NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Much may be allowed a man in Mr. Frank Hodges' unenviable situation. With considerable obstinacy and against all disinterested advice he has nearly succeeded in splitting the Miners' movement without obtaining any material advantage in exchange for it; and now and at last he appears to be somewhat alarmed by his handiwork. The solidarity of the Federation he realises, of course, is essential, not only to the Miners themselves, but to the importance of his own personal position; but how is it to be preserved if a large section vote against the acceptance of the Government's offer? That the Government's offer is one of the usual compromises; that, even if the whole demand of the Federation were conceded the result upon the purchasing power of a miner's day would be trivial -- is as well known to Mr. Hodges as it is to other people. Nevertheless, in order to save something, if only himself, from the wreck to which he has steered events, Mr. Hodges must pretend to regard the Government's offer as "a definite stage in the permanent improvement in the miners' conditions." We should like to know when the cost of living rises and submerges the present increase of wages what "permanent improvement" the Government's offer will have effected. We should like to ask, further, how many more such "stages" will be required to bring about an appreciable improvement in the miners' conditions or in social conditions generally. That Mr. Hodges does not attach the smallest importance to the present "permanent improvement" may be seen from the alacrity with which, in his interview with the "Daily News," he left the unpleasant subject of the immediate situation to talk grandiloquently about the movement towards a six-hours' day next year, or when "economic conditions justify." The Miners, like mankind, are always to be blest; leaders like Mr. Hodges will take good care that they never are.

In counselling the miners to accept the Government's offer, Mr. Smillie has not only behaved with magnanimity towards his colleagues, but, in addition, he has clearly indicated "the only sound policy" for the future. Mr. Hodges may be perverse enough to insist that Nationalisation is still a possible policy; or, in the alternative, he may be persuaded that a Revolution of the kind is within his statesmanship to bring about; but Mr. Smillie has learned enough from recent events, if not from his own intuition, to be perfectly certain that Labour cannot make further progress unless it carries the public with it. And by carrying the public with it, we do not mean merely that Labour shall persuade the public that its claims are just, but prove to the public that its claims include contemporaneously and unmistakably the welfare of the public as well as of Labour. Hitherto, it is obvious, Labour's improvement has been, or, at any rate, has been made to appear to be, at the expense of the general consumer. Labour the producer has merely succeeded in raising prices against the community as consumer; and it says something both for the case of Labour and the goodwill of the community that this one-sided advance has been possible. The time, however, has come when the scales are inclined the other way; when, in fact, it is the community as consumer whose case is more to be pitied than that of Labour as producer. Mr. Smillie, it appears, is now aware of this. Without abandoning any part of his claim for the improvement of the conditions of the Miners (and we are with him to the utmost of his practicable demands in this respect), he sees that the methods hitherto adopted have been very imperfect. Not only have they hardly ameliorated the circumstances of the Miners themselves, but they have alienated and antagonised the general mass of the public, and for substantial reasons. The conclusion is indicated by the facts. Henceforth "the struggle should be a general Labour fight for reduced cost of living all round. This is the only sound policy." It remains to be seen whether Mr. Smillie's immediate and associated colleagues will have the courage and
sense to learn the lesson that has been forced upon their late leader.

No official statistics are available for the distribution of the man-power at our disposal for the urgent need of building; but from the evidence of Mr. Cameron, confirmed by the experience of anybody who cares to make a trip into any large city, it is probable that ten to one represents the proportion of men employed in luxury and commercial building to those employed in building houses. It is doubtful the fact that an excellent argument can be put up in defence of this arrangement, so eminently satisfactory to the wealthy and the unthinking. Mr. Strachey and Mr. Cox, for instance, are quite capable of becoming lyrical on the providential distribution implied in it. On the other hand, it appears to us as a suitable test-question of the fitness of any individual to exercise the rights of a citizen—whether he can possibly defend an arrangement that continues to devote ten times as much labour, capital and materials to luxury and commercial building as to the most urgent and vital need of common house-building. It is said, of course, that house-building does not "pay" in comparison with the building of mansions, shops and cinemas; and, in the sense that the would-be householders cannot compete in purchasing power with the financial capitalists, whose occupation it is to "make money," the explanation is complete. But only the most satisfied or corrupt of politician would be willing to stop thinking at that point, and to refrain from asking the further question why it does not pay to build houses. A very little thought upon this head would surely lead to the conclusion that a system that produces luxuries before necessaries is wrong; and that if it does not "pay" to build houses for a vital need, then our system of book-keeping requires to be changed. So rare, however, is the exercise of even a little thought that we have seldom heard the question raised even by those whose circumstances might be expected to be most stimulating. The vast majority, for instance, of the newly married people who are compelled to live with their parents because they cannot find a house of their own, doubtless spend time in admiring the enterprise of the rich in commandeering the services and material of the building industry. It does not occur to them to inquire why such manifest criminal lunacy is possible.

We might congratulate the I.L.P. Conference on having dissociated itself from the methods of the Russian Revolution if it had not, at the same time, reaffirmed its faith in the dead formula of political power. There is something neurotic in the attachment of the I.L.P. to Radical political ideas; and we can only suppose that its typical leaders, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, are under the influence of what psycho-analysts call a "father complex." In other words, it is their father or, possibly, their grandfather, who is speaking through them. However this may be, it is certain that in choosing the political method in preference to the revolutionary à la Russe the I.L.P. has not chosen anything more fruitful. It is true that the "revolutionary" method is worthless because, in fact, the reaction it provokes is always equal and opposite; but it does show that the poet that the political method, because it is not revolutionary in this sense, is any the more useful. We have spent years, indeed, and have employed all the resources of reasoning in proving that political power is only a reflex, a reflection, a shadow, an index, of economic power; that it is little or nothing by itself; and that under no circumstances can it be sustained without the support of an equivalent economic power. For the same reason we have urged that the Labour movement should acquire economic power in the first instance, in the sure and certain expectation that political power would be added unto it. Our efforts, however, have all been perfectly vain against the obsession which occupies the minds of Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues. Bitten with the lust to make a political display—a craze quite as definite as the stage-infatuation of girls—Mr. MacDonald and the rest have convinced themselves that it is possible to make a political advance without an economic backing. They even believe it is possible to form an effective Labour government while the mass of Labour is still economically servile. Such a superstition is even less respectable than the superstition of Lenin that force without ideas can effect a real revolution.

The solemnity with which the debate is carried on whether the I.L.P. and other Socialist and Labour groups in this country shall affiliate with the Geneva or the Moscow "International" is a measure of the distance the Labour movement keeps from reality, to say nothing of the sense of humour. We have thought that the collapse of the "International" on the outbreak of war would have warned the various Socialist groups of the difficulty of uniting peoples by Socialist resolutions in ten different languages; and the fact that the I.L.P. is less than ever entitled to speak for England, while more than ever it is evident that international relations are not determined by international finance, would likewise appear to point to the need for a little modesty as well as a re-orientation of policy. However, the truth is, of course, that these pretences at the "International" answer their real purpose very well. They may not have the least effect upon international relations; in fact, they have not. Two international groups of Socialists rarely have the smallest confidence in one another—or any reason for it. On the other hand, to men for whom a merely national platform is too much, the opportunity provided by an "International" for trips abroad and other delights is irresistible. The three tailors of Tooley Street are to be found in every country. Upon other grounds, as we have pointed out before, the time is less than ever ripe for a Socialist International in the accepted sense of the word. Some nations have a "Socialist" Government, while others have scarcely the beginnings of a Socialist movement. Are delegates from these nations to find themselves upon equal terms at a Socialist International? Would the meeting not be a mix-up of a League of Nations and a League of Socialist comrades? The most valuable contribution to Internationalism which the British Socialist and Labour movement can make is the solution of the British economic problem. The discovery of the means to reduce prices progressively with the advance of invention would give the world a new renaissance.

It is characteristic of the I.L.P. that its criticisms of Lenin are such as will certainly make that statesman smile. In fact, he anticipated them all when he declared, months ago, that Mr. MacDonald was only a bourgeois after all. He could have said an unconscious capitalist, and still have been well within the truth; for Mr. MacDonald would be hard put to it to discover any criticism in his mind of the Russian Revolution that is not common to the ordinary capitalist. Our own criticism of Lenin, if it should ever reach him, would produce, we venture to say, a different impression on the Russian revolutionary; for it is our contention that Lenin, precisely like Mr. MacDonald himself, is a victim of capitalist thought, and, at heart, himself a capitalist bourgeois. It is not necessary at this moment to enumerate "the mistakes of Lenin," but two or three misconceptions, common to the Russian Revolution and the Socialist and Labour movement of every country, may, perhaps, be usefully pointed out in view of the drawing of the skirts of the I.L.P. from contact with Moscow. The first is that one dictator-
ship differs from another by reason of the difference of objective or personnel. Not nearly enough attention, we are sure, has been paid to the problem of the control of one or another "arrangement" of power upon both the object and the persons concerned. An arrangement on a "democratic" design will have one set of results, while an arrangement on a "dictatorial" or "autocratic" design will have an entirely different set of results, even if the personnel and objectives of the two groups are alike. What, on the other hand, can be said of similar arrangements is that they tend to produce similar results in all circumstances—so that, for example, the "dictatorship of the proletariat," as adopted in Russia, was and is bound to reproduce the characteristic features of every dictatorship—chiefly, of course, those of the immediately preceding dictatorship, that of Tsarism. A real revolution in Russia could only have been effected by a real change in the "arrangement" of power. Since that re-arrangement was not made, the older features were certain to recur.

