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.

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. If...

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
aboard 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 a 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 Cesarian vocabulary to distinguish him from the military conquerors of history.

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" of conquest are "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 himself admitted that "we 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. . . ."

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 the present co-operation of all even the opponents 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 control 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 were 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 eluded 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.
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 were 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."

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 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 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 the motive 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 and whether the motives 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.

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 the 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 peroratrice 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 adventurous and humane 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.

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 desirability of the teachers being 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." If the resolutions 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 circumstances, 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 that has 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 credit? 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 understand, nor are they inclined to believe, that it 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 the community 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) could, if it so desired, dethrone Capitalism; but it cannot build 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 protectés 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 dethrone 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 cruelly 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 Islam should become exactly equal with the conquerors in all respects. As for the others; if they rejected Islam they were expelled from the Holy Land. Of the nations conquered by the Muslims the majority of the people remained in their homes; those of the nations conquered by the Muslims who embraced Islam should become exactly equal with the conquerors in all respects. As for the others; if they rejected Islam they were expelled from the Holy Land. Of the nations conquered by the Muslims the majority of the people remained in their homes; those who continued to live under the Turkish Empire I must go back rather a long way.

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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 idea was derided and discouraged while the Muslim character was denouncing the Christian as a corrupt and oppressing race. The gulf between the two great social systems had 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 three hundred years ahead of them.

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, hardly have co-existed, but survived, and formed the nucleus for the modern Turkish state. The Muslims are essentially a very different people from the Christians, and have preserved intact their national and spiritual character. This is to be noted as an example of the power of nationality and religious feeling in a conquered people.

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 an unsuccessful war on Turkey he found a friend and counsellor in Cantimirov, one of those Christian rulers who professed another faith. When Peter the Great made, unsuccessful war on Turkey he found a friend and counsellor in Cantimirov, one of those Christian rulers who professed another faith.
local grievance they became effective. At length, what 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 into the Turkish Empire, and her agents, the hottest heads began to plan extermination of the Greeks on these grounds. The hearty Turk, 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 these 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 Damsacus 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 Carlist to inaugurate the present period of Turco-phobia 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 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 'wringing down' Turkey, to which they were impelled by a well-known hand. People in England who sincerely 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 Edward Pease, a partisan of the Armenians, when, writing of the methods of Russian 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 Carlist, "Such intervention was useless so long as Russia was hostile. Not 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 uninstructed. Knowing from my own experience how hard it is to obtain a true account of such events, of their causes, of their origin, of their development and of their outcome, 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, but were nothing more than 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, outrlaws 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 any one 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 fateful condition of 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 blandings 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 as 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 vengeance 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 Palmerston once said that the welfare of Czardom should seem preferable, and at the same time would 'democratic people think of punishing a majority for their anger at the treacherous action of a minority? for their anger at the treacherous action of a minority. The case is different when they come to Asia. There the peoples were confined to Europe, however, our Czarists could proceed to a Reformer's Note Book.

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 response 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 because it is so special a 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 there is no vital impulse can wholly 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 of a second kind, 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 should 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 refusal of the Bible—a refusal, it 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, 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: but 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 the 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 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 extremes. The cause of its reason is 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 that leaves over 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 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 evil in its subjugation to the industrial necessities. Have we not sufficiently seen this when, in both our
not less technical teaching. Viewed quantitatively this is no doubt true; but the critic must be reminded that, without exceptions to the rule, the same may be said of the 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 the ethical lessons in which the upper classes, 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 schoolroom 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 be disheartened by the 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 he must realize that to his liking, more often it is forced with 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 discord. Not surprising, therefore, that he should aim at the improved status of his profession by the capitalist expedient of higher wages, and that the assumption that professional skill is measured in coin of the realm. It is beyond dispute that better financial reward might tend to greater skill.

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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 education and its content; the teacher is the chief and most important instrument. "One discovery of to-day," says a valued correspondent, "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 older inquisitorial system.

