THE OUTLOOK.

The End of a Farce.

So the Hague Conference has come to an end at last. For all anyone cares it might have stopped months ago, or gone on till Doomsday. For the last six or seven weeks, while it was dragging out in detail of its dreary existence, practically everyone had forgotten that such a Conference had even been called together. Anyhow the conference could be found to give a line to its deliberations while he could find a bicycle accident or a joke by Mr. Plowden which might serve to fill his columns. It perishes amid the disappointment of those who expected something from it, and the amusing indifference of those happy persons who expected nothing. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman no longer talks flamboyantly about "a League of Peace." He is silent, and the apologists of his Government can find nothing to say but that we shall be better prepared in the future, and that, at the next Peace Conference something will positively be done. The "Tribune" emerges from its humiliation a sadder and wiser paper. Mr. Stead can think of nothing better to propose than to the "Missionaries of Peace" should start at once for a crusade—in South America. This is an excellent suggestion, and should be of real value to the peace of Europe. But it is rough on South America! For our own part, our withers are unwrung. What we said at the beginning of the Conference we say at the end—that it was a colossal fraud. The only difference is that whereas we then said it almost alone we now say it in chorus with the whole of Europe and America.

Two Liberals on Socialism.

Considerable interest attaches to the speeches of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane on Socialism, because, in spite of a good deal of seasoning with the ordinary party clap-trap, both do seem to indicate some attempt on the part of these two Ministers to discover where they and their party stand. The attempt is not very successful, because it doesn't stand at all; it slides. Mr. Haldane tries to find a resting-place for Liberalism in the doctrine of "equality of opportunity," as opposed to the "dead level" at which Socialism is supposed to aim. Of course, Socialism does not aim at anything of the sort, and we are utterly unable to see how without Socialism anything approaching "equality of opportunity" is possible. It is not, as Mr. Haldane appears to suppose, merely the lack of education (general or technical) which prevents such equality. It is the economic conditions of which differences in education and status are merely symptoms. Mr. Haldane seems to us even less happy when he suggests that capital has become "less despotic" owing to the growth of the joint-stock company system. Surely no country where it is more despotic than in the United States, where that system has reached its fullest development. So far from improving the relations between capital and labour the growth of plutocratic collectivism has certainly made them more intolerable. It was possible to regard the old individual employer as a genuine "captain of industry." At least he was obliged to have some sort of relations with his men. But the sleeping divident-taker knows nothing of those who create his wealth for him. The shareholders who profit by the sweat of underpaid and over-worked hands, the blood of railwaymen killed for lack of automaticcouplings, have no guilty consciences because they never see or hear of the thing they do. Mr. Asquith's idea for Liberalism as a half-way house is something different. He finds its justification in the idea of liberty,—individual freedom of thought and action, which he thinks Socialism would crush out. It will be interesting to recall this when next year's Licensing Bill makes its appearance. So far, unfortunately for Mr. Asquith's argument, almost all the legislation which really threatens individual liberty is Liberal legislation. Out of Liberalism come Street Betting Bills, Settled Temperance Policies, Sunday Closing Bills, Church Discipline Bills, and other tyrannical follies. Under Socialism there would be no excuse for them, and they would cease to be possible.

Lord Rosebery in "Houndsditch."

Like the Peelites, Lord Rosebery is always putting himself up to auction and always buying himself in. His latest attempt in that direction is the letter written to a correspondent who asked him how he would have voted had he been an elector of Kirkdale. We gather from his answer that he would not have voted at all. This is a very characteristic solution; for many things past his lordship's talents have been displayed mainly in the direction of refraining from doing things. But incidentally he protests against the absence of a Liberal candidate and the consequent disfranchisement of those who were equally opposed to Socialism and to Protection. Lord Rosebery evidently has in view the idea of a centre party of "Retrenchment," Free Trade, and Anti-Socialism. The formation of such a party is clearly among the possibilities of the immediate future. Perhaps Lord Balfour of Burleigh had some such project in his mind when he penned his now famous epistle. It is noticeable that it is the Unionists, Free Traders, like Lord Hugh and Lord Robert Cecil, who have thrown themselves most enthusiastically into the Anti-Socialist campaign. It is quite possible that such a party may be formed. It is even conceivable that, should the balance of parties in the next Parliament be nearly even, it might attain some measure of power, and even attempt the formation of a Ministry. But that such a Ministry would have a long life appears to us most improbable, and that it would have any permanent influence on the future quite out of the question. With a government of any"Black" going on in front and all the vigorous elements in Toryism undermining it by a Tariff Reform propaganda in its rear, it is incredible that a Government of the centre should endure or prosper. Frankly, whatever political com-
bination may possess a future, there is no future possible for resurrected Whigism rallying to the warcry of "The New Age." Mr. S. P. B. Webb once wrote an article celebrating Lord Rosebery's "Exodus from Houndsditch,"—by which Mr. W. E. Forster meant old-fashioned Individualist Liberalism. It is now, so far from being abandoned in Houndsditch, Lord Rosebery bids fair to be the last inhabitant of that salubrious neighbourhood.

**Tory Democracy.**

Meanwhile, another interesting question is raised by recent events. Are we likely to see a revival of Tory Democracy? A year ago we should have answered with a direct negative. But of late we have seen, alongside of the Conservative Free Traders' anxiety to concentrate the energies of the party in an attack upon Socialism, a tendency on the part of the Protectiveist section to repudiate the negative Individualist attitude, and to bracket Tariff Reform with social reform as the objectives of Tory policy. The "Saturday Review" and the "Morning Post" have long advocated this policy, and the " Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Daily Mail" seem disposed to follow suit. So also Lord Ridley, the President of the Tariff Reform League, throws over his late colleague Mr. Pearson, pours plenteous cold water on the Anti-Socialist campaign, and calls for a constructive social policy, defended and nourished by a protective tariff. For this most remarkable utterance on this issue, Mr. Burrows, whose own service to the London Houndsditch Combination may possess a future, there is no future possible opinion is, we think, unquestionable. It is noticeable combination may possess a future, there is no future possible opinion is, we think, unquestionable. It is noticeable that even the Conservative Press is all but unanimous in its favor. It is written, for instance, that the "Daily Chronicle" is almost the only Ministry whose term of office has raised its reputation as a "statesman and administrator. It is clearly his duty to use all means at his disposal to avert a conflict which must have a disastrous effect upon the nation's life and industries. And the means at his disposal are inconsiderable. The railway companies are in possession of a State-granted monopoly, and are responsible for the exercise of that power to the nation which bestowed them. Mr. Lloyd-George is the nation's "trustee in this matter, and he is armed with powers sufficient, if vigorously exercised, to bring the most obstinate Board of Directors to reason. We call upon him to exercise them, to declare that the Board of Trade will treat any company which refuses to negotiate with its servants as a public enemy. If this were done, the directors would be obliged to give way, and a strike would be averted. Mr. Lloyd-George succeeds in averting it, he will have the applause of all good citizens, irrespective of party.

