

THE LITTLE CRITIC

Edited By T. K. Chuan

The Little Critic's Peace Plan

SINCE I am not a diplomat or a military man, I am well qualified to speak on peace. In the past, those who attended the various peace and disarmament conferences were usually Brigadier-Generals and Rear-Admirals, or else politicians who took their order from them; hence, as results of such pow-wows, obsolete destroyers were sunk and bigger and better destroyers were built. If that is what you call disarmament, then China must be a democratic country and yours truly, a multi-millionaire.

The root of the trouble of course is that we cannot outlaw war by treaties or agreements, any more than we can abolish the sexual instinct by adding an amendment to the American constitution, or for that matter any constitution. Where the Kellogg Pact, the Nine Power Treaty, not mentioning the Covenant of the League of Nations have erred, therefore, let us not err again.

In view of the above, we can, I think, safely predict that the coming Disarmament Conference in Geneva will be another farcical failure. As it is stated in the papers, it will be the longest affair ever staged by the League of Nations, probably lasting from six to twelve months. In other words, by the time of its adjournment, the one year arms moratorium proposed by Hoover and accepted by the various nations will be over and the world powers will be getting ready for another fight. The whole business therefore will not be unlike the present educational situation in China. A strike starts soon after school begins, but when the strike ends, we will be ready for another academic year—and perhaps another strike.

As the title of this article indicates, I have carefully thought out a plan for ensuring world peace. My plan differs from those of others, in that it views war realistically, by taking into account human nature as it is. For I am of the opinion that so long as we can not do anything to man's instinct of pugnacity, there will be no permanent solution found to put a stop to whole-sale slaughter which we dignify by calling it war.

By that of course I do not mean that I wish to see the instinct of pugnacity suppressed. As I have said before, that simply cannot be done. But thanks to Freud, we know that instincts can at least be sublimated. We can at least change their direction and their goal, in spite

it may be utilized. The other is a clay, very sticky and impervious. Its colour varies from black to steel blue. It is found in certain places immediately next to streams. Fertility of this soil may perhaps be fairly high, but the hopeless physical conditions render it worthless for agricultural purposes.

Much hope is entertained for the development of agriculture in that part of our country, and a great deal depends upon the proper utilization of the soils under the guidance of scientific agriculturists.

of the fact that we cannot ever hope to transform them entirely. Thus for example, Oedipex complex, when sublimated, becomes filial piety; and the sex-instinct, when sublimated, generally finds its expression in the making of sonnets, or at any rate, in the blowing of, shall we say, saxophones.

My peace-plan is very simple. It is like this. There are men who are cursed with an over-developed pugnacious instinct. These are the military men who are always anxious for a fight. But, if they want to fight, by all means let them to. Only let them take up fencing or boxing and fight it out among themselves. Or, we might revert to the old way, by staging jousts and tournaments. Thus, besides having their instinct satisfied, many lives would be saved. What is more, such affairs would be much more interesting to the on-lookers. To begin with, there would be posters announcing the fight, such as the following:—

ANNOUNCING A BOXING MATCH
BETWEEN

"Kid" Honjo, and "Shorty" Ma
"The Kwantung Terror" "The Hailun Whirlwind"

TEN ROUNDS

Then, there will be betting among fans, radio reports of the fight, etc., etc. It would have, in other words, all the interest of a regular war, with the advantage that it will be far less expensive, and the time it takes will be very much shorter.

There of course will be soldiers, whose business it is to learn boxing or fencing or whatever it is that we decree that they should train themselves in. There will be occasional contests among them and the ones who distinguish themselves will be promoted. The Generals will then be the picked few who are so to speak the champions, who will be ready to challenge or be challenged by their equals. The army, under such a system, would become a sort of glorified Academy of Physical Culture, and the navy. . . . Well, we might organize it after the fashion of yacht clubs.

Further, I wish to suggest that in our warless utopia, there will be absolutely no military uniform worn by the military. I wish especially to see medals, gold-braided epaulets, feathered shakos and such like paraphernalia be done away with; since these articles add to the martial splendor and are the reasons why girls lose their virginity. Then, I should like to suggest too that if there must be drills, they should at least not be allowed to take place in broad day-light. The idea is: we do not want to make the life of a soldier glamorous; on the contrary, we must make it as drab and ordinary as possible so that the youths will not foolishly think of fighting as a glorious and romantic adventure.

Lastly, to further provide for the sadistic impulse of men an outlet, perhaps we might encourage fox-hunting, bull-fighting, pig-sticking, wife-beating and other such similar sports.

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