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 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, may be held against the Trade Union. It is refuted by the exceptional; in the main, I fear it is a true presentation.

due acknowledgments to enthusiastic amateurs, that it is the enfranchised teacher who will make of education the social value it must be made. As in the professions, so here, 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 advancement. 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.
"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 results? One of the methods of which I have heard, though I have not seen it practiced, is 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. If they claim the right to assume the professional position, they 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 qualified."

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 impossibly fixed: 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 unsatisfactory. 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 mere beasts of burden to passive tolerance of a mechanical routine."

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 organized 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 monopo}, although, of course, alive to the bargaining value of organised monopo}
familiar instance is that of the re-encountering of a word once 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.

First 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. I have learned that there is a certain force and strength in the admission of one's ignorance, and that the more one realises that this self-respect is not coordinate but simply sufficiently self-protective to guard against the patronising affronts 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 of the unconscious mind... 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 inspirational value. It is apparent that a momentary lapse from 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 as 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 actors) 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 Karano, all these gave performances that would have made anything memorable apparent to the audience. What we deplored was the waste of acting skill upon commonplace material, years of effort that Mr. Herbert Grimwood, for example, nearly made it a poetic treatise 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 expected resolution of the Eight begins as the curtain falls.

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

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become tired of seeing incompletely clad gentlemen kneading 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 errr 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 tragical 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 realigned 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 Kurano 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 situation 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 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 Alleghro of the Bortkiewicz Sonata, an unfailing kinesis with clear-cut depth. 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, there is 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 Lamont 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 (audante) was, I am afraid, Deutsch sentimentalisch. The pianist has not much sense of structure, but produces a fascinating current of music.

Searlatti is to be played with the fingers, and not with graceful loops and arm-sweeps from the shoulder. The second exquisite Searlatti 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 has what is called personality—a quality more apt to enrich one's private life than to draw public 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 maestros 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 engrossed in reflecting a portion of said attention toward herself. Members of the audience capable of mixed pleasure, not insisting on a strictly auditory aesthetic, 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 not the placidity 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. 1. 5 and 7 as splendidly deciphered by Busoni. These pieces are among the best piano music written with great care.
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 is the direct opposite of those who 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 not 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 maestro, 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 not that you like in Sozzani's "Sinfonia" 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 timbre of the music. 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.

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makes a strong appeal—though not perhaps intentionally—to the sentiment of nobility 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 less democratic members should at all events be organised somehow rather than not at all. But any New Aye 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 groups occasionally feigning action, but one compact brotherhood of interdependent workers cooperating in a common social function."

This is the only all-grade organisation for the lower grades of workers in the Civil Service, and it 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, Vaux 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.

DEMONSTRATION.

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? 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 assisted to escape over the frontier. In other words, Miss Cavell, who held a position of confidence in the Red Cross, was, as the Rev. H. S. Gahan, who also 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 though 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 about the part 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 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 those units attached to the German military organisations, 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 beaggrieved, unless there is some assurance of the 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.

ART AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—I have been much interested in the efforts of your correspondent, Mr. Hugh Lunn, to arouse a controversy with a slighter minor points of art, in the true fashion of Tweedledum and Tweedledyde. 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, I suppose) nearly yawned the 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, the much less democratic member of the Executive, is "to adapt a phrase applied to the new Industrial Unionism) not a congeries of self-sufficient groups occasionally feigning action, but one compact brotherhood of interdependent workers cooperating in a common social function."

This is the only all-grade organisation for the lower grades of workers in the Civil Service, and it 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, Vaux 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.
I know there is another side to Mr. Pound—a side which I have found revealing occasion, 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 do what Hemingway calls “dealing straightforwardly with the plain facts,” I gainsay that he is not a true American, in the sense of being a citizen of the realm, and not of the country. For it is not a flowerful business, but a business-like activity devoid of sentimentality and unreality. The Turk is thinking all the time of such essential matters as the origin of life, its transience, the death of human love, the ordeal of death. His life is beautiful with this poetic earnestness, which finds expression in the work of his accomplished poets who left books behind them. From largely philosophic and poetical. I do not disdain all this.