**A Sign from Heaven.**

We have certainly no wish to make political capital out of an event so horrible as the Shrewsbury disaster. But that event, coming on the eve of a threatened railway dispute, can hardly fail to be of the utmost salutary shock. The refusal of the railway directors to save the lives of thousands of their workmen by introducing automatic couplings has always appeared to us one of the wickedest manifestations of modern capitalism, and would undoubtedly have outraged the national conscience if the men affected could have made their voices heard. Now that the same indifference is manifested by the railway combinations in the case of the lives of passengers, we may expect more attention to be paid to the matter. It is clear that these ghastly holocausts which are so constantly occurring on our great lines are the direct result of the companies' profit-mongering and dividend-hunting. The men are worked for hours which are dangerous to their health and nerve, and a man whose responsibility is as great as that of a general on a battle-field is expected to take the wage of a middling workman. Further, as Mr. Bell has proved by the evidence of quoted letters, a man's chances of promotion, and even of retaining his position, depend upon his readiness and ability to "Make Time," that is to say, to shave a second or two more off the time allotted for the journey. That disaster should sometimes occur under these conditions is inevitable, and the savings which are intended to save their own lives and limbs, they will see to it that the carriage of passengers and goods is taken out of the realm of competition, and placed under national control.

**Burrows for Haggerston.**

We are glad to see that Mr. Herbert Burrows has been selected by the Socialists of Haggerston as their candidate at the next election. Now is the time for such a place. It is the reproach of East London that, while the proletariat of the industrial North is becoming more and more an organised force fighting for Socialism, her much wretcheder population remains for the most part politically stagnant and reactionary. Paris leads France; London lags behind England. This is no doubt largely due to the conditions of indigence, to the ambition of the proletariat to form a body of strong unions, to the grinding poverty which gives little time for thought or intelligent action. The means by which the North has been converted are of no use in East London. But the London proletariat is not at all of course by the Socialists, that the work of agitation remains to be done. Mr. Burrows, whose own service to the London poor has been so devotedly and ungrudgingly rendered, will find his task a light one when he appears. One thing is certain: when the slums are cleared, we shall be within sight of the end.
Bombastes in Fleet Street: Being Notes of the Great Socialist Campaign.

Once more we are baffled! Another horrible plot has been discovered! In this case the credit of unmasking it belongs to Mr. Sidney Grundy, MP. Sid, says the world that the petition for the removal of the Censor is a trap laid by the Socialists—a part of their campaign. He adds:

"The Fabians have had a regular programme for some time, and although the municipality, represented by the London County Council, the Socialists were to capture the House of Commons and the theatres. The latter they still hope to use as a secondary platform on which they can air their mischievous doctrines."

"Twenty years ago I fought the Censor, who made it impossible for dramatists to produce serious plays. I may be considered inconsistent, but although I consider the censorship of to-day a mild form of tyranny, it is, in my opinion, a protection against a real and terrible form of tyranny—the tyranny of Socialism."

"Serious plays" are to be tolerated, provided the views inculcated are those of Mr., if not of Mrs., Grundy. * * * * *

But why should not Mr. Grundy avail himself of the larger liberty which the abolition of the Censorship would give him to produce a series of anti-Socialist plays? One might show us the beauties of that "home-life" (which the Socialists would destroy) as exemplified in the back streets of Hoxton and Bethnal Green. This might be balanced by a presentation of the noble old English home of Mr. Lazarus Zillenstein in Park Lane. Again, a very delightful play on the lines of the dramas once popular at temperance meetings might be made out of the career of a young man who began by reading The New Age, went on to voting for Labour candidates, and so through Atheism, Free Love, and burglary, until he ended as a writer of anti-Socialist articles for the Daily Express. * * * * *

I really think that the "Daily Express" reaches its moral nadir in an article called "The Enemies of the People" (perhaps a reminiscence of Ibsen) published on Monday. The article is a denunciation of the Fabian and German Socialists. Now, we are prepared to smile indulgently at a good deal of nonsense of the "Express" type, but for the honour of journalism, I add, a very delightful play on the lines of the dramas once popular at temperance meetings might be made out of the career of a young man who began by reading The New Age, went on to voting for Labour candidates, and so through Atheism, Free Love, and burglary, until he ended as a writer of anti-Socialist articles for the Daily Express.* * * * *

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Mr. F. M. Gilmore has been writing to the "Daily Telegraph" to say that in fighting Socialism "many would be glad to know that it is we are fighting." He finds the Socialist of Herr Bebel and that of Mr. Keir Hardie is "equatorially distant from both." He concludes: "Let the monster—the root evil—be stripped of its attractive paddings, so that its repulsive ugliness is evident to all." But, if Mr. Gilmore does not know what Socialism is, and can see no common element in the teaching of its various advocates, how can he tell that it is a "monster" or that it is "repulsively ugly"? * * * * *

Is the "Standard" hedging? Or are we to be killed by kindness? In a recent issue I find the following admission: "They (the Socialists) may also be sincere in thinking that Collectivism does not mean robbery and ruin." Really, this magnanimity overwhelms me! * * * * *

It is clear, however, from a subsequent passage that the "Standard" is only dealing gently with us so long as it believes that we are sinning in ignorance. The discovery," it remarks, "that Socialism means Atheism and the abolition of the laws and conventions which religion and society have laid down for the protection of women, seems to have come as a shock to many people who were on the point of giving their adhesion to the Socialist creed. I do not doubt it. This discovery comes as a decided shock to me, and I have "given my adhesion to the Socialist creed" for some time past. * * * * *

My "button" this week is from a letter which the "Express" heads: "A Pertinent Query." * * * * *

As the mother of six children, I have taken a great interest in reading Mrs. Herbert Bennett's article on Socialism as affecting women; but one important fact has been forgotten. What is to become of the woman who has reached the age when youth and good looks are gone? Whose duty will it be to care for and protect her in her failing years and after having given the best of her life and strength to provide the nation with sons and daughters? Will a lethal chamber be provided for such (to Socialists) useless burdens? Thank you! There is no answer.

Cecil Chesterton.

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The "American Scene."

For several weeks past the attention of Europe, and in Europe more particularly the attention of England, has been drawn to affairs on the other side of the Atlantic by a group of events of quite extraordinary significance. In the classical phrase, the telegraphic cable from Clifden, Co. Galway, and Cape Reelon has reduced the land-to-land voyage to one of less than five days' duration, while Mr. Marconi has successfully inaugurated a service of wireless telegraphy between the two points.

In the sphere of economics and politics the happenings possess even greater claim to consideration. In the foreground the annual increment by births in native families has reduced the land-to-land voyage to one of less than five days' duration, while Mr. Marconi has successfully inaugurated a service of wireless telegraphy between Clifden, Co. Galway, and Cape Reelon.

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As to Mr. Roosevelt's trust policy, we regard it as only one of the indications that intelligent America is waking to better, more social ideals, and we regard the change to be one to be welcomed by a member of the professional politician class as almost a world catastrophe. President Roosevelt belongs to that class, so little interested in American politics, which represents the ideals of the best thought in the universities, and is actuated by disinterested motives. Among his best qualifications for the Herculean task of reforming the corrupt American political system is his voracious intellectual curiosity and an absolute lack of willful class prejudice. His attitude to the difficult question of a reform in the constitution may be best seen in his recent speech at St. Louis; he regards the constitution as fixed, and asks that it may be interpreted "as a living organism, designed to meet the conditions of life and not of death." That is, he appeals from the "historic" to the "organic" method of interpretation, and relies on the fact that the Federal Court, with whom lies the final interpretation, is on his side in the matter of the trusts. We should have looked for some design in the amendments of the constitution made to date, but we are English, and do not fully appreciate the dead weight of prejudice which blocks progress along that path.

