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THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by A. R. Orage and Holbrook Jackson


[Editorial note: As a Newspaper] One Penny

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Following on the monster meeting in the Albert Hall two Sundays ago, the negotiations between Mr. Lloyd-George acting on behalf, as it appears, of the Cabinet, and the Railway Directors and Mr. Bell, resulted on Wednesday night in the publication of the terms of agreement which had been accepted by all three parties to the dispute. Of the three parties involved we have no hesitation in saying that the railwaymen have come off worst, the Government and Mr. Lloyd-George next worst, and the Directors best of all. As devotees of hollow phrases, the Liberals are delighted with so high-sounding a substitute for recognition as Conciliation; the British public knows nothing whatever about the matters under dispute and is glad enough to have peace with or without honour; the Railway Directors have saved their face by a clever device in which Mr. Lloyd-George has unwittingly been their tool; and finally Mr. Bell, with a positive passion for moderation which has made him immoderately moderate, sacks consolation out of the fact that though all he fought for has been lost, he still lives to fight another day.

So impotent and futile a conclusion after the breathings and threatenings of war is all the more deplorable because Mr. Lloyd-George acting on behalf, as it appears, of the Cabinet, and the Railway Directors and Mr. Bell, resulted on Wednesday night in the publication of the terms of agreement which had been accepted by all three parties to the dispute. Of the three parties involved we have no hesitation in saying that the railwaymen have come off worst, the Government and Mr. Lloyd-George next worst, and the Directors best of all. As devotees of hollow phrases, the Liberals are delighted with so high-sounding a substitute for recognition as Conciliation; the British public knows nothing whatever about the matters under dispute and is glad enough to have peace with or without honour; the Railway Directors have saved their face by a clever device in which Mr. Lloyd-George has unwittingly been their tool; and finally Mr. Bell, with a positive passion for moderation which has made him immoderately moderate, sacks consolation out of the fact that though all he fought for has been lost, he still lives to fight another day.

What is the one argument in favour of the recognition of the Union? Simply this, that the interests of the men of various grades are one, and require concerted action for their preservation. Under the existing system, as Mr. Bell has complained over and over again, one grade has been benefited at the expense of another grade solely because no one was present at the interviews to represent the whole service. The stokers, for example, might petition to have their wages raised, only to discover afterwards that higher wages for them meant lower wages for another set of men. It was to prevent this robbing of Peter to pay Paul that the Association was mainly formed, and has rightly demanded recognition as an Association. Yet most careful reading of the agreement fails to discover that this particular concession has been made. It is true that there is a hierarchy of appeals open now to the men, but the ladder must be climbed by each grade singly; and there is absolutely nothing to prevent one grade from being pushed down while another is climbing up.

Mr. Lloyd-George must have been aware of this. He must have known that the peace he offered the men was a peace not worth the taking. But he also knew that the men's refusal of any terms whatever would put them wrong with the public and therefore ruin their cause. He preferred peace on the Directors' terms to peace on the men's terms; and he has been astute enough to have his way. We venture to say that Mr. Lloyd-George has lost more than he has gained in reputation as well as in fact by this contemptible surrender of the game just when he held all the trump cards.

Of Mr. Bell we need not say much. His flapdoodle about the king on the very night of the agreement was and enough to listen to. At the Hotel Cecil he is reported to have said: "He was not one who believed that they could exterminate capital and capitalism. He believed that the only way working harmoniously together could capital and labour accomplish the best results." The Trade Union leader who in the twentieth century can believe that is a ludicrous anachronism.

Before the recent railway crisis passes into history and is forgotten we should like to emphasise one aspect of it which, so far as we know, has generally been completely ignored. Speaking with his usual sagacity Mr. Sidney Webb said that it was nothing short of a national scandal that thousands of workers serving the community should be in receipt of less than a pound a week in wages, and if the men had not asked for better pay themselves it would have been the duty of other people to ask for them on behalf of the community. That is the true Imperial note. We shall never really deserve the name of a nation until every individual feels himself personally responsible for such preventible evils as sweating, over-crowding, and excessive hours of labour.

As to these on the railway system Mr. Bell's figures are enough, we should suppose, to convince anybody of the Imperial failure of private enterprise on a national scale. Here are tables of wages and hours wages for them meant lower wages for another set of men. It was to prevent this robbing of Peter to pay Paul that the Association was mainly formed, and has rightly demanded recognition as an Association. Yet most careful reading of the agreement fails to discover that this particular concession has been made. It is true that there is a hierarchy of appeals open now to the men, but the ladder must be climbed by each grade singly; and there is absolutely nothing to prevent one grade from being pushed down while another is climbing up.

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fективный опыт таможенных пошлин, где товары из-за границы достаточно высоко оцениваются, и товары, произведенные в стране, имеют более низкую стоимость. Так, например, в Австралии, где производство и продажа товаров регулируется государством, разница в цене между импортными и местными товарами может быть значительной. Итак, целью таможенной политики является защита местного производства и потребителей от импортных товаров, чтобы поддерживать социальное и экономическое благополучие страны.

В заключение хотелось бы сказать, что таможенная политика играет важную роль в экономике любой страны, и ее правильное применение может способствовать устойчивому экономическому росту и социальной стабильности. Вместе с тем, необходимо учитывать интересы как внутренних производителей, так и потребителей, а также учитывать международные аспекты, чтобы обеспечить баланс интересов всех сторон.

Таким образом, таможенная политика — это сложный и многогранный вопрос, который требует тщательного анализа и принятия справедливых решений. Важно учитывать все аспекты, чтобы обеспечить успех такой политики и получить нужные результаты для общества.
to himself and to the best interests of New York, for it means the re-intrenchment of Tammany. He has now fought independently, associated with Tammany, and allied with the Republicans against Tammany, and on each occasion his defeat has been more decisive. The present occasion has been heightened in its interest for English people by the fact that Mr. Hearst returned to The Times after preceding by the tail of the British lion with a view to securing the Irish and German vote in America. In a letter to the London "Times" on the eve of the party, he said: "...The deeds of England have always been detrimental to this country (the United States), and the intelligent citizens of this nation know that England would be as ready to encourage Orientals to make war on this country to-day as she was to incite the Indians to murder... in the days of our struggle for Independence." The importance of the general result of the elections lies in their indication of the renewal of Herr von Holstein's Independents' movement. The strength of which it was feared might have enabled him with the aid of a slaved tactical move, to force himself on the Democratic Convention next year as the successor of the President, by threatening to run independently if he were rejected, and so ruin Democratic prospects. As things are these may possibly be enhanced by the preference some of the great financiers would feel for a Democratic President, supported by a Republican Senator, as compared with a Republican backed by Congress.

The economic situation in the United States remains as difficult as ever. Although the influx of gold from Europe, with its consequent effects on the European bank-rates, has eased the panic in New York, wages in the great industrial centres are being paid by clearing-house cheques (not payable at sight), workmen are being dismissed wholesale, and orders for raw material are not being given. The proposal to call an intermediate Session of Congress to legislate on the methods of "high finance," which have contributed to the present crisis, has fallen through owing to the extreme difficulty of acting hurriedly in an affair possessing such wide ramifications. Mr. Maurice Low, writing to the "Morning Post," attributes the trouble to the old causes far more than to any special local ones. It is the tactics of the real-estate promoter and the mine speculator, and the fictitious raising of railway dividend coupons by encouraging a vogue in the purchase of bonds in their shares, which produces eventually and inevitably a collapse when holders and investors alike realise that the culmination point has been reached. It is these people who, in Mr. Lloyd-George's phraseology, have caused the trouble which unhappily must affect, and indeed is already affecting, the European labour market.

As Mr. Blatchford pertinently remarks, when the next depression comes, to what end Mr. Lloyd-George attributes it now that he has no war to fall back upon? The French Yellow-book on the subject of Morocco, distributed to members of the Chamber on Thursday last, contains further evidences of German hostility to France in the matter of the terms of the Algeciras Convention, and of the muddled care with which the French Government has endeavoured to keep within the sphere allotted to it by that agreement. It would also seem that the anti-European sentiment in Morocco, of which the murder of Dr. Mauchamp last April was one of the fruits, was in that particular instance fomented by the jealousy felt by the German Consular Agent towards the French scientific mission. Lately the German pin-pricks have ceased, but perhaps the most important consequence of the recent defeat of the Eulenburg camarilla will prove to be the resumption of his old influence by Herr von Holstein, whose policy of irritating France the camarilla opposed. And with success, for a secure national policy and substituted its conciliatory methods for the Bismarckian tradition pursued by Holstein. The result of the Harden-Moltke case may conceivably be the restoration of the Holstein influence. In the event of a failure to the present, the English Foreign Office having abandoned laissez-faire completely, the old German tactics of divide et impera are no longer applicable.