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A second misunderstanding concerns the nature of centralisation; and this is a very common fallacy in the rest of the world. It is assumed that if a group or party, having an "ideal" aim, can arrive at the centralisation of power (or function, or control or administration or anything else), the same group will thereafter be able to decentralise at leisure. Centralisation, they believe, is a mere means to an end, a condition precedent to the equitably re-distribution or decentralisation which they honestly profess to be their ultimate intention. Will it be believed that there is no evidence for the amiable assumption, but, on the contrary, that all experience is against it; moreover, that its unreason is manifest in the nature of centralisation itself? For what is the direct as distinct from the instrumental object of centralisation if not precisely to make decentralisation difficult? Centralisation is a centripetal force: it is opposed to the centrifugal; and to assume that a centrifugal movement can effect the purposes of a centralised movement is to assume the contrary of what is possible. The Russian Revolution has undoubtedly fallen into this error of thought, no less than of fact; but in this respect it is, as we have said, of a piece with Western Socialism. Western Socialist thought regards the centralisations involved in, let us say, Nationalisation, as the necessary means to a subsequent decentralisation; it is actually foolish enough to believe that by first concentrating all power and initiative in the hands of the State (in other words, in the hands of the few who have the function of credit) it can find itself favourably placed for distributing initiative to the individual again. That power is only taken from the individual in this process in order not to be returned to him seems not yet to have occurred to the Socialist. He continues to believe, with Lenin, that the way to the liberty of all is the slavery of each.

* * *

The most serious economic mistake of the Revolution is, however, its assumption that whoever has control of the instruments of production can, by that fact alone, control distribution as well. The control of distribution, on the contrary, is resident, not in the instruments of production, but in the instruments of distribution—in other words, in credit and money principally and primarily. It is obvious in the case of certain European countries, what they are now suffering from is not a defect of means of production in the material sense. Germany, for example, has suffered very little damage in her instruments of production. What is missing, however, is precisely the financial mechanism which is required to distribute the product, and hence, in the last resort, to set production itself going again. The same phenomenon was witnessed in Russia, though it was there produced by other circumstances. By a coup d'état the Bolshevik Marxians obtained everything that Socialists had been taught to demand—national ownership of the means of production, the control of production by the workers in the interests of the State, and all the rest of it. What happened? Almost the complete cessation of voluntary production beyond the requirements of the individual; and, later, the introduction of compulsory labour. The reason for the breakdown of the voluntary system is apparent to anybody who has made himself familiar with the function of Money and Credit in a modern community. It is Credit alone that makes the "division of labour" possible; hence it is Credit that is mainly responsible for modern production. Because Credit—that is, the production which generates from the collective to the individual, while, at the same time, exchange descends to barter. On the other hand, if Credit is controlled, everything can be controlled by means of it. The omission of Credit from among the instruments of production was thus an error of the first magnitude. It is doubtful whether Russia can survive it, since it is more than doubtful whether Lenin even now understands enough to correct his mistake. We should say that the greatest benefit to Russia and the world would follow from Lenin's realisation of the meaning and importance of Credit. It is in a key position to solve the problem practically and on behalf of the whole planet. Moreover, he has a practical genius for organisation. We believe that if only one of the numerous visitors to Russia would convey to Lenin the analysis and synthesis of Credit which have been published in these columns, Russia might be saved in a month or two from the otherwise inevitable débâcle of generations. Nobody so intelligent, however, will be allowed to leave this country. The one man whose understanding of the solution could be anticipated with confidence, and whose ability to put it into effect is unrivalled is shut off from it; and we are left to our English Labour leaders, who have no will to understand or to do.

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The "Daily Herald" continues its campaign in defence of the Conscription of Labour, and by way, we suppose, of making the "Revolution" even more attractive to everybody than it already is. 'Every working man," we are told, "must know that in a Communist Society work must be obligatory upon all." 'No Socialist," furthermore, "can logically object to the principle embodied in the words: 'He who will not work neither shall he eat.' " And, in consequence, "discipline, iron, rigid discipline . . . will be needed here whenever the workers control the function of credit." It is not too long a story for a concluding Note, but we may say that, roughly speaking, the practical economic ideal (we mean the ideal of the practical business men of the future) is precisely the reverse of Mr. Lansbury's notion of things: it is to make idleness obligatory upon all who cannot prove their fitness for the highly skilled work of an up-to-date society. The supposition that "work" is necessarily a burden when rationally organised or efficient or inefficient, must be employed in it. Already, with our present resources, if they were all fully engaged, the work of the community could be performed by a million or so experts working pleasantly a few days a week. In a generation, trained under proper motives, the work could be still further reduced until keen emulation among officers and men would take place for the privilege of a job. This is the proper direction of progress; and to revert to compulsion is to retrogress in all directions.
Credit-Power and Democracy.
By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER VIII—(continued)

During the years 1914-1919 the British Labour Party as a whole had an opportunity, such as rarely occurs in history, so to change the trend of progress, both economic and political, that in a few years civilisation might have emerged from the nightmare of war into the placid sunlight of a liberated, creative, and re-vivified world. The great mass of honest, capable men and women, over the backs of whom its leaders had climbed to power, were inspired by a great enthusiasm towards a better age for all; and the immense urgency of the demand for output, which the sabotage of war had created, gave to organised Labour a bargaining power which only a similar or greater war, involving, with its appalling miseries, fresh fields of production, can restore. But the opportunity was missed—missed by the technical misdirection of the Trade Union officials and their Parliamentary spokesmen, who while voicing the aspirations of their constituents, were perhaps more concerned with politics as a career than with definite constructive action towards the practical improvement of Society as a whole. As distinct from the pure Utopianist, determined to see nothing good in material changes unpreceded by a "change of heart," the "sane Labour Leader" naturally listened to any plan designed to consolidate and buttress official power, hence the vogue of Socialist-Administrative schemes, now happily and rapidly waning. But the error went deeper. The Syndicalist idea of control by the workers naturally led to strikes for higher wages, rather than for lower prices. The revolt of the general public, while misdirected, was logical and inevitable; and the Labour Movement, as distinct from the aspirations of the great mass of individuals it misrepresents, is partly manoeuvred by its opponents and partly committed by the ineptitude of its "leaders," to the representation of an interest as purely sectional, and hardly less truly anti-social, than that involved in an organisation to keep up the price of, say, bread or houses.

If there is one thing more certain in this respect than any other it is that men who know how to do things will not submit to be ruled in the details of the doing of them by men who do not know how, and, strange as it may seem at first sight, the control of Society by the "producers" means just exactly that amidst other things. For instance, it is highly probable at this time that the production of armaments, in the broad sense of the word, is the determining factor in world politics; and that is so because millions of men and women get their living, as the phrase goes, by working in armament factories. That is to say, the producer controls the consumer. If those millions of human beings were not dependent for the means of consumption on this particular form of production, it is highly probable that the armament business would languish, and numbers of people who understand what it is the world needs much more than armaments would have an opportunity of suggesting how to get it, as well as a voice in determining a suitable personnel to that end.

Now, in spite of the apparent lack of enthusiasm with which any attempt to examine the subject of credit and price control is apt to be received in the immediate present, there is no doubt whatever that its paramount importance will, within a very short time, be recognised, although perhaps not so quickly as in the case of the more straightforward consumer. For example, a cotton-spinner does not work and think as a citizen of the cotton-spinner's religion; by the "producer" means just exactly that amidst other things. For instance, it is highly probable at this time that the production of armaments, in the broad sense of the word, is the determining factor in world politics; and that is so because millions of men and women get their living, as the phrase goes, by working in armament factories. That is to say, the producer controls the consumer. If those millions of human beings were not dependent for the means of consumption on this particular form of production, it is highly probable that the armament business would languish, and numbers of people who understand what it is the world needs much more than armaments would have an opportunity of suggesting how to get it, as well as a voice in determining a suitable personnel to that end.

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Therefore we must study them before proceeding to the more necessary, and indeed inevitable, restoration of the Monarchy which must be paramount over them all.

The House of Commons.
By Hilaire Belloc.

XIII.—THE COUNCILS.

The decline of the House of Commons leaves room for only one fundamental institution, and that institution is Monarchy.

Subsidiary to the Monarchy there must be for a time supporting councils representing real interests, and therefore vital; that is, clothed with real authority because they would speak for real desires, and would stand for what men really did and thought. A cotton-spinner does not work and think as a citizen of the cotton-spinner's religion; by the "producer" means just exactly that amidst other things. For instance, it is highly probable at this time that the production of armaments, in the broad sense of the word, is the determining factor in world politics; and that is so because millions of men and women get their living, as the phrase goes, by working in armament factories. That is to say, the producer controls the consumer. If those millions of human beings were not dependent for the means of consumption on this particular form of production, it is highly probable that the armament business would languish, and numbers of people who understand what it is the world needs much more than armaments would have an opportunity of suggesting how to get it, as well as a voice in determining a suitable personnel to that end.

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We have before our eyes one set of such institutions long in existence growing rapidly to power. These are the Trades Unions. Their increasing power consists to-day in two factors. First there is the discipline which they have developed as independent bodies until lately unrecognized by the state and even now only very partially recognized. They have as yet no charter. In practice a man could not drive an engine upon the railways or even unload ships in a dock unless...
he belonged to a Trade Union. But the state has not yet confirmed that monopoly. It has arisen, as all institutions have arisen in the past, spontaneously. It is not yet formally ratified.

The second fact is the power of the Trades Unions flows from the nature of modern economic activity, and especially from that one peculiarly modern point, the new rapidity in communications, in the transport of ideas and things. The rapidity in the transport of ideas and things has made both possible and necessary the power of the Trades Unions.