To Mr. Hearst, we confess ourselves not a little in the dark. He too is outside the professional politician caste, and his war too, at least professedly, is against the trusts and unscrupulous business methods. The memory of the stand made against him on personal grounds by Sir Edward Grey, who, comparatively, is no member of the Republican party, is still fresh in our memory. And this only makes the more astonishing the unholy alliance between him and these same Republicans in the matter of the New York judiciary election now pending. He has joined forces, ostensibly at least, with his old opponent for the New York Governorship, Mr. Hughes, who anathematised him in the early part of the year. All that is clear at present is that if he runs as Democratic candidate for the presidency, the Republican party will be hardly able to employ their old tactics to keep him out, and even though he may pose as the defender of State rights, there would seem to be every prospect of his being willing to continue the policy of progressive interpretation of the constitution.

We shall hope to deal with the situation later, when the Presidential conflict has begun and the opponents are in the open.

The Denshawai Prisoners.

We have pleasure in printing the following correspondence. Further comment than has already appeared in THE NEW AGE is quite unnecessary.

Right Hon. SIR EDWARD GREY, M.P., etc., etc., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Sir,-

We, the undersigned, respectfully invite you to consider the advisability of an immediate release of the persons concerned in an assault on certain British officers near the village of Denshawai on Wednesday, June 13, 1906.

The impression under which public opinion was re-aligned to the Denshawai sentences (always excepting the resort to flogging which many Englishmen consider inadmissible under any circumstances) has been completely changed by the publication of the official papers (White Papers, Egypt, 1906, Nos. 3 and 4). That impression was that a party of British officers had been attacked without provocation in an Egyptian village, and one of them put to death in an outburst of anti-English prejudice and Moslem fanaticism.

The White Papers prove that the affair was no political or religious significance; that the officers thoughtlessly gave very serious provocation; that those officers who did not escape were rescued from the mob by the sheikhs and gaffirs of the village, and sent on to the British camp; that the deceased officer, who took to flight, died of sunstroke at a considerable distance from Denshawai; that one of the prisoners, now undergoing penal servitude for life, assaulted the officers under a reasonable (though mistaken) impression that the wound his wife had received in consequence of the discharge of Lieut. Porter's gun was fatal; that, in short, nothing had happened the previous day that has been expected in any British village if a shooting party of foreigners, ignorant of our language and customs, had begun to shoot the domestic animals and farm stock under the impression that they were ferae naturae.

When we add that the tribunal which awarded the sentences of hanging (4), flogging (8), penal servitude for life (2), and a number of shorter sentences, including one for 15 years, was constituted by a person altogether repugnant to British practice, in that there was no jury, we have said enough to show how strong and justifiable the feeling in Egypt (and in the British Isles) is against the sentences, and how many of our countrymen are deeply discouraged, as long as the sentences are maintained, in their faith in the impartiality, equity, and humanity of the British administration in Egypt.

We deeply regret that the severest sentences are beyond recall; the hangings and floggings are irrevocable; but we would urge you to remember that every day's delay creates an impression unfavourable to the Foreign Office and to British justice in Egypt.

Under these circumstances, without asking you to retract your personal support of what we may call the official view of the calamitous incident at Denshawai, we do venture most strongly to press upon you, Sir, the necessity of relieving the present strain and anxiety by the speedy release of the prisoners from an imprisonment which has already lasted fifteen months.

We have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servants,


(Replied.)

Foreign Office, Oct. 16, 1907.

Sir,-

I am directed by Secretary Sir Edward Grey to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., forwarding a memorial on behalf of the Denshawai prisoners.

I am to inform you in reply that the subject has been recently discussed in Parliament, and that Sir E. Grey cannot at present add to the statements which he then made concerning it.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

W. LANGLEY.

C. H. Norman, Esq., 39, Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.
Are Nonconformists Pharisees?

That infant terrible of the pulpit, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, has again flustered the dovecotes of that already sufficiently perturbed body, the Nonconformist connection. He has been telling them that not only are they the lineal descendants of the Pharisees, but that they are in truth very Pharisees themselves. 

I have no accurate knowledge by which to test his assertions. Future cannot be altogether indifferent to our denomination best, although it is contrary to all gamble with their very existence by insuring their lives. They seem anti-socially incapable of looking at their creeds and temperaments through the disinterested medium of ideas. This is a Socialist review; and although nothing was ever more actually tried, it is clear that the Nonconformists are overwhelmingly Liberal, in that district, but who was not too particular in the other. The miracle will happen, but hardly in our time. Many are the thousand of sermons annually written which their religion enjoins, and at once they will find themselves in line with the Socialists. This will in the long run prove to be the only course open to them; for with the acquisition of clear ideas such a man out of very shame would either cease any longer to be a pillar of orthodoxy, or he would cease his nefarious business of crushing the lives of others.

They subscribe heavily to missions to convert the heathen, who in the main are commendably destitute of slums and of women making bricks and chains. They abominate war, and yet they invest their money in enterprises which in the main are involved in provoking war. This does not imply any conscious Pharisaism or hypocrisy on their part, but it does imply a strange perversion of ideas. They abominate the institution of private property in the means of life.

In its spirit it is not derived from Christ at all, but from Abraham, St. Paul can tell us in his triumphant, logical way that Abraham believed in Christ, and that it was the natural remedy for error is truth; and the arising of the nation is an inseparable adjunct of the gift of logic, as the miracle was of the gift of grace. The dogma of Eternal Punishment necessitated the placing of the idea of the right of private judgment. All the Pharisees are Pharises. This is a Socialist review; and although nothing was ever more actually tried, it is clear that the Nonconformists are overwhelmingly Liberal, in that district, but who was not too particular in the other. The miracle will happen, but hardly in our time. Many are the thousand of sermons annually written which their religion enjoins, and at once they will find themselves in line with the Socialists. This will in the long run prove to be the only course open to them; for with the acquisition of clear ideas such a man out of very shame would either cease any longer to be a pillar of orthodoxy, or he would cease his nefarious business of crushing the lives of others.

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Towards Socialism. IV. By A. R. Orage.

It would be a good thing, certainly, if we could always keep clear in our minds the meaning of the three words: Trade Unionism, Collectivism, Socialism. I do not prophesy catastrophe from their confusion, and there is no need for me to recite an Athenasian Creed against which the very brain of the intellect may be injured. But on the political plane, at any rate, the game of thimble-rigging that is played with these three simple ideas is pitiful to behold. Unfortunately, they are as illiterate as love. And the mere property in men professing Socialists' minds as in the minds of the dwellers in outer darkness. With my own ears I have heard prominent Socialists speak of one thing as if it were the other, to my mind, doing grave injustice to the divine faculty of words, as well as to the vulgar business of telling us what they meant. And the result of this metamorphosis of ideas is the lamentable spectacle, now growing stale by familiarity, of born Socialists and Socialists' children.

The chief thing of which I have been guilty hitherto is that I have neglected to repudiate Collectivism, and of simple Trade Unionists imagining themselves full-fledged Socialists. Even this might become tolerable in time, if we Socialists would cease to be Socialists, and get on as communists. The fact is that, except in very feeble and shadowy ways, with a timidity that ill becomes us, and a tolerance that does us no credit, we have for the most part to do with a Trade Unionism for which it is that politicians have laid the foundations on which we propose to build. The very sketch of the completed building that is in our minds we dare scarce talk about at present, and yet the moment of the proper hour, be bidden from Socialism, Totalitarian, Utopians and infructuous angels.

Yet secretly we have our plans, and we are proud of being Utopians. Every good Socialist is a Utopian. If the Commune is to be hived off from Utopia to the Trade Union world; but there's no denying that labour is real, and that, much as we despise labour in our hearts, we shall have either to talk about it or to do it. In my Socialist state there will be no labour, or rather none called by that name. Labour will be the only crime. Whoever shall be found guilty of labouring when he should have played will be sentenced to complete idleness for a period.