We imagine that the same motives which resulted in the Anglo-French understandings with Russia, will continue to influence us in our foreign policy.
A Call to Arms.

**November 14, 1907**

Even as we write the Conservative Party are deliberating with their generals their future plan of campaign. A decisive and unexpected defeat may compel them to leave behind it a sense of unreality and lassitude. It is not for us either to taunt the Conservatives with their misfortunes or to assume the superior rôle of advisers; but there are certain features of the situation so novel and piquant that we cannot altogether pass them over.

The difficulties confronting the Conservatives seem to us so less insuperable than those that threaten the Labour Party, when suddenly called upon to bear the burden of two ideas simultaneously. To be sure, if (as they are bound to be) the intellectual outlook never does; and we confess to methods sometimes disappoint us a little, but their strategy in forcing so prominently to the front the Conservative Party will be controlled by Mr. Balfour that the Conservatives are making a mistake in we reckon ourselves) with such uncomfortable feelings whole lump. That is why his annual performances before the same intellectual objections, it is equally satisfactory reason that since the adherence to any party involves the same quality in a politician, the gift of detachment. His objectivity is such that he is able to look at all the difficulties confronting the Conservatives seem to us so insignificant. If a rumour slipped out that every private trading company conducted by Sir Thomas Lipton, with us, and as resolutions they are all excellent and persuasive; but the Conservative Party, from past experience, know very well that if there had been any potential virtue in resolutions, both the House of Lords and the Establishment Court would have ceased to exist years ago. They are labouring under the further disadvantage, of which they are continually accusing us, that their policy is chimerical and unattainable. They are committed to measures of social reform such as Old Age Pensions, and they must raise the necessary funds without laying the burden upon anybody in particular. If they propose to tax commodities, they must either benefit or not with taxing or not, and they will thus be under the unpleasant necessity of evading the operations of the economic Law of Rent. Everything will depend upon the attitude of Mr. Balfour, and whether his attitude will be nobody can say except that it cannot please all sections.

Mr. Balfour is without doubt the most interesting personality in public life. He possesses in a greater measure than any other public man, the most valuable of all qualities in a politician, the gift of detachment. His objectivity is such that he is able to look at all questions through the lumen siccum of intellect alone. This is the real explanation of his supposed hesitancy and inconsistency. We are doing him no injustice by saying that he could argue equally ably both for and against any policy that is at present agitating the public mind. He could even persuade us with unsurpassable objections against existence itself. If he were a Liberal he would brilliantly expose Conservatism as the petrified mummy it is. If he were a Socialist, he would lift the heads of Liberals and Conservatives together with infinite relish. He remains a Conservative partly from family tradition, but chiefly, we imagine, for the reason that since the adherence to any party involves the same intellectual objections, it is equally satisfactory and much less troublesome to remain as he is. Goldsmith's playful rebus to Burke that he was surrendering to party gifts that were intended for mankind in general applies with special force in the case of Mr. Balfour. That is why his annual performances before the Primrose League fill his admirers (among whom we reckon ourselves) with such uncomfortable feelings of recantation. In a word, the Conservatives do not deserve Mr. Balfour, and even he cannot leave the whole lump. So long as he retains the leadership, therefore, the disintegrating forces at work in the Conservative Party will be controlled by Mr. Balfour's superior tactics.

It is no concern of ours, but we cannot help thinking that the Conservatives are making a mistake in stating without even to the question of Socialism. For a gentlemanly party, their methods sometimes disappoint us a little, but their intellectual outlook never does; and we confess to being staggered by their great wealth and the ile will fare when suddenly called upon to bear the burden of two ideas simultaneously. To be sure, if (as they are bound to do) they confound in their minds Liberalism with Socialism, instead of the reverse, it will not be more unpleasant for us, and perfectly disastrous for the Liberals; yet at the same time the destruction of the Liberal Party would eventually favour us rather than themselves. However, that is their affair. Seeing that we cannot possibly count on anything, we intend to watch the humorous spectacle of our opponents opposing both each other and us for the same reasons.

Nothing, therefore, could be more congenial to our purposes than our opponents' shade of politics to openly expound their policies. One kind of competition we fervently believe in, and that is the competition of ideas. Liberals and Conservatives must be equally sensible if we decline in their acceptance for social reform until their measures are actually before us. Our ideas are perfectly well known, and our methods of realising them, whether immoral, preda- tory, or whatever else, are at least intelligible and practical. We intend gradually to nationalise economic rent; in other words, we propose to tax the owners of unearned incomes to consolidate a fund which we intend to apply for the benefit of the most necessitous in the nation, such as the aged poor, etc. Our opponents are also pledged to measures of social reform which will cost large sums of money; and we are curious to know, and we have a perfect right to be told, where the necessary funds are to be forthcoming. To this question must be applied whatever constructive statesmanship there may be in the Conservative and Liberal Parties.

The Railway Problem.

By what may pass for a miracle in these sceptical days we have been spared a Railway War. The unaccustomed powers (I express no views as to their position), ably represented by Mr. Lloyd-Goodge, have intervened. The Directors have shaken hands with Mr. Bell on the doorstep of the Board of Trade; there were mutual avowals of eternal peace, slightly qualified by a time limit of six years; and the stocks and shares expressed their pleasure in the only way open to unemotional documents. Every editor, with the Dominator's buy at his elbow, was described the total result as a "Settlement." It is altogether a loose use of that word; and if editors will insist on writing hastily, someone else must think at leisure. I pass over the supreme madness of a "settlement," which leaves the organisation of transit, the key to our national trade, in the hands of persons whose first object is the earning of dividends. Imagine the horror of the utilitarian Socialist when he remembers that his reckless fellows, fellow-countrymen are content to allow the railways to be managed by the whims and fancies of Lord Claude Hamilton, even when assisted by the more statesmanlike wisdom of Mr. Bell; a condition not one whit less insane than it would be to leave the whole railway organisation to the whim and fancy of Lord Claude Hamilton, even when assisted by the more statesmanlike wisdom of Mr. Bell; a condition not one whit less insane than it would be to leave the railways to lie in bed until Mr. Haldane promised them decent trade union wages, it might pass as a frivolous episode when compared with the dangers of a railway strike.

But the matter immediately in hand is to find a way of bringing the wages and hours of the railway workers nearer the standard of civilised living. Twenty-three millions a week and twelve hours a day are the problems of conciliation boards and arbitrators to settle the question of wages and hours. The railway workers are to apply for the benefit of the most necessitous in the case of Mr. Balfour. That is why his annual performances before the Primrose League fill his admirers (among whom we reckon ourselves) with such uncomfortable feelings of recantation. In a word, the Conservatives do not deserve Mr. Balfour, and even he cannot leave the whole lump. So long as he retains the leadership, therefore, the disintegrating forces at work in the Conservative Party will be controlled by Mr. Balfour's superior tactics.

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The Moltke-Harden Case.

This recent trial of a prominent Berlin journalist on the charge of libelling a distinguished functionary of the Prussian Court showed the importance of the charge in international law where there is more interest than usually belonged to scandals in high places.

It is true that the issues of the case were singularly confused, more especially for the German public, by the absence of the medical and scientific evidence which in other cases would have been gained by an incoherent body of men who only meet at the Court of Prussia. But, in a world which is hungry for news, the case was a triumph for the political aims of Socialism from every side, and we must distinguish between the runners.

Is Mr. Lloyd-George's Conciliation Board the quickest way to our goal?

Just consider a few points. If there is one gospel which we Socialists must preach above all others, it is that the workers must be a solid mass before their enemies. Under this proposed system, not only will the railway men struggle in isolation from other trades, but they will be provided with innumerable groups, drivers, signalmen, plate layers, and so on: each group fighting a guerilla warfare for its existence. Redress must be gained by group, company by company. An independent Labour candidate at Hull. He has been accepted, and within a few days will be seen the somewhat dramatic spectacle of the railway workers at open meetings. Is Mr. Lloyd's organisation the best way to our goal?

