THE
# NEW AGE
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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Alexander endeavoured to impress the natives by leaving behind him in India arms much bigger than his men could use and heavier bits than his horses required. Mr. Asquith's famous pledges are of the same nature, with this one difference: that it was always conceivable that by an effort of imagination his men and his horses might expand to the larger dimensions and carry out those pledges to the letter. If in and out of Parliament the campaign against the Lords had been vigorously and unremittingly carried on, we should not now be on the eve of a conference followed by a compromise. The publicity of the fact of the conference is preparatory to the text of the compromise; and we may say that both were arranged some months ago contingently on the persistent apathy of the Liberal rank and file and still more of the country at large.

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It was plain from the first that for the proposed attack upon the Lords the coalition Government needed either a very large amount of courage or a great deal more popular support than they had. With courage it would have been quite possible to force the anti-Lords Bill through immediately on the return of the Liberal Government in January. Such a course was full of dangers, as we pointed out at the time. Not until the revolution was complete would the public have been aware of it; and by a sudden reaction the revolution might then have been undone. On these grounds we thought it wiser for the Government to endeavour to increase its popular strength by an educational campaign through the country, and particularly in the rural districts, and to follow it up with a general election on the single issue of the Lords in July. We are happy to believe that this is precisely what was planned and would have been carried out. The rural campaign was, it is true, being only half-heartedly conducted, and most of the democrats were working at no more than a quarter pressure; but this slackness would undoubtedly have disappeared as July drew nearer if the untimely death of King Edward VII. had not occurred to give a set-back to the tardily rising tide and to strengthen by mere delay the hands of the other side.

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Of this delay and the welter of reactionary sentiment in which the public swam, the leaders of the Lords' party have not been slow to take advantage. Compromise, as we know, had frequently been suggested by Unionist writers long before King Edward's illness; but in view of the better alternative, compromise was out of the question in the minds of the whole contingent of Radical, Labour, and Irish elements. Now, however, it appears inevitable; and we must conclude from the fact of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's interviews with the Cabinet that compromise is even acceptable to the Irish party. What, we may ask, will be the lines of the compromise, and to what extent will a real compromise be possible?

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For our own part we must frankly say that we dislike the whole thing. Inevitable as it appears to be after a dispassionate calculation of the forces at our command, we are nevertheless disposed to regret that despair of increasing those forces should now be acknowledged. What in fact the admission of a Conference involves is the admission that we neither are now nor can become within a measurable period strong enough to break down the last barrier to representative government. It is an admission that the wave of popular government on which we hoped to ride to a new victory has proved too weak for its purpose. Breaking vainly while still far away from its object, it is dissipated and spent and lost in reaction; thereby illustrating what appears to be the general condition of things in Europe. For have we not seen, and are we not now seeing, in Europe as a whole, a set-back to democracy and a general if haply only temporary triumph of reaction? In Russia, the country in most respects significant, we understand that the Duma whose last labours were to end the liberties of Finland, will now be suspended during the Tsar's pleasure. That is, the Duma will meet no more until either popular feeling revives in strength enough to force open the doors again, or until the Tsar desires a fresh popular endorsement of a fresh act of bureaucratic tyranny. In Spain, in Italy, in France, and in Germany—everywhere, in short, in Europe—progress seems to have come to a temporary halt; and we are on this account all the more patriotically disappointed that England, instead of lighting the torch anew, should likewise have chosen to remain in the universal darkness.

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Our readers are familiar with the view we have taken of what is really involved in this House of Lords ques-

tion. On their immediate and obvious merits, the two Houses in our view present little to choose between them; but in relation to such a future as the best of us have in mind, everything is in favour of the House of Commons, that is, of the potentially representative House. The House of Commons, by its very constitution, can alone ever become the Chamber of the People. There alone, if ever at all, the voice of England and of all England can be heard. From the House of Lords, from a specially privileged House, we shall get at best only the voice of a class, and of a class, too, hermetically sealed by tradition and training from the influences of the rest of the national mind. It may be that in certain stages of national culture such a single class Chamber is desirable; not all classes are equally capable of government at the same time. But it was to be hoped that the increase of intelligence in the other classes of the country during the last fifty years had made possible, if not yet inevitable, the abolition of a single-class legislature and the substitution of a national Chamber, representative of all classes and later of none. The mere fact, however, that the professed leaders in this movement of ideas have now declared their willingness to confer and therefore to compromise with the leaders of the reaction is evidence, as we say, that the movement itself has proved too weak for its purpose.