There is a third element: the interdependence of function into which modern economic activity has fallen. This last point is accidental. It is not necessary and it may disappear. Supposing, for instance, an instrument by which an individual, unaided save by a cheap and easily produced machine, could transport himself more readily from place to place than he now can through the vast complex of a railway system. Or supposing an instrument whereby an individual could communicate with another individual over great distances without the interposition of the vast complex of our present telephonic and telegraphic systems, and our state post. Then it is clear that the economic independence which now allows one of several great Trades Unions to dictate to the whole community would disappear.

We had an example of this on a small scale during the railway strike. The internal combustion engine deprived the strikers of much of their power. Twenty years ago a railway strike would have paralysed the community at once. To-day there is such a large number of men who can drive a motor and such a large number of individual motors and of individual free drivers, that the old absolute power of the railwaymen has been greatly modified. The fact that that power was used too late and that the great railway strikes only began after the moment when they might have been omnipotent is parallel to what we see throughout history: the interesting fact that a section in institutions have arisen in the past, spontaneously. It has had the fullest possible power, compatible with being a subsidiary body in the state, for nearly three hundred years. And that power has grown immeasurably during the last hundred years. The administration of law is at once so complex, so ubiquitous, and so arbitrary, that this power cannot be challenged: at any rate it could only be challenged or controlled by a strong monarch. Legal decisions must be pronounced or the community could not continue. Once pronounced, objections to the commonwealth could not continue. Even a code established to diminish the arbitrary power of the Legal Guild would, under modern circumstances, be so complex that the private citizen could with difficulty deal with it. And even against a code the Legal Guild—at any rate until a strong monarchy arises to control it—will fight successfully, for a great part of the power of this Guild consists in the arbitrary character of legal decisions. The power of the Legal Guild is further enhanced by the vast economic interests it controls. It is within the power of state servants and their internal controls to diminish the arbitrary power of the Legal Guild. Whatever it may have been in the past, it is not yet formally ratified.

The Legal Guild has for centuries been ratified and established to diminish the arbitrary power of the Lawyers. The House of Commons was and is so close that they are indistinguishable. But it is an error to imagine that this connection is necessary or that the present break up of the Commons weakens the Lawyers. The House of Commons might disappear to-morrow, and the Legal Guild would remain. It is the first and the strongest of the professional councils of which I speak.

The second, the medical section, has been chartered for a long time past. It has only recently attained to a novel power. The capitalist determination to enregiment the proletariat found ready to hand the Doctors’ Guild. It obtained an alliance with that Guild (not without a good deal of difficulty and secret financial negotiation) in the recent Insurance Act, which is the great water-shed of our modern economic life in this country. That Act confirmed new powers in this guild. Those powers are still mainly passive, but they will become active. You will have the children of the proletariat ticketed and numbered by doctors, recommended for particular employment by doctors, and their whole lives passed under medical supervision. The excuse of national health will be put forward. A special department will be created in connection with it, and this subsidiary guild-power will quickly take its place among the active determining organs of national government.

Third in order comes the teaching profession, especially in its popular elements. That, again, is a creation of the capitalist necessity for enregimenting and controlling the proletariat. Every day it becomes something less and less dependent upon local feeling, and more and more dependent upon a national centre. Every day it becomes a more separate body demanding a recognition of its own and formulating its own laws. Its power lags behind that of the other two corporations we have mentioned, but it goes forward rapidly. It is already conscious of its strength and is bound to exercise it.

There will be a double process. With the internal autonomy of these State servants and their internal organisation, as it quickly develops, there will go further recognition, a further tendency to a charter, all the processes which we see at work in any one of the other departments. It will work in and in with the medical control and the legal control, and, as in the case of the medical, a false excuse which shall be put forward to lubricate the transition. The motive alleged will be the advantage to the commonwealth of greater instruction. The real motive will be the determination of capitalist power to maintain itself: a determination which will compromise with the great Trades Unions to the progressive extinction—until
reaction shall take place—of family and local control. Family control over education has, in the case of the proletariat, virtually disappeared. Local control will follow it. There will come a certain reaction in both cases, for there are limits to tyranny over the family, and with the increasing incompetence of the House of Commons regional power, whether conciliatory or nominated, will grow; but in spite of these modifications we may look to the appearance of the Educational Guild side by side with the legal and the medical.

There remain what may be called the two combatant guilds: those of the domestic police and the armed forces. The first of these is still embryonic. It has twice in recent years made an attempt at ratification and a charter, and it has failed. But it cannot permanently fail. The domestic police cannot permanently remain without a measure of autonomy. The capitalist system needs its support immediately, uninterruptedly, and acutely. The least halt in its function would bring capitalism to the ground at once, and therefore a compromise with it is certain to be effected. It will be ratified, and it will take its place with the others: though its powers will necessarily be less.

There remain the combatant forces used for external purposes and now also largely used in aid of the domestic police, as yet, however, only a faint appearance of autonomy and of that subsidiary power of which we speak, replacing the old sovereignty of the House of Commons. In the nature of things an armed force to be used against foreign aggression or for the purpose of foreign expansion must be more directly connected with the national executive and more subservient to it than any other body in the state. In the nature of things its discipline must be from above. But it does not follow that the general movement of our time which, for the moment at least, urges men to combine into associations affecting self-government, will or could be permanently excluded from affecting the armed forces of the Crown.

What form of recognition the charter will take we cannot tell. It will certainly not have the powerful autonomy which may develop in the other associations. For the nature of the function, again, forbids such a thing. But what may be called the praetorian character of the armed forces must develop. That word "praetorian"—that metaphor rather—has two elements: one the guard of Caesar but also partially the master of Caesar. The growth of the autonomous spirit in the armed forces will weaken government and the nation.

All these subsidiary functions in the state, side by side with the most powerful of all, the Trades Unions, step in to take the place of what was once the central Aristocratic Organ of English Government: the House of Commons.

But there is one character in which they do not fill the void. There is one overwhelming function denied to them—all functions that may develop in the other associations. That is the function of the nature, the family, forbids such a thing. But what may be called the praetorian character of the armed forces must develop. That word "praetorian"—that metaphor rather—has two elements: one the guard of Caesar but also partially the master of Caesar. The growth of the autonomous spirit in the armed forces will weaken government and the nation.

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By what appears a paradox (but if it is a paradox, it is a paradox universally present in human affairs) the very devolution of power, the very increase in local autonomy both regional and professional, connotes a strong central power of control. Of all the various functions once exercised here in England by the Aristocratic Organ of what was an Autocratic state the fundamental function was sovereignty. It was as a Sovereign Assembly that Parliament, while it still had moral authority, governed England. Now that it has lost that authority something must take its place, and the only "something" conceivable is a King.

The alternative is dissolution.

Freud in England.

One of the most notable followers of Freud is Dr. Ernest Jones. There is a collection of papers written by him at various times, to be obtained under the title of "Papers on Psycho-analysis,"1 that show him to be a thorough Freudian, an expounder and somewhat pugnacious champion of the Freudian doctrine. He is an extremely capable dissection and demonstration of the component factors of narcissism. He deals far better with the "ego," the "mental elemental," than with the "mother," the senses. I do not wish to take the reader through Freudianism again, but we may note that Dr. Jones has amplified and extended the Freudian findings in this one respect of the narcissistic sexual incubus. After he has gone that far, he appears to stick, and we find him treating Jung in a most cavalier fashion. Indeed, his reaction against what he calls Jung's mysticism—poor, debased word—is only comparable to the reaction with which Freud was originally met, and has far less excuse for itself. It is a great pity, for I believe that Dr. Jones is just the type that is needed today for the examination of mystic matters. But this attitude towards Jung is an extremely common one. It is due, I think, to the intensive training given to reason, the comparative neglect under which emotion has suffered, and the complete and utter ignoring of instinct, the unconscious. Now that instinct is appearing, as it is appearing, in neuroticism, it is appraised and taken in hand by an exceedingly efficient reason that knows only analysis; while the element of feeling that is essential to the right appreciation of any matter is simply pushed into the background. Why this should be is because, as I have just said, emotion has been neglected, with the result that it is considered unreliable. Therefore moderns dare not trust it. They are afraid, and often rightly, of explosions. I have known a reaction against "mysticism," of similar strength to that of Dr. Jones, that ran hand in hand with the modern Puritanism. When we remember the medieval witch's cat, we can see a little light on the matter.