But the drift of things is against the Socialist axiom at this moment. The drift of things being, so far as I can see, and always excepting Utopian Socialism, nothing else but a powerful current of stupidity coloured to look like intelligence, idleness and play as regarded as the very hams and hoofs of the devil; while work, labour without delight, toil without the consent of the soul, is lauded as the prince of dignity and the god of utility. I do not say what is it that the Trade Unionist has said to himself? (I admit, of course, that the poor fellow has been powerfully hypnotised by society.) Surely, when he is articulate, he says: "Give me as little labour and as much pay as possible. Labour you have persuaded me is necessary, and therefore noble; and the necessity of pay is even more clear to me. Let me have, then, the minimum of the one and the maximum of the other!"

You see he makes the admission that labour, in the vulgar sense of work without delight, is necessary; and whereby he becomes a slave of his own mind. For there is no slavery worse than slavery as well as worse than this very admission into the mind of a fictitious and imaginary necessity.

But what follows? Why this, that having admitted the necessity of labour, he must needs undertake to escape the consequences of his admission. He must needs, being free in soul, whatever he may be in body, beat his wings against the horrid circle of his self-imposed slavery. The Trade Unionism once more! For not only is the Trade Unionist convinced that labour is necessary, but he is convinced that he has been convinced against his will. In other words, he seeks freedom to do his own imprisonment.

All the planks and plans and measures and demands of Trade Unionists amount in the long run to simply this: that Society shall be made to pay dearly for labour without delight. You impose upon the Trade Unionist may be conceived to be saying to Society, tasks of an inhuman nature, tasks not fitting and proper to be performed by a human soul, tasks which only can be enjoyed in the instinct or in the ecstasy of passion; and in return I ask of you payment proportioned to the degradation.

And by God, though kingdoms fall and your empires totter, I will have my mess of pottage for my lost celestial birthright!"

There is, in fact, only one dignity for a human slave, and that is to be at once an unwilling and a dearly-paid slave! And here's to the hope that Trade Unionists may, if they remain slaves, speedily become dignified slaves!

But now let us turn to the next phase, the phase of Collectivism. By definition, the Collectivist is the Trade Unionist grown up. The Collectivist is right. At least, he reduces toil to the minimum of uselessness. The Collectivist nevertheless has his visions of freedom. He is the leader of the revolt of labour against labour and the state of society he seeks to create. If the Trade Unionist is right, then no one can quarrel with him. If the Trade Unionist is wrong, then no one can quarrel with him. Our painful toil be rendered more painful by stupid masters, who do not even know how to work us to their best advantage, but should become our own masters. We are masters of our souls, are we not? That is the state of society to-day. Where is the one and the maximum of the other?

I confess it seems bizarre to drop from Utopia to Collective Utopia. It seems bizarre to have to face the fact that whoever is happy in his work is of all people the happiest. But what follows? Why this, that having admitted the necessity of labour, he must needs endeavour to do his work in the proportions of labour without delight.

But the drift of things is against the Socialist axiom at this moment. The drift of things being, so far as I can see, and always excepting Utopian Socialism, nothing else but a powerful current of stupidity coloured to look like intelligence, idleness and play as regarded as the very hams and hoofs of the devil; while work, labour without delight, toil without the consent of the soul, is lauded as the prince of dignity and the god of utility. I do not say what is it that the Trade Unionist has said to himself? (I admit, of course, that the poor fellow has been powerfully hypnotised by society.) Surely, when he is articulate, he says: "Give me as little labour and as much pay as possible. Labour you have persuaded me is necessary, and therefore noble; and the necessity of pay is even more clear to me. Let me have, then, the minimum of the one and the maximum of the other!"

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To Our Readers

With the present issue The New Age completes its first volume as an independent Socialist Review. Looking back over the numbers that have been issued we can safely say that we have at least fairly begun to fulfill the promise made in our opening announcement, to discuss intelligently the higher issues of Socialism. With the aid of many writers, named and unnamed, our pages have been filled week by week with articles, many of them of first-rate importance, and all of them written by experts with special knowledge of their subjects. To name but a few, signed contributions have been published from the pens of M. Anatole France, Edward Carpenter, Miss Florence Fawcett, E. N. Nobis, H. G. Wells, Aylmer Maude, H. V. Storcy, E. R. Pease, Edwin Pugh, Edgar Jepson, and A. J. Penty; while many of the unsigned articles have been the work of writers, some of them of European repute, who for various reasons have desired to remain anonymous.

Though we are confident that The New Age has begun to fulfill its promise, we are, far from realizing our ideal, which is to produce the most sincere, intelligent, and unprejudiced penny weekly Review in all the British Empire. It is true that already our writers are quoted in all the leading journals, our views and reviews regarded as expressing the best opinion of the most advanced Socialist circles; but there still remain many improvements to be made before the Socialist Review can boldly challenge competition, not merely with any penny weekly Review, but with any of our leading six-penny reviews.

Within the limits of our present means, however, we intend to make those improvements at once. With our next issue The New Age will be enlarged by the addition of four pages. New features will be added, and old features will be either removed or improved. In place of the present "Outlook" we shall present our readers with a bright and fair-minded summary of the chief events of the week, particularly as they appeal to Socialists. This is in response to a wide demand on the part of friends and critics. We have also been fortunate enough to obtain the services of writers like George Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, Hamilton Fyfe, Percy Alden, M.P., Granville Barker, and many others. Mr. Shaw will contribute his first article to the first number of the new volume, which begins next week. Our readers will be glad to learn that series of articles have been promised by Miss Florence Farr, Mr. Edwin Pugh, and Mr. Eder, the last-named of whom will contribute a special series on "Socialism and Politics."

There remains now the duty of our readers to The New Age. We have hitherto refrained from making any special appeal to our readers for help in making known The New Age. But no sincere reformer of any school can view the threatenings of widespread reaction without wishing to contribute in some degree to the cause of enlightenment. It would be ridiculous for us to identify the fate of The New Age with the fate of reform in general. The world will progress though The New Age fades and falls into the stream of oblivion. But every attempt that is thwarted and extinguished to increase the area over which intelligent discussion reigns, means a postponement of genuine reform. We in England are too much given to replying to intelligent questions with moral indignation. How few are the subjects on which our greatest thinkers may write freely no one knows who has not witnessed the decline of popular enlightenment that has followed the rise into political power of the lower middle classes. With many individual exceptions, the lower middle classes are the most dangerous, because the most sincerely narrow-minded and hide-bound, of all the classes of the community. Intelligence and the privileges of intelligence stand in daily peril of their attack. It believes all men of good intent to band together for the defence of the intellectual rights that have been so hardly won. Against the mass of ignorance and prejudice, so easily moved to fanaticism, our only hope is the extension and concentration of light; and light in our day means no less than complete freedom of speech and writing, and the removal of all bans upon sincere expressions of opinion. As the serious, sincere and fair-minded representative of intelligent Socialist thought, The New Age appeals now to its readers to gather to its support. We on our part are willing to devote ourselves whole-heartedly to the cause of which is the spread of intelligence, but with the best will in the world and the ablest staff of writers that England can produce, a paper must fail unless there are readers numerous enough and earnest enough to maintain its existence. We want such readers, and we want them of the right degree of seriousness. From the great dim multitudes engaged in the laborious pursuit of banal information through the pages of the popular weeklies we can expect nothing. The New Age, we are aware, is not, and cannot become for a long while, the paper of the "people." But with the co-operation of our readers it may, and we hope it will, become the established organ of high practical intelligence and the representative of the best imagination of English social reformers.
The Medea of Euripides.*
By Florence Farr.