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There is, however, still something to be gained. If we may no longer even faintly trust the larger hope, we may at least largely trust the fainter hope. The two demands originally made of the Lords that they should (1) never again interfere in any form with finance, and (2) pass disputed measures at the third time of asking, are such as can scarcely be granted separately. Simply to prohibit the use by the Lords of their veto on finance would undoubtedly fail to satisfy the demands of the Irish party. If as has been suggested, the recommendation by the conference between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour amounts to no more than the restoration of the status quo of the Commons in the matter of finance, what becomes of the Irish demand for facilities to pass a Home Rule Bill? Mr. Redmond, we imagine, would not venture to return to Ireland empty-handed. At least he would endeavour to return in that event with the record of another Liberal government slain for treachery to Ireland. Such is the prospect if the first demand of the Lords is conceded alone.

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With regard to the second demand, that the Lords should pass measures on their third appearance, it is difficult to see how the Unionists could compromise except on terms unacceptable to the joint Radical and Labour members of the coalition. Let us suppose that a plan is suggested which, while conceding the second demand, attaches to it as a condition the simultaneous strengthening of the Second Chamber as shadowily outlined in the preamble of the Parliament Bill. Would that prove satisfactory to the group we have named, whose avowed object is to end and not to mend the House of Lords? We do not suppose that it would; though whether these groups would then have the courage to end the Government that offered such terms is the factor of doubt which Mr. Asquith, in making his offer, will have to take into account He cannot, without the certainty of defeat, offer the Irish less than they demand; but it is possible that if the immediate demands of the Irish are secured, he may take a little liberty with the rather more docile groups of Radical and Labour members. To this, perhaps, he is entitled, remembering their failure to rally the country to the support of their ideas. In the end, then, we may say that the terms of the compromise depend mainly on the consent of the Irish and secondarily on the consent of the Radical and Labour groups. Each, we hope, will insist on full satisfaction; but each, we know, must be prepared for a very long and arduous campaign if they so insist.

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THE NEW AGE may be said to hold a watching brief in the interests of Democracy and Socialism. Being neither leaders nor followers of any party, we are free to observe without bias both the moods of the nation and the intentions of the various groups. Of the national mood at this moment we have this to say, that it appears less inclined to great legislative and constitutional changes than to the consolidation of administration. By this we mean that unless some obvious constitutional violence is done in one direction or another, or unless some large, imaginative appeal such as we suggested last week, changes the prevailing mood, the country as a whole would be well content if political parties at Westminster would mark time legislatively and devote some months to overhauling and perfecting the machinery of administration. This would involve a good many small measures, no doubt, but chiefly of a non-controversial order; it would also mean a great deal of official as distinct from parliamentary activity. It is well known that in many respects legislation has outstripped administration. There is scarcely a Government office or a Government service, central or local, that is at this moment exercising more than a tithe of its powers. And so long as the limelight is on the Westminster stage, so long will these powers remain in desuetude. We do not say that with parties as they are at Westminster the temporary cessation of legislation is either desirable or possible. We do say, however, that if it were possible, the perfecting of administration would be more immediately in line with the national mood.

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It is, we believe, from this cause that the so-called slump in Socialism has mainly arisen. The Socialist impulse has been responsible for a very great deal of parliamentary legislation in late years, legislation coming equally from the Unionist and Liberal sides of the House, but also legislation somewhat in advance of the practical administrative knowledge and experience of the persons who must carry it out. Mr. Shaw has recently implored the country to return Socialist legislators to deal with Socialist legislation; but what is even more important is that Socialist legislation, after it is passed, should be administered if not by Socialists at least by the people themselves. Take, for instance, the Parish Councils Act, in our view the most revolutionary democratic measure of the last fifty years. Of all the powers conferred by this Act on the people of our villages not more than one-tenth are actually employed. Now, it is plain to us that if England is ever to be really renewed it must be, not from the circumference which is at Westminster, but from the thousand and one living centres where problems of government are being less discussed than worked out. What we need is not so much a Cromwell at Westminster as a Hampden in every village. If Socialists, instead of deploring the so-called slump and abusing each the other for having produced it, would discern in it an opportunity for a new form of propaganda by practical administration, the results would be advantageous in every way. For the moment, it is clear, we are out of it (to use a popular phrase). Socialism is not so much discredited as diverted. It requires that Socialists, while continuing sanely their general propaganda of economic and political ideas, should turn to the task of seeing that such of their ideas as have been embodied in legislation should now be carried into practice. In that school of experience they will learn to talk a little less high-falutin' and also to command the respect of the men engaged in practical affairs.

## LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

Spirit of smiles and tears, you came to me at the night,
The golden moon aglow in your hair, and the spear-driven light
Of an army of stars in your eyes, weary with truant sleep—
O little skilled in self, who thought you came to weep!

Out of the darkness, light—flame in the virgin dew:
Love came unto her own, and knew him not, who knew.
O understood! O known! O apprehended bliss!
O self unskilled in self! O taught of one long kiss!

FRANCIS M. MEYNELL.

# Foreign Affairs.

## By S. Verdad.

A FEW weeks ago I pointed out in this column that a revolution in Egypt was imminent unless certain precautionary measures were adopted. Pooh-poohed at first, this statement was afterwards confirmed by by the reports of special correspondents of many of the leading papers, including "Le Temps" and the "Daily Telegraph." Mr. Roosevelt, in his Guildhall speech, merely summed up the situation as it has been known to myself and various other "insiders" for some time past. The idea of self-government for the Egyptian madcaps is out of the question at present. To compare Egypt with South Africa, as the "Daily News" did in its fatuous comment on Mr. Roosevelt's speech, is, after all, only one of the funniosities we have now come to expect from the untutored Liberal. When I have a few weeks to spare I may possibly be permitted to supplement this page of foreign news by a few articles on ethnology, which are apparently badly wanted; but in the meantime I would counsel the editors of nearly all the Liberal papers in the country, and of a good many Conservative ones as well, to study a few standard modern works on ethnology and evolution.

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Mr. Roosevelt's utterance has made Sir Eldon Gorst's recall rather an awkward matter, but I have no doubt that it will come off in due course. I am happy to say that when the authorities found that the true state of affairs in Egypt had leaked out through the comments in this paper drastic steps were at once taken. A seizure of bombs was made in Cairo. Detachments of police were packed off to outlying towns where trouble was expected. Soldiers were held in readiness at various points, and reinforcements are ready to leave Aldershot if necessary. Lax officials—of whom it is agreeable to state that there are very few in Egypt—were prodded up here and there. As a result, the whole administrative machine is now much stronger, and the authorities will be better prepared for any rising that may take place when Wardani is executed for the murder of Boutros Pasha.

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When speaking about Roosevelt, I may add that I have noticed a tendency on the part of several Liberal papers to exploit William Jennings Bryan—prostrating themselves before him in fervent worship, in fact. I therefore deem it opportune to say here that Mr. Bryan is undeserving of any notice at all. His absurd views on the silver question and on economics generally are the laughing-stock of American business-men and politicians, and meet with no support except from a few fanatics. His adoption as the "Democratic" candidate last time sealed the fate of the "Democratic" party at the presidential election—and he was adopted merely because he was the best of a bad bunch. All the influence he once wielded in his own circle has long since disappeared, and to-day his backing consists of a few eminent nobodies, chiefly nonconformist parsons and various goody-goody cranks and faddists—the Welsh of America, in short. He is a great orator, without any constructive ideas, except a few ludicrous sentimental ones, in which respect he is not unlike Gladstone. And if some modern miracle permitted the impossible to happen, and Bryan by some extraordinary fluke could succeed in capturing the presidential chair, the main result would be that Roosevelt would be crowned king much sooner than he now expects. I know both men.