To come to particulars, Dr. Jones' split with Jung is determined by his conception of symbolism. In common with Freud, Dr. Jones postulates the "endopsychic censor," that will only permit subconscious wishes to appear in a form that suits it—the psycho-

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1 "Papers on Psycho-Analysis." By Dr. Ernest Jones. (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox. 25s.)
logical equivalent of Mrs. Grundy. To the Freudian the symbol is a distorted wish from the animal end of the unconscious, whereas the Freudians with their mechanisms run down a chain of memories, and say that that is all there is to it. Well, with our present knowledge, the association method is a necessity and will continue to be; but we should remember that the associations a patient makes are just as symbolic as the dream symbol itself. It is the analyst's task to unearth something behind that is behind the analogy of symbol. The reader must follow which of these schools he pleases. I will only suggest that anyone who cares to concentrate himself on dream interpretation will perhaps be dissatisfied with an analysis of the pre-conscious, though this is certainly an essential part of his business. But Dr. Jones is positive to the point of showing exasperation that there is no more to psychiatry than analysis. When we find him describing Jung's conception of the unconscious as a "limbo," we can see why this is so; and, indeed, it must be stated that we must not apply this to psycho-analysis, we must say that Dr. Jones is perhaps quite right in refusing to tackle "limbo." But that is, of course, to take a very restricted view of psychological affairs, and a view that might eventually cause more permanent damage than temporary benefit. For such a view leads in the end to standardisation and dogma. When Yudhishtira was asked, in another connection, what was hypocrisy, he said: "The setting up of a religious standard is hypocrisy." Let us consider another illustration. An egocentric of capability and ambition—the second attribute is a synonym for egocentricity—dreamt he was walking in sunlight on a huge, broad highway along which the whole world was treading. This highway was broad at the bottom, but went upward and became more and more narrow, and the sunshine, as he ascended, grew stronger and stronger till there was a perfect flood of light. But he was most distressed to find that, at nearly every step he took, someone of those with him disappeared, as if through a man-hole in the road. Only a few reached the top with him, where there was a golden gate, and a regular blaze of light. He went through and suffered a shock, for there he met all whom he thought had fallen by the way; all ready to receive him. And when he asked them how they had arrived there, each replied in a most matter-of-fact manner, "Oh, I came by another way." If we care to apply this to psycho-analysis, we must say that each case we deal with is to be taken on its own merits. There is no human theory that can be applied universally, and, if we try to do such a thing, we are guilty of breeding hypocrisy.

With these reservations, Dr. Jones' book is to be very much recommended, and particularly to the practising psycho-analyst. For the comprehension of the Freudian theory is at present an essential preliminary to the correct understanding of psycho-analysis; and nowhere is it so compactly and lucidly put as it is by Dr. Jones. The chapters on the practice of psycho-analysis and education of children are especially valuable. The only other psycho-analytic writer who has said so much on these subjects is Pfister. And Pfister during the last few years the antagonistic European nations have shown their habit of judging their opponents not objectively, but merely by those single features which show them in the least favourable light. Such a one-sided method may be natural and even of a certain psychological value in a period of struggle; but, if it continues, in the long run it often does more harm to the judges than to the judged. Apart from that, it paralyses the possibility of a mutual understanding and genuine co-operation between the various nations, fostering anew that racial exclusiveness, conceit, and hatred which are the best agents of a permanent disintegration of humanity.

Nowadays one forgets too easily that, whatever the faults and the sins of a nation, one should always be able to say to its "judges" the words that Christ once addressed to the Pharisees who wanted to stone the woman taken in adultery: "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone!" Contemporary political Pharisees would do wisely to remember these words when dealing out chastisement to offenders. They ought to remember them, if not for the sake of the sinners, at least for their own. And especially when the sinner happens to be a great nation like Germany, whose historical and cultural destinies are so closely bound up with the fate of the whole of modern humanity, that it is impossible to eliminate it even by the most radical measures.

It cannot be denied that all the cruelties perpetrated by Germans during the European War will be remembered throughout the ages of their reputation; at the same time it would be ridiculous to condemn as merely "barbaric" a race which has given to the world Goethe, Kant, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, and a score of other great men, of whose works not only Germans themselves but the whole of humanity may be proud. It would be equally one-sided to judge German cultural potencies merely from what we know of a pathological period in which the whole nation were for the time being political maniacs; for that national mania was not the fault of the Germans alone, but a logical result of a general social and political pathology—in fact, the peculiar disease of the whole modern world. The fact that this disease has assumed in Germany more violent proportions than elsewhere can be easily explained by the fact that she is so closely bound up with the fate of the whole of modern humanity that it is impossible to eliminate it even by the most radical measures.

The Germans of a century ago—the Germans of Kant, Goethe, and Schiller—seemed in truth to be one of the most promising rising races. If they had not a grand and refined culture, they had at least a will to culture, perhaps a stronger conscious will to culture than any other modern nation. Their growing cultural striving, however, had the misfortune to clash with the growing economic and capitalistic competition of
modern States, a competition which is paralysing older and more solid cultures than that of Germany.

Shut in a relatively small territory, divided into numerous petty States, surrounded by hostile races (Slavs and French), confronted by the encroachments of Russian and political growth of her neighbours, Germany had but one choice—either to be strangled by her competitors or to overcome them in military and capitalistic development. From a mere instinct of physical self-preservation, Germany was soon induced to choose the second alternative, sacrificing to it her “better self” and gradually transforming all her values for its sake.

Hence, before German cultural possibilities could reach their maturity, they had to degenerate into political factors. And the whole of the German nation being haunted by the impending racial and economic danger, it soon happened that it was not German culture that directed German politics, but vice versa. Had Germany’s cultural traditions been more profound, there would have happened an inevitable cleavage between her political and her cultural values. But as the latter were still too young and “adaptable,” there resulted a bizarre co-operation between them which led modern Germans to such ruthless aggressiveness and political cynicism as to astonish all her less “vital” and more moderate neighbours.

The gradual transition from an aristocracy of idealistic dreamers (and what country had greater idealistic dreamers than the Germany of yore?) to one of aggressive “patriots” with their notorious cult of Fatherland and the mailed fist is one of the most interesting processes of modern times. As is known, the victorious Franco-Prussian War (1870-71) was on the whole the dividing line between the two Germanys; for since then the idea of an influential German culture has been definitely sacrificed to the idea of a powerful German State. Owing to its amazing energy, will, and organisation, this State rose in a few decades to such formidable power that it needed the coalition of two-thirds of the world to liberate Europe, as well as the German nation, from its fetters.

The most surprising thing in this process was perhaps the incredible meekness and self-effacing readiness with which the German people complied, as in a hypnotic trance, with all the orders of their “mailed” rulers. And the solution of this enigma lies, not in the savagery of the German people, but in some peculiar features of the modern German spirit, which may be briefly mentioned.

There is always a curious connection between the inner growth of individuals and that of the unconscious psyche of the racial collective to which the individual belongs. So much so that the individual culture is really solid and creative only when it finds deep root in the unconscious racial group-soul. In old races the culture stored and deposited in this collective psyche is often much stronger than the conscious culture of single individuals, while in other races the reverse is the case. The former phenomenon we often see among the Latin masses, the latter to a great extent among the Germans.

The Germans seem, in fact, to have produced types of a high individual culture, not so much out of their collective racial soul, as through their indomitable will to culture, which always has implied eclectic learning and deliberate intellectual toil. Hence the conspicuous lack of what we call intuition and spontaneity in representative modern Germans, a lack which cannot be made up even by the most clever “thinking” and philosophising;

So it comes about that Germans can talk and philosophise “profoundly” about things, but they can never talk things themselves. Even German artists usually seem to construct first of all a thorough philosophy about art, according to which they then endeavour to “create”; this, by the way, explains many defects in modern German art. It is just this general lack of spontaneity and intuitive than that makes the German mind so clumsy and “griechish” (Borrough) So much so that in recent years modern German instinctively mistrusts everything that does not smell of the lamp, scientific tool and that “serious” griechischkeit which he erroneously takes for profundity.

That is the reason why a German usually lacks that inner “style,” that spiritual leaven without which even a great quantity of acquired culture is devoid of all flavour and charm. One seeks in vain in a cultured German that indefinable organic taste and grace which make a nation fascinating even by its defects. If the French spirit reminds one of champagne (well mixed with water), the German spirit brings to one’s mind too often beer and sausages. Even when we admire German virtues, we cannot admire them in a German; his personality somehow seems to degrade his virtues.

In the same manner he actually compromises culture itself by his very striving to become cultured “à tout prix.” And so, in spite of his enormous knowledge and what he calls “bildung,” he still remains something of a parvenu, indulging in intellectual self-complacency, and wavering constantly between mental servility and mental arrogance. As a typical parvenu he has an instinctive respect for learned titles and “authorities”; and when he discusses with you he is impressed not so much by your original thoughts as by the quantity of learned authorities with which you back your statements. In short, his real hero is not even Thinker, but simply Professor.

In general, then, the mind of a “cultured” German is what one calls encyclopaedic. In things intellectual, as in things culinary, he has more sense for quantity than for quality. It is true, he is by nature too conscientious to be a mere dilettante, but his very conscientiousness plays a bad trick on him: it fetters him to such an extent to “authorities,” second-rate values, and petty scientific facts that his individuality drowns in them, losing all instinct for that selection which is necessary for a creative synthesis. Hence he finds an outlet, not in a synthetic, direction, but in devoting himself entirely to some “specialism” or other, to which he sticks with an admirable energy, self-sacrifice, and contentment up to the very end. An ideal investigator of scientific details, an equally ideal bookworm and walking encyclopaedia, but powerless in creative values. For this very reason, however, he is the best material for that powerful scientific organisation which was the pride of modern Germany.

This principle of specialisation was so effectually imposed upon the German spirit that it easily infected all branches of political and social life, becoming, so to speak, a national virtue. Such a “virtue” was by no one more eagerly welcomed than by the builders of the German Empire, who perfectly realised that the fostering and “organising” of this quality was an essential step towards converting the whole of the national organisation into a formidable military machine. This militarised State machine was one of the most powerful weapons in the struggle for the racial existence and “will to power,” although it was bound to crush and demoralise the Nation and the Individual as such. And so it was that, when even the most good-natured German became a part of the machine, he was compelled to put aside all his private feelings and was converted into a will-less instrument of “higher” purposes—an instrument operated from above. Germany as a nation was, on the whole, neither better nor worse than other European nations, but Germany as a political machine was infinitely worse and more dangerous.

This machine was a great menace just because of its unnatural efficiency, which had reached such a pitch
as to hypnotise everybody, and most of all the Germans. Extremely productive in external values, it more and more masked the inner creativeness. And the growing disproportion between the productive and the creative capacities resulted in two dangerous evils: on the one hand, the will and the attention of the nation was concentrated on a "colossal" material civilisation, and, on the other, science, as such, gradually aggressed itself at the expense of cultural values, and even against them. Knowledge and learning were mistaken for culture itself.