There seems little ground for congratulating the railway men on their settlement. It leaves them almost exactly where they were before; face to face with their masters in an arbitration which is not even legally binding. The arbitration which is not even legally binding is sufficiently clear and sufficiently significant in Germany than they are in England, where—however carefully our modesty or our hypocrisy may seek concealment—exactly the same problems exist. The special importance of the Moltke-Harden case is that it publicly presents these problems not merely among persons of higher social position than is usual, but in a more precise and intelligible form. This aspect of the case will no doubt be still more accentuated when it is tried over again, but in a more precise and intelligible form. This aspect of the case will no doubt be still more accentuated when it is tried over again. ThePP. 384, however, our modesty or our hypocrisy may seek concealment—exactly the same problems exist. The special importance of the Moltke-Harden case is that it publicly presents these problems not merely among persons of higher social position than is usual, but in a more precise and intelligible form. This aspect of the case will no doubt be still more accentuated when it is tried over again. ThePP. 384, however, our modesty or our hypocrisy may seek concealment—exactly the same problems exist. The special importance of the Moltke-Harden case is that it publicly presents these problems not merely among persons of higher social position than is usual, but in a more precise and intelligible form.

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There are certainly many students of sexual inversion who would prefer to state the matter in a distinctly more guarded and qualified way. Still, it has to be recognised that there have been the statements of a new, and, of this particular question than any other medical expert; and as editor for the past ten years of the "Jahrbuch der Sexuelle Zwischenstufen," he has placed before the world the largest and most comprehensive body of scientific material bearing on this abnormality which is to be found in any language. It is a significant fact of the Moltke-Harden trial that the Court practically accepted Dr. Hirschfeld's contention, and declared that Count Moltke was an abnormal person, although he had not been proved guilty of any offence against the law—a law, it must be noted, almost as severe and comprehensive as our English law.

We are, indeed, faced in England by exactly the same difficult problem in all its manifestations. In both countries alike it is estimated that the proportion of male homosexuals in the population is from one to five per cent., varying with occupation and environment. This abnormality is found in all social classes and among persons of all degrees of culture; genius is no protection against it, nor yet is imbecility. It is at least as common among women as among men, though, strangely enough, whatever actions it may give rise to, it is not in women regarded as a crime in England, nor, in any other country except Hungary.

It is an instinct that within certain limits may be developed or restrained, but in the main it is inherent, and as important in its invasions as colour blindness or any other similar abnormality. To some extent this fact is becoming recognised in European legal codes. In France, where, almost up to the Revolution, the sexual invert was devoted to the flames, the Code Napoleon introduced a new state of things, in which homosexual attraction for se was not regarded as coming under the ban of the law. Since then Italy, Belgium, and Holland have followed in the path of France. In all these countries, it is scarcely necessary to say, the law protects the young and safeguards public decency, but adults are left to accept the moral recognisances of their own actions in so far as these actions do not injure the community. Sexual abnormality, though untouched by the law, is by no means unusually prevalent in these countries. It is, indeed, considerably conspicuous in France and Belgium, and less conspicuous in Germany, where an active propaganda is maintained by and for the sake of this abnormal section of the community. In France it is not possible—as it has been found possible in England—for a vicious sexually abnormal man to receive the sanctifying halo of martyrdom without in moral character standing a single degree higher than the large body of his fellow-countrymen who are vicious in more conventionally normal ways.

It has been well said that there are few laws so futile as those that profess to seek out and punish acts—normal or abnormal—done in secret, and by mutual consent, between adult persons. There are also a few laws more unjust when the acts thus branded by law are the natural outcome of inborn disposition, and not directly injurious to the community at large. The Moltke-Harden case brings these considerations clearly before us afresh, and compels us to ask ourselves whether it would not be possible to amend our laws in the direction not only of social purity and sincerity, but of reason and humanity. 

**Havelock Ellis.**

Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. Chapter I.

III.

First, as regards the French Revolution.

The motto: Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity was about as good a battle-cry as any army of oppressed people going into action against the forces of merciless tyranny and unrighteous privilege could hope to raise. It was used to appeal to friends of freedom all over the world. Moreover, the avowed objects for which the people fought were unassailably just and right. The scandal of that foul regime, which touched its nadir of shame under the sovereignty of Louis XVI.—Louis the Well-Beloved!—had stank in the nostrils of even the most corrupt Courts of Europe for the greater part, at least, of the fifty-nine years of his nominal reign. His death and the accession of Louis XVI. as a mere lad of twenty had come only just in the nick of time to save the rotten French Government from immediate overthrow. But even so, the signal for its doom had been given, and its appointed hour could only be postponed a few years longer. The fiscal acrobatics of the cynical Calonne, who sought to quench the fires of universal discontent with oil, and promulgated a policy that would have been enshrined in the hearts of the vast majority of the British people which finds its apt and concrete expression at the waxworks show in the Marylebone Road, was an image. Imagine, if one did not know better than to heap current and blurred verdicts, that Marat and Robespierre were little removed from homicidal maniacs.

For the fact stands that the truth concerning the causes of the French Revolution are even yet only emerging slowly from the thick clouds of misrepresentation and misunderstanding in which they began to be shrouded before the First Year of the Republic was officially announced: clouds that ascended unto heaven out of the smoke and dust of the Reign of Terror, and are not entirely dissipated to this day. Consider how, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, popular opinion regards the names of some of the best-known leaders of the Revolution: such men as Marat and Robespierre is a protean chamber of horrors reserved for these patriots, whose mocking prophecies had been disregarded, their mocking leopards, leaped at their throats and dragged them down and worried them, with enanthropized jaws, as a dog worries its dead prey. That was the People’s fault, which is still unheeded against them. But the provocation that stood as the justification of their rage and cruelty, that excuses the worst of their excesses, is forgotten or ignored or smothered over or disregarded.

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been taken to heart instead of its horrors; if the fair French Revolution was one of the worst things that has ever happened to the cause of Socialism. But it that amazing epoch, I am inclined to think that the might have been one of the best... if its lessons had thought and uttered and written upon the subject of this:

Effect—hardly calculable, indefinite, but indisputable—for seventy or eighty years at least had their inevitable knew them.

Revolution in all its various phases and aspects as he contemporaries. Later on, when we come to consider from what points of view he regarded the French Revolution, its leaders, its causes, and its aims are facts only just beginning to connected with the French Revolution, its leaders, its

To their intimates, to those whose cause they had

many young men of that day changed their proper

mourned in him the friend and champion who had shed

poor whose blood and tears had gone to enrich the soil

open up for them their first prospect of liberty. Under Napoleon. And Robespierre was equally a among them, Murat, who afterwards occupied a throne

had slain a first bright light of hope upon their dreary path and opened it for the first prospect of liberty.

Many young men of that day changed their proper names for the name of the beloved dead demagogue: among them, Murat, who afterwards occupied a throne under Napoleon. Robespierre was equally favourite with the common people, who, it is no exaggeration to say, adored him as their saviour, and after his death at the instigation of treacherous false friends and deadly rivals, went far to cause his memory. To their intimates, to those whose cause they had espoused, to their personal friends and—best proof of all—to the members of their respective families, these two men (among others like them), whose names have been held in public abhorrence for a hundred years since, were inexpressibly dear. They were not merely

favourites, for they not only cared for but sought and prepared it for the revolutionary harvest who

was dead, with five, ripe, beautiful fruit still hanging to their exhausted stalks. And the Powers whispered to each other, "Let us cut off the dead branch and cry the fruit we eat with most relish." Perhaps the

was dead, with five, ripe, beautiful fruit still hanging to their exhausted stalks. And the Powers whispered to each other, "Let us cut off the dead branch and cry the fruit we eat with most relish." Perhaps the

But the verdict of that time, as of to-day, was and is in direct opposition to the verdict of Marat's contemporaries. The news of his assassination was received by his admirers with wild and bitter regret and sorrow, of sincere and profound grief. It was, he, and not the fair, devoted girl, whom the common people elected to hail as a hero and a martyr. It was the poet of the blood-soaked pen gone to earth the sad

angelic, half-daemonic splendour; to gleam for a

moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so sweet complete was she, through long centuries!... Confronted with her, Marat "croaks," "clutches" his tablets, writes "with bare

lions of his country, was not only born, but died

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beheld in public abhorrence for a hundred years since, were inexpressibly dear. They were not merely

bought, for the majority, and put the

thoughtless, or rather, those who have trained themselves

spoken, and noted down the psychic and physical symptoms of their patients? What is the greatest among us that he should say: "I know myself. I have found myself? We and all document, pets, and toys, and he who thinks himself wisest is the greatest fool.