I learn that King George of Greece, before leaving for home after the funeral of King Edward, endeavoured to persuade King George V. to support Greece against Turkey in the Cretan question. The mere family relationship between the monarchs, however, was not sufficient to induce our King George to give the Greek King George any definite assurances. The result was the interview between the King of Greece and Sir Edward Grey which I referred to last week. This endeavour to "nobble" England (the expression is one used by a French diplomat who is familiar with English slang) has caused a full settlement of the Cretan question to drag on for several weeks, resulting in exasperation on the part of the other Powers interested, as well as driving the Turks to hold meetings of protest and giving rise to much nervousness in Crete and Greece. If only Sir Edward Grey will now hurry up and come to a decision the matter will soon be settled. Many influential papers on the Continent are openly accusing England of dilatoriness. I fear the criticism is but too accurate; and matters are far too dangerous for such procedure at the eleventh hour.

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As in England the sentimental view of the question is the first to be taken, irrespective of the rights and wrongs of the case, I have been asked why it is that, since the Cretans want to join Greece, the Powers won't let them do so, Turkey being looked upon as a kind of cruel step-father. The reason is simply because, as I pointed out last week, Turkey has in recent years been shorn of large portions of her former territory. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, and the complete independence of Bulgaria, strained Ottoman patience and patriotism to the breaking-point, and if the Powers now showed a disposition to have Crete ceded to Greece the entire Turkish Empire would rise as one man. Such a cession would not only stir up the anger of Turkey against Greece, but it would in addition be taken as an insult to a Mahommedan Power by a band of Christian Powers, and the consequence would be pandemonium. Bosnia, etc., would be avenged in earnest by a rising of the Mahommedans in Turkey, Asia Minor, and possibly Egypt. The explosion would spread to the Balkans, and we should be in the midst of a nice little European war in no time.

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Fortunately for the peace of Europe, however, the Powers know this; and it is just possible that Turkey might be induced to accept a monetary compensation in return for the island. In this case a loan would be raised in behalf of Greece and the money paid over to Turkey. In order to hurry the Powers a little, by the way, Turkey has now marshalled a small army near the frontier of Thessaly, which the Powers made her cede to Greece in 1881, and she is now ready to take possession again—a piece of information which, up to the time of writing, I have not seen chronicled in any English paper.

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About 180 miles to the north-west of the Shetlands lie the Faroe Islands, belonging to Denmark. The Gulf Stream secures a mild climate, and the harbours are free from ice in winter. A few days ago a squadron of the German Navy visited the place and made an extensive survey. If everything is found satisfactory the Wilhelmstrasse proposes to negotiate for a coaling station there—the German Government has been looking for one in or near the Atlantic for a long time. It may be casually mentioned that the German Dreadnoughts, unlike the English vessels, are built with a very small coal-carrying capacity; but then the undefended northern coast of Scotland is easily within twelve hours' steaming of the Faroe group. We hope our readers north of the Tweed will not feel alarmed. If a coaling station cannot be obtained nothing more will be heard of the matter. But, if the contrary is the case, then the Faroe Islands are likely to come in for a great deal of notoriety. We advise free-lancers to have articles ready on the manners and customs of the natives.

# The Situation in Egypt.

## By Duse Mohamed.

"Men little think how immorally they act in rashly meddling with what they do not understand. Their delusive good intentions are no sort of excuse for their presumption. Those who mean well must be fearful of acting ill."

BURKE.

In dealing with the grave political aspect in Egypt, how few of "the rash meddlers" there are who really "understand." Yet "their delusive good intentions" have greatly helped to obscure the real points at issue; bringing the aims of the Nationalists into disfavour in England, and branding these well-intentioned patriots with murderous proclivities and anarchical tendencies. The Nationalist movement in Egypt is not new, as many believe, and in order to fully understand the present Egyptian situation, it is necessary to go back to 1882. At that period there was a party in Egypt headed by the patriot Arabi Pasha, whose battle-cry was "Egypt for the Egyptians," even as it is to-day. This stalwart band freely gave their gold, and many gave their lives, at Kasassin and in the trenches of Tel-el Kebir for the cause which they held dearer than life itself. On every side they saw bribery and corruption rampant; trade and agriculture declining and the finances of the country in a state of bankruptcy.

They felt that Turkey—the then overlord—had squeezed the nation until it had become as dry and unproductive as the desert at their gates. They knew that such a condition of affairs could not last for ever if they meant to hold up their heads among the nations of the earth. Therefore, they sought a strong hand to lead them from this slough of despond to a pinnacle of political freedom and commercial prosperity—their choice falling on Arabi Pasha, a man whose strenuous activities had placed him in the forefront of Egyptian affairs.