That was a fatal mistake. For as no European country could beat Germany in mere quantity of accumulated knowledge, sciences, scientists, and scientific organisations, it was natural that even serious Germans were induced to consider their Fatherland as the most cultured country in the world just at an epoch when their cultural possibilities lay prostrate under the crushing weight of their "erudition" and material civilisation.

III.

Owing to the activities of the State, this self-delusion soon became a national disease—to the great delight of the rising German Imperialism which tried to conceal its claws under the veil of a German "cultural mission" to the world. This "German consciousness" was so systematically and cleverly exploited that in a few generations Germany became the greatest stronghold of "zoological" nationalism and racial intolerance. Germans became more "German," and for this reason less European. Their schools, papers, politicians, and professors daily short time all the germs of European consciousness out of the people. Exercising an incredible civic drill and discipline within their own national body, the "loyal" Germans were quite prepared to corrupt and inwardly disintegrate all the surrounding nations in order to make of them mere tools of the German "super-nation."

To serve this purpose German scientists often did not shirk even from forging historical, anthropological, and sociological facts, thus demoralising science itself for the sake of politics. One step farther and the apostles of German "Kultur" had to acclaim their own nation as the salt of the earth and even as a future "Saviour" of humanity. But since blind humanity is not very anxious to worship voluntarily, it must be compelled by force to do so, compelled for the sake of Germany. Previous to the war, Dr. Lasson wrote in the beginning of the war: "Morally and intellectually we (the Germans) are superior to all other nations: superior beyond any comparison... We want to prosecute our work of civilisation. And in this task we have no need to excuse ourselves."

It was here that German "Kultur" and German Imperialism embraced each other in that monstrous union which led to the greatest political and social conflagration on our planet. The tragic results of this conflagration are known, and the conclusion, in so far as Germans are concerned, can be but one. The humiliation of Germany was necessary for the sake of Germany herself. Her physical catastrophe may become, moreover, her greatest moral victory, if she is still able to grasp the inner significance of her downfall.

In other words, Germans are once more brought back to the crossways, where they will have to decide either to return from the spirit of Bismarck to the spirit of Goethe, or to persist in their revengeful exclusiveness even after all their hard lessons. In the first case Germany, with all her innate will and energy, may soon become a new focus of cultural creation, or at least of cultural organisation on a big scale. For the very reason that their State and political appetites have been checked, Germans may concentrate all their forces on the real culture. For the sake of their own national self-preservation they may instinctively try to become the greatest promoters of a new idealism—in self-defence against the awakened lusty appetites of their European neighbours. In that case an intense and active cultural policy will become for them a necessary instrument in their new "struggle for existence," an instrument which may be, in the near future, of great importance for the spirit of Europe.

The other alternative, scarcely to be written without apprehension, is just the opposite: from the same instinct of self-preservation Germans will become "unrepentant" Germany may become the greatest focus of deliberate political, social, and mental corruption in the modern world. For, if they are deprived of better methods of "racial competition," Germans will try to preserve themselves by a systematic inner disintegration of the whole of Europe, to the ruin of their "competitors" by spreading an insidious corruption among them, using all those surreptitious means in which Germans have proved to be virtuosi.

Which of these two courses will be taken? The answer depends on many factors which cannot be discussed in so short an article. Proper makers of the "new world" do their best to compel Germany to take the second course, in which task they will probably succeed. Then it will be not Germany alone which will have to pay for her political "wisdom" of Europe, for the question, which direction the future German mentality and culture will take, is no longer a problem of Germany alone, but of the whole of Europe, perhaps of the whole world. And the sooner the world realises that the better for it.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

One of the many advantages that accrue to me in consequence of not having the right of the first night at theatres is that I am not misled by the enthusiasm of the first-night audience. I learn from the Press that "Uncle Ned" was received with extraordinary enthusiasm (it was produced on Boat-Race night); but when I went to the St. James' ten days later, the enthusiasm was modified to a gentle titillation resulting in a risible relaxation. That the play is unworthy of Mr. Ainley's powers, there is no doubt; that the large public that admires him shares this opinion, also, I think, is not in doubt. Certainly, one does not have to fight for seats; and although the play is very cheaply produced (there is only one scene, a sort of a library with tin books), it will barely cover expenses in the absence of the crowd. I want to make all allowances; it was impossible to continue "Julius Caesar" while Mr. Ainley's throat was so irritable, or to produce anything else that required declamation; he has done his best for "Uncle Ned," brought Mr. Randle Ayrton and Miss Irene Rooke into his magic circle—but there is no escape from the conclusion that, do what he will, he cannot make a success of "Uncle Ned." He plays himself light-heartedly himself, with a facility and deftness of touch that is an everlasting marvel; in spite of his vocal troubles, he is full of zest and light-heartedness, and skips like a young ram. The art of pleasing has never been better expressed than by Mr. Ainley in "Uncle Ned"; he makes one want to like him, and the fact that he can do no more condemns his material.

Mr. Douglas Murray, the author, was also, I think, the author of "The Man from Toronto," a play that retarded Miss Iris Hoey's development as an actress for, I should think, nearly two years. Where Mr. Murray comes from, whether he is a Colonial or is simply inspired by that Christian conception of comedy that appeals to the young lady of seventeen, I do not know; the fact remains that his plays are "clean" and "wholesome," and as conventional as "Caste," from which they derive. "Kind hearts are more than coronets," we know; and that everybody has a kind
heart, and will have a coronet (if not in Heaven, then here on earth, at the present rate of distribution of honours), it is but Christian charity to believe. We also know that everybody does not wear his kind heart upon his sleeve, and that the sort of people who are taken in by it is possible to evoke it by suitable admonitions of fact or remonstrance, introspective or hortatory, "A Christian Carol" is in print to prove. Shaw, with more subtlety, but with the same assumption, pleaded, in "You Never Can Tell," for the kindly judgment, "that the people whose affairs go no further than having tea served on the stage (for about the two-thousandth time in my recollection) where, with dramatic justice, Sir Robert Graham had prohibited it from being served. I was glad to see that Mr. Ainley bungled his sandwich; let him accept the fact as a warning. No more tea on the stage for a generation ; "Do kind things in an unkind way", he is called Sir Robert, and is about to be made a peer? Mr. Randle Ayrton is wasted on such a man. The character is called Sir Robert Graham, head of the Associated Stores, promised, for a moment or two, to put up a fight for his side. He believed in concentration; Shaw has done these big business men, these "business" men, he was a chandler-shopkeeper repeated a man in the grip of conflicting forces (that would be drama); he keeps the stage clear of everything that might strike deeper than exhortation, "A man's foes shall be those of his own household"; but rebellion goes no further than having tea served on the stage. It is impossible to get away from the Sunday-school atmosphere of the play. Sir Robert Graham, head of the Associated Stores, promised, for a moment or two, to put up a fight for his side. He believed in concentration; Shaw has done these big business men, these "business" men, he was a chandler-shopkeeper repeated a man in the grip of conflicting forces (that would be drama); he keeps the stage clear of everything that might strike deeper than exhortation, "A man's foes shall be those of his own household"; but rebellion goes no further than having tea served on the stage. It is impossible to get away from the Sunday-school atmosphere of the play. Sir Robert Graham, head of the Associated Stores, promised, for a moment or two, to put up a fight for his side. He believed in concentration; Shaw has done these big business men, these "business" men, he was a chandler-shopkeeper repeated the text for an object-lesson in tact in the handling of servants, for the benefit of the "flapper"; Mr. Murray "improves" every occasion, as his namesake, Lindley Murray, "improved" every sentence, out of all semblance to nature. "Uncle Ned" differs from "Little Women" only by a freer range of similes; he gathers his chickens under his wings quite as often, and I found myself thinking of a more responsive Jerusalem, and one that did not stone its prophets.

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It is impossible to get away from the Sunday-school atmosphere of the play. Sir Robert Graham, head of the Associated Stores, promised, for a moment or two, to put up a fight for his side. He believed in concentration; Shaw has done these big business men, these "business" men, he was a chandler-shopkeeper repeated the text for an object-lesson in tact in the handling of servants, for the benefit of the "flapper"; Mr. Murray "improves" every occasion, as his namesake, Lindley Murray, "improved" every sentence, out of all semblance to nature. "Uncle Ned" differs from "Little Women" only by a freer range of similes; he gathers his chickens under his wings quite as often, and I found myself thinking of a more responsive Jerusalem, and one that did not stone its prophets.
mained is the unconscious. The individuality in them is the artist's own; but their primitive components have remained. I read in one notice that John was "too strong" for his subjects. I should think so! But that means, it seems to me, that he is neither a psychologist nor a portrait painter. In a portrait we ask for the surface and, revealed in the surface, the soul. John in these portraits annihilates the surface by the vehemence of his own personality, and unfortunately behind it soul he can find none. There remains simply the elementary parts of man. To reduce a man to his simple elements, however, is not to paint him. "The more one analyses people," Wilde once said with great good sense, "the more all reasons for analysis disappear. Sooner or later one comes to that dreadful universal thing called human nature." There it is. John passes judgment on his politicians simply as men, and that is to condemn them. "As men," he says in effect, "what poor creatures they are compared with these obscure Canadian soldiers! Look at their pretentiousness! See how hollow they are!" Wilde once said somewhere, "I am not for their cunning and conceit!" His portraits of the Canadian soldiers are dignified because in them he has painted primitive figures, figures with the grandeur which the primitive undoubtedly sometimes has. But his attempt to read anything primitive into his gallery of politicians has resulted in a caricature of primitive man.

