to an absurdity and politics to a disease.

The Cause of Massacres.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

LITTLE more than a generation ago, the Ottoman Turks were protégés of England, and every educated Englishman was then aware that they were not bad people—not so good, naturally, as they would have been with the same qualities if they had been baptised, but still not bad. Then the desire for an alliance with despotic Russia, whose chief political aim was the destruction of the Turkish Empire, arose in certain circles. It was necessary for our Czarists in pursuance of this "Christian" object to defame the Turks, whose right to live became thenceforth a party question; and the Czarist party won, chiefly by insistence on the fact of massacres. So crudely has that war cry been employed that most English people of to-day seem unaware that there has ever been the slightest cause for Muslim punishment of Christians other than the difference of religion. The prevailing notion on the subject seems to be that the Turkish Government has nefariously got possession of a multitude of pious, meek and altogether Christian "Christians," whom they exterminate periodically for the fun of the thing. To explain the presence of those Christians in the Muslim Empire I must go back rather a long way.

Thirteen hundred years ago, in Arabia, there lived the most wonderful man the world has ever known, the Prophet Muhammad; who made laws so enlightened, and, as we should say, so "modern," that the most advanced of Europe's thinkers are only just beginning to approach them; particularly in regard to war and conquest. Before his time the fact of one nation conquering another meant that the conquered nation lay entirely at the mercy of the victor, no matter though it might be of the same religion. The Prophet ordered that all those of the nations conquered by the Muslims who embraced Islâm should become exactly equal with the conquerors in all respects. As for the others, if they agreed to pay a yearly tribute for the cost of their defence, for non-Muslims could not take a part in Muslim warfare, Jews and Christians—and idolators as well, as you will find in India—were to live on unmolested in their occupations, with full liberty of conscience and complete self-government in all the internal affairs of their communities. Even in the heat of war non-combatants were to be immune, fruit-bearing trees and cornfields were to be respected, and no cattle killed except in case of urgent need. That is the Prophet's law against the enemies of his religion, for he had no others.

Muhammad abolished nationality in the aggressive sense, and patriotism, as we understand it, he denounced as criminal. This is his saying: "That person is not one of us who invites others to aid him in oppression; and he is not of us who fights for his tribe in injustice; and he is not of us who dies while assisting his tribe in tyranny."

Consequently, the merely national ideal was derided and discouraged in the Muslim brotherhood, while in Christendom it flourished and attained a monstrous growth. The gulf between the two great social systems has been widening, and the inevitable misunderstanding is at present complicated by the fact that Muslim nations are materially less advanced than Christian nations, although in social science and social morality they are thirteen hundred years ahead of them.

Though many Muslims have at times transgressed the Prophet's law, in a general sense it has controlled the conduct of the peoples which accept it. When, eight hundred years after the Prophet's death, the Ottoman Turks entered on their career of conquest, they observed its precepts in their treatment of the vanquished races. It is on record that the Christians in the conquered territories found little to complain of in the change of rulers. The weaker Christian sects even invited it in order to escape from persecution by the stronger. Fanatical Greeks of the Orthodox Eastern Church preferred to come together with their brethren of Syria, Asia Minor and Egypt under the wing of Islâm to the alternative of accepting Papal claims or being massacred, which was all that Western Christendom, no less fanatical, at that time offered them. Millions of Christians thus passed willingly beneath the Turkish yoke in addition to those who came beneath that yoke by conquest. And the sects with their peculiar liturgies, customs, heresies and native languages are there to this day. They could hardly have survived thus undisturbed under the rule of any Christian Power in days when toleration was unknown in Europe. Under no Christian Power assuredly could they have preserved intact both faith and nationality. Non-Muslims were indeed the only people in the Muslim empire who valued nationality, and it was carefully secured to them. The rest were Muslims, members of a great religious brotherhood which, by the accidents of history, had become identified with empire.

Of course, there is another side of the picture. From the point of view of Christian subjects of the Sultan there were many drawbacks. Those subjects suffered under various disabilities, though these may be considered more than compensated by exemption from the military service, of which the burden fell entirely on the Muslim population. They thus had leisure to pursue the arts of peace. The shipping trade of the Levant was in their hands, and many of them gained distinction in the Turkish service.

There were certain high positions in connection with the government of Christians which could only, by the constitution of the realm, be filled by Christians. The Greek Islands, and that part of the mainland where Greeks were in an overwhelming majority was, for purposes of administration, divided up into eleven circles, each circle governed by a Christian official called Kaptan who was elected by the inhabitants, after being recommended for the office by the Greek patriarch, and who was responsible to a high Christian functionary at the Porte, known as Derya Terjumani (Dragoman of the Admiralty). The hospodars or prince-governors of Wallachia and Moldavia—which, united, form Roumania at the present day—had always to be Christians and were appointed like the Derya Terjumani and the Kaptans on the recommendation of the Greek patriarch at Constantinople, who was recognised as the responsible head and representative (and on occasion advocate) of all the subjects who professed the Orthodox religion—Greeks, Bulgars, Serbs, Roumans, etc. Such extensive patronage in ecclesiastical hands produced in time a thoroughly corrupt officialdom. The same large measure of autonomy was given to the Armenian, Jacobite, Nestorian and other churches; in the case of the Armenians with the same result. The subject Christians suffered more from their co-religionists than from the Turks with whom they had no general contact. Many of the finest churches were converted into mosques, but the use of other churches and of numerous monasteries was secured to them, and there was never any question of prohibiting their form of worship. The wealthy Christians suffered under an inferiority to the more important Muslims, to whom they were obliged to show servility. They all, rich and poor, had to pay a fixed annual tribute, so much per head of the community, for their lives, which were technically forfeit to Islâm. This poll-tax was commuted in the early nineteenth century to a tax in lieu of military service, which came to exactly the same things. The greatest cruelty, so far as I know, that was ever inflicted on them was that involved in the formation of the corps of Janissaries when the sons of Christians were taken from their homes in infancy and bred up as Muslims*; but this can have affected relatively few families of the vast Christian population, and it happened only in the period when everyone agrees that the Christians were contented subjects of the Muslim Empire. In a general way I would protest against vindictive casting up of ancient history against any nation. If the practice became universal we ourselves might suffer.

The disabilities of Jews and Christians in the Turkish Empire—I do not wish to minimise them in the least, however much the other side may have exaggerated—were benefits compared with the condition to which persons of an alien faith were relegated at that time in Christian Europe. Jews kept emigrating into Turkey from the persecutions of the Inquisition, and Christians who, by independent views, had earned the condemnation of their chiefs, religious or political, found refuge there. At the very worst the treatment which the subject peoples met with under Muslim rule was preferable to that which the French nobility before the Revolution accorded to their own Catholic peasantry, or than Catholics received from Protestants in Ireland. And its harshness was felt chiefly by the rich. There was little difference, and, as far as I can learn from folk-lore, no ill-feeling between poor Christians and poor Muslims in old days. What, then, has been the cause of those atrocities of which we hear so much in recent times?

The principal cause of massacres: (1) of Mohammedans by Christians, and (2) of Christians by Mohammedans has been Russian intrigue.

When Peter the Great made unsuccessful war on Turkey he found a friend and counsellor in Cantimir Hospodar of Wallachia, one of those Christian rulers under Turkish sovereignty of whom I have already spoken. Cantimir expounded to the Czar the whole system of Christian autonomy within the Muslim Empire, and pointed out the splendid field for intrigue which those realms within the realm offered to a Christian prince whose wish was to corrupt and to destroy that Empire. This is stated both by Christian and by Turkish writers. The events arising from it justify the saying of the cynic that the one great error of the Turk as conqueror, his one unpardonable crime in Europe's eyes is that he was more merciful than Christians of the period, and did not exterminate or forcibly convert the conquered peoples who professed another faith.

The Russian intrigues in Turkey met at first with no success, but in the course of time, by utilising every

* I fancy that some of the Christian parents must have sold their children, as Christian parents do at present in those parts; otherwise the discontent appears inadequate.

local grievance they became effective. At length, when making peace with Turkey after a successful war, Russia obtained from her the right to intercede, if need were, on behalf of Turkish Christians and advise the Porte for their advantage in a friendly way. This immense concession was obtained so easily that one is forced to the conclusion that the Turks did not perceive its full significance. Then Russia poured her agents in among the Christian populations, bidding them look forward to the day when the banner of the Cross should be again triumphant. To me, a modern Englishman, it seems a shameful story, though for the Christian fanatic it is, no doubt, glorified. The Christians of the Turkish Empire are hot-blooded people, and their religious feelings are not tempered by humanity. Excited by the hopes held out, the promises of help made by the Russian agents, the hottest heads began to plan rebellion with the simple object of despoiling and exterminating the non-Christian Turk. You must picture the Turks, upon the other hand—a haughty, careless, but, upon the whole, well-meaning folk—as thinking—if indeed they thought at all—that they had dealt very generously with their Christian subjects; and little guessing what was going on, because the revolutionaries were at work in regions where the Christians had complete autonomy, and colonies of Muslims led a life apart.

Suddenly, an armed rebellion of the Greeks occurs—the Greek War of Independence, it is called in Christian histories—and every Muslim soul, man, woman and child, in the Morea with many thousands in the Northern part of Greece is massacred. That was in A.D. 1821. That, and the massacre of Muslims in the previous rebellion of Serbia are the first of all those massacres which horrify the student of the Eastern Question in the last hundred years.