Her name has come to us "down corridors of centuries," she sits among the immortals; sinister and
victorious. Some say Euripides was not fed five talents
by the poet of his birth to blacken her character, but
he was too keen a seer to do such work as Shelley would
have done it. When Shelley writes of Count Cenci we
can only see the demonic being through the eyes of dis-
approving tenderness; the poet's ardent soul chafing for
Heaven upon earth does not know the heart bound
in the cold iron of Hell, colder than ice that it may with-
stand an eternity of damnation amid the flames of life.
Euripides did his work thoroughly and entered into the
unearthly woman's spirit. He has faithfully shown us
the servant, of Hecate caught in the toils of Aethrodit;
marvellous hate, an incarnate curse built up upon the
most absorbing love ever conceived by the heart of
woman.

The Medea of Euripides.

In the dark temple of Hecate Medea had bound the
adventurer that came to steal away her magic treasure
by a terrible oath of absolute fidelity. That accom-
plished, she betrayed her father and her country for his
sake, and in the mad moment of almost achieved desire she sacrificed her brother's life and flung his limbs one by one upon the sea. A priestess of magic, wise and "with a voice of gold more sweet than ever rang from Orpheus old," her life had been devoted to the ancient matriarchal rites of the Tree and the Ser-
pent. She had no kin with the slavery of households of
the ordered life of Greece under which Jason might reasonably have expected her to become subservient to his will in all things; or, as she expressed it:—

"thy friend, thy tool; \nGone wooing with thee, stood at thy bedside; \nServing, and welcomed duteously thy bride.
She, the Crinis, the Colchis, outreach the sun said, to be content with exile and happy in the thought of making a room for a Corinthian princess, so that he and his two sons might live in luxury.

The amazing fidelity of this woman to a man of such petty ambitions as Jason is not the least part of her tragedy, and it can only be accounted for by the direct intervention of the Cyprian. The wild saunter nature, accustomed, no doubt, to dark rites of human sacrifice from her childhood, had been won by the goddess of Love. She, the enchantress, shivered with a strange joy under the touch of the bright all-conquering Aphro-
dite, of whom it is sung:

"That her breathing in fragrance is written\nAnd in music her path as she goes,\nAnd the cloud of her foot is the wind that withers rose.

The glamour of the goddess won her in the first in-
stance, but at the moment that the play begins the glamour has passed, and "she seeks her own will, recking not." Almost the first words Medea speaks are an invocation to Hecate:—

"Virgin of Righteousness, \nVirgin of hallowed Truth, \nYe marked me when with an oath I bound him, a mark no less \nThat oaths end."

Hecate appears to answer her prayer, for henceforth, whenever her purpose flags, a voice speaks through her as it seems. She cries to herself:—

"Awake, thee now Medea? \nWhat, thou plot, or springing, striving, forlorn not, \nOn to the peril point! Now come the strain \nOf daring... . Thou knowest the way. \nAnd God hath made thee woman, thing most vain \nFor help, but wondrous in the paths of pain.

The chorus continues a song of womankind:—

"Man hath forgotten God. \nAnd woman, yea, woman, shall be terrible in story. \nThe tales, too, me seemeth, shall be other than of yours. \nFor ever there cometh a rising of woman and a glory. \nAnd the hard hating voices shall encompass her no more!"

This chorus is written immediately after Medea's second invocation of Hecate, and may well be the ex-
pression of the worship of the ancient goddess of the Tree and the Serpent; a Lilith who desired the down-
fall of the devoted Eve. The history of Love is one of
strangest variety, but no figure stands out more clearly as the Victim of Love than Medea. Love is Jason's lust for
her. "All thy life Ite, thee," and this love for one man out of all the world is the maddest passion a woman can have, and when that woman is given the powers of the devotee to a goddess, one who, so to speak, has given her body as a free gift for the consum-
ation of a Hierophant woman—a tribal will careless of
life and death, good or evil, as long as the purpose of
the tribe is carried out; then murder and a terror be-
ond mere death may well fill darkness with a dreadful
light.

Revenge on the rival has been carried out by hun-
dreds of desperate women—and every now and again we hear of women diseased, deserted, or starving, who have killed their own children partly, no doubt, to try and make some man who has laughed at their devota-
tion feel some kind of grief.

As a sex women revel in pain and sorrow. They have a taste for mortising the sick and lamenting the misfortunes of life with one another. Men, on the contrary, prefer to wear a brave face and forget. The religion of sorrow does not appeal to the really
masculine nature; it prefers to plan the future and dream of new victories. Never lingering over the atm-
osphere of reminiscence so dear to the woman's heart.

No doubt one of Medea's worst crimes in Jason's eyes was that she had practically performed all his heroic deeds for him. The hero had stood one-sandalled in a market-place and roused pop-
ular enthusiasm, he had collected a band of young men to sail with him in the good ship Argo, but after he had arrived in Colchis he accomplished nothing but the feat of loosing the floods of passion hidden in the heart of the young princess. Jason must sometimes have reflected on this, and evidently had soothed his wounded pride by thinking of the advantage it had been to this wild weed from the East to have come into a garden-land which had laws and literature, so that their deeds could be handed down to glory. He had all these arguments pat, when the time came for those who had been lovers to face each other with the paralyzing truth which had buried them-
selves in their memories against the day of reckoning.

Medea is able, after her meeting with Aegus, King of
Athens, to wear a mask she had found intolerable before, for he had promised her a home by his own
heart and protection from her enemies. But her tragedy is by no means the end of it. There would be a
kind of wordly story if, like any ordinary woman, she
could cure herself of her bitter load of hate by finding
another love. Aegus has made his bargain with her,
but now Medea recites her psalm of sorrow with a
difference. She cries:—

"God, and God's Justice and ye blinding skies! \nAt last the victory daunteth! Ye eyes! \nSee, and my foot is on the mountain brow."

Now she feels the Fates are on her side, and with craft
and cunning she will make her rival die shrieking amid
her poisons and murder her own children. In a most
bloodthirsty speech, she sends for Jason that she may
deceive him that the murder was done in her jealousy,
deceived by her soft words, her "check is swept with a pallor of strange tears." Her vengeance as a woman
melts in a flood of weeping, but she stirs herself once
more, and completes it by sending her children with the
poisoned crown and robe.

Again, when she hears of the new bride's kindness,
her heart cries out once more, "Oh God, have mercy." Then in despair she says, "The gods have willed and
our own evil mind that this should come." And then,
after holding her children in her arms, she sees the
twice-deeper pain she would give herself by seeking to
sting Jason's heart by murdering them. But her own
curses and invocations begin their work. As her human
energy flags the energy of unearthly wrath mounts; the
wrath we call madness, which sees no purpose but its
own. Once set in motion, it fulfils its law, and no
trembling of human hearts can stay its course. Medea
seems to feel the flame of Hecate rising in her heart.

She says—

"And yet, What is it with me? . . . O coward heart,
Ever to baffle such soft words! Depart."

Once again the mother's heart cries out:

"Ah, ah, thou wrath within! Do not thou
Do not. . . . Down, down, thou tortured thing and space
ly children! They will dwell with us, nay, there,
Far off, and give thee peace."

But all ends in:

"I am broken by the wings
Of evil. . . . I am more than all thought doth cry
Anger, which maketh man's worst misery."