Arabi Pasha, justly considering that no good could be accomplished in Egypt unless Turkey surrendered any claims she might be considered to possess in the land of the Pharaohs, approached the Khedive with this end in view, but he, preferring the shadowy "protection" of Turkey to the more solid benefits of national independence, refused to countenance the movement, and as he was not with his people, Arabi treated him thenceforward as an enemy to the best interests of his country.

Civil war had now become unavoidable, and Arabi, being satisfied with France's friendly attitude and at the same time fearing British intervention, he acquainted the French Government with his intentions and obtained certain guarantees from France that she would neither interfere with the projected revolution, nor would she permit the interference of any other power—always provided that European property was respected; and as a guarantee of their cordial intentions and neutrality a French fleet was dispatched to Alexandria, not only to protect European interests, should occasion arise, but presumably to check the encroachments of any other European power.

Whether France feared an encounter with Great Britain I know not, but suffice it to say that on the British fleet being sighted, the French fleet immediately put to sea, leaving the harbour of Alexandria, and Arabi Pasha, to the tender mercies of England. The bombardment and dismantling of the forts at Alexandria followed; so did the battle of Kasassin and the taking of Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir, after the defeat of his army. He was subsequently banished to Ceylon, as everyone knows, the Nationalist movement was scotched for the time being—not killed—and the British army occupied Egypt; "temporarily" it was said, until order and good government were restored.

It must be at once admitted that England set about her self-imposed task of reforming Egypt with a firm and decisive hand. British capital surged into the country, the Copt, who for centuries had remained in a condition of serfdom under his Mohammedan masters, was permitted and assisted to peacefully pursue his agricultural avocations, and the notorious slavemarkets of Cairo became a horrid nightmare of the past, obliterated by the advancing dawn of British civilisation.

Meanwhile, the old Arab and Turkish stock, seeing the prosperity which Western rule had wrought, felt, that in order to keep abreast of the times it would be necessary to more fully acquire the education of the West; and not being content with the European schools which existed, and were springing up in Egypt, those of substance sent their sons to the European universities to obtain that first-hand knowledge which would adequately fit them for the task of self-government, "when the English should have departed" from the land—their young men duly returning to the country of their birth fortified with Western education and ambition. Notwithstanding this, the English remained, and those official posts which the young men were qualified to fill, by reason of their Western culture, were given to Englishmen. There was much murmuring and general discontent, and demands were made to Lord Cromer to remedy the evil; but he sternly refused or put them off with vain promises. The natives, therefore, arrived at the conclusion that they were either being betrayed, or the occupying British, being Christian, were only willing to advance those of their own faith, and pointed to the Coptic emancipation and advancement as an example.

As in all such political conditions, the master mind arose to dominate and guide the weak and wavering. Mustapha Pasha Kamel—who had never ceased to combat Britain's sovereign rights in Egypt, in the pages of the Egyptian "Standard," of which he was editor—got the various factions together in favour of Home Rule, whipped the waverers into line, and founded the Nationalist party, reviving the old battle-cry of Arabi Pasha—"Egypt for the Egyptians!" Mustapha then demanded the evacuation of Egypt, in the meantime using his pen to some purpose; for it was undoubtedly to his agitation, not only in the pages of his journal, but by meetings which he held all over the Delta, that Lord Cromer's retirement was indirectly due. Mustapha Pasha, with his great administrative power, was more than a match for the aged pro-consul, and the noble lord, seeing defeat or resignation before him, chose the latter alternative.

The ever-to-be-lamented death of Mustapha Pasha Kamel was undoubtedly a great blow to the Nationalist cause, because he held the extremists in check; his utterances were indeed vitriolic, but he never, as far as my knowledge goes, recommended political murder—political murder being the weapon, chiefly, of the young and hot-headed members of the party desirous of distinguishing themselves, even as those in India possessing the same ideals have done, and there can be little doubt that had a limited constitution been granted to the Egyptians during Lord Cromer's tenure of office we should have heard nothing of political murder, and Boutros Pasha would have been alive to-day.