When tidings of these horrors reached Constantinople, there was rioting against the Greeks, and the Patriarch, as the responsible head of the Greek community, was hanged at the door of his own church. There was also a massacre of Greeks in the island of Chios, where a Turkish Army was suppressing a rebellion, in the following year. But the Turks did not exterminate the Greeks on these occasions, as the Greeks, on their side, had exterminated the unhappy Muslims of the Morea. And they did not slaughter them because they were Christians, but because they were rebels. The Eastern Christians massacre the Mohammedans for being Unitarians.

The case of the Greeks in 1821 and 1822 is typical of all the later massacres except two—that of Damascus in 1860, which had purely local causes, and that of Adana in 1909, which was part of a reactionary plot against the new régime.

Take the case of the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876, the first exaggerated reports of which were used by the friends of Czarism to inaugurate the present period of Turcophobia in England. In the following year (1877) Sir Henry Layard, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, wrote to Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary, as follows:—

"A great portion of the English public are still probably under the impression that the statements upon which the denunciations against Turkey were originally founded are true—the 60,000 Christians outraged and massacred; the cartloads of human heads; the crowds of women burnt in a barn; and other similar horrors. There are persons, and amongst them, I grieve to say, Englishmen, who boast that they invented these stories with the object of 'writing down' Turkey, to which they were impelled by a well-known hand. People in England will scarcely believe that the most accurate and complete inquiries into the events of last year in Bulgaria now reduce the number of deaths to about 3,500 souls, including the Turks, who were, in the first instance, slain by the Christians. No impartial man can now deny that a rising of the Christians, which was intended by its authors to lead to a general massacre of the Mohammedans was in contemplation, and that it was directed by Russia and pan-Slavist agents."

That the Armenian massacres of 1895-6 are in the same category of events appears implicit in the statement of Sir Edwin Pears, a partisan of the Armenians, when, writing of the methods of Armenian revolutionaries (which include atrocities against the Muslim population), he says:—

"As a friend of the Armenians, revolt seemed to me purely mischievous. Some of the extremists remarked that, while they recognised that hundreds of innocent persons suffered from each of these attempts, they could provoke a big massacre which would bring in foreign intervention."

He adds, and the addition sheds a curious light upon the mental attitude of the Czarist, "Such intervention was useless so long as Russia was hostile." Not a word of disapproval of the policy of provocation. In a recent, strongly documented article in the "Revue Politique Internationale" it has been shown exactly how, and with what objects Czarist Russia ceased to be hostile to the machinations of Armenian nationalists, and became their instigator. The latest massacres are, therefore, no exception to the rule. They began with a rebellion organised with Russian help in which the Christians massacred the Muslim population which was at the time quite helpless owing to the absence of the able men.

It is strange that Englishmen of position should have thought it necessary during the war to put forward the Armenian case in its extremist form not as a case for judgment, but as a cause already judged, in such a way as to impose their view upon the uninitiated. Knowing from my own experience how hard it is to obtain a true account of such events, even in the country where they happened and from actual sufferers, I was astonished at the nature of a good deal of the evidence which they considered worth presenting.

But passing over tales of horrors, which may or may not be authentic, I find two statements made with strange insistence in the two English reports of these events which I have read. One is that the whole responsibility for the alleged atrocities rests with the Turkish Government, the other is that the said atrocities were altogether unprovoked by the Armenians.

We are gravely told that these last massacres were not due to Muslim fanaticism, that there was nothing like a popular outbreak. Everything was done in strict obedience to orders sent from Constantinople. And yet the chief offenders in a number of the cases are described as being Kurds or half-bred Arabs or Circassians—even brigands are occasionally specified—as if brigands, outlaws of a government which since it came to power had been severe on brigandage, were likely to obey the orders of that government. Kurds and Circassians, too, are not remarkable for their docility, nor yet for their attachment to the Committee of Union and Progress. It is strange that anybody should ignore the obvious cause of the ill-treatment the Armenians met with—public indignation.

Indignation had been gathering against the Powers of Europe—all of them, but chiefly Russia—for years past; it was increased by the foul treatment the progressive Turkish party received in the Italian raid on Tripoli and the first Balkan war, and was directed against our group of Powers exclusively at the beginning of the recent struggle by the Russian menace and the blunders of our own diplomacy. It was not only in the minds of progressives, but also of reactionaries. These saw the Powers betray the hope of the Young Turks, who trusted to them, and felt their own distrust of Europe justified. Then Turkey came into the war. Her troops invaded Russian territory and sustained a serious defeat at Sari Kamish. It was at that moment

of disaster for the Turkish arms that the Armenians (Turkish subjects in the pay of Russia) rose, possessed themselves of a considerable tract of Turkish territory which they handed over to the enemy, and exterminated the Mohammedan inhabitants. There are hints even in the one-sided evidence collected by Lord Bryce that a general rebellion of Armenians in the Turkish provinces took place.

Such an event at such a time could hardly fail to rouse the greatest indignation in all Muslims, whether friends or foes of the Committee; and the wilder sort expressed that indignation in wild ways, using a military order for the deportation of Armenians as a means of vengence on a race of traitors. The historic Muslim Empire, it must be remembered, was fighting for its life. That is, for me, the only reasonable explanation.

But public indignation is a very different thing from wicked, brutal or misguided action of a government. It was of the very essence of the pact of the Entente, as one can guess, that Turkish Armenia had to be assigned to Russia. But it was necessary to prepare the ground for the idea of such assignment because of the profound distrust of Czardom which still survived among the democratic English. It was necessary to depict the Turkish Government as so atrocious that even Czardom should seem preferable, and at the same time not to mention Muslim fanaticism because of our alliance with the Arab reactionaries. To admit, upon the other hand, that popular indignation had anything to do with the disorders would be dangerous. What would democratic people think of punishing a majority for their anger at the treacherous action of a minority in time of war—of punishing them by imposing on them the will of that minority and robbing them of independence? A most delicate problem.

Well, Czardom is defunct, and there is now an opportunity for the Powers, so long entangled in its schemes, to reconsider the position with regard to Turkey. Lord Palmerston once said that the welfare of *all* the peoples which composed the Ottoman Empire in his day could only be secured under a Turkish Government. That is the best answer to a statement often made to the effect that the policy pursued by Czarist Russia has had good results, since it has brought into existence Greece and the Balkan States. In order to set up those Christian kingdoms, the Muslim populations had to be sacrificed. The excuse for sacrificing those unlucky people was that they were Asiatics, and so intruders on the sacred soil of Europe. But think of the effect of that excuse on Asia which also is a sacred soil for its inhabitants! So long as their sympathies were confined to Europe, however, our Czarists could protest that they were agitating on behalf of a majority. The case is different when they come to Asia. There the Christians are in a small minority, and the majority is hostile to all foreign rule. It is to Asia that despoiled and outraged Muslim refugees from the lost European provinces have fled for refuge. In Asia they have settled, hoping there to be secure from Christian inroads. No high-sounding talk about humanity or restitution can justify the dismemberment of Turkey in Asia. And is it, from our point of view, desirable? These things, I ask you to remember, are not being done in a closed room with only Europeans present. All the world is watching. In all Asia there is hardly to be found a nation which is not an ardent sympathiser with the Turks, which has not felt their sufferings as its own. You Christians said that you would turn them out of Europe; you have done so, ruthlessly. The native homes of many of their leaders are to-day in Christian hands. You have only left to them their capital and a piece—a very small piece—of your sacred soil. That also you design to take away. And now you will pursue them into Asia.

Can we wonder that our cry of Europe for the Europeans is being countered by a growing cry of Asia for the Asiatics?

A Reformer's Note Book.

PURITANISM. The Athanasian Creed is severe upon those who divide the substance of the Trinity of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Puritanism, however, falls into this sin by setting up the Good as both superior to and the standard of the True and the Beautiful. A special emphasis upon a single aspect of Reality may safely be made provided that the other aspects are duly acknowledged. Moreover, from time to time such an emphasis may be necessary to restore the balance of men's thoughts. In this sense, it is undeniable that the Puritan movement in its inception was, on the whole, a valuable counterbalance to the previous neglect of the Good. By drawing particular attention to Ethics or the Science of the Good it succeeded in distracting an excess of attention from the remaining aspects. But like most reform movements it ended by becoming itself in need of reform. In other words, Puritanism overdid its mission, carried it to such an extreme of thought that the aspects of the True and the Beautiful were not merely balanced, but overbalanced. They tended to become suppressed altogether. This suppression of activities equally honourable and equally spiritual with those of the activity towards the Good became, in consequence, the special mark of Puritanism and remains its mark to this day. Puritanism, in short, has become a movement for suppression. The blunder is myriad in its constituents and effects. To begin with, it is a psychological blunder of the first magnitude. On the supposition that the spirit of man is by nature impelled to seek equally the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, not only is their disproportion bad (in which sense it may be repeated that Puritanism was a necessary corrective), but the suppression of any one of them is worse; for since, in fact, no vital impulse can really be suppressed, an attempted or formal suppression merely leads to a kind of illegitimate, roundabout and aborted expansion. Everywhere, in consequence, where Puritanism flourishes, the True and the Beautiful will be found growing rank, hypocritical and hysterical. It is a psychological blunder, again, because it assumes the non-transmutability or non-development of particular emotions. Nothing is more certain than that what we call our spiritual emotions have their human roots in emotions that can scarcely nowadays be named in polite society. Every emotion is thus seen to be a continuous *process* which slowly develops pari passu with experience from the animal to the divine. But Puritanism, with its eyes fixed on the primitive and "unredeemed" forms of these emotions, stereotypes them and regards them as being doomed to be for ever what they have once been. Instead, therefore, of seeking to purify, direct, ennoble, purge, and elevate these emotions, it gives them the bad name of their origin and proceeds to hang them. This, too, leads to suppression or to what amounts to the same thing—the distortion of their development. Still another blunder made by Puritanism is in its reading of the Bible—the book, that is to say, of its professed authority. Puritanism is unmistakably the subordination of the New to the Old Testament; it therefore represents in thought the crucifixion of the Christ, the triumph of the Rabbis over the Apostles. The predominant relation in which man stands to God throughout the Old Testament is that of servant; but in the New Testament the relation is that of child to father. Puritanism not only rejects the latter conception with its implied doctrine of the child being the father of the man—in other words, in its implication that man ought to become like God in respect of the Good *and* the True *and* the Beautiful—but it degrades the servant of God to the status of the slave of God. For the willing service taught in the Old Testament it substitutes an unwilling

service inspired by fear. The blunders of Puritanism, however, cannot be corrected by considerations such as these; for it is not a logical but an emotional state. The corrective of too much Good is more of the True and more of the Beautiful. It is the whole of God for a part.