Following this scene, the Messenger comes telling
her of the perfect success of her revenge. Creon
and his daughter have both died, in unspeakable agonies, of
her fiery poisons, and Hecate triumphs in full possession
of Medea's heart as she cries—

"Why longer tarry we to win
Our crown of dire inextinguishable sin? . . .
Onward to the thin-drawn line
Where life turns agony."

After this Medea is the goddess incarnate, the daughter
of the Sirens, and so nigh is she to them, as she departs
in the chariot drawn by dragons, she cries triumphantly to Jason—

"Call me what thing thou please,
Tigress or Skylla from the Tuscan seas.
My claws have gripped thy heart, and all things shine.
I am afraid there is no moral to this story.

REVIEWS.

Frederick Temple: an Appreciation. By Arch
deacon Sanford. (Macmillan. 46.)

The strongest man, as Ibsen says, is he who stands
most alone. Loneliness and strength were both char
acteristic of the late Primate. He might have im
pressed men more had there been less granite in his
composition. He founded no special school of disciples.
He was not a man of many friends—he attracted, but
he never police—and he cared not for friendship to
lessen individual responsibility. His own training had
taught him that it was best for a man to make his
own life. Hence the words spoken to a pupil in early
years were typical of Temple always, "My brother
will always be glad to see you, and he will mean you
to come; he will not invite you—it is not his way—but
you must come all the same; he will not like it if you
do not."

Not inaptly, the "Spectator" apostrophised him as the
"Hammer of the Lord": and the "Hammer" was
no respecter of persons. On one occasion at the Lam
beth Conference of 1897 a debate had dragged itself out
of its close, when a Bishop rose and said that he wished
to make one remark, which he felt sure would not pro
long the discussion. It turned out that his remark led to
a considerable consumption of valuable time. When
at length the Archbishop brought the debate to its
final close, he observed, "Bishop of ——, next time you
don't want others to talk, keep your own mouth shut!

Temple never allowed the mitre to swallow the man.
He had the rare gift of diagnosing his own faults as
well as those of his clergy. "The clergy," he writes,"are often unconsciously influenced by one side or the other
(of certain doctrines) presenting the shortest path
to the end (generally a very good end) which they have
in view. . . . They look at doctrine in a 'practical'
way, not what is the best doctrine to practise, but what
is the best to preach. I am not in the least afraid
that the clergy will be allowed to settle points of doc
trine. I am afraid that they would lessen their power:
lessen their power to teach by attempting to decreed . . .
I, who have struggled and must feel my strength and
my mind, detect its presence rather
more rapidly than you do." As to the future of ortho
dox doctrine, we find a forcible simile in the following
extract: "Petrification is worse as well as better than
Putrefaction, and the choice between them is not so
easy. Putrefaction is offensive; but petrifaction is
hopeless. The one which is the least pleasing to eye
and nostril at least contains the elements of new life;
the other can never hope for a higher destiny than the
specimens collector's museum." In the light of New
Theologies, it is interesting to find a future Archbishop
writing in 1897, "Our theology has been cast in the
scholastic mode, i.e., all based on Logic. We are in
need of, and we are being gradually forced into, a
theology based on psychology."

But Temple will be remembered as an educationalist
rather than as a theologian. While he was a Fellow of
Balliol, Matthew Arnold, on the day before his "Re
sponses" examination, decided to take Logic instead of
Euclid. Jowett, whom he consulted, said his only
chance was to go to Temple and see if the latter would
teach him in one day. Temple consented, and, start
ning about 9 a.m., talked continuously, allowing two
pauses of half an hour for meals, till past two o'clock
the next morning. Arnold took no notes, but lay back
in his chair with the tips of his fingers together, say
ing, from time to time, "What wonderful fellows they
were!" He answered every question. Rugby was the
great opportunity of Temple's life. To the devotion
shown him he responded by giving to the world all
that was in him. The school and the master reacted on
each other; deep answered unto deep. His interest in
education did not cease when he left Rugby for Exeter.
"It is not knowledge chiefly, but character
that England wants" was his plea. Nor did he shrink
in earlier years from freely criticising the denominational
system. Apart from the religious question, he had a
thorough grasp of educational machinery. "I went
into the Education Office just 48 years ago," he writes
in 1896, "and have kept up my acquaintance with all
that has been done since. And I know a good deal
more about the past of this matter (the Education
Question) than any other man now living."

As Bishop of London he never quite caught the popu
lar imagination. People did not "discover" him till he
went to Canterbury, and his grim features became
familiar through the caricatures of "F. C. G." But he
himself never changed; he stuck to his guns and
himself a man of absolute sincerity and dogged in
dividuality, perhaps he could not understand the infinite
variations of temperament and character which are to

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be found in the Anglican Church. But, whatever his failings, he will be counted not the least amongst his sons. It only remains to be said that Archdeacon Sandford's "Appreciation" is a useful handbook, for those who may not always have recourse to the "Memoirs," and contains a selection of the Archbishop's letters, which give the reader a fair idea of the man himself.

**Masterpieces in Colour.** Edited by T. Leman Hart. Velaquez. "Reynolds." By S. L. Bensusan. (T. C. & C. L. 1s., 6d. net.)

This new series of little books upon art should prove very popular, for never before has an attempt been made to give to the public colour reproductions of the pictures of great masters at so low a price. True, all the prints are not quite satisfactory; some are hard and disagreeable in colour—Reynolds's "Portrait of a Lady and Child," from the picture in the National Gallery, is one. The skilfulness of the reds and delicate rose-tints in "The Infanta Margarita" of the Prado is quite missed. And we could wish that "Las Meniñas," where the beauty depends so largely on the illusion of atmosphere, had not been attempted. But many of the reproductions are entirely admirable, in the "Reynolds," especially, the well-known "Age of Innocence," "Lord Heathfield," and the "Portrait of two Gentlemen." All the Velasquez pictures in the National Gallery, and in the "Velasquez," the "Portrait of Marianna of Austria," and the beautiful "Infante Prosper," from the pictures in the Prado and in the Vienna Gallery. The work has been carefully done, and the pictures, on the whole, have been well chosen. The books are clearly printed and tastefully bound; and they have a dainty character of their own. We congratulate both the editor and the publisher.

But when we have said this, we are afraid we have exhausted our praise. The texts of the books by Mr. S. L. Bensusan have the one main fault of little biography—fragmentiness. We flounder in and out among personalities and incidents and hear nothing of the painters' pictures. It would seem impossible to have written a book of nearly a hundred pages of Velasquez in which such pictures as the equestrian portraits of Philip IV. and Olivarez, the beautiful portraits of the Prado, and in the "Velasquez," the "Portrait of Marianna of Austria," and the beautiful "Infante Prosper," from the pictures in the Prado and in the Vienna Gallery, could have been passed over. The work is often inexcusably careless. But, after all, it is in the main sound and good; but not the "Infante Prosper," from the pictures in the Prado and in the Vienna Gallery. The work has been carefully done, and the pictures, on the whole, have been well chosen. The books are clearly printed and tastefully bound; and they have a dainty character of their own. We congratulate both the editor and the publisher.

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labour-power. In the last
continually
in the commodity as a
value being
labour, itself figures as a commodity, possessing both
use-value and exchange-value; its ultimate ratio of
interest. It is curious that even in the case of such important
sections in Marx's logical pages how a capitalist by
putting a certain sum into society (which is all that industry amounts to) receives back a larger
sum than he puts in. This surplus, also, being put into commodity-circulation, acts in like manner as the
original capital; the workers remaining part of the
society by means of which the miracle is effected. As
this process is in operation simultaneously all over the
world, receiving an increased momentum through every
capitalist improvement in machinery, it requires no prophet
to foretell its ultimate result. Before that consumma-
that Marx's final message will be taken to
heart by those whom it most concerns: Workers of all
nations, unite!