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 who died without poetry and none of them in verse, are gems not only of poetic expression but of thought. The Turk is thinking all the time of such essential matters as the origin of life, its transience, the death 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 the dignified seclusion of his private life. All this is hostile to the business-like activity devoid of philosophical thought or reason which the letter-writing Mr. Pound would put about the world.

I know that it will not be the same France—France has not the same country instead of a real country, 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 ears trying to get a glimpse of 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 uncongenial ideas from our skulls and eyes in war and the “profiteur” (as they call him in these parts) but pop circumstances have covered it, in order to show that it possesses an inspiring “soul” that entities it most in the reverent attitude by reasonable persons. 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 centralized 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 else the promoter 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 so uncomfortable and uninhabitable France. Prices are so high that the sight of them brings on an attack of bankruptcy. Clothes are so dear that the public desire to be prosecuted for wearing any. It is an extravaganzing Travelling is indescribable. People hump in and out of public conveyances in sticky lumps. Restaurants are unapproachable owing to the deep-seated tendency on the part of Americans of spotting character and impregnable prophy who sport the Red Triangle to pay their bills without looking at them and to hand out handfuls of nickels on the flat-footed waiters. Food is scarce and innumerate. It is a mystery that large quantities of whole some 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 13 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 the promoter is a visitor to France is a hint to the hotel-keeper to put a princely price on everything. The charge for a tupp’ny cup of milkless chocolate is 25c. An hour’s washing costs 5s. The soap of soap and towel is 2s. 6d. extra. If one expostulates, the hotel man remarks that all his meals are booked to France is a hint to the hotel-keeper to put a princely price on everything. The charge for a tupp’ny cup of milkless chocolate is 25c. An hour’s washing costs 5s. The soap of soap and towel is 2s. 6d. extra. If one expostulates, the hotel man remarks that all his meals are booked to France is a hint to the hotel-keeper to put a princely price on everything. The charge for a tupp’ny cup of milkless chocolate is 25c. An hour’s washing costs 5s. The soap of soap and towel is 2s. 6d. extra. If one expostulates, the hotel man remarks that all his meals are booked to

In short, actual experience shows me that France to-day 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 profitter’s and American Y.M.C.A. France, with a goggled eye, dislocated digestion, weak knees, and a general air of 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 the promoter is a visitor to France is a hint to the hotel-keeper to put a princely price on everything. The charge for a tupp’ny cup of milkless chocolate is 25c. An hour’s washing costs 5s. The soap of soap and towel is 2s. 6d. extra. If one expostulates, the hotel man remarks that all his meals are booked to France is a hint to the hotel-keeper to put a princely price on everything. The charge for a tupp’ny cup of milkless chocolate is 25c. An hour’s washing costs 5s. The soap of soap and towel is 2s. 6d. extra. If one expostulates, the hotel man remarks that all his meals are booked to

I do not blame Mr. Ezra Pound (whether as poet or materialist) for looking on unmoved at a tragedy which I find moving. The critic has to do what the poet does, 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 number of my compatriots.

Facts about France.

Sir,—When I excavated *The New Age* from the pile of international papers at the Cercle Français de la Presse Étrangère 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 straightforward tips for soft heads on France that made the country "habituble" and "a country instead of a Promised Land," I nearly went off my head with joy. This was

Correction: "Grotesques," p. 359, "espied" should be "copied."
Pastiche.

A FAIRY FRAGMENT.

Once upon a time, in the days of fairies good and sad, 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 was not the only nurse used to carry messages between them when she went out for a fly on her broomstick. To all appearance, 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 burghul 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 bans, and not only the bans, 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 go to the King, and nothing more substantial to go on. Brownie was content to begin work in quite a small way, mending toadstools which the fairies used for sitting on in their moonlight dances, and his skill and industry so pleased the King the King’s footmen 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, 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; I am bound the ruddy lot; I wish them dead.” To which your servant in an awe-struck tone rejoins, “Queue man, to live on bread alone!”

WHOM WE HAVE BURIED.

Whom we have buried,
We do not wholly cast away.
The homes 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;
To-hold the ruddy lot; I wish them dead.

But in them thou hast not 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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