VACCINATION. Nobody who has come of age submits to vaccination without a twinge or more of conscience as well as of pain. We put up with it, but we do not entirely approve of it. The result is often claimed as the triumph of reason over sentiment; and so, in a special sense, it is; for while, on the one hand, we remain sentimentally unconvinced that vaccination can possibly be right, we are persuaded, on the other hand, that it is reasonable—that is to say, scientifically established. Hence we follow our reason at the expense of our sentiment. But what is the nature of the sentiment in the case? For sentiment can be of different degrees of depth or reality; it may be superficial, it may also be profound; and in the first case only should we expect to find no residue of revolt left over from the triumph of reason. Let us suppose, for instance, that a school of medicine should arise that could establish scientifically the efficacy of cannibalism as a remedy for cancer; in this case it is not to be doubted that a triumph of reason which should prescribe cannibalism would leave over a good deal of sentimental revolt. Few people, in fact, could be found to follow such a prescription even if it were as highly recommended as vaccination is to-day. On the other hand, if the taking of animal blood in draughts were recommended, it is conceivable that the moral revolt left over from the triumph of reason would be comparatively small; since the sentiment against it would be less than the sentiment against cannibalism. Vaccination appears to lie somewhere between these two depths of sentiment. The triumph of reason implied in its practice does not leave over as much moral revolt as would the adoption of cannibalism; on the other hand, it leaves over more than would remain after the adoption of blood-drinking. It is, therefore, a border case. But on this very account it cannot be dismissed as *mere* sentiment; for a *mere* sentiment is one that leaves no surplus after a triumph of reason. Reason, in the case of a mere or a superficial sentiment, triumphs, and all the sentiment is left dead on the field. What, then, is it that survives the triumph of reason in vaccination? What is the nature of the sentiment left over? It is the sentiment of a right means of health which vaccination has failed to satisfy. Sentiment, we may suppose, is the ideal imagination of the soul, that "forefeels" the nature of the right action to be performed. When reason arrives at this right action, the sentiment is satisfied; but if reason fails to arrive at it or only partially succeeds, the sentiment is wholly or partially dissatisfied. Analysing the sentiment left protesting after vaccination we thus discover it to be of the nature of a disappointment—a disappointment at finding that reason has adopted a course out of harmony with the "forefeeling" of sentiment. Such a disappointment, properly regarded, is or ought to be a challenge to reason; for it implies that the reason has not been sufficient, that it has bullied sentiment into surrender, but that it has not really mastered it. And sentiment convinced against its will is of the same opinion still. A closer inspection, moreover, proves that, after all, sentiment also has reason on its side; or, in other words, that the sentiment left over after the triumph of reason is likewise reason—a superior reason which the partial reason of vaccination has failed to overcome. This unconvinced reason consists in the intuition that health is properly to be sought by means progressively simple and progressively within the power of the mind without external help. Vaccination is an elaborate process dependent upon experts; it is of the nature of machinery. But the sentiment of the soul is in favour of means dependent upon itself and essentially un-mechanical. It desires to be able to carry its own remedies with it and to be its own expert. In this sense, the mantrams and charms of the savage are really nearer the way of the soul than are the mechanical devices of modern science. True, they are only primitive beginnings, whereas vaccination and the rest are developed methods; but if the latter are science, the former represent wisdom.

The Civil Guilds.

THE EDUCATION GUILD.

I.—EDUCATION AND THE TEACHER.

THE sharp distinction I have repeatedly drawn between the Citizen and the Guildsman, between our several duties to the State and the Guild, is found to be fundamental when we come to consider the function and organisation of education. Let me recall the argument. It is assumed that the industrial processes pass from the political sphere to the Guilds; that, in consequence, the State is only concerned with the economic *sequelæ* of the industrial control implied in the absolute Guild monoply of labour, adopting in fact the economic means, supplied by the Guilds, to the spiritual ends, which constitute the role of a purified political system. The citizen, expressing himself in the political medium, asserts himself through the State organisation; the Guildsman, as such, establishes his economic freedom through the Guilds. It is the inevitable dualism involved in at once procuring the means of life and turning life to high purpose. In each one of us this dualism exists. If our national economy works smoothly, is not confronted with harsh economic conditions (such as a shortage of national products or waste caused by abnormal conditions) then we can, as citizens, develop our spiritual gifts—art, literature, science, our intellectual perceptions, all that the spirit of man may achieve when set free from stringent or impoverished circumstances. Have I written this before? I shall write it again. If we forget it, Guild proposals sink to the level of mere mechanism. Our problem is, not to establish a balance of power between the State and the Guilds, but to enable both State and Guilds to function freely in their appropriate spheres. A people with a confused national economy is of necessity handicapped in its spiritual ascent; a people whose economy is wisely ordered finds a straighter way towards the higher reaches of human effort.

Obviously, in all this, education must play a tremendous and determining part. It is not so obvious, however, that, to maintain harmony between the spiritual and economic activities, because it is a civil function, education must devote all its energies to the culture of citizenship, the technical training now assigned to it becoming the responsibility of the Guilds. Just as to-day our national life suffers from a vicious blending of the political with the economic, so education reflects the same evil in its subjugation to the industrial necessities imposed upon it by a capitalism that, with criminal indifference to the humanities, imperiously demands a class of technically efficient wage-slaves. In this chapter, it is assumed throughout that the function of education is to build character, the prime essence of citizenship.

At the first blush, it might seem as though I am over-stressing this the apparently minor aspect of technical training in the large volume of educational activities. The critic may aver that, so far as primary education is concerned, neither teacher nor scholar knows anything of the technical; that there are vast stretches of secondary education in which the technical is equally unknown; that a boy may pass from the primary school to the university unaffected by industrial considerations; that everywhere the cry is for more and

not less technical teaching. Viewed quantitatively this is no doubt true; but the critic must be reminded that, without the word spoken, the atmosphere of our primary schools may be, and in fact is, technical, in the sense that the children are prepared for industry by the inculcation of the qualities demanded by the workshop, rather than the virtues necessary to good citizenship, of unquestioning obedience to industrial discipline instead of unquestioning loyalty to civic principles and social honour, of acquiescence in the existing order, of impatience and contempt for ideals and new conceptions. The system says in effect: "These things are not for you; prepare for a life of toil." In this sense, the technical or material spirit pervades school-rooms in which technical education, properly so-called, is unknown. When, therefore, I propose to transfer the technical from our national schools to the Guilds, I mean more than the phrase conveys; I mean that our schools shall be as completely swept clean of the technical spirit as the State of its economic entanglements. The one implies the other.

It was inevitable that the conditions of the school-room should react upon the teacher. Not surprising that, in an educational system demanding intellectual compliance with the wage-system, the teacher, on reaching class-consciousness, should seek the redress of his own disabilities within the ambit of the wage-system, in spirit as in fact; not surprising that the teacher should first absorb and then reflect that respectability we associate with capitalist society; not surprising, if we have regard to his unique position, that in most parts of England, particularly the rural districts, the teacher should vie with priest and preacher as the most cohesive factor in the social fabric. This rôle is sometimes to his liking, more often it is forced upon him by the implied terms of his appointment. If he is not now compelled to play the church organ, he must still play his part in maintaining a social concert that disregards the social discords. Not surprising, therefore, that he should aim at the improved status of his profession by the capitalist expedient of higher wages, by the assumption that professional skill is measured in coin of the realm. It is beyond dispute that the teacher is disgracefully paid; but can we be sure that improved economic conditions will bring in their train an improved status, a higher conception of the function of true pedagogy? It is conceivable that better financial reward might but tend to greater skill in riveting reactionary fetters upon the mind of the child. I do not think so; I am sure it is not so; but it would be an affectation to expect from an under-paid and under-valued profession imagination and qualities that hitherto have proved positive disqualifications. If the average pay of the teacher is less or only equal to that of the policeman, we are not entitled to expect any higher conception of the teaching profession than that of moral policemen, of providing popular moral support for the man in possession.