"Know thyself,"—the everlasting riddle dangled before us all by the Principalities and Powers that they may laugh at our efforts and make merry on the fruit we bring forth.

Once in a dream I stood with those Principalities and Powers before the Tree of Life. One of the branches was dead, with five, ripe, beautiful fruit still hanging to their exhausted stalks. And the Powers whispered to each other, "Let us cut off the dead branch and cry the fruit we eat with most relish." Perhaps the

vision is cynical, but such it was, and it is a symbol of man's hope.

Poor little Nora Helmer goes out into the world full of hope; she is going to face facts for herself; she thinks that if she makes up her own mind about religion and facts she will be nearer the truth. She feels she must go outside the ready-made ideas of her husband and father—outside the region of unjust law—outside the region where abstract principles, such as justice and order, are called in to justify the majority, and put the thoughtless, or rather, those who have trained themselves to think for their own advantage, in an unassailable position of authority and trust. But the thing is that at the beginning of the play she knows and sees far more clearly than Helmer. She is as wise as Omar Khayyam, who was only second in wisdom to the author of Ecclesiastes. She sees that we are man-made, morals are man-made, convention—good taste, is man-made; and that the prestige which all of them have borrowed from religion and divine right is vanity of vanities. She sees man's cruel as the grave, exacting in retribution, shedding sunlight and punishment alike on the just and the unjust. But she thinks she will discover new secrets; she thinks there is some master-key to the mystery, and she desires liberty and loneliness that she may find.

Here, of course, she agrees with all the great sages of the world. One and all have declared that the first step in the degrees of wisdom is to fast in the wilder-
ness; to acquire some sense of our own instincts, our own tendencies, apart from the stimulus of attractions and repulsions. Even the least-loved member of a family cannot know himself until he has gone out from the world in which he was begotten. He can influence himself through hatred even more powerfully than we are influenced by love; because hatred is a cutting off, a concentration of malignity; and love is only a kind of excommunication by which our other tendencies, which act in every direction while hatred focuses itself in one direction. But Nora Helmer was loved by everyone, just as a pretty kitten is loved by everyone, and it is young and nous and full of little guiles and tricks to keep ugly things out of sight. It will never gobble up its food like a puppy; it is discreet and charming from the first, and does not require the whip to teach it good manners.

Every man has an impulse to act as the father to his beloved, just as every woman wants to pet her lover as if she were a mother cossetting a baby. I cannot see that Helmer is to be blamed for his attitude towards his wife; the only thing that one can say about him is that he is an intolerable prig. He is a man of principle, and it seems a very difficult thing for a man here enough to merit an appointment as bank-manager or business man, so that he is a prig is brought out in such an atmosphere of cheating and bribery that it is quite natural he should take a pride in a probity which in his private capacity would be a matter of conscience. We have never enough people who struggle to be good and do their duty. It seems such an absurd attitude—still, we must remember that society is a ladder, and those at the bottom who have set out to climb to the top have to cheer themselves after each toilsome step by a complacency which amuses those who have abandoned the social ladder in favour of the ladder of the intellect or the ladder of the emotions.

In all, in spite of Ibsen's special pleading for Nora, she has been mothering Helmer quite as much as he has been fathering her. She has deceived him for his good, and indulged his foolish prejudices against sweetmeats and his prudent prejudice against debt. He has deceived her into thinking him a very fine fellow, and perhaps with extreme rashness, I submit that the family was a particularly merry one under this system of mutual illusion, and it is possibly the only way to hope for merriment in family life. The husband and wife therefore form a partnership, and they have their own little conventions—a mutual illusion, and it is possibly the only way to hope for merriment in family life. We have never enough people who struggle to be good and do their duty. It seems such an absurd attitude—still, we must remember that society is a ladder, and those at the bottom who have set out to climb to the top have to cheer themselves after each toilsome step by a complacency which amuses those who have abandoned the social ladder in favour of the ladder of the intellect or the ladder of the emotions.

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Towards Socialism.

VII.

 Sacrifice to Society.

The ease with which people reconcile themselves to doing what they don't want to do always strikes me as a masterpiece of acquisition. Nothing in any other living creature is comparable to this magnificent but emphatically not warlike self-abnegation. The penalty of not doing what you like is so obvious as to be a sort of test of what you don't like that we rightly suspect the existence of some mystery in the means of restraint. Call it, if you please, conscience, fear, prudence, what you will; the fact remains that for some reason or another, quite nameless, reason, men not only do not do what they like, but they do not even try to do what they like.

Speaking now with absolutely no policy in my mind, and perhaps with extreme rashness, I submit that the one desire of each of us is nevertheless precisely to do as we like. Not to do as we like is so naturally odious that we give all sorts of flattering reasons for our failure. We, in fact, proceed immediately to demonstrate that in doing what we do not like we are really doing what we like: an argument that makes matchwood of our pretensions to self-discipline, and demonstrates finally our inveterate attachment to our own desires.

It is true, we may be pretty sure that any form of society that does not either frankly allow us to do what we please or in some way indemnify us with the pain of our desires, is doomed to perish amid a universal absence of human regret. I can conceive a society existing on a basis of individual volition broader and deeper than any of the Utopists (saving the Anarchists) have conceived: a society in which the precious thing would be desire: desire so precious, because desire is the impulse to life itself, that all sorts of tragedies would be tolerated for its sake. For a nation in which desire began to fail might profit enormously

appreciated the position and taken the place of the Almighty in her cosmos with the utmost complacency. But, after all, a bank-manager has his limitations, just as any other man has; and in spite of St. Paul's exhortation to do all things, it is quite natural he should take a pride in a probity which in his private capacity would be a matter of conscience. We have never enough people who struggle to be good and do their duty. It seems such an absurd attitude—still, we must remember that society is a ladder, and those at the bottom who have set out to climb to the top have to cheer themselves after each toilsome step by a complacency which amuses those who have abandoned the social ladder in favour of the ladder of the intellect or the ladder of the emotions.
by adopting customs which in robust ages would be licentious, customs which, in sum, involved a wholesale repudiation of duties, laws, and regulations of all descriptions.

Failing, however, a Rabelaisian world, the alternative and substitute is a society in which, when sacrifices are demanded, they are at the same time recognised as worth the making. Here, in fact, is the point at issue between Socialists and Anarchists on the one hand, and Socialists and non-Socialists on the other hand. The Anarchist demands the Rabelaisian world of complete individual freedom; obviously the very reverse of the present state of affairs in which every man is theoretically at least and in most of us practically the servant or slave of another. He demands no less than his complete spiritual rights here upon earth, the right to the indulgence of his whims and caprices, the right to the exercise of his will at any cost to the universe at large—a proper enough demand if we were not as fragile as glass and consequently most horribly afraid of each other.

But the Individualist of to-day (who, as I have shown in a former article, is exactly a real individual standing on his head) replies: "No, my Anarchist friend. You may do what you please only on condition that in so doing you destroy nobody else's power of pleasing themselves equally. Do what you like, by all means, only see that what you like is also liked by a majority of your fellows." This, however, is to introduce an in-calculable element into our personal satisfactions. Having no other guide than our own desires as to what we want or what we do not want, we perform, in accepting the caution of the Individualist, sacrifice some part of our personal liberty. Consequently we become slaves of another will than our own.

The worst of it is that the slavery of to-day is worth so little, and is indeed so ignominious, that the sacrifice of even our most destructive passions must necessarily be grudged. Writing. I hope, with due restraint, I plainly say that except for its promise and prospects I see nothing in existing society to justify its demands of self-sacrifice. I can understand sacrifice gladly offered on behalf of a nobler life, on behalf of ideas, on behalf of something beautiful before which the very thought of self fades into nothingness. But I cannot and will not acknowledge the right of ignoble life, stupidity, and ugliness to demand sacrifices on their behalf. Their fulfilment with the idea of self is the very ambition of selfishness in their beholders. It is impossible for us to make sacrifices for a society which does not know the meaning of sacrifice, or to offer ourselves as anything less than resisting victims on the bloody altar of our Lord and Saviour, Modern Man. Hence it is that selfishness abounds in the individual to-day, and rightly abounds. To be anything less than willful, rebellious, and revolutionary is the mark in modern society of people with insufficient imagination to hear the rattle of their own chains, or insight enough to discern the Beast that devours them.