The Scoundrel. By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards.
London, 1907.)

Who the scoundrel was, how and why he became a scoundrel,
and what, being a scoundrel, he did, may not be
involved here. Philosophy is beginning in these
days, 300 pages of pestering prose, whether relating
to a scoundrel or not, are a gift to be cherished.
With good prose. One of its distinguishing features is
overwrought vitality, and we are not far from the secret
of the charm of this book. 
Mr. Oldmeadow entitles his
book a romance, and such it is, but there is a strong
overwhelming vitality, and we are not far from the secret
of the charm of this book. Mr. Oldmeadow entitles his
book a romance, and such it is, but the main point of the
story is not in the events but in the characters. 
There is a certain fascination in tracing through the
medium of Mr. Hyndman's excellent book, which contains all that need be known for the purposes
of Socialist propaganda. As a matter of fact, we all
know that surplus value is produced, as such important
figures as Lord Alnwick and Mr. Andrew Carnegie
bear witness; and Marx's disputes with Rodbertus.
 mocked Ricardo, and Adam Smith as to the exact theory and
generation of surplus value possessing now only an academic
interest. It is curious that even in the case of such
a hard-headed reasoner as Marx there should be visible
throughout his arguments a subtle vein of metaphysics.
Thence, there is no such thing as labour power, but only
an entity possessing social necessary abstract labour
power. The wage-laborer lives only by the sale of
this labour-power, the preservation of which (equivalent to
the consumption of the labourer) is the necessary
regulation of a daily consumption. It is not labour which has any
value, or which is bought and sold as a commodity, but
labour-power. In the last resort, in the world-market of
capitalism, is the process of labour-power, or capacity
to labour, itself figures as a commodity, possessing both
use-value and exchange-value; its ultimate ratio of
value being finally determined by the labour embodied
in the total product. Under a monopolistic capitalist system of production, this labour-
power continually produces an excess of the commodity

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Beyond Good and Evil: Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Helen Zimmern. (Foulis, 5s 6d.)

The Modern Nationalist: An International Parliament. (Watts and Co.)

The Bible in School. By J. Allanson Picton. (Watts and Co., 6d.)

Asiatic Studies. By Sir Alfred C. Lyall. (Watts and Co., 3s 6d.)

Frederick Temple, An Appreciation. (Macmillan.)

The Scoundrels. By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards, 6s 6d.)

The Breaking Point: A Play. By Edward Garnett. (Duckworth, 3s 6d.)

Essays and Addresses. By J. H. Bridges, M.D. (Chapman and Hall, 12s 6d.)

Memorials of Thomas Davidson. Edited by Thomas Knight. (Fisher Unwin, 7s 6d. net.)

Oscar Wilde, Art and Morality. By Stuart Mason. (J. Jacobs, 2s 6d. net.)


The Priory Council under the Tudors. By Lord Eustace Percy. (Simpkin Marshall, 2s 6d. net.)

Hidden Saints. By A. Harvey Gem, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 2s 6d.)

A History of Astronomy. By W. W. Bryant. (Methuen, 7s 6d. net.)

David Copperfield. "Tennyson's Poems." By Herbert W. Tompkins. (Clarendon Press, 10s 6d. net.)

"A Woman's Life," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. Alston Rivers. 3s 6d.

"Clover Doors." By the author of "A London Girl." (Alston Rivers. 3s 6d.)

"English Folk-Song: Some Conclusions," by C. J. Sharp. (Simpkin and Co. 3s 6d. net.)

The Attic Theatre. By A. E. Haigh. (Clarendon Press, 10s 6d.)

Pictures of the Socialistic Future. By Eugene Richter. Cheap translation. (Swan Sonnenschein. 1s. net.)

The Marble Spine. By St. John, Lucas. (Elkin Mathews and风雨." By H. S. Salt. (Fifield. 2s.)

Constable." By Herbert W. Tompkins. (Methuen. 2s 6d., net.)

The Gentle Art." By F. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 5s.)


"Ethics of Constructivism," By H. S. Salt. (Fifield. 1d.)

"On Peace and War." (T. Smith, Clacton-on-Sea, 2d.)

The Mollusc and the Angels.

If the procession of rumbling omnibuses would stop, and the church clock that keeps on chiming quarter-hours be silent a little while, and if all the people within a half-mile radius would be clean, well-housed, suitably employed and comfortably disposed for their Sunday holiday, and if my brain had been stimulated by a swift and easy journey here to where I am writing, and my eyes brightened by the sight of beautiful things, instead of having been stupefied by noise, filth, glare and misery jumbled together into an infernal porridge in a motor-bus varied by a sickening tube, then (no doubt) I should be able to write a blithesomely appreciative article on the latest drama I have seen. This, preliminarily, by way of getting into focus, for what is the significance of drama if it does not touch this outside mesh of world about us? Now, during this last week, I have seen three plays, "The Mollusc" at the Criterion, "As You Like It" at His Majesty's, and "The Devil's Discipline" at the Savoy, and as regards the first two I find myself up against a blank wall. The Mollusc is written in a parlour way, and the acting of Wyndham and Miss Moore is reasonably interesting, although I confess to wondering chiefly how Wyndham manages to keep so limber, but what the Dickens is it all about! What earthly or heavenly significance have the triumphs and futilities which it deals in got for us? You and I at the play to-day may grin at the jokes, and even, if our seats are comfortable enough, stay until the end of the performance, but what will be said of it in fifty or even in ten years' time? A beautiful thing remains beautiful however old it may be, so long as it keeps its essential characteristics. A rose to-day and a rose a thousand years hence has a beauty and significance which are beautiful now, but "The Mollusc" is not beautiful: it is a temporary expedient of the haphazard congeries of our town's societies for getting through an evening. Beyond this it has no significance, and its importance, therefore, is precisely that of a restaurant menu. It is certainly brightly written and smartly done, only it doesn't matter. With equal lack of interest I confront Mr. Asche's "As You Like It." "As You Like It" is beautiful, but what is a casual hour or so of fantastic beauty to the wayfarer jetisoned out of a mud-bespattering bus into His Majesty's Theatre? It might make a difference if one descended from a luxurious motor after dining at "Jules," but only a difference in the kind of sophistication. If you and I now did live in Arcadia and this play of Shakespeare's was our play for an hour or two some evening, then it would be sufficient, and even now we can take away from it enough suggestions of pleasantness to make it worth while going to see. And when we stand in Piccadilly Circus, and the world dissolves around us into an incoherent dream of cabs, buses, jostling men and women, glaring lights and noises, everything rushing as if driven by some nightmare convulsion of the nerves, then the nonsense of Orlando and Rosalind may wake us up for a minute. But to anyone who is not deaf, blind, maimed, or minus their sense of touch, no art can be beautiful now that is not at least touched by revolution, or which does not transcend our ordinary lives altogether. I do not, indeed, perceive how there can be great art at the present day which does not attempt to smash the present world. To mirror the present world is to mirror pettiness; we are levelled down to the consequences of profit and loss. To write plays about the present world without insulting the present world is to offer up incense to the money-changers who are its gods. At the Savoy one gets this touch of revolution in "The Devil's Discipline." The idea of a man sworn to the religion of the devil may be as melodramatic as you please, the expedients (Dick Dudgen's comforting the orphan Base) for showing the hero's inherent goodness as hackneyed as you please, but it is useful because it lets in upon us the ideas of the real human world, the revolutionistic constructive ideas which are the essence of the value of life. The matter

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of what Darwin called correlative variation also comes in. Cats which vary from the normal so as to be pure white, are also deaf. These seemingly unconnected things hang together. In the same way, the markedly apparently unconnected mental qualities go with one another. The writers of "Mollusc"-like plays are in touch with a world of small-social pretences, insincerities, and cowardices; they cannot deal with beauty, propriety, and kindlinesses, and in the expression of his idea he has a conventional wish, as on the ample scales of his greater knowledge. His people are spontaneously more real than the most persistent Molluscer could ever hope to create by years of effort. The Revolutionary mind is a variation from the usual which goes with keener senses and finer perceptions, and hence in the world of drama it is the type of mind which will produce the great art of the future. Plays must be touched with revolution, not because of the value of this or that proposal for bettering our social lives, not even because of the interest of this or that problem discussed, but because only in the revolutionary mind is that observation of life and that conception of life possible which creates new life and new beauty.