We know, however, that the best minds in the teaching profession are in revolt against the invidious position in which they find themselves; that they realise that education means infinitely more than is permitted by Whitehall and the local authorities. But I suggest that the teacher must now decide whether it is by the enhancement of his function or by endeavours for higher pay that the main end can be achieved. "One discovery of to-day," says a valued correspondent, "is that the most important factor in education is the teacher." The most important factor in education is education and its content; the teacher is the chief and most important instrument. This, perhaps, sounds trite; it is the essence of the problem. It means that the function or the social value is greater than the individual, however great our debt to him. Thus the first stage is to evolve a finer concept of education; then the right teacher will be found. But it is also true, with due acknowledgments to enthusiastic amateurs, that it is the enfranchised teacher who will make of education the social value desired. As in industry it is our contention that the enfranchised wage-earner will become the true craftsman, so in education it is to a self-governing teaching profession we must look for the correlative improvement in mental training. My correspondent proceeds:—"Notoriously the teacher is demanding at the moment to be better paid; but the awakening instincts behind that demand have a deeper significance. As long as the teacher is discontented, there is no need to despair of national education. But the problem is to turn the teacher's discontent into the most fruitful channels. A mere demand for higher pay will not suffice; the teachers must resolutely face the problem of the nature of education; they can only advance their permanent interests by improving the quality of the substance with which they deal. They can improve their social status; but their professional status will remain precisely where it is, unless the quality of education marches with their financial advance. A medical charlatan is no better doctor because he quadruples his income; we do not appraise the science of medicine by the financial standing of its practitioners, but by its contribution to health."

Nevertheless, I am anxious to avoid any appearance of lack of sympathy with the elementary teachers in their struggle for better material conditions. The National Union of Teachers, with its hundred thousand members, doubtless finds that its common denominator is pay and conditions. Even in this respect, I imagine it is hampered by its incurable respectability, which still secludes it from the Trade Union Congress. It has, of course, done wonders for its members; but why, after all these years, has it not forced the doors of the great universities? Why the persistence of the shocking pupil-teacher system, when every middle-class child has, if his parents choose, university trained teachers? No one would contend, I suppose, that the university man is better informed than the elementary teacher, who excels in instruction as distinct from education; yet who can doubt that the intellectual resources of the universities could long since have been exploited in the interests of elementary education, had the National Union of Teachers set about it with determination and with a higher regard for teaching as a profession? Nor can I understand why this powerful union has so tamely submitted to the mechanism of their schools—the mechanism of the inspectorate, of grants and all the hateful concomitants of the factory in the school-room. One is reluctant to conclude that the leaders of this Union believe in their hearts that the wage-earners' children get very much the education best calculated to preserve the existing social system.

I return to my correspondent, who is himself a teacher:—"On what theory of society are our schools founded? Our more fashionable boarding and day-schools frankly profess, with a certain success, to turn out 'ladies and gentlemen,' fitted for leadership in society, for the higher professional, commercial and diplomatic posts, or to become what a recent official report refers to as 'captains of industry.' But our State schools show no contrast of democratic bias. They are not the training grounds of republicans and levellers. They have no coherent theory. They rise no higher than a pitiful imitation of the school traditions of social superiors. Our elementary scholars are turned out fitted to be nothing better than wage-slaves. They are not even trained to be efficient wage-slaves. The whole system is chaotic, aimless, depressing. To give one exceptional child in a thousand free education from primary school to university is no atonement for bungling the education of the others." This picture of a State school, by a teacher, might here and there be refuted by the exceptional; in the main, I fear it is a true presentation.

"We have a large heritage of educational theory," he says, "but there has been relatively little successful practice. There is among us to-day a considerable amount of serious thought and fruitful experiment, notably by educationalists favourable to the Guild idea. Must their work be barren of adequate practical result? One thing alone is lacking: an organisation wide enough and intelligent enough to encourage theory, systematic experiment and put the successful result into practice. Teachers must recognise that they will never gain their proper position in society if their efforts are confined to the improvement of salary and status. The claim to the position of expert must be substantiated by readiness and ability to work out in practice the ideas of the great educational reformers. In return, the public must be willing to give teachers every freedom and every opportunity for which they show themselves to be fitted."

Yet one more quotation from my correspondent's memorandum: "Public interest in education is largely misdirected. A school is looked upon as a kind of business, which must produce a regular and tangible dividend. Such ideas of control tend to influence the detail of method, where complete freedom is necessary, and in consequence to neglect the larger strategy of educational aim, where co-operation between the school and society is essential. A school is built like a factory: the average playground is as disused as the back court of a slum tenement: school hours are immovably fixed, like factory hours: the results are estimated in terms of money grants, money scholarships, examination results. The headmaster of a school is regarded as a kind of factory manager, screwing out "results" instead of profits, inflicting untold injury in the process. The wrong things are expected of him; his life is busy but misspent. His autocratic position is good neither for himself, his colleagues, nor his pupils. The school with the most minutely regulated routine is popularly regarded as the best school. Yet every teacher who has a living sense of values knows that any course or curriculum, if repeated in detail many times, becomes dust and ashes, unutterably tedious to teacher and pupil. Enlightened teachers ask for experimental schools. The purpose of a school is to make experiments in life, not to break in beasts of burden to passive tolerance of a mechanical existence. . . ."

Such, in rough outline, is the problem of education and the teacher. Now I would as soon blame the wage-earner for quantitative production as the teacher for the gross materialism of the existing educational system. But just as the time has come for organised Labour to change the industrial system and refine its products, so, too, the time has come for the teachers to change the educational system and refine its products. He must assume responsibility some time; he cannot perpetually ride off on the plea that he gives the public what it wants. At what moment must that responsibility definitely become his? Precisely when he realises that he is a member of a great profession; when that profession is more to him than popular clamour or monetary reward. In fine, when he adopts the functional principle. In the preceding chapter we saw that the leaders of Civil Service organisation have begun to transform their occupation into a profession, and to base their claim upon skill and knowledge rather than upon their labour monopoly, although, of course, alive to the bargaining value of organised monopoly. The moral is for the teacher. He must learn that his profession is greater than himself; that in demanding ample aid and opportunity for the development of educational theory and practice in the interests of citizenship, he is in reality pursuing the path that leads to his own personal honour and security. First and last, his profession must come first; but he goes with it. And who but he shall control it?

S. G. H.

In School.

I.

UNCONSCIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

THOSE who were fortunate enough to read Mr. Kenneth Richmond's articles on Education that appeared in THE NEW AGE during 1917 and 1918 under the title "Out of School," will doubtless remember one of the ideas that underlay the whole of their subject, namely, that the unconscious mind is capable of surmounting barriers that are insuperable by the conscious. It is unnecessary for me to restate the psychological principles from which this idea was derived; my purpose in these notes is to show how, by practical experiments in the teaching of English, I have arrived, inductively, at an approximately identical result; and since these notes, so far as they go, are essentially complementary to Mr. Richmond's, I have, with his approval, adapted his title to suit their subject-matter.

I do not wish to claim too much for the results I have obtained; in any case they must stand or fall on their own merits, of which the reader is the judge.

Enough for me if they help to prove that "short cuts to genius" do exist, and to indicate field-paths into which the pupil may be led, profitably forsaking the macadamised roads. I think they will at least afford a fairly convincing proof—if proof were needed—that much so-called teaching of English is nothing more than a gruesomely unsuccessful attempt to impose on the conscious mind what the unconscious is already fully aware of, and is, moreover, only too anxious to put into practice, given the right conditions. But before we proceed to inquire into these conditions it will be as well to consider for a moment how much the unconscious *is* fully aware of.

Those who have had experience of the Socratic method of teaching will know how unwise it is to try to fix any limit to the extent of "latent" knowledge that can be revealed by question and answer. Theoretically, the teacher would never seem justified in directly imparting information which can be maieutically extracted, "invited out" almost in its entirety by this means; but in practice one is faced with the difficulty of time. If the questions are answered by word of mouth what happens is that before long the lazier members of the form will acquire the habit of handing over to one or two bright spirits the responsibility and monopoly of answering. To the majority of the class, therefore, the lesson becomes largely a waste of time. On the other hand, if all the questions are answered in writing—and in a large class this would become a practical impossibility—much time is spent in looking over the answers, with the result that little definite progress is made.

With regard to written answers, I have for a long time found it a most excellent practice to provide each boy with a small "Answer book" which is always at hand, and in which questions that may crop up at any moment are answered. Each answer is dealt with and marked, and the question satisfactorily settled before the lesson proceeds. The boys have acquired a habit of mentally classifying all questions as either "questions of fact," or "questions of intelligence," and it is deemed a point of honour always to have a shot at the latter type.

When, however, lack of time or the exigency of the subject demands that the maieutic method should be temporarily set aside and information imparted directly, it is not a bad practice for the teacher to talk a little beyond the conscious comprehension of his listeners. By this means the boys' minds will function like tentacles, continually reaching out. Absolute conscious attainment at the time is a matter of relative unimportance, and can often be profitably postponed. (Everyone has experienced the psychological thrill caused when it comes into its own in due season. A

familiar instance is that of the re-encountering of a word or phrase whose meaning has recently been brought to one's pre-conscious notice.) Incidentally, the teacher cannot be too often reminded of the fact that his chief duty is to sow the seed. He must be content to let others reap the harvest.