Midway between the Anarchist and the Individualist stands the Socialist (not only politically, but psychologically within the mind of everyone). To the Individualist he says: "My misguided friend, don't you see that the society you have created is not worth a sacrifice? Earn your right to demand the sweat and lives of men by creating for them a civilisation that not merely promises, but bestows life. Only the State that gives life may demand life; only the State that gives life need make no demand, since life will always be given for life. Show men that your country must be died for as their beloved must be died for, because she is so surpassingly beautiful in their eyes that her glamour hides the terror of death. You will not need a hangman's rope to scare men then to lay down their lives. We need must love the highest when we see it."

Turning to the Anarchist, the Socialist says: "You, my friend, are right in our day and generation; but you will change when society has been changed. No man can expect you to lay down your spiritual rights for the bowels of dirt society now offers you. That you scorn society's offer is indeed your claim to virtue. But you, too, when the glamour of life is shining upon things will desire to sacrifice yourself, not as a martyr or as a bugler with Fate or Man for ounces of Salvation, but as an outpouring of your life for Life's greater life."

Yes, if a race is not dead or dying, for every Individualist there will be an Anarchist; and the lowest man in the State in which personal desire is poured out like wine in offering to the great lords of life. All other sacrifice than spontaneous, voluntary sacrifice is a degradation of man, degrading him that gives and him that takes. All other liberty than the liberty to lay one's liberty where one chooses is merely a mockery and a sham. The nation that forces service is unworthy of service: only the nation that commands service by the excellence of her institutions, the manifest justice of her public ways, and the beauty and purity of her life, deserves the sacrifices that men are so willing to make.

A. R. ORAGE.

(Fragments and Parables—I)

These are the songs of Zarathustra, which he sang to himself in order that he might endure his last loneliness.

(To be continued.)
Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

Abandoned Capital and Transported Capital.

We have now got clear on a cardinal point. It is possible to drive income out of the country; and so, as all Capital begins with human income, it is possible to get a stop to the application of fresh capital to British industry, and thereby reduce the country to stagnation.

What is more, the capital which has already been applied to our industry, though it cannot be carried away across the Channel in the Gladstone bags of our capitalists, can be abandoned by them. Abandoned capital is as common a spectacle in England as dead cities are in India. The ruins of a mill, the shaft of a disused mine, a pair of rotting lock-gates on a ditch full of weeds which was once a canal, an obsolete mangle tower, a windmill without sails: these may be met with on most walking tours; and they are all cases of abandoned capital, skeletons of dead industries.

The capital was not driven out of the country; but it was killed, which is a still graver matter. Capital, then, is mortal. In point of fact, there is no real possibility, if one mill, one canal, one mine could be abandoned and left to perish, all our mills, all our railways, all our mines can be abandoned and left to perish. How far are we drawn back a step of a hundred years in the application of fixed capital; but it is not until a reduction of profit to zero is followed by an actual deficit on the working expenses, and the capitalist must either abandon the enterprise or throw good money after bad, that he leaves his capital to perish. Indeed, he so acclimatises the situation at first that he generally does throw some good money after bad before he faces the fact that he is beaten.

Thus we see enterprises that have never paid—Thames Steamboats and Kentish railways—struggling on because the only alternative was to abandon the capital already irrecoverably sunk in them. Dividends are better than mere hope; but even hope is better than despair and dead loss; so the capitalists will struggle on without dividends as long as the concern will pay its working expenses. Not until a reduction of profit to zero is followed by an actual deficit on the working expenses, and the capitalist must either abandon the enterprise or throw good money after bad, does he leave his capital to perish. Indeed, he so acclimatises the situation at first that he generally does throw some good money after bad before he faces the fact that he is beaten.

Thus we see that there is a very effective check on the abandonment of fixed capital which does not apply to the export of floating capital. A very slight rise in wages or shortening of the working day beyond the point at which better conditions for labour mean greater efficiency and increased product may drive floating capital abroad, or drive it from the town to the country; but fixed capital is tied to the stake, and must put up with the worst that Socialism can do to it. Dividends are better than mere hope; but even hope is better than despair and dead loss; so the capitalists will struggle on without dividends as long as the concern will pay its working expenses. Not until a reduction of profit to zero is followed by an actual deficit on the working expenses, and the capitalist must either abandon the enterprise or throw good money after bad, does he leave his capital to perish. Indeed, he so acclimatises the situation at first that he generally does throw some good money after bad before he faces the fact that he is beaten.

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The capitalist might refine a little on this. He might point out that though he employs a thousand men, he does not do so single-handed, but through a system which involves the application of a great deal of slave labour and a great deal of supervision, for instance. He might remind us that Socialism may not only deprive us of his services by driving him abroad, but of the services of all the men who are doing their daily tasks for him only because they are virtually his slaves, and who, once set free, will positively refuse to waste their lives and narrow their chests in making uninteresting memoranda of uninteresting transactions in an uninteresting ledger. Every year millions of separate entries are made in commercial books, not one of which separate entries will ever be required again. If one of them by chance were wanted, the increase caused by its absence would be as nothing compared to the frightful waste of human life represented by its presence. Except for statistical and historical purposes, few accounts are worth keeping; and I am convinced that it will be as impossible under Socialism to find a man willing to undertake the work of an ordinary office book-keeper as it is now for the sweep to find a climbing-boy. What then, is to be the fate of England if her employers go abroad and her counting-houses are left without clerks?

The extent to which the difficulties dispose of one another; and I have juxtaposed them purposely to bring out the fact that even if our employers all remain patriotically with us and help us to organise our industries scientifically, there would be more of a hindrance than a help, because the means of carrying on their old routine will no longer be available. They will be rather like that familiar and pathetic sight, the retired Indian Civil Servant struggling with English democratic institutions, and discovering that his well-learned art of autocratic government is useless and impracticable under home conditions. I am persuaded that if the hundred most successful English and American employers of the nineteenth century could be resurrected in the twenty-first and put into harness again, not one of them would be worth his salt, except perhaps as a park constable. Our feudal magnates on City Boards, our retired colonels in counting-houses, are less at sea in uninteresting ledgers. Every year millions of uninteresting memoranda of uninteresting transactions are exported, and the loss of the means of carrying on these old tasks would be as nothing compared to the frightful waste of human life represented by their presence.

For statistical and historical purposes, few accounts are worth keeping; and I am convinced that it will be as impossible under Socialism to find a man willing to undertake the work of an ordinary office book-keeper as it is now for the sweep to find a climbing-boy. What, then, is to be the fate of England if her employers go abroad and her counting-houses are left without clerks?
with the surety of an adequate reward. The average level of the National Theatre play would at least be equal to the average level of good novels, and would tend constantly to rise instead of, as now, constantly to sink. Almost every motive now impels the dramatist, either not to write at all or to write stuff which shall succumb to the temptation. If he is too much of an artist to do so (and he may be so), even then he wish, for lack of the necessary store of observations at a low imaginative level) he will probably turn from the stage to the novel. But the repertory theatre would at once provide such a writer with an opportunity, and it is probable that the National Theatre would at once correspond with a perfect cascade of quite excellent plays upon the head of the Director.

According to the authors’ calculations, the running expenses of the theatre, which amount to about £70,000 a year, would be considerably more than covered by the receipts, and they could apply any surplus to the creation of a sinking fund of £150,000 to take the place of the guarantee fund. But in this case it was not so, and there were a deficit on a number of years’ working; there are a variety of possibilities, including a final “winding-up,” that appear to be exhaustive. They appear, indeed, to be too exhaustive, for it is highly improbable that, once started, the National Theatre would ever be allowed to die from inanition. Only on one matter have I any adverse criticism, and that concerns the rates of wages calculated to be paid to some of the theatre employees. These are too low; if the theatre is to be loyally supported by all grades of workers, they must be adequately paid. With regard to the book as a whole, the highest praise that can be given is that it is a long step forward to provide the National Theatre. We have plenty of money in our country, and will enough to raise it for realisable objects. The difficulty is always the means. Misses Archer and Barker have simplified; their plan seems so complete as such a plan can be, before it gets actually started, and as the only obstacle to its fulfilment is now money, it should not be long before we have a National Theatre in our midst.