The fashionable ladies are not treated quite so mercifully, but John's attempt to be kind to them is perhaps the unkindest cut of all. Where he has tried to make them pretty he has made them pretty-pretty; where he has tried to make them striking he has made them strikingly commonplace! Look at his gallery of politicians! Do you know how far this music is susceptible of record in "occidental" notation. I do not know whether we are to be allowed more than a semi-private hearing of Madame Theresce de Leus, who has been commissioned by the French Government to "maintain the traditional music of Morocco"; neither do I know how far this music is susceptible of record in "occidental" notation. I know from having heard "the king's dinner music" and other traditional tunes in Tangier that Madame de Leus has the authentic manner; it is indeed impossible not to think that one is hearing the true nasulation of an Arab when she sings, with "shut throat" and many noises offensive to a "narrow-minded" ear.

I have never been able to determine how far various alleged oriental melodies, as concocted for example by Borodine or "recorded" and "arranged" by Salvador Daniel, have been mis-written in our notation, or how the writing is really sound and would indicate the right tune and rhythm to a performer who knew the right manner of presentation. Salvador Daniel, if I remember rightly, puts the ideas of quarter tone, and argues that what insensitive ears have mistaken for quarter tones are really the odd pitches of Greek modalities, modalities perhaps a little worn away with the centuries. I do not imagine there is yet a "paying audience" for Madame de Leus; but the inquisitive musician will feel it no small privilege if he can manage to hear her.

In especial one notes the "extraordinary" length of the rhythm pattern units, comparable to the mediaval rhyme-scheme of Provençal canzos, where, for example, one finds a rhyme pattern which begins its six-ply repeat after the seventeenth different terminal sound. In this Arabian music, as in the Provençal metrical scheme, the effect of the subtler repetitions only becomes apparent in the third or fourth strophe, and then culminates in the fifth or sixth, as a sort of horizontal instead of perpendicular chord. One might call it a "sort of" counterpart; if one can conceive a counterpart which plays not against a sound newly struck, but against the residuum and residua of sound which hangs in the auditory memory.

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In the two cases, Arabian music and Provençal verse, where there was no musical "harmony" and no counterpart in Bach's sense of the word, this elaboration of echo has attained great complexity, and can give great
delight to ears which are either ‘trained’ to it, or which have a natural aptitude for perceiving it. In Europe this attitude of perceiving continued until Dante’s time, and prompted in him several opinions on the relative merit of Provençal artists, which have puzzled thick-eared ‘modern’ philologists.

For the normal concert-goer the first impression of Arabian singing is that a cat is being strangled in the vicinity. After the ‘foul in the outer ear’ has been put to sleep by the rhythm; after the ear’s rebellion against the first shock to its habit has worn off, the little whiskers of the ear’s interior ‘miniature piano’ begin to wave quietly in the ebb and flow of this different sort of sound current; a nostalgia of the sun overtakes one; the music is, and rightly, an enchantment, and would to what gods there be, that European musicians might return to that concept of music.

March 14 (Steinway). I found J. S. Mackinlay dull, but was perhaps distracted by the news of that afternoon, and incapable of proper attention.

March 14 (Curtain Group, Lyric Theatre, Hammermith), Raymonde Collignon not in good voice, but gave a truly distinguished rendering of her songs. No one has a more keen perception than she has of the difference between art and life; of the necessary scale and proportion required in the presentation of a thing which is not the photograph and wax cast, but a re-creation in different and magnificent conditions of this disease was on the stage she was non-human; she was, if you like, a china image; there are Ming porcelains which are respectable; the term ‘china’ is not in this connection ridiculous. One would like the ability to express the exact difference between this ‘sort of presentation’ which is art, and the other sort of presentation, which is just Miss Jones of Peckwell singing a song—being half the time Miss Jones, and half the time something, rather indefinite, but more or less an image of life.

March 20. Mrs. Kennedy Fraser was in better voice than I have heard her for some time; in the ‘Island Hermaid’ the singing was full of charm, suave wave-water and ground-swell in the rhythm. The weaving song has the sort of ‘circular’ or ‘curved wall-of-Troy pattern’ in it. In the ‘Spreading Sea Wrack’ we have the feel of the throw-and-catch of the fork, or whatever implement is used to turn the sea-wrack; there is long-drawn sort of descent in the ‘Driving Cattle.’ Again and again I emphasise the value of these different rhythm-roots as above that of a tired and mechanical accent-metric. Miss Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser’s ‘distance’ and pure high notes were advantageous in the ‘Solitary Reaper’ and ‘Sickle Reaper.’ Rosing assisted in this concert; his Gaelic was perfectly intelligible, though I do not know that real Gaels would have understood it. The songs he elected to sing had the feel of the throw-and-catch of the fork, or whatever implement is used to turn the sea-wrack; there is long-drawn sort of descent in the ‘Driving Cattle.’ Again and again I emphasise the value of these different rhythm-roots as above that of a tired and mechanical accent-metric. Miss Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser’s ‘distance’ and pure high notes were advantageous in the ‘Solitary Reaper’ and ‘Sickle Reaper.’

A Czech Poet in Austrian Prison.*

BEFORE the war, J. S. Machar was one of the most prominent Czech authors of the period. The fiftieth anniversary of his birthday in the early part of 1914 was a literary event, and was, in fact, commented upon at the time in the columns of The New Age. In 1916, after several false alarms, Machar was arrested and imprisoned by the Austrian authorities, with whom, by the way, he had previously come into contact in the course of his literary career. The incidents connected with his arrest and imprisonment are recorded in the volume entitled “The Jail. Experiences in 1916,” which was completed on August 27, 1918.

Here perhaps I ought to indicate briefly Machar’s leading qualities as a writer. In the past he has given his enemies—notably chauvinists and priests—good reason to dislike him for the singularly effective devices, both in prose and verse, which he has launched against them. He has at his disposal a clear, direct prose style which is the ideal medium for his sceptical and witty observations upon topical events or affairs in general. In addition to this, he possesses the rare faculty of writing autobiography with almost complete detachment, as in his “Confession of an Author,” a work of a quite exceptional order. The combination of these characteristics made Machar particularly qualified to produce a book which ridicules Austrian justice with just the right degree of irony, and treats of personal experiences with a curious objectivity. As a result, “The Jail” is both a valuable historical document and a literary work to which the epithet “interesting” can be applied without any sense of banality.

With the historical aspects of this book I am not immediately occupied. But I suggest that those whom it concerns in the future are not likely to find a more masterly epitome of the Austrian régime during the war than that contained here in Machar’s first chapter. Again, the account of the trial of Dr. Kramar given in Chapter V has a special value in the fact that Machar was a witness on that occasion. And this applies to the book as a whole. My present object, however, is rather to draw attention to its literary merits. Here all the resources of Machar the satirist, the poet, the wit, have full play. For example, the first chapter to which I have referred was almost entirely obliterated by the censor on its first appearance. In order to save his second chapter from a similar fate, Machar censors it himself, as follows:

“Walking on the Waters,” the mass roll was well managed; the thunder of the surf and the weight of waves was illustrated as it might have been in some rather rheotorical German painting of Liszt’s period. Granting the style, Miss Verne was most competent, she had a grip on its spirit; “all trace of the means was obliterated” yet one has heard of ‘Slaginstrument,’ and rather wonders whether the supreme economy of art would not attain the same result or at least equivalent effect with African drums, demanding far less digital dexterity than the same effects on a piano. The Chopinesque nocturne recalled the familiar reproductions of ‘The Stirrup Cup’ and ‘The Dancing Lesson.’

* "J. S. Machar: Kriminal." (Prague: Gustav Dubsky. 2nd ed. 1920. 207 pp.)
Macar has a very effective way of dealing with domiciliary visits and similar official activities. He describes them with complete restraint, and yet with complete directness. But behind the innocent simplicity of the narrative and behind the backs of the Austrian police sergeants, the observant reader catches an ironical twinkle in Macar's eyes. Thus in Chapter III there is an account of how Machar's house was searched by Austrian officials, to whom Machar, with an almost sweet politeness, displays all his private letters and papers. At the end of the chapter he adds:

At the same time as this domiciliary visit was being carried out at my house, a police agent was inspecting the table in my office. He took away a few papers, an artistic letter-seal, a number of envelopes filled with postage-stamps which I am in the habit of cutting out and keeping for the children of my acquaintances, old desk calendars, unused picture postcards—all "zur weiteren Amtsbehandlung" (for further official action).

These incidents, of course, were only the preliminaries to Machar's actual arrest, which he knew would come sooner or later. He says:

A few days later this newspaper (i.e., the Viennese "Reichspost") again expressed its surprise. Masaryk, describes them with complete restraint, and yet with complete directness. But behind the innocent postage-stamps which I am in the habit of cutting out and keeping for the children of my acquaintances, old desk calendars, unused picture postcards—every "zur weiteren Amtsbehandlung" (for further official action).

And on May 7 my expectations were fulfilled.

Machar was arrested under paragraph 65a—for disturbing public order. It then turned out that he had committed the offence in four poems which were written and published before the war. This discovery came as a great relief to Machar, who realised the possibility of more serious charges. He remarks:

The thought occurred to me: "I may be out of it to-morrow." Everything is so clear and obvious. An error, a judicial error. If they tire human beings, I shall be back among my books to-morrow. . . .

Dusek, a sceptical person, cooled my eagerness. "Don't believe them; you'll see your case won't be heard on Friday or Saturday either. They'll keep you here on ice like all of us. . . ."