When I first took up teaching I used to think that on seeing puzzled faces in form it was my immediate duty to smooth them out. Some years of experience, however, have taught me not only to welcome the sight of wrinkled brows, but often to do my best to keep them in that state. The time to stop the discourse is when puzzled inquiry changes to bored indifference, and generally not until. But it must be realised that the latter condition is induced more easily by talking down to a child's mind than by talking above it. It takes more to satisfy though less to cloy the unconscious appetite than is commonly supposed. The unconscious mind is not lacking in its fair share of self-respect, and strongly resents anything in the nature of a patronising attitude towards it. I use the term "fair share" advisedly; the more one inquires into the mechanism of the unconscious the more one realises that this self-respect is not inordinate but simply sufficiently self-protective to guard against the patronising affronts offered to it by conscious minds (its own and other people's) ignorant of its vast potential ability. It will take much psychological propaganda and many years before the unconsciousness is treated with the respect it deserves.

The effect of talking down to a child is to retard the expansion of its unconscious powers, and constant "talking down" must result in their temporary or partial atrophy. How often one hears it said, "My education didn't begin till I left school." The education of some people seems never to have begun at all. Is it that the more intellectual part of their unconscious minds has become permanently atrophied by hyper-puerile methods of teaching?

Frequently, after a carefully prepared lesson in which I have introduced the most inviting figurative comparisons and telling instances, I have left the classroom with a deep sense of disappointment. A rough analysis of my feelings would perhaps run as follows:—"Ungrateful little creatures! Most of them weren't listening. They couldn't have been, or they wouldn't have made such a hash of that question at the end. No one on earth could have made it clearer or been more patient. They don't appreciate kindness. I won't appeal to their intelligence again. Next time they can have dates to learn." And conversely, after a lesson, in which, forgetful of the age of my audience, I have let myself wander down some ethical, or economic, or psychological bypath in a halting, tentative manner, there has come a sudden feeling of surprise on realising that boys of 12 and 13 had been listening attentively for twenty minutes to some abstract theory. What ripping little fellows they were, and what a splendid form to teach! And for years, until the truth was brought home to me, the feeling of exultation and gratitude that arose on such occasions would be tempered with misgivings such as these:—"But I mustn't let myself go like that again. It's trying the boys' patience too far. Very good of them to listen but they couldn't have understood it."

I admit that these little sidelights expose me to the charge of persistently under-rating the intelligence of my pupils, and to this charge I must perforce plead guilty. But there are degrees of guilt in every crime, and I hope to submit evidence that will make my guilt seem not only pardonable in extent, but merely incidental to what is, apparently, a *universal* inability to appreciate the capacity of the unconscious mind. It is, in fact, not without an inner sense of irony that I plead guilty at all, inasmuch as I am weary of having to defend myself against the counter-crime of over-rating the boys' intellectual powers. This is a familiar type of adverse criticism to which I am subjected. "Fancy talking to boys of eleven about Supply and Demand: you can't expect the poor little beggars to grasp it."

Or maybe the sapient voice of the man of experience, broad-minded and tolerant, is heard, "He wrote that without any help? Um. Oh, well, I've often told you, you've got a collection of geniuses at your school. Still, there's something about the average, simple, healthy schoolboy that appeals to me, after all. You don't want them to become prigs at the age of twelve."

It is extraordinary to what lengths some people will go rather than accept at its face value an obvious psychological truth. Sometimes I like to think that the "average, simple, healthy (implied more or less brainless) schoolboy" does not actually exist, but is merely a creation of the mind of those too idle or too pig-headed to attempt to overcome an elementary psychological resistance. But in less fanciful moods I know that this type does exist in great numbers, is, in fact, forced to exist in an absurdly restricted mould designed by a narrow-minded and obstinate public.

T. R. Coxon.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Mr. John Masefield's tragedy, "The Faithful," recently produced by the Stage Society, revealed no new source of inspiration; violent death and antiquity are still the prime impulses of his art. "The Faithful" ought to be his most inspired work; as I count them, there are twelve deaths by violence in the play, eleven of them vulgarly lavish in the shedding of blood. The play, I understand, is based upon a Japanese play, and is set in the years 1701-2; a poet as prolix as Mr. Masefield must choose a period and a place in which people presumably had leisure in which to recite his poetry, for the play is interminably long. This would not matter if there were anything memorable in it—but on this point, I notice that one critic, who cannot believe that the play is as empty at it seemed, declares that he will defer his judgment until he has read the play. He blames the actors, although there were five performances (and those of the chief characters) of astonishing skill; Mr. Brember Wills as The Envoy, Mr. Hubert Carter as Lord Kira, Mr. Joseph Dodd as Sagisaka, Mr. Murray Carrington as Asano, and Mr. Herbert Grimwood as Kurano, all these gave performances that would have made anything memorable apparent to the audience. What we deplored was a waste of acting skill upon commonplace material, yards of rant that Mr. Herbert Grimwood, for example, nearly made into a poetic treatment of frenzy. Whoever is to be blamed for the feeling that something is missing from the play, the actors are exempt from censure—although I believe that they could have "gagged" a better play than "The Faithful" is.

The plot is very simple. The Lord Kira, who kindly informs us that he is "drunk with power," is also afflicted with land-hunger. He obtains by legal process the lands of the Lord Asano; and to prevent him from appealing against the judgment to the Envoy, Kira (who seems to be a Master of Ceremonies), instructs Asano in the wrong ritual. It is a capital offence to approach the Envoy in any but the prescribed manner, and Asano is condemned to kill himself for the sin of sacrilege. His friends swear to avenge his death on Lord Kira, and after twelve months, which they seem to have spent in menial occupations, they succeed. Then an Imperial herald announces that they must all kill themselves, and the Evisceration of the Eight begins as the curtain falls.

This is all very well in its way, although one does

become tired of seeing imperfectly clad gentlemen kneeling on mats and sticking long knives into their abdomens. Hari-kari is not, I think, a habit, even of the most exalted Japanese; and a play which proffers three examples of the art errs by its very lavishness. It fails to produce the tragic effect at which it aims, if, indeed, it does not produce the opposite effect of comedy. Battle-scenes on the stage are comic in proportion to the number of supposed corpses; the last scene of "Hamlet" is very near to farce; indeed, it is axiomatic that death is so dangerous a subject of drama that it should never be manifested on the stage. It is at least certain that effects cannot be repeated in the same play; and Mr. Murray Carrington as Asano exhausted the tragic possibilities of hari-kari. When "the Faithful" gathered around Lord Kira, and respectfully begged him to kill himself, the situation rapidly lost its solemnity; and when, at the end, the herald was asked to stay and see the eight kill themselves, the situation parodied itself.

But we ask something more of tragedy than blank verse (if it was blank verse) and bloodshed; and Mr. Masefield does not give us that. His people are as voluble as Hamlet—indeed, the play has manifest affinities with "Hamlet." On Hamlet, too, was laid the duty of revenge; Hamlet, too, feigned madness to disguise his purpose and to gain time for its execution; Hamlet, also, was reproached for tardiness in effecting his purpose. But there is no occult inhibition of the Lord Kurano, and no revelation of a man's soul in all his ravings; the Lord Kira has a thousand guards, and nothing can be done until he dismisses those guards. The Lord Kurano is willing to live to play patience until the Lord Kira is more amenable to revenge; the difficulty is that the Lord Kira is the only one in the play who ever does anything, and it is doubtful whether he will allow the Lord Kurano to live to execute vengeance. Indeed, he sends to kill Kurano; and there is a curious scene in which Kurano feigns madness while Kira's counsellor and a captain of his guard watch him, with intent to kill if they are not convinced of his insanity. It was a magnificently acted scene; the contrast between Mr. Herbert Grimwood's maniacal raving and the sinister immobility of Mr. Joseph Dodd was well sustained; but the scene was clumsily conceived, and the language was fustian, and, most fatal objection of all, its purpose was a mere evasion of the dramatic problem.

Luckily, Mr. Masefield does not treat us to more than the one exhibition of feigned madness; but we are told that Kurano deceived even his companions, and, in despair, they decide to abandon their purpose. This scene awakens curious memories of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," of all things; these Ronins with their home-made equipment which they are about to burn remind us only of Bottom and his friends with their stage furniture. Even their explanation of how and why they made this particular implement or accessory of slaughter has its counterpart in the explanations offered by the rustic players of the purpose of their equipment. In short, we may say that Mr. Masefield's idea of tragedy is very similar to Shakespeare's idea of comedy—which is equivalent to saying that Mr. Masefield's dramatic sense is defective.

This is probably the truth; Mr. Masefield resembles Browning in this one respect, that he is a writer of monologues. So long as he is describing, he is satisfactory to those who like description; but his power of dramatic projection is feeble, and Kira alone lives a self-existent life in this play. But this is equivalent to making Claudius, instead of Hamlet, the chief person of the play; Mr. Masefield's dramatic values are mixed. But the prime defects of Mr. Masefield as a dramatist are that he does not construct a scene in which more than one character is effective, and prefers description to action: he has not yet learned to write for the stage.

Music.

By William Atheling.

JEHANNE CHAMBARD (Wigmore, March 20) gave us a slice of art life. Brisk, brilliant, obviously talented; clear, thin, metallic, interesting in the Allegro of the Bortckiewicz Sonata, an unfailing kinesis with clear-cut detail. It requires a certain nerve to appear in religious dimness with a futurist lamp-shade and to play from the printed page. Memory is not, however, the supreme faculty; and if a performer can use printed notes instead of memory without detriment to his or her performance I see no reason against it (horror of all academic and established heads of musical seminaries!). Chambard's appeal is not universal; we did not, for example, observe il Maestro Lamond in the audience. The playing was modern and feminine, and brilliancy was its main characteristic both in tone and execution; it was all of a piece, not the least patchy. The second movement (andante) was, I am afraid, Deutsch sentimentalisch. The pianist has not much sense of structure, but produces a fascinating current of music.