REVIEWS.


A year or so ago Mr. Stuart Mason translated an interesting study of Wilde’s later career from the pen of André Gide. In the present volume he has collected together certain reviews of “Dorian Gray”—mostly unfair,—and journalistic correspondence arising therefrom. The reviews (with the exception of the “Speaker” article, and the criticism by Walter Pater) certainly furnish us with significant illustrations of the ineptitude that marks so much of the literary criticism of the day. But was it worth while filling up so slight a volume with the correspondence that ensued, in several cases between the Editor and Author? The general unfairness of the article in the “Daily Chronicle” and the “St. James’s Gazette” moved Oscar Wilde to protest, and Mr. Mason has made use of the letters to point the attitude of the Philistine and the artist. Mr. Wilde’s criticisms, written really on the whole, but they provide us with no contribution of importance towards the problem of Art and Morality of which Mr. Mason has something to say in his brief introduction. And they seem to us scarcely worth republishing. Several serve rather to obscure the issue, and certain do of the nature of mere determination of “Dorian Gray.” Take, for instance, Wilde’s reply to the charge of the “Chronicle” that his book is “poisonous.” It is poisonous if you like, retorts the author, “but you cannot deny that it is also perfect, and perfection is what we artists aim at.”

In reading this volume we are reminded of the unfair attitude of the Press generally, from first to last, towards Oscar Wilde’s works. His brilliant perversities exasperated them in somewhat the same way as they did the paradoxes of Mr. Bernard Shaw in the remote past. That Bernard Shaw is now nor among the elect, and that Wilde’s work is still ill-appreciated, is partly due to the fact that Wilde is first and foremost an artist, and that Bernard Shaw is above everything else a moral reformer and the Saxon temperament that will not tolerate paradoxes. But to forgive the reformer even such a terrible enormity as a vivid sense of humour. There are, no doubt, personal considerations also that have weighed heavily against Wilde. We English cannot dissociate the artist from the man. Moral questions are always connected with our aesthetic judgments. Apart from this aspect, however, it is clear that from his earliest publication Wilde never received a fair hearing.

Take, for instance, the book under consideration: “The Picture of Dorian Gray.” It is a book with many artistic blemishes. The style is often garish and overcharged with ornament; as a style it lacks artistic unity. There are too many brilliant excrescences: most important of all the excrescences that Wilde’s work is still ill-appreciated is partly due to the fact that Wilde is first and foremost an artist, and that Bernard Shaw is above everything else a moral reformer and the Saxon temperament that will not tolerate paradoxes. But to forgive the reformer even such a terrible enormity as a vivid sense of humour. There are, no doubt, personal considerations also that have weighed heavily against Wilde. We English cannot dissociate the artist from the man. Moral questions are always connected with our aesthetic judgments. Apart from this aspect, however, it is clear that from his earliest publication Wilde never received a fair hearing.

As for the charge of immorality— that dear, old nebulous charge that has been brought from time immemorial against almost every original writer—all we can say is that, even in the conventional sense of the word, a “moral” has never been more relentlessly emphasized in any modern work of fiction than in “Dorian Gray.” As we general trend is the book is pain-fully moral, and beside many current fictions devoted eagerly by Mudie’s respectable clientele, it reads like a Sunday school story. There are passages here and there open to criticism, on the grounds of good taste— in short, signs of immaturity in the writer’s artistic development, of which he would assuredly at a later date not been guilty. But when the most peddling criticism has had its say, it remains a book of extraordinary merit. A novel that contains such a storehouse of beautiful, as the “Lame Talk” of Lord Henry provides; so exquisitely restrained and delicately written an idyll as the episode of Sibyl Vane and Dorian: so finely dramatic a leit motif as the picture which remained the given visible symbol of the man’s gradual moral decay: a coquet, in fact, of so many and diverse excels as “Dorian Gray” is a book to be thankful for.

“Dorian Gray” is not the best thing which Wilde
has left us; there is an even fresher and more whimsical humour in "The Importance of Being Earnest"; deeper intellectual power in The Soul of Man Under Socialism; a finer artistic feeling in "De Profundis," a higher imaginative insight in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." But in no one of his works are his many gifts so well illustrated as in "Dorian Gray." In that volume we see Wilde, the artist, in miniature, with all his merits and all his defects as a writer.


(Swan Sonnenschein. 15. net.)

Nietzsche used to complain that there was too much beer in the German intellect. And German beer is not unlike German humour. It is not particularly exhilarating, and it is somewhat thin. Indeed, one might be pardoned denying the gift of humour at all to anybody who pronounces such as "Gott" in the German language. We hasten to add that we have no wish to display any ingratitude, since we have greatly enjoyed reading this book. It is pleasantly and even brightly written, entirely free from listeek, up at times quite happy, merry little gleams of wholesome fun; and the Socialist would be thin-skinned indeed who could be angry at being made the butt of such genial laughter. Herr Richter was the leader of the Liberal Party in the Reichstag, and probably he has received sufficient exasperation at the hands of the Socialists to inspire him with the idea of consummating a glorious revenge; and he has succeeded. A book is an utterance of this kind requires great gifts; it requires not only literary ability, but also imagination, an exquisite sense of proportion, and the rare virtue of self-restraint. Of all the graces of literature, irony is perhaps the most difficult to handle, for it is always accompanied by its remorseless shadow, dulness. The strain obviously proves too great for him at times, but we have been able to read the book without weariness.

One or two defects should be pointed out, since in a work of imagination the writer is bound by no rules, and has everything his own way. It is a little hard on his victims for Herr Richter to assume the Socialist viewpoint and say in a single day that the Socialists should forthwith proceed to rob each other of their "savings." There may not be much honour among thieves, but without a certain infusion of intelligence into its methods, robbery should be more remunerative than honest labour. Worse still, he proves himself to be unequal to the women, "we with each other in girding at the new State magazine. Show-windows, puffing and advertising, selling out lists of prices: all that sort of thing, it seems, has entirely ceased. There is an end to all talk, they mutter, of what remains are to be had, and also to all gossip about prices." Who could restrain a smile at the writer's adventure with a doctor, who told him that his "maximum working-day had just expired, and that such being the case, he was unable, much against his will, to give any more medical advice on that day"? It appears that under such circumstances, if they give advice in urgent cases after the prescribed working-day doctors are heavily fined for over-production! How much of the State cook-shops is lost by this, and shows traces of flagging. "Opposite to me today sat a miller, and his neighbour was a sweep. The sweep laughed at this more heartily than the miller. The room at the tables is very cramped, and the elbows sweep laughed at this more heartily than the miller. At each side hinder one much. However, it is not for long, the minutes allowed for eating being very stingingly measured."

On the whole, the reader will do well to procure this little book. Unfortunately for our national credit, the choicest specimens of humour are furnished by our own Press; the "Spectator" ponderously announcing that "as a rule of fact there could be no other end to socialism than that which he (Richter) sets forth"; while another review assures us that "Socialists will gnash their teeth with exasperation as they read this book." Well, we did not gnash ours!

Christian Marriage. By H. Hensley Henson, D.D. (Cassell and Co.)

This little book is the first of a series which is designed to set forth the practical duties which belong to all who profess the Christian faith. We are told that each volume will be brief; in this at all events Canon Henson succeeds. In a preface he points out that the institution of marriage is bound up with the interests of property and with the sexual minds of the community. The problem is not to be solved, asserts the Canon, by "direct appeals to the Bible or to the Church." This teaching must be interpreted historically; we are not to search the Gospels for actual directions, but to discover what are the principles which Christ would inculcate. We are to remember that the Apostolic injunction referred to a people still theoretically polygamists, among whom women held a position of inferiority, or at least had a position inferior to that of the man. Modern conditions are different: "Never in the history of mankind has there been such a situation as exists to-day." It is painful to witness a humane man struggling with a creed he has outgrown. The Church has taught Canon Henson that adultery is not the sole reason for dissolving unhappy marriages; he instances drunkenness as possibly another. But if marriage be dissolved, he asserts, it is a spiritual consummation, much less material than the instance cited should be sufficient to dissolve that union. It is a fallacy to suppose that the relations between men and women are more complex to-day than at any other time, it is incorrect to state that man did not begin with monogamy; but has entered into it gradually. More correctly, man began with monogamy, and has gradually maintained our present unregulated system of polygamy.