And Dusek was right.

So we find Machar herded in for several months with a motley rabble from all the ends of Austria, imprisoned for all possible offences and suspicions of offences. His interview with the prison doctor is characteristic:

"Are you ill?"
"No."
"What are you here for?"
"Verses."
"What? Verses against Austria? I'd have sent you to the trenches. Why do you write such things?"
"Sir, am I before a doctor or a magistrate?"
I snarled.
"Ah! You answer back, do you? Of course—a Czech. Get away!"

Within the limits of this brief notice, I can only hint at the skill with which Machar reproduces the tragi-comedy, the thinly veiled misery, the futile and squalid atmosphere of these surroundings. Incidents and individuals stand out with those sharply defined outlines which can be attained only by the accurate reproduction of images which have been projected on to an observant and receptive mind. And, as I have pointed out, Machar achieves all this while preserving a thoroughly detached attitude. His own feelings that self-expression involves self-government, and that we ought to aim not merely at giving people votes, but at calling forth their full energy by means of the governmental order; "we" certainly should not. So Mr. Cole has his jibes at "representative government," without really considering whether the fault lies with the representative theory or with the fact of government. That the fact of government may be "craftily qualified" by the representative theory is one of the fundamentals of social theory that Mr. Cole does not examine; although, in the two assumptions on which his book is based, he assumes this very point. "I assume that the object of social organisation is not merely material efficiency, but also essentially the fullest self-expression of all the members. I assume that self-expression involves self-government, and that we ought to aim not merely at giving people votes, but at calling forth their full participation in the common direction of the affairs of the community." The idea expressed in the second sentence is certainly of the governmental order; "we" must "call forth" from people who presumably are not particularly interested in their full participation, etc.; but it can hardly be pretended that such activity is representational, even in the functional sense.

I find myself in such hearty agreement with Mr.

I say, is not made to realise this except by indirect references. So, for instance, after seeing his first visitor (these descriptions of visits, by the way, which are limited to ten minutes, and take place in the presence of the prison governor, form little masterpieces of suppressed irony), Machar says:

The soldiers led me back and gave me over to the warder. When I was in No. 60 again, my eyes ached with the unaccustomed light from the street.

Somewhat later, there is a more significant episode. The wife of a friend of Machar's manages to obtain permission to visit him:

. . . they led her in, but when she saw me she burst into tears and went on crying. There was no mirror in No. 60, but I felt how wretched my appearance was.

Here I must regrettfully conclude. Page after page yields incidents worthy to be transcribed, and the whole book is pervaded with Machar's stimulating personality. It is a notable addition, not only to Czech literature, but to European culture, and it is a war-book which deserves to survive. It also deserves to be translated into English, and it shall be.

T. SELVER,

Views and Reviews.

FUNCTIONAL DEMOCRACY.

As the first of a "Library of Social Studies" (edited by Mr. Cole), this volume* has unusual significance. It is to be presumed that the other writers are in agreement with Mr. Cole's fundamental position; for, although some of Mr. Cole's previous "fundamental positions" have been, in Cassio's phrase, "craftily qualified too," and repudiated when occasion demanded, a fundamental position he always has. In this book, he takes his stand on "functional democracy"; and arguing that it is impossible for one man to represent a number of men, he assumes that it is possible for one functionary to represent a number of functionaries. A doctor, for example, cannot be represented as a political being by a member of Parliament, but he can be represented as a professional man by a member of the Council of the British Medical Association. Why "functional democracy" should break down so soon as it touches the question of sovereign power, would be a mystery if one did not remember that "democracy" is essentially a denial of power, a dissipation of energy entailed by its fundamental assumption of equality. No man can talk of "democracy" without sooner or later talking of "revolution," without assuming, implicitly or explicitly, that whoever ought to have power, the "State" certainly should not. So Mr. Cole has his jibes at "representative government," without really considering whether the fault lies with the representative theory or with the fact of government. That the fact of government may be "craftily qualified" by the representative theory is one of the fundamentals of social theory that Mr. Cole does not examine; although, in the two assumptions on which his book is based, he assumes this very point. "I assume that the object of social organisation is not merely material efficiency, but also essentially the fullest self-expression of all the members. I assume that self-expression involves self-government, and that we ought to aim not merely at giving people votes, but at calling forth their full participation in the common direction of the affairs of the community." The idea expressed in the second sentence is certainly of the governmental order; "we" must "call forth" from people who presumably are not particularly interested in their full participation, etc.; but it can hardly be pretended that such activity is representative, even in the functional sense.

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* "Social Theory." By G. D. H. Cole. (Methuen, 5s. net.)
Coles onslaughts on the "representative" theory, and the theory of "delegation," that I marvel that he has not dealt with the simple fact. The simple fact is that the electors do not, cannot, elect a body of representatives, because representation is impossible; they definitely create a governing body. A member of Parliament is not member for Bristol (in Burke's famous example); no one wants to know how Bristol would govern England; he is definitely a member of Parliament, a body charged with the power of legislation, of control over finance, and executive action, with the power of creating subordinate bodies, and so on. The representative theory is the most hollow of all sham; for if the candidate is not contested, the result is significant only of acquiescence; if it is contested, the representation at most is only a majority representation—frequently, under our electoral system, it is a minority representation, and produces the effect of proportional representation by other means. But however the governing body is formed, it is a governing body not a representative body; and I must confess to simple stupefaction at the assumption that the very people who find self-expression in "functional association" do not, cannot, find it in political creation. Mr. Cole talks about "active citizenship," but active citizenship does not abrogate the need of government; beyond the city there is the county, beyond the county, the country, beyond the country, the Empire. It is a mere dream to suppose that John Smith, of Oldham, can be active in the direction of all these affairs, or that he ought even to be encouraged to be active. Politicians either in fact or theory, is an absorbing study; political theory seems to be the life-study of Mr. Cole, but how much active citizenship or functional association does his life-study permit him? And why should we suppose that John Smith, of Oldham, or his wife who reads "Home Chat," can possibly be as active a citizen as is Mr. Cole, without a considerable contraction of his functional associations?

It used to be said with awful impressiveness by Socialists of certain kinds that "Behind politics, lies economics"—and classical economics was certainly a lie. The "man who paid "current," was subject to the economic "law of supply and demand," who married an economic wife when wheat was cheap, and, I suppose, economically divorced her when wheat was dear, and correlated procreation with the price of labour, this being certainly had little affinity with fact. But the new slogan is: "Behind politics, lies psychology"; and self-expression is taken as the life-study permit him? And why should we suppose that John Smith, of Oldham, or his wife who reads "Home Chat," can possibly be as active a citizen as is Mr. Cole, without a considerable contraction of his functional associations?

The Golden Barque, and The Weaver's Grave. By Seumas O'Kelly. (The Talbot Press, Dublin; T. Fisher Unwin, London. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Golden Barque," a series of six short stories relating to life on the barge of that name, is not of particular interest to English readers. The twilight moods of tragic humour do not find appropriate symbols of expression in the incidents of life on a barge. But "The Weaver's Grave" has all the fitness of time, place, circumstance, and persons that belongs to poetry; the very landscape is eloquent, the laughter trembles on the verge of unutterable things. It is a study in the tragic grotesque; the incongruous medley of fancy and reality adds the fleeting touch of terror to beauty. The quarrels of the old men, specialists in the history of the burying-place, concerning the site of the weaver's grave have the baleful significance of some fairy-tales; against that stark, silent figure of the widow, they seem malefic in the zeal with which they maintain the dignity of death, and destroy that dignity by the very passion with which they maintain it. The terrible old man in the bed adds another touch of tragic irony to the picture of Life in Death; and when, at last, the gravedigger lays the grave to kiss the widow into passionate love, the picture of humanity emerging from the distortion of mystery into the symmetry of life is complete.


An essay, informed with a youthful and engagingly solemn respect for philosophy, in which James's logical contradictions are treated a little as if they were sins against the Holy Ghost. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Turner's initiation has been recent. He shows it in two things: in beginning his book in a manner mildly portentous—a fault which disappears, however, as soon as he loses his self-consciousness—as soon, bodies," defines its functions; it is the separation of the economic from the political power, of the function from the man, that is the difficulty in the solution of this problem, Mr. Cole does not address himself; he is content to quote Whitman's "never-ending audacity of elected persons," and Rousseau's "the tendency of all government to deteriorate." He certainly argues that the functions of the State would be co-ordination and coercion—but there is no difference in the solution of this problem, Mr. Cole seems to be a gratuitous creation of tyranny. This "self-expression" in functional association seems finally to merge into government by many and conflicting tyrannies; for each functional association will exercise coercive powers over its members, and apparently the 'State' will coerce the lot. Imagine poor John Smith, functionally associated in his Trade Union, being compelled to strike by that body under such penalties for disobedience as it could inflict; functionally associated, in religion, with a Church, and denied salvation if he did strike; threatened with expulsion from his choral society, invited to join the Black Hand, accused of washing neighbours' clothes, charged with stealing milk by the police, and finally shot down by the military in a riot. In such a conflict, John Smith would probably ask himself: "Who has the biggest stick?" and determine his loyalty accordingly. He would, of course, obtain the fullest self-expression by trying all of these loyalties—but he would probably decide in favour of a simplification of his problems, and therefore against "functional democracy."
that is to say, as he forgets philosophy, and in his choice of a subject certainly beneath his powers. For the exposure of the contradictions in James's philosophy, which are sufficiently obvious, is surely at the present day both easy and unnecessary. The sense and judgment which Mr. Turner displays in his book would, in short, have been better employed in selecting a different subject. He writes finely, however, about the truths of mathematics; and his style, after the first stiffness, becomes admirably popular and clear.