Scarlatti is to be played with the fingers, and not with graceful loops and arm-sweeps from the shoulder. The second exquisite Scarlatti piece was, however, better presented. Greig suits the lady. (This sentence being not wholly complimentary, let us say that she perhaps adds emotion to Greig, while Chopin's music more than contains any she can bring to it.) She has, however, some claim to rank among the leading female pianists; and certainly should not be missed by those who attend feminine instrumentalists. She has what I think is called personality—a quality more apt to enrich one's private life than to draw swift and easy public success. The Chopin was, we must confess, Chambarded rather than presented. There was not a fundamental atom of Chopin left, but still the performance was enjoyable on the principle of "Very pretty poetry, Mr. Pope, but not Homer." I have before profounded the theory that Chopin was *not* the De Musset of music. The third movement was graceful, clear, and felt; the finale over excited.

This report aims, in the main, to be favourable. This pianist does not bore one to death. There is a good deal to be said for the art-life despite the stern mæstros and épiciers; the dim light (highly inconvenient for the critic who has arrived without an electric pocket-lamp and who wishes to make little notes) might help one to concentrate one's attention on the music, were not the performer so busily engaged in deflecting a portion of said attention toward herself. Members of the audience capable of mixed pleasure, not insisting on a strictly auditory æsthetic, will not, perhaps, object to this diversion of interest. After all, the young lady expresses herself . . . . and gives one a charming evening. Middle-aged women from the suburbs will be reminded of "what they have lost." And all of this is in the main very commendable.

Rhadamanthus, chien de métier, sums up the case: brilliant, fluid, pleasing the player holds the attention, but has not much solidarity or sense of structure. Go and hear her, mes enfants, ça vous apprendra à vivre.

MYRA HESS (with Tinayre, Wigmore, March 21) opened with a Rameau Minuet, perfectly orderly and in the precise mode suited to the subject. There was no interposition between the music and the audience. Paradies' music was given with equal charm, and Miss Hess showed exquisite suavity in presenting the Bach Chorales, Bk. I. 5 and 7 as splendidly deciphered by Busoni. These pieces are among the best piano music we possess and were given with great richness of tone.

Miss Hess is among our most able executors. Not so skilful as Moisiewitch, there seems at times to be more body in her playing. Franck suits her, as we have said before. This is both a commendation and

stricture. Debussy shows her limitations with merciless clarity. Franck is pianistic, and in the performance of his somewhat empty music, as in the fine, early music, Miss Hess is at her best. During the Franck "Prelude, Aria and Finale," it was perfectly easy to let one's attention wander from the music. I found myself looking at the ceiling, wondering when it would end, and then as often was recalled to realise that I was in the presence of very good playing, and that there were spots of no inconsiderable beauty. Then Franck ran near to the danger zone where music verges into noise. One remarks on his ability, and then, to get it into some sort of scale and proportion, one thinks that Chopin would have expressed an equal amount of whatever this series was intended to express with half the number of digital impacts.

But Debussy is not Miss Hess' métier. The Sunken Cathedral (encore) just wasn't there. And her Gold Fish didn't swim, and the music didn't loop where it should. Debussy, as I have indicated before, was a glorious heresy. He writes for the excitement of phantasmagoria, for the evocation of visual imaginations, and in just so far as he does this his work is unorthodox and off the true track of music. It is definitely an heresy, a beautiful and bewildering heresy, which should have its own converts and enthusiasts; but it is no mortal use trying to play his music as if it were "pure," as if it were simply "sound" arranged into time and pitch patterns for the expression of emotion. And if the player be not initiate into this realm of evoked images, he or she will never play Debussy as anything but an outsider.

If Miss Hess were a mæstro, like Lamond, she would concentrate on the music she best understands. Even Ravel's "Alborada" has more in it than her highly clever martellation gave to the audience.

TINAYRE in his first group was memorable, perfect, was anything that you like; I am, in connection with such singing, unafraid of any hyperbole. In the Monteverde, Pergolesi, and Old French dance songs he showed himself not only a tenor, but a musician. You cannot brush aside such work by calling a man a "mere singer." The voice seemed larger than before; the enunciation clear and accurate, the delivery firm, and with nothing left to chance; suave in "Lasciate me morire," in "Tre Giorni," with its admirable lyric line, the voice was remarkable with its delicate lift and float, perfect in tang and in passion. In the Gavotte especially, he showed himself a musician. I could go on listening to these songs for hours: "Comme elle est légère." Ashton (Leopold) helped him ably in accompaniment. "Le lierre au chêne S'unit tousjours" gave opportunity for exquisite glide. And the beauty of the Pavane was flawless. Consider also (Oh, ye retrograde and abominable and altogether disreputable song-writers and setters!) the technique in the Tambourin, the tripping speed of the words which do not entangle the tongue or spoil the timbre of the music.

And, alas! Tinayre is welcome to most of the rest of his evening. French translations are not good for Russian, nor was Ashton in sympathy with the music. We have already declined Malipiero. Neither Prudhomme nor Victor Marguerite were poets of first rank; and the modern French composers are utterly at the mercy of the poems whose words they set. One does not grumble at Tinayre's experimenting with new songs, but a certain amount of experiment could be profitably performed in private before half a dozen trustworthy and acid friends. Dupin was an engine-wiper. His work does not take one on first hearing. I am inclined to think that it has a vigour more apparent when taken in contrast with his etiolated contemporaries than when contrasted with authentic wild music. Klingsor also was a poet of second or third order; "Berceuse Triste" was not one of his happier bursts into really good writing. Hue's setting of his "Ane Blanc" is, as we have noted, quite charming. But the Tinayre who showed himself in the first group is a Tinayre insuperable. (And have I not had the "Duc du Maine" ringing in my head since he sang it a month ago?)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MONASTERIES.

Sir,—In the course of his article Mr. Arthur J. Penty says, inter alia, that the monasteries in pre-Reformation times "did on the whole successfully grapple with it" (poverty). Canon Jessopp has written, "It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes. On the contrary, I am strongly impressed with the belief that six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves." I quote from the "Nineteenth Century" for February, 1883, p. 265.

Jessopp, being an Anglican, may be suspected of bias. Let a well-known Roman Catholic controversialist, Father H. Thurston, S.J., step into the witness-box. In the "Month" for March, 1913, p. 229, he wrote, "It might even be conceded that their (the monasteries') charities in the relief of vagrancy and in providing employment have been exaggerated." They have, indeed.

And Cardinal Manning has told us that "It is a mistake to say that the poor were provided for by the doles of the monasteries, for they were to be found only in a third of the land of England" (Catholic Truth Society's pamphlet, "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries," p. 9).

A. LE LIEVRE.

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THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Sir,—Will you allow me to put forward a few remarks suggested by the recent articles of "S. G. H." on the Civil Service and by Messrs. Bechhofer and Reckitt's "Meaning of National Guilds," which I have only just had an opportunity of reading?

I am afraid none of these gentlemen has come into contact with the more progressive elements in Civil Service organisation. They see signs of life in the amorphous mass, but "not as yet much evidence of the spirit of an all-grades movement in the Civil Service," and certainly no "conscious tendency or movement towards a Guild." Let me assure them that the sectionalism which is built upon grievances is steadily, albeit still slowly, giving way to organisation on the basis of positive ideas and ideals, and the few months which have elapsed since the signing of the Armistice have seen an immense acceleration of this tendency.

Messrs. Bechhofer and Reckitt's summary of the position is a little misleading in some particulars; for example, when they say that the Civil Service Federation is "representative almost wholly of the wage-earners, while the bodies representing the salariat have combined to form the Civil Service Clerical Alliance, and above both these organised sections is the Staff Clerks' Association." There is certainly a preponderance of Post Office workers in the membership of the C.S.F., but this by no means has the effect of giving the Federation an exclusively "manual" colouring—in fact, this organisation is undoubtedly a real nucleus of a Guild, and indeed the only possible candidate for this honour in the Civil Service, for it contains, as one of its constituent societies, the only "all-grade" association of brain-workers, the Civil Service Union, which has been called by its more enthusiastic supporters the vanguard of the C.S.F., though this perhaps does rather less than justice to other of the affiliated bodies.

The Alliance is definitely composed of grade associations, and must still, I think, be regarded as to some extent open to the charge of being founded on sectional grievances rather than on broad principles, though it has certainly done good work in spreading the idea of a Board of Control for the Service.

The only other serious competitor—the new Society of Civil Servants—has perhaps an influence out of proportion to its at present restricted membership, owing to the grades from which it is chiefly recruited. Unfortunately, however, it is consciously exclusive, and

makes a strong appeal—though not perhaps intentionally—to the sentiment of snobbery which still besets the higher grades of the Civil Service so tenaciously. It is probably a necessary element of the transition period, since Guild ideas are not everybody's meat, and it is obviously preferable that the less democratic members should at all events be organised somehow rather than not at all.

But any NEW AGE readers who are Civil Servants should certainly support the Civil Service Union, the ideal of which, to quote from a pamphlet just published by the Executive, is "(to adapt a phrase applied to the new Industrial Unionism) not a congeries of self-sufficient associations uniting occasionally for joint action, but one compact brotherhood of interdependent workers co-operating in a common social function."