L. HADEN GUEST.

ART.

Lady Godiva.

Pictures in England always seem to be painted from the point of view of the Royal Academy: their aim, to work up the conception of the upper and middle class house-holders, who visit its exhibitions. The great thing is to shout enough to gain notice for an extra minute. Yet, at the same time, no more in our pictures than in our commercial trades, can we tolerate strong representations of suffering or of joy, lest such people should be made uncomfortable. For the same reasons that the Censor condemns "The Breaking Point," and tolerates such plays as "The Spring Chicken" and "The Giddy Goat," we ask for pictures that make no demand upon the intellect, no appeal to any emotion deeper than a little cheap sentiment. Thus the painter who would please "the man in the street"—that is, his British public (and, let it be remembered, the artist is but a tradesman who to live has to supply the wants of his customers)—stands between Scylla and Charybdis. He must capture tired attention, and this he must do within the trivial conventions of middle-class ideals. There is, perhaps, no artist in England who would dare to tell us pictorially the truth about the old legend of Lady Godiva; in the way for instance, that the Renaissance masters told their generation the truth about their legends: If there is, it is not the Hon. John Collier. He is at the head of the matter-of-fact class of British painters. The great qualities of his work are keenness of sight and certainty and accuracy of hand, to which must be added a uniform sense of colour, though hardly of sufficient delicacy to be called good. He is above all our painters the clever official, true at the same time to the commercial and artistic spirit of his age. Look at which of his pictures you will and you will find the same amount of accomplished understanding of the needs of his public. For some time past he has arrested the attention of Academy pronunciators—by dramas taken from the "Sins of Society"—a most popular theme. (Father Bernard Vaughan's sermons have passed already through ten editions!) This year he throws his soul into a new, vivid, and picturesque subject—a subject whose propriety and popularity are unquestioned since a musical-hall artist triumphed in a successful and much-talked-of Pageant. He has interpreted fashionable ideas, and now a beautiful legend for modern Cockneys. But he has carefully escaped offending any of his characters and scenes with more than a superficial vitality, and more than a conventional interest. Yet wait! I am doing "The Lady Godiva" exhibited at the Modern Gallery, 61, New Bond Street, less than justice. In it beauty of idea is attempted, and to some extent realised... The slender, nude figure, slightly covered with the red-brown flowing hair, is finely drawn and beautifully-painted, and, moreover, it is absolutely pure in sentiment. There is no hint of "clothes taken off"; its suggestion could make no appeal even to the distorted prudery of the Coventry Town Councillors!

Imagines a beautiful figure in a beautiful scene. Lady Godiva rides a grey-white horse, which she holds with a red-embroidered bridle; her saddle is red and blue. In the background are grey-brown buildings. The time is morning, and the light in the street is blue and a little hazy; the effect is harmonious in its subtle key of colour. But to me the whole scene seemed to be arranged after a sort of recipe for picturesque ness. It is in an unconscious falseness to the twentieth century that the old English legend is interpreted. I feel inclined to deny to the Hon. John Collier any imagination. Why? Because he has all the materials of a picture here without the vitifying spirit that would make "the dead bones live."

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MR. WELLS AND SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I read with much interest the letter which you published last week from Mr. Wells, showing how people, who misrepresent his views on the family may be given the lie. But I hope that Socialists will not be thereby induced to adopt in general the line of defence which he suggests. To do so involves an admission that we hold ourselves responsible for every view expressed by a fellow Socialist; and if we once adopt that attitude we shall find ourselves in such difficulties as will drive us to devise a wholesale scheme of muzzling or excommunication.

Suppose, for example, that I am giving a propagandist address, and someone in the audience gets up and accuses Socialists of advocating free love on the strength of some misquotations from Mr. Wells' writings. And suppose I bring the misquotation home and confound the objector in the way which Mr. Wells suggests. I have scored an apparent debating point, it is true, but at the same time I have placed myself in a very weak position in case the objector should proceed to quote Debcl at me in the same connection. Obviously, I cannot adopt the same line of defence with him. And suppose further that my opponent continues by accusing Socialists of Atheism on the strength of certain Classton publications. In that case I should have to attempt to show that anyone who reads between the lines can see in that his heart of hearts he believes in Jehovah—a task for a cleverer dialectician than I. Of course, I might repel him altogether, but that as Mr. Wells points out, would be the silliest possible course.

Cannot, sir, we cannot undertake to defend the statement of all the literary free lances who write in the name of Socialism, and surely, therefore, it was never to achieve anything but have it tacitly or otherwise, that we are in any way called upon to do so.

I submit that the best and only sound way of dealing with the charges of free love and atheism and so on is to point out that no accredited Socialist body in this country proposes the legal abolition either of monogamy or of God, and that these things have no more to do with Socialism than Mr. John Morley's scepticism with Liberalism, or Mr. Balfour's atheism with fundamentalism. Socialism is what Socialists are. If you are a Christian and come into the movement, Socialism will become by so much the more a Christian movement.

Finally, sirs, I add that, while I think it highly important for the sake of our individual freedom that we should adopt this attitude of non-responsibility, yet, having once made it, we undoubtedly have further duty to defend fellow Socialists when we find them as grossly misrepresented as Mr. Wells has been. But let it be understood that the kind in a debate of Mr. Wells personally, and not of Socialism.

* * *

CLIFFORD SHARP.

HEDDA GABLER.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is evident that Ibsen’s Hedda Gabler must have been a woman of infinite variety, for just as the interpretations of Duse and of Elizabeth Robins failed to convince Miss Farr in her estimate of the character, Miss Farr writes of Florence Farr, so do I find myself in disagreement with Miss Farr. She speaks of Lövborg’s “great book,” I don’t believe in that “great book.” We have only the author’s word for it—and that, and of what value is that’s opinion? Great works don’t come from Lövborg—we get fastidious verse, perhaps, dainty writing, the ephemeral, the spiritual, and the precious—but not the permanent or the great.

If I have seemed to disagree with Miss Farr’s diagnosis, I do so with profound respect for the suggestive and stimulating qualities I always find in her work.

* * *

LOUISE SALOM.

THE CENSORSHIP.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

No doubt the present Censorship of Plays is absurd; but in the event of its abolition I do not believe in that “great book”. If I have seemed to disagree with Miss Farr’s devotion to the unbalanced Hedda—this would be the silliest possible course. Clearly, we cannot undertake to defend all the statements of the literary free lances who write in the name of Socialism, and surely, therefore, it was never to achieve anything but have it tacitly or otherwise, that we are in any way called upon to do so.

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CLIFFORD SHARP.
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