Aleta Dey. By Francis Marion Beynon. (Daniel. 6s. net.)

"Aleta Dey" is, we think, the most sympathetic study of a courageous coward yet issued by the house of Daniel. Aleta Dey suffers no morbid perversion of her sex instincts; but in all else, she is the familiar type of infantile repression expressing itself in inevitable opposition to the general trend of thought. She could only fight for the unpopular cause, and could only fight a losing battle on its behalf; so powerfully did the fear instilled into her by her father operate throughout life, that every development of thought and character was effected only by the catastrophic process. She could only burst, into new states of mind; her whole psychology was eruptive and re-active. Her feminism and her pacifism alike had, as their origin, a half-conscious desire for martyrdom; she had learned to suffer as a child, and was unable to forget her accomplishment. The auto-biographical method of narration enhances the psychological interest of the rest of the story, revealing, as it does, an absorbed concentration on her mental and emotional processes that excludes most other things from her purview. If tragedy is the conflict of the will and the spirit, ending in disaster, Aleta Dey lived a tragic life.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"DEMOCRACY AND THE PRESS."

Sir,—I concede to the reviewer of the above book that our chapter, "More Vital Remedies," might have been better named if only the regular causal remedy, education, was therein discussed (your reviewer says nothing about it); the other remedy, though, in our opinion, timely and useful, was scarcely deserving of the title of "vital."

It is always an easier task to advocate one infallible reach-me-down than to discuss, briefly or exhaustively, a complex and difficult situation. I gather that your reviewer is in the former happy position.

... F. H. Hayward.

ARMENIAN AMENITIES.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Michael Arlen, writes: "It seems to be my fate that I must answer Mr. Pickthall." As far as I know, Mr. Michael Arlen has never answered me before.

He says that his "reply is dictated not so much by the fire of an Armenian refutation" (whatever that may mean) "as by the various discourteousies, of manner rather than of words, of Mr. Pickthall" (which Mr. Pickthall has been guilty in his last essay in defence of a noisome empire."

Referring to that essay—i.e., my letter in The New Age (March 23)—I find the following references to the Armenian propaganda:

"Reports with regard to events in the velayet of Adana (at present isolated), emanating from Beyrut or Constantinople, are declared to be 'authoritative,' while telegrams regarding events in the Marash district are said that they are in security, are regarded as fictitious. Lies which every Englishman who knows the East detects immediately—lies with regard to population, customs, character—are obviously, costly press advertisement, while letters of protest and correction go unpublished. No impartial international inquiry into the whole question of Armenian massacres has been instituted in the ample time which has elapsed since the conclusion of the Armistice with Turkey; the Turkish Government has asked for such inquiry, but the Armenian organisations and Armenian partisans refuse to hear of such a thing, declaring that the Bryce and Lepsius Reports are quite sufficient to condemn the Turks—in other words, that judgment should be given on the case for the prosecution alone. So the Armenians and the Nestorians represent . . . are received with every honour and display of sympathy; while a delegation from the now united people of what was once called British India, charged with the mission of informing the world that they are being sent from one nation to another, is insulted and the Press and treated as of slight importance by the Government of England."

All quite true. I then quoted the "Times," as saying that Indian Mahomedans had no right to dictate the foreign policy of the British Empire, myself adding, "Yet alien Greeks and Armenians, by weight of money, may dictate that policy!" which, I contend, is quite fair comment in the circumstances. I also wrote:—

"This conjunction of dense ignorance and cunning falsehood is fraught with instant danger to the British realm"—as I believe it is. "Enormous sums of money are being spent daily on an utterly misleading propaganda, a propaganda of which the methods are so far from English as to suggest the presence here in England of the very same fire of the Levant."

"Scum of the Levant," as a designation, might be called discourteous, if addressed to men of honour, I admit. But the men responsible for the production of a film of faked atrocities acted by hired performers in America, which, as first shown here, was banned by Scotland Yard for its indecency; the men responsible for a certain poster which appeared the other day in the poorer quarters of London till removed by the police; the persons who delight in propagating downright falsehoods, have forfeited all claim to be considered men of honour, or so it seems to me and many other Englishmen. But what has Mr. Arlen got to do with it? Is he in truth the man responsible for all the shady side of the Armenian propaganda and of the Greek propaganda as well? If so, we ought to call up Scotland Yard. If he is not, why should he receive a public protest against those indecencies from the point of view of Englishmen and of the British Empire—a protest which contains no personality—as a personal affront? What exactly he complains of is not clear. Indeed, his letter, headed "The Decline of Mr. Pickthall," is nothing but a personal attack, which mine was not.

The last Armenian who attacked me in your columns called me liar; now Mr. Arlen tells me I am not a gentleman; both insults being in "reply" to reasoned, general statements which I made without attack on "vitalists." I am growing used to this "Armenian fire of refutation!"

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

STERNE AND VOLTAIRE'S "CANDIDE."

Sir,—I am grateful for Mr. Ronald Crane's correction of my all too casual memory. The passage from "Tristram Shandy" does not, on the face of it, support my theory. I had formed the theory, and, coming on the passage afterwards, seized on the mere mention of "Candide" and Miss Cunegond as confirmation of it. Candide; or, All for the Best," the anonymous version mentioned by Mr. Crane—may be the very book I had in mind; though the copy I possessed was published not in London but in Edinburgh. Of one thing I am sure: it was a fine translation.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Sir,—In the current issue of the "English Review" Miss May Sinclair, in an article entitled "The Reputation of Ezra Pound," laments that "with one exception every serious and respectable magician of the modern period, and to this most serious and self-respecting artist." In view of Mr. Pound's frequent appearance in your columns, there is, I suppose, no doubt that this "one exception is The New Age," and it would be interesting to learn why Miss Sinclair did not say so. In omitting to mention The New Age by name, Miss Sinclair is surely behaving, to all appearances, in precisely the prejudiced spirit she attributes with reproach to those who will not give the publicity due to Mr. Ezra Pound.

R. G.
Pastiche.

FEAR.

I know a twilit garden where
Exotic flowers are flaunting
Upon the still and breathless air
A perfume so exceeding rare,
So subtle and so haunting
That souls are strangled in the snare.

And all the weary who in vain
Have sought elsewhere to borrow
Oblivion for heart and brain—
Oblivion from care and pain,
A respite from the morrow—
May find it in this realm profane.

But woe, oh woe to them that dare
Invade this garden faerie!
For icy phantoms of despair
Are lurking in the shadows there
To clutch at the unwary . . . .
I know, for I have touched their hair.

THE FOREST POOL.

Still, dark, deep,
The forest pool asleep
Beneath a sad November sky.
It has a spell for heart and eye—
Still, dark, deep.

Deep, deep, sleep,
Whose bosom still doth keep
Enchantments and rewards supreme,
Of which the waking never dream—
Deep, deep, sleep.

Sleep, dream, wake,
A sunny dancing lake!
But in thy heart forever keep
The vision thou hast gained in sleep—
Sleep, dream, wake.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN.

At dawn a trembling virgin stood
Before her mirror, fearing
To look upon her womanhood.

Beyond her image she divined
A sight that smote her vanity:
A passion of all womankind—
A passionate humanity
That loved and suffered, toiled and died.
As from a white-hot searing
She shudderingly turned aside.
She said: 'Twould be a shame, I vow,
To mar with struggle and with pain
The placid beauty of my brow.
'Twere idle thus to strive in vain,
Or love and be misunderstood;
Or sin, and die atoning
For contact with life's mire and blood.

At night a sleepless virgin stood
Before the mirror of her life,
That mocked her wasted womanhood;
And knew that through all pain and strife,
All suffering and toil and sin,
Love's tender touch, condescending,
Makes all humanity akin.

The air is still and heaven hath smiled,
And lo the voice that giveth
A slender fluting into the wild
Where none that's faithful unto thee but Echo
Liveth:
Alas that none is faithful to thee but Echo!
O light melancholy,
Breathing over the dusky plain,
Full soon the heavenly
Delight shall be lost again;
And owls call over the solemn place,
Lonely and hollow,
And the pool shall be like a glimmering face,
And thou shalt depart, and after thee thine enchantments
Follow,
Yea, thou shalt depart, and after thee thine enchantments.

But I say still,
O sweet fidelity,
O mild memory,
O light melancholy,
And Echo on the unfooled hill!

A CRY.

Did you then cry
And yet I did not hear?
That most of all I fear.
You called for me,
A stranger heard your cry,
He succoured you, not I.
O mocking sun
That touched with laughing light
The couch whereon you lay.
O callous moon
That drew the empty night
Toward the bier of clay.
That it could be!
What Fate ordained it so?
You called in vain for me,
You died—I did not know.

PEAKS.

Cry not from out the depths, O son of man,
Since, from the caverns of despair,
Your cry Is stifled ere it reach the stars of heaven.
Cry, that the vault of God's empyrean
Hear thee and heed; until the startled sky
Shall tremble at thy trumpet note, and, riven,
Render thee light!

Cry from the height!
March upward singing, to the topmost peak,
And there the clear keen air of mightier days
Shall hear thee speak.

Hard be thy path and terrible thy ways,
Yet, from the depth, up through the gloom of strife,
Into the dawn,
Is man's true path of everlasting life;
Whereby his spirit shriven
And newly horn
Attains!
To all the years, to all the sons of light,
Shout from the height!

O SWEET FIDELITY.

O sweet fidelity,
Sitting on the unfooled hill,
O mild memory,
The air and the eve are still;