This is the only all-grade organisation of brain-workers in the Service which is a regularly constituted Trade Union affiliated to the Labour Party, and a great deal will evidently be heard of it in the future. The Organising Secretary is C. G. Ammon, L.C.C., Vestry Hall, Vine Street, E.C.3.

May I suggest that "S. G. H." should take into consideration the aims of this Union before coming to a final conclusion about the trend of Civil Service thought.

DEMOPHILE.

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THE CASE OF NURSE CAVELL.

Sir,—May I be allowed to protest against the suggestion that Miss Cavell should have a public funeral, and military honours, and that she should be regarded as a martyr. Let us look facts in the face. The military laws are abominable, and everyone is justified in abusing them; but they were not made in Germany; every nation is equally responsible for their harshness. The man or woman who breaks the civil or military law is punished by that law; and, if the death penalty is inflicted, is executed—not murdered. Miss Cavell, in breaking the military laws, had not even the excuse that she was saving lives. The Rev. H. S. Gahan, who remained in Brussels during the war, states in the "Daily News" that Miss Cavell had made the nursing home a rendezvous for Belgian soldiers, who were assisted to escape over the frontier. In other words, Miss Cavell, who held a position of confidence in a city occupied by the German troops, and was, as a member of the Red Cross, trusted by the German military authorities, occupied herself in assisting Belgians over the frontier in order that they should return armed to fight the Germans. It is regrettable that Mr. Gahan does not condemn her actions, but speaks as if she were entirely right! We can imagine what would have been said and done if a German nurse in the British lines had acted in the same manner as Miss Cavell. We should have been told that she was another proof that none of her nation had any honour. What would have been true of the German nurse is equally true of Miss Cavell. Indeed, if she had applied her statement that "patriotism is not enough" to herself, and remembered that there was such a thing as honour, she would have been alive to-day. If the members of the Red Cross had done what they ought to have done, and at once repudiated the actions of Miss Cavell, they would not only have saved their own honour, but would have probably saved her life. As it was, the German military authorities would have been justified in refusing to allow any members of the Red Cross, who were not of their own nationality, to remain in Brussels, or anywhere within their lines.

If this public funeral takes place, there can be only one result. In future wars none of the belligerent armies will permit any members of the Red Cross Society, other than the units attached to their National Association, to be within their lines or in any city occupied by them.

If confidence cannot be placed in the Red Cross, its usefulness is utterly stultified, and countless sufferers will be deprived of necessary assistance. The personal character of Miss Cavell, and the fact that she was a good nurse, have nothing to do with the question at issue.

A. M. CAMERON.

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ART AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—I have been much interested in the efforts of your correspondent, Mr. Hugh Lunn, to arouse a controversy with or about minor points of art, in the true fashion of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. On feeling in his first letter so much of the fatigue of fin-de-siecle, I thought that perhaps, having sung his swansong, he would comfortably finish the process; indeed, after having read him, one could nearly see the yawning tomb. But apparently he is determined to live in the "shadow of a soul on fire" which he has "cast on the darkness," and a few comments may not be out of place.

In joining issue with Mr. Cole, he is, of course, right in the main, but when he attempts to replace the refuted theories with better ones he does not seem to see that they are nearly as inefficient as Mr. Cole's, and, what is worse, as surely fatal to real creative work. Why should not Heine's description of the artistic impulse be sufficient, or Browning's "incentive from the soul's self"? Why does it require, as he says, "the impulse to reach the hearts of men"? At least he might have made it, "to reach them if they are worthy of it"—if, that is, he must drag in the super-egoistic golden rule, and the "vie pour autrui" which Mr. Cole seems to imagine the only alternative to a "vie sur autrui." To Mr. Cole's "Good art, i.e., art that expresses fine ideals," etc., one has only to oppose Wilde's dictum that "those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things, for these there is hope; but the elect are those who find in beautiful things nothing but beauty," and leave them to fight it out. But for Mr. Hugh Lunn to class Milton and Wordsworth together as equals, or even to put them in the same list of "true artists," this is too much. Why did he not at once say Bach and Irving?

It is in his reflections on the quarrel between the reformer and the artist, however, that he seems most at sea. It is true the antagonism, as he says, may be explained by the theory of the Will to Power, and the species being affronted by the existence of another; but there is a simpler explanation—the theory of the Will to Jealousy and a species being affronted by a higher existence, or at least an unattainable one, and choosing to consider whatever is beyond its ken as a direct insult to itself.

Perhaps it is true that the reformer, in his struggle against the cruelty of society, does not understand the artist holding aloof. But if the artist does not believe in the reformer's remedies and theories for amelioration, what then? Mr. Lunn's own imaginary reformer sums it up when he says, "There's nothing . . . that economics don't precede." For there is a theory in existence which holds that psychic changes precede economic ones, and most great artists, consciously or unconsciously, seem to lean towards this idea. The reason is not far to seek; it is because every other philosophy sooner or later causes one to contradict oneself—I do not mean to turn one's coat, but to evolve ideas which, reduced to a common measure, do not harmonise; and while, to judge from events, it does not seem to matter if a reformer is not always consistent, to an artist struggling on by the light of his intuition such a contretemps would be fatal, at least to that belief in himself which is his basis.

How can an artist assist in reform when his much despised intuitive ideas are only laughed at? His only chance seems to be to play the part of the fox, and while the lion of labour and the bear of capital are at a deadlock to rush in and make reforms in spite of both of them, by which means quite a number of things have been done already.

But is it not likely that this very antagonism is of great use in keeping both reformers and artists keyed to the highest pitch? I, at least, have noted it to be so around me.

FRANK MILWARD.

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THE LITERATURE OF TURKEY.

Sir,—If I were to judge Mr. Ezra Pound only by his occasional letters to the Editor, I should decline an argument with him for lack of common ground. With an American gentleman of the uncompromising and aggressive materialism which Mr. Pound assumes in correspondence in your columns I should shrink from all discussion, which would but subject me to continued rudeness (perfectly well meant, no doubt) without the slightest hope of ever getting to an understanding. The things which seem most admirable to an American gentleman of that type—jazz-bands, ragtime, and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-patch—to me seem horrible, and all my admirations would appear absurd to him. But

I know there is another side to Mr. Pound—a side which I have found revealed occasionally in his verse, particularly in some renderings of Chinese poetry—very like Turkish poetry, I remember thinking at the time—which makes me overlook the faults (faults only from an English point of view, of course) of his epistolary style.

Passing over Mr. Pound's religious or irreligious leanings which are no concern of mine, and merely asking him to remember, in regard to my political expressions, that I am writing as an Englishman sentimentally anxious for the future welfare of the British realm, and not as an American or any other kind of hustler or dictator, I concentrate upon his last remark: "A race which has *thought* nothing for five centuries is not particularly worth our attention."

That is a new indictment of the hapless Turk! The charge has been that he has thought too much and done too little. Does Mr. Pound imagine that the Ottoman Turks have not produced good literature? If so, he is mistaken. They have produced in their five hundred years an immense and very interesting body of literature, largely philosophic and poetical. I do not know of any other country in the world which can boast that nine out of ten of its whole line of sovereigns, and eight out of ten of its Viziers and greatest Generals, were accomplished poets who left books behind them. From birth to death the life of every Turkish man and woman moves to poetry. The inscriptions on the headstones of a Turkish village cemetery, no two alike and most of them in verse, are gems not only of poetical expression but of thought. The Turk is thinking all the time of such essential matters as the origin of life, its transiency, the meaning and the worth of human love, the ordeal of death. His life is beautiful with this poetic earnestness, which finds expression in the work of his hands—white marble colonnades and domes and spires, rose gardens by the sea and solemn cypress groves, and in the dignified seclusion of his private life. All this is hostile to the business-like activity devoid of philosophic thought or reason which the letter-writing Mr. Pound would no doubt advocate. But the Mr. Pound who feels the beauty of old Chinese poetry would not disdain all this.

It is the Turk's misfortune that he has a language which presents great difficulty to the European, who therefore never takes the pains required to master it for literary purposes. I cannot at the moment call to mind a single English translation from that literature, except the comic tales concerning Nasru'd-dîn Hôja, and a little book by Dr. Léon of some poems of Haroun Abdullah—a sentimental minor poet, who is scarcely typical. The Turk looks like a European, and he moves in Europe; but he is inarticulate towards Europe, for his language, though enriched with lots of Arabic and Persian words, is a central Asiatic language, more akin to the Chinese than to the Semitic or the Aryan group of tongues. And he has no interpreters in Europe, for he will not pay a sou for propaganda or advertisement, a kind of warfare which he thinks dishonourable. In the last fifty years there has been a notable revival in Turkish literature together with a change of literary style in a European direction. Yet the English—even in Constantinople—do not seem to be aware that there are heaps of Turkish books well worth the reading, plenty of Turkish bookshops and of Turkish publishers.

I do not blame Mr. Ezra Pound (whether as poet or materialist) for looking on unmoved at a tragedy which I find moving. His country has had little to do with it, whereas mine has played what I consider an atrocious part. My object is to save my country, if I can, from doing worse and earning the undying hatred of a large proportion of its subjects. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

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FACTS ABOUT FRANCE.

Sir,—When I excavated THE NEW AGE from the pile of international papers at the Cercle Français de la Presse Etrangère this morning, and read in the review column that M. Saillens had compiled a beautiful sort of working dictionary which was also a general compendium of homely advice, counsel, and straight tips for soft heads on France that made the country "habitable" and "seem a real country instead of a Promised Land," I nearly went off my head with joy. This was news indeed, especially to a person like myself who knows something about France.