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A beautiful heiress, to whom the story has been accidentally revealed. In an admirably dramatic episode the three personages are thrown together, and the three who become the heroine has become a convert to the Suffragist movement. In the meantime a sexual mishap, the partner of her misfortune is described in a couple of pages which contain perhaps the best writing in the book.

The Convert. By Elizabeth Robins. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

We are by no means convinced of the utility of employing fiction for the purposes of propaganda. There is always the initial danger that the opposition may go one better, and the further peril that any crude presentation or clumsy workmanship may react adversely upon the cause advocated.

We hasten to say that we are entirely in sympathy with Miss Robins, and cordially agree that the denial to women of the ordinary rights of citizenship and of their share--in making and administering the laws under which they live--can not be justified by any consideration of justice, expediency, or common sense. We have never seen the arguments for Woman Suffrage presented so lucidly and convincingly, and, we may add, with a select choice of words, Mr. Lucas has given us in "The Marble Sphinx," a little book of great beauty and profound emotion. It is an allegory which, with a background of the minor figures of classic myth-ology, nymphs, fauns, satyrs, and the like, deals not ineffectually with the old idea of the triumph of love over everything, even death, culminating in the figure of the Christ as the supreme embodiment to the world of love, superior to the older deities because He is a man as well as God. The author has managed the end with considerable skill, and the final consummation is described in a couple of pages which contain perhaps the best writing in the book.

The Convert.
heirress demands, as a condition of the engagement, that her lover shall make amends for the wrong inflicted; that the compensation demanded by the heroine being that he shall devote his gifts and influence to forwarding the Suffragist movement.

Now, with all respect to Miss Robins, we submit that the book is not in the least conclusive, that this is merely a Puritanical notion of rewards and punishments served up in another form. What is wanted to solve our sexual problems is to alter men's (and especially women's) point of view, and to give them, if they choose, to which he unwillingly must submit—though his conscience most grievously afflicts him. The islanders pity and deride him. The Lord Proprietor hears a howl and a screech from the great fog, and without effort everything comes right. Miss Gabriel and Mrs. Pope see Jesus as a new scarecrow decked in Miss Gabriel's antimacassar and the Lord Proprietor's trousers. The children see a mermaid. The Lord Proprietor hears a howl and a screech. Even without its great charm for the imagination it would still be delightful for the sake of the people in it. They are all real and human and worth knowing.

"Barbara Goes to Oxford." Barbara Burke. (Methuen. 6s.)

Miss Barbara Burke scatters her pages with Americanisms (are not, "Were I to commence author."); "Mr. Esqerly and I made conversation"; the cataloguing of lady participants in Oxford lunch and river parties as "feminines" and "young women" (to give only a few specimens—quite too terrible) ; the invincibility of the Oxford landlady; is often—generally we think—a little insensitive in her description of the general scenery (the sun has a rather annoying habit of setting before 7—often for dinner—during July; and what is "a lacy of chrysanthemums") ; and sometimes goes laughably astray in her presentation of some typical Oxford social functions.

But despite these and other faults, the fact of the organic unity of life; that we are all responsible for all the evils of society. This book, we think, in and around Oxford worth seeing, and visitable, is touched upon; and when Miss Burke is quite natural, her style can be charming.

The sixteen illustrations are enchanting, and would, of themselves, justify the appearance of the book.

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Confronted with the presentation of a great number of impossible balancings and adjustments are well acted, as in Miss Ethel Irving's case, does not look in comparison, really give the actor or actress the chance they need. Must inevitably stereotype her mannerisms and render the audience desired it. Every drama with a star part is a feat of juggling; all successful plays have to be acted by second-rate people, they will not an integral part of the play. The whole of the last act, where Lady Frederick "makes up" in her dressing-room, in front of her boyish lover, and in order to undeceive him, is equally unconvincing. Of course, it is clever, and is a sense well-done, but having seen it once, one does not want to see it again. It really is becoming a very long way to Sloane Square. And this kind of cleverness, while depending too much on the actress's personality, does not give that actress's personality a chance. I imagine that Miss Ethel Irving not only got all there was to be got out of Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, but put a good deal in that the author did not dare to hope for. But at the end what has one attained—a rather conventional conception of a rather conventional lady touched by the humanity of Ethel Irving? One might almost imagine that the actress was endeavouring to convey to us the real woman the author has only dimly indicated. And yet these plays her part was fitted to her, and in none of Mrs. Clifford's play I was for the first time made aware of Sylvia's "Incubus"; now the burnt-offering is a play of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "Hamilton's Second Marriage." This play is essentially a study in the proprietary passions of women, embodied in those of Sylvia Callender for her fiancé, Maurice Hamilton. Maurice has been married years and years ago in India and had to divorce his wife; Sylvia knows of this, and in the abstract reckons nothing of it, but, being accidentally confronted with the late Mrs. Hamilton, whom she has known under an assumed name, has a revulsion of feeling and declares that marriage is now impossible. Not every emotion is ascribed to moral feelings, as Sylvia says she knows marriage would not be "right." In this portrayal of the heartless cynicism of women's abuse of moral terminology to cloak their own savage predilections, Miss Ethel Irving has created a role of great interest, but, unfortunately, the upper-class atmosphere of the drama does not allow Hamilton to exhibit his emotions on the matter adequately, and in the play he does not exhibit anything but an impossible arrogance of point of view. As such, Clifford in fact, has left out an act of her play, the act in which Hamilton "reconciles" himself to exist in an atmosphere neither so refined nor so "moral" as Sylvia's. With Sylvia's refuge lost, Hamilton the play really comes to an end, but Mrs. Clifford in a fourth act develops the so-distant Mrs. Hamilton's character in what becomes the most interesting part of the play. Instead of confining the public which will demand real plays and actors and actresses who will be able to refuse to interpret second-rate plays. When the second-rate plays have to be acted by second-rate people, they will soon show themselves at their true value, and sink to their proper position in our artistic economy. At present they are heroically supported by enormous sacrifices of artistic talent.

L. HADEN-GUEST.

DRAMA.

Ethel Irving in "Lady Frederick." It is a regrettable fact that the Court Theatre in Sloane Square is already beginning to feel a long way off. In the Vedrenne-Barker days it used to be quite near; one thought nothing of going there for an hour or so of matinée in the afternoon. And this is one the lead in because the present management are making faint efforts to follow in the pathway of the pioneer, or possibly to trade on the reputation of the pioneer. The Vedrenne-Barker management used to give his good plays, the present Court management have deliberately set about the lowering of this tradition all the way round, and while devoting the evenings to Mammon, make, in the afternoons, some half-hearted efforts of a playing-the-matinee sort. A little time ago were of Brieux's "Incubus"; now the burnt-offering is a play of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "Hamilton's Second Marriage." This play is essentially a study in the proprietary passions of women, embodied in those of Sylvia Callender for her fiancé, Maurice Hamilton. Maurice has been married years and years ago in India and had to divorce his wife; Sylvia knows of this, and in the abstract reckons nothing of it, but, being accidentally confronted with the late Mrs. Hamilton, whom she has known under an assumed name, has a revulsion of feeling and declares that marriage is now impossible. Not every emotion is ascribed to moral feelings, as Sylvia says she knows marriage would not be "right." In this portrayal of the heartless cynicism of women's abuse of moral terminology to cloak their own savage predilections, Miss Ethel Irving has created a role of great interest, but, unfortunately, the upper-class atmosphere of the drama does not allow Hamilton to exhibit his emotions on the matter adequately, and in the play he does not exhibit anything but an impossible arrogance of point of view. As such, Clifford in fact, has left out an act of her play, the act in which Hamilton "reconciles" himself to exist in an atmosphere neither so refined nor so "moral" as Sylvia's. With Sylvia's refuge lost, Hamilton the play really comes to an end, but Mrs. Clifford in a fourth act develops the so-distant Mrs. Hamilton's character in what becomes the most interesting part of the play. Instead of confining the public which will demand real plays and actors and actresses who will be able to refuse to interpret second-rate plays. When the second-rate plays have to be acted by second-rate people, they will soon show themselves at their true value, and sink to their proper position in our artistic economy. At present they are heroically supported by enormous sacrifices of artistic talent.

I. HADEN-GUEST.

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ART.
Two Exhibitions of Modern Pictures.

The Goupil Gallery Saloon.