Now, as to the murder of Boutros Pasha, there were many causes which contributed to this regrettable tragedy. First and foremost, he was a Copt and a Christian. He had seen those of his own race and religion treated by the English with fairness and consideration—a fairness and consideration which was withheld by their Mohammedan masters before the advent of the British. Gratitude for the benefits conferred upon his people made him a staunch friend and upholder of British rule, repressing disorder in every form with a firm hand; for he well knew that should the Mohammedans again assume the reins of government, not only would "his occupation be gone," but, while the Copts might not again be reduced to a condition of servitude, they would at least receive few, if any, benefits at the hands of the Mohammedans. It will, therefore, be observed that an able man, such as he undoubtedly was, could not view such a barren outlook with equanimity. Therefore he threw the whole weight of his influence into the British scale, using every means in his power to maintain English rule, and this was the cause of his undoing.

On the other hand, the Mohammedans saw, not only a member of a despised race, but an "infidel"—Christian—placed above their heads, and the Nationalist agitators pointed to Boutros Pasha as the cause of all their political misfortunes and disappointments, using him as the excuse for a "holy" war; for they very naturally claimed that he, being Christian, was favoured by the Christian invaders, and this, to their minds, proved the existence of a political conspiracy favouring only those of Christian faith, to the detriment of the Mohammedans who had conquered the land, and were, therefore, entitled to a premier position in the administration of the country.

Boutros Pasha would neither be intimidated by the Mohammedans nor would he advance their efforts for self-government, so they slew him. There are many who condone and others who even applaud the crime of Wardani, but these—who were so effectively held in check by the late Mustapha Pasha—are in the ranks of the extreme section of the Nationalist party. It must not, however, be overlooked that the progressive members of the party, in their efforts for political freedom from the British yoke, have only followed British example in order to achieve that desired consummation. It was only by force that Oliver Cromwell wrested the liberties of the English from the autocratic grasp of Charles I. American independence and political freedom were only obtained at the point of the sword. The wrongs of Ireland had never received even limited recognition at the hands of England until her sons resorted to violence and the country was deluged in blood. The Boers would not have been accorded equal rights in South Africa had they not administered a most severe castigation to Britain, before their ultimate defeat; and it was undoubtedly the fear of another Boer rising which brought about their present political position in the South African Commonwealth. The British political and official mind is so "stodgy" that it is to be feared that the mental political advancement of England has not kept pace with her commercial development. Especially is this marked in her attitude towards her Oriental dependencies. It is for this very reason we find such men as the late Lord Salisbury sneering at the English political pretensions of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, when that Indian gentleman first contested an English constituency. On the other hand, France has ever treated her Oriental peoples with a sympathetic consideration which commands the admiration of a liberty-loving world. Instead of her statesmen sneering at the Oriental's desire for political advancement, she has not only granted free institutions to her Oriental dependencies, with a share in their respective governments, but she has accorded them adequate representation in her Council Chambers. It is very questionable whether Madagascar or Algeria could have remained free from internecine strife during all these years were these Oriental countries in the hands of Great Britain.

Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that France occupied Egypt, and evacuated the country with a sincere regard for its independence and the freedom of its institutions. France built the Suez Canal, one of the greatest commercial benefits not only to Egypt but to the world at large; yet she did not make this grand achievement an excuse for acquiring sovereign rights over Egypt, nor for retarding and suppressing the political aspirations of the people of Egypt.

On the resignation of Lord Cromer the Nationalists—who were convinced that their zealously conducted and unremittingly uncompromising agitation had brought about the pro-consul's retirement—were filled with hope at the appointment of Sir Eldon Gorst. He was an official whose direct contact with native aims and thought had extended from 1886 to 1904; and whom they were convinced would not only sympathise with their efforts in the direction of self-government, but who would use his influence with the Government in England to secure them that constitution which their strenuous activities so richly merited.

Unfortunately for their cause and for that previous good feeling which had existed between Englishmen and Egyptians, they found the reed on which they leaned was broken. Sir Eldon Gorst, by reason of his pusillanimity, has neither satisfied Mohammedan nor Copt, and to-day Egypt is in a more unsettled condition than it has ever been since the British occupation. For, whereas Lord Cromer was arrogant and unsympathetic, Sir Eldon Gorst is sadly lacking in all those qualities which are required in a statesman who has the task of straightening the tortuous ways which lead up to a crisis, and the careful adjustment of the claims of warring factions. Every line of his recent reports betrays the weakness and ineptitude of a storm-tossed mariner, who, having lost his bearings, finds his dismantled and waterlogged craft hopelessly floundering in the trough of the sea at the mercy of the surrounding billows that shall eventually engulph it.