Many worthy Frenchmen and some foreigners, including myself, are at the present moment, and have been for several moons past, going about this weary country with bulging eyes and brains to match, trying to find its habitable and seeming real parts. Some of us believe we ought to have a V.C. or a peerage, or even an O.B.E., for using our every legitimate endeavour to rub off the crust of uninhabitableness and unreality with which the war and the "profiteur" (as they call him in these parts) and past circumstances have covered it, in order to show that it possesses an inspiring "soul" that entitles it most certainly to be recognised as a reality by reasonable persons. But it is not a flowerful business. For quite a long time France has called itself a Republic, but it is only an American pattern of a Republic, which means that its milk is largely water. Then, ever since Napoleon's time, it has had a system of centralised government which is truly all British and has produced a good old fruity British House of Misrepresentatives, to say nothing of a France that is all Paris. And then the war has given it the appearance of our celebrated boxer Wells after he has had a couple of straight lefts to the stomach that have sent him to his corner in a groggy condition, what time the profiteur is going through his pockets, so to speak. The effect on France of these two plagues is such that I have never to my knowledge been in a more unreal, uncomfortable, and uninhabitable France. Prices are so high that the mere sight of them brings on an attack of bankruptcy. Clothes are so dear that the public deserve to be prosecuted for wearing any. It is simply unpardonable extravagance. Travelling is indescribable. People barge in and out of public conveyances in sticky lumps. Restaurants are unapproachable owing to the deep-seated tendency on the part of Americans of spotless character and impregnable probity who sport the Red Triangle to pay their bills without looking at them and to shower handfuls of nickels on the flat-footed waiters. Food is scarce and innutritious. It is true that large quantities of wholesome provisions come into Paris, but very little reaches the consumer. The other day 1,000,000 lbs. of butter entered Paris, but only 12,000 lbs. of it went to grease the interiors of the gasping multitude, and this at 18 francs per lb. Likewise, millions of eggs march into the Central Market, but comparatively few march on to the breakfast table. Hence bad eggs at 60c. each. Hotel accommodation is no better. Hotel life quickly runs you to bankruptcy. The fact that one is a visitor to France is a hint to the hotel-keeper to put a princely price on everything. The charge for a tup'ny cup of milkless chicory is 1s. 6d. A bath in the bread pan costs 5s. The use of soap and towel is 2s. 6d. extra. If one expostulates, the hotel man remarks that all his rooms are booked up to the millennium and some beyond, and forthwith he proceeds to chalk upon the front door, "Rien à louer," which means you must pocket the inconveniences and he will pocket the rest.

In short, actual experience shows me that France today is so unreal and uninhabitable that, even if a dozen Saillens were to explain the country to me, dictionary in hand, I would not change my opinion. At the moment France is simply a profiteers' and American Y.M.C.A. France, with a gouged eye, dislocated digestion, weak knees, and a general air of the Pilgrim Fathers. This does not mean that it will not have the honour and glory of becoming real and habitable when its just claims have been met and it gets a fair chance to assert its real self. Already significant parliamentary, administrative, economic, and social reforms are about promising to yield an entirely new France. One practical outcome is that of the efforts of M. Clementel, the Minister of Commerce, who has succeeded in redividing France into 17 economic regions, with Chambers of Commerce as centralising institutions. So with the aid of a commonsense sponge and a lemon France will no doubt make a remarkable recovery. But the thing to remember is that it will not be the same France—the France of the boxing-booth and the journalistic Sedan. It will, I think, be a human France. As such it will have no need of Saillens, but will be well worth its salière.

Correction: "Grotesques," p. 379, "espied" should be "copied."

HUNTLY CARTER.

Pastiche.

A FAIRY FRAGMENT.

Once upon a time, in the days of fairies good and bad, a handsome young Brownie fell in love with the only daughter of the King of the Pixies, and it was common talk that the Princess was as much in love with him as he with her. She had been seen blowing him kisses from a dandelion clock in broad moonlight, and it was whispered among the reeds by the river that her old nurse used to carry messages between them when she went out for a fly on her broomstick. To all appearances they were as well-matched a couple as had ever been seen their side of fairyland; the Princess as graceful as grass and as fair as a star, the Brownie tall as a straw and as slender, and as dark as a bulrush head. This made it all the harder that in fairyland there should be such things as bye-laws to forbid a princess to marry outside the royal circle. But so it was, and in spite of all the tears of the Princess, and though she fretted and fretted and became too ill to leave her bed of forget-me-nots, and though Brownie wore out a whole night with kneeling before the throne, the King forbade the banns, and not only the banns, but Brownie, he said, must never set toe in the fairy circle again. He must dance to the King's tune. He must keep to his own side of the hedge. The only thing to be done was to make the King change his mind, and the first thing, said Brownie to himself, was to get-rich-quick. When he should have made a home, and the wherewithal to keep his Princess in dewdrops and moonbeams for all the days of their love, he would go to the King again. He would have something more substantial to go on. Brownie was content to begin work in quite a small way, mending toadstools which the fairies used for sitting out on in their moonlight dances, and his skill and industry so pleased his patrons that soon they brought him all their odd jobs, from nuts too hard for them to crack to will-o'-the-wisps which had lost their flickers. (In his youth Brownie had been something of a will-o'-the-wisp himself, and he knew all about them.) In return for his services Brownie accepted a variety of payments: old toadstools which he soon set on their legs again and burnished up to look like new, cracked acorn cups which he mended with the gum from pines, dead leaves which he revived with a little water and put aside for carpets, broken cobwebs which he darned with hoar-frost and carefully preserved for windows; and he had so many berries and nuts and wild blossoms and fruits given him that he had to take a larger tree, for there was no longer room to swing a mouse in the hollow he lived in. The treasures had grown to such a heap that he engaged a mole to guard them, but the mole made such a mountain of his trouble that Brownie exchanged him for a squirrel. Fancy a squirrel being put in charge of nuts and berries! But this squirrel was the most honest little servant that ever came out of an elm-bole. Whether he suffered temptations or not, the berries never suffered but rather gained by his experience in the care of them, and the need for keeping them carefully hidden from those who passed by with an eye to shopping; and from time to time he changed them about and threw dust in the eyes of the biggest thieves in squirreldom. What Squidge didn't know about thieves wasn't worth guarding against. Brownie prospered so that before many moons had passed he decided that the time had come when he might hope for a fairer answer from the father of his fairest dreams. Brownie was no dandy, but he had lived long enough in fairyland to know that when you go to court you must do as courtiers do. For the empty thistlehead that on common or garden occasions served as his cap he wore a shining chestnut skin; he carried a pair of fox-gloves and cut a cornstalk for a cane, and his hose were of silver birch-bark, and his coat was made of lichen and his shoes of moss as soft as suede. Squidge said he was proud to have such a master, and insisted on going with him to the palace; it would look well; all the best fairies, he said, had squirrels or what-not to carry their wands and things. So, leaving a turnip-head to guard the entrance to the home in the tree, off they went, master and servant, Brownie first and Squidge humbly hopping behind. The nearer Brownie got to his destiny the farther off it seemed and the slower he went, and when he saw the King sitting on a great mushroom with a crown of myrtle on his head he shook so he could scarcely keep on the moonray which led to the Pixy palace. If the King had been alone, the task would have been as big as Brownie himself, but, as if the ordeal was never to end, who should be there but the Princess herself playing at love-in-the-mist with a merry party of guests. Brownie had once seen an evening rainbow, but he had never seen anything so fair as his ladylove that night, and his heart was jealous of her playmates. Not brownies they, not elves or even gnomes, but princes of leprechauns, shining lights in fairyland, and Brownie turned and would have fled into the shadows if Squidge hadn't put his tail in the way. "Nay, master," he said; "see, she wears your ring. She has no love for these upstarts; she only beguiles the time." And sure enough the Princess was wearing the tiny ring-o'-roses which Brownie had himself put on her finger one crimson dawn.

And when the King saw Brownie, such a different Brownie, what do you think he said? H. T.

POET AND PEASANT.

O poppies frail that lift your slender tops
Of living flame amid the yellow corn,
More red than Sol on a September morn,
Wayward and dainty, veritable fops,
Know ye, who dwell among the rip'ning crops,
The lips of Adon's lover all forlorn,
Her burning blushes at his youthful scorn,
Are not more scarlet. (But my Muse now stops.)

Old Farmer Hayseed, with his hands outspread,
Observes, "They pesky poppies be a pest;
They blooms be weeds, as harmful as the rest;
Confound the ruddy lot; I wish them dead."
To which your servant in an awe-struck tone
Rejoins, "Queer man, to live on bread alone!"

BAYARD SIMMONS.

WHOM WE HAVE BURIED.

Whom we have burièd,
We do not wholly cast away.
The bones of the wise dead
Feel our swift feet over their clay,
And their patient hands do keep
Night and day
On their hollow breasts in sleep.

Wert thou laid ten ells deep
Thou wert nearer than thou art;
Thou might'st hear them that weep.
But in them thou hast no part:
Deeper hath light buried thee
In his heart
Than the abysses of the sea.

Be brief, thou litany:
Eyes, turn from looking upon suns,
Or pay your vanity.
Your love among the planets runs,
Nor feeds, made dumb and earthy cold,
Those secret ones
The darkling children of the mould.

RUTH PITTER.

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