This is an interesting exhibition. On the whole, it represents the better side of the modern art movement of England and France. It is a good sign that the cleverest, especially of the English painters, are becoming less anxious to seem clever, for cleverness and greatness seldom go hand in hand.

Nevertheless, it is certain that the majority of these pictures—albeit, if we except the two landscapes of “Evening” by Mr. Amonier and Mr. Spencelay—and among the portraits Mr. Henry’s “Revere” and Mr. Orpen’s “Night”—contain an element of experiment. The latter may merit of its own; and we are wholly free from the plague of the commonplace. For these painters have something to say and the faculty of saying it.

But there is another thing that has to be taken into account. In this everlasting observation of something unusual the element of beauty seems too often deliberately excluded. As a result, we have pictures emptied of all truth that does not accord with the mood of the painter. What cannot be said, for instance, of Mr. Keppelman’s “In a Venetian Trattoria,” except that it is an interesting experiment in a special effect, well observed and skillfully stated.

The same is not quite half the pictures, while sometimes the effect aimed at is only partially obtained. Mr. Peppercorn’s “Path by the River,” among the English painters, as M. Simon Bussy’s “Meuleu sur le Gifflin”—both bright pieces of work—may be taken as examples out of many landscapes that impress one, not as nature, but as exercises to prove something—in most cases, something unusual. The latter painter is more self-assertive in quite a different direction in his “Intérieur”; it is a study in pigment that astonishes you the first time you look at it and bores you the second. Mr. Nicholson again, in “The Group of Statuettes,” shows splendid skill in rendering the most insatiable but the freshest painted as a display in favour of this quality rather than for its own sake.

Among the figure pictures M. Beardsley’s “Arvant le Bain” is not important as coming from him; the fine modelling of the woman’s neck and shoulders does not compensate for the really crude chromatic painting of the face and background. M. Aman-Jean’s “Le Vase Bœuf,” though admirable in composition, is also in compensation in the rendering of the face. Then, there is M. Lautrec, also, who, in his “Jeune Fille,” gives us a leaf out of Renoir’s notebook—one of the most unpleasant, spotless, insipid—M. Le Baisaie, in “Le Baiser”—which seems painted as an imitation of Fragonard—is too obviously clever. The result of it all is that these pictures are not painted.

Brangwyn’s magnificent decorative picture, “The Tinker,” contradicts all that I have said. However, this does not matter; it is the prerogative of masters to silence critics.

The New English Art Club.

At this exhibition I was much more unpleasantly conscious of the importance of casuistry in general effect, with its results of clever observation and no beauty of which I have spoken. The average of the pictures is lower than at the Goupil Saloon, for though most of the pictures here show as clearly as those do what they are aiming at, they are not so successful in carrying their aims. Volumes might be written upon the conditions of modern art, taking this exhibition for the text. Fortunately I have not space even to enumerate the titles of the pictures. One instance must suffice. “The Fountain” and “The Brook,” two of three pictures that Mr. Sargent exhibits—the other is a fine Swiss landscape—seem to have been painted to make us believe that a view of the Alps, or something bizarre may be said about the play of sunlight—in the first picture on the masses of white, and in the second upon a medley of garish colour.

The rhymer here is an empty realist. Both pictures are statements of casual effects that rely for their interest upon brilliancy of execution, and care nothing for that inward reality of beauty that comes from the exercise of choice. Yet those astonishments are almost shocking in their ugliness. Does Mr. Sargent ask us to take such frivolities seriously! (C. Gascoigne Hartley).

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors and written on one side of the paper only.

SOCIALISM AND SEX-RELATIONS.

To the Editors of “The New Age.”

The discussion of sex-relations is one which you often permit in your columns. I hope therefore you will extend your courtesy to a Socialist who believes, after listening to a recent spontaneous debate among Socialists, that certain apparently obvious things are at the moment forgotten.

The general conclusion one drew from the somewhat inconclusive discussion was that the first step is woman’s political enfranchisement, the second is her economic emancipation; that after these are accomplished, we shall have a body of men and women fit to decide what forms of regulation the community will submit, for the welfare of its members, and of posterity. At present to advocate any particular plan for regulation or removal of regulation is therefore a mere academic discussion, and there is no need to waste their time by being “drawn” on it. The subject has been shrouded for many generations in the confusion between what one feels, what one is supposed to feel; and, further, by the tradition of extreme reticence on the part of women.

This latter has a merit of its own; we are wholly free to speak openly and surely. Yet more time will it take for there to be any definite result of such interchange of thoughts and feelings. To make any generalisation about the normal feelings of men and women requires an abundance of this frank interchange for which there has not yet been opportunity. This was clearly the important thing to do where everyone distrusted every one else’s generalisations as partial. In particular the discussion drawn between a woman’s desire for a husband and her desire for matrimony seems short-sighted, when it is perfectly possible and normal for the two desires to be merged into one and indistinguishable. The last word on most antitheses is the advice to abandon them.

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Thus Mr. Robson on Ethics and Economics. In the discussion of the desire for maternity no mention is made of the desire for the same condition is not to be denied as a factor in civilized life. Consciously or unconsciously, the desire for children is often submerged in our subconscious, and yet it is a powerful incentive to some form of action. The desire for children is thus entirely unaffected by our perception that they are not necessarily the offspring of a marriage. It is an instinctive desire which, whether the will is free or not, will continue to be a purely utilitarian matter. If the punishment of the child is an act of the will, an involuntary act, whether the will is free or not, it leaves that distinction entirely unaffected; an act of the will is an act of the will, no matter what the will is.

A state that truly represents its members will legislate generously for those who announce frankly and without cant that they do not care for the care of children. It will do so because the healthy community, the one we have no experience of, will be able to prize the happiness of the present at least as comparably as the future, and it will be the fear of the evils arising from family life as we know it, it will still be obvious that the community with the lessening of deeds hurtful to the community as an institution will be the only one in which the paternal and maternal desires are encouraged and directed.

SCHOLASTIC AND PUNISHMENT.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

It seems to me a mistake to argue about this matter as if it were a question of punishment or, in other words, the propitiation of Justice. The worship of Justice seems as foolish, and we are likely to bring evil results, as any other superstition practice. We do not base our deeds generally on a belief in the righteousness of following the rules of true justice, and I do not suppose anybody really believes that laws to-day are based on habits of doing what is just.

The framing of laws in a socialist state will, surely, continue to be a purely utilitarian matter. If the punishment of the child is an act of the will, the community will most likely continue to be an institution sanctioned by the community, the last socialistic act. In the event of the opposite, we see the law-makers who find out that punishment is not putting an end to crime, very likely they will try some other way—without pretending to vote on what is the moral distinction between blamable and blameless acts of injury must exist as long as the psychological distinction between voluntary and involuntary acts remains uncontradicted by our knowledge of the will?

RUSSELL THOMPSON.

SOCIALIST WOMEN'S BUREAU.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

A preliminary meeting, called together by a Committee of the S.D.F. Women's Circles, was held at Chandon Hall, Maiden Lane, on Friday, November 1st, with the object of starting a Socialist Women's Bureau to affiliate with the Socialist Women's Bureau of Germany and other countries, on the lines laid down at the recent International Conference of Socialist women at Stuttgart. Delegates were present from the Fabian Society, the Committee of the S.D.F. Women's Circles, and the Adult Suffrage Society. It was decided that the proposed organisation should be called the Socialist Women's Bureau (Fabian), and that the object of the organisation should be "The establishment of regular communications between the organised Socialist women of all countries."

M. H. Foodin was elected Hon. Sec., for the convening of meetings, etc., and Mrs. Montefiore, reporter, for getting into touch with Socialist Women's organisations abroad. A letter was read from the Secretary of the I.L.P. in response to the invitation to send delegates to the preliminary meeting, declining to be represented. It was decided to approach other Socialist organisations, such as the Women Clarion Scouts, etc., so as to make the Bureau as representative and as useful as possible. Through the Bureau, information from all affiliated bodies is to be kept in touch with each other through the organ of "Gleichheit" (Equality), which will be published in French, English, and German. After some discussion it was decided that Comrade Clara Zetkin of Stuttgart, at whose suggestion the Bureaus are being formed, should be written to, asking her for more definite information as to the bases of possible affiliation, relations more especially to the Woman Suffrage Resolution passed at the International Women's Conference.

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.
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