The system of "muddle" or "do-little" is so indelibly stamped upon English official character—when not engaged in ruthlessly suppressing the upheavals brought about by their own blindness—that it is really surprising how the British Empire has hung together.

In dealing with Oriental races the official "mind" is too prone to undervalue anything un-English. Nor can the British official realise that there are natives of the Orient who are as well—and very often better—educated than themselves.

What on earth is the good of an English University degree to an Oriental if that distinctive mark of education is not respected by the very nation which has conferred it?

Egyptians to-day, so far as Western education and enlightenment go, are not what they were in the first years of the occupation; nor can they be expected to suffer foreign rule so tamely. The development of the land and of the people for the most part, as previously stated, is due to the British; and the growth of patriotism, the increased desire for greater opportunities and a share in the government, with a constitution and absolute freedom for its ultimate object, can hardly be accounted criminal, and are the natural results of French and British occupation and of the increase of the number of thinking Egyptians of European education. The country is becoming daily more Europeanised, and repression has only engendered hatred against the English. The revival of the Press laws, which were so rigorously enforced, are hardly creditable to a people whose boast is "free government" and "free speech." Nor would there have been such lawlessness among the students had the Press remained untrammelled and its editors unconvicted. Yet we find Sir Eldon Gorst in his last report stating that, although warned, "these warnings were not, however, successful in preventing the extreme Nationalist journals from continuing to pour odium and contempt on the authorities, and the *Government may perhaps be blamed for not having used more freely* the powers which they possess to put a stop to these abuses." Even the General Assembly is pursuing its deliberations half-heartedly, for the committee appointed last February to consider the Government proposals with regard to the Suez Canal has recommended the rejection of the proposals, and as Sir Eldon Gorst very frankly admits, "the feature by which the report is characterised *is the entire lack of confidence in the intentions and good faith of the Government.*" The Legislative Assembly has also failed to show that bold front which the British pro-consul expects, being too greatly influenced by the native Press, whose unremitting accusation of "want of patriotism" is at length bearing fruit. It will, therefore, be observed that the Nationalist movement is not confined to "a few hundred students"—as some of the London journals would have the English people believe—otherwise such leaders of native thought as Sheikh Shawish, editor of "Lewa," among others, would not be ready to go to prison in defence of the political rights of their countrymen.

The Orient is really awakening from its lethargy. Egyptians behold the adaptability of Japan to Western institutions, and her rapid advancement to a first-class position among the nations of the world, and her total

defeat of a power which had been previously feared by the most powerful European nations. They see such old reactionary Governments as Persia and Turkey—both of the same religion as themselves—enlisting in the march of progress, adopting popular ideas and advancing towards a constitutional modification of a tyrannical system, grasping with ready hand the sentimental and practical advantages of government by the people in their own interests. Little wonder, therefore, that my fellow countrymen should become fired with the ambitions which are slowly, but surely, permeating the surrounding Orient: using voice, pen, or any other agency within their reach, not only to obtain those advantages of just and independent government, but at length to behold Egypt once again lifting up her ancient head among the foremost nations of the earth!

# The Philosophy of a Don.

## XIII.—The Stage.

"HM-M!" said my friend Shav, as we left the shop where we had just listened to a discourse on the theatre delivered by a well-known leader in the dramatic industry.

I knew, as by a flash of divination, that something was coming—something momentous; and I held my breath. There followed a series of mutterings and mumblings, unintelligible and almost inaudible, yet to the initiated ear significant—like the distant rumblings of the heavens that presage a downpour. Shav, I surmised, was tuning himself up. The event showed that I was right. "Stagnation!" he suddenly exclaimed—so suddenly that, prepared though I was for the explosion, I very nearly jumped. "Our stage lies sunk in a slough of stagnation—the same unspeakable slough in which everything else English lies sunk . . . and," he added, after a pregnant pause, "no one seems to be aware of the shipwreck or anxious to undertake its salvage."

"That is hardly correct," said I. "THE NEW AGE—of course, you know the paper?"

"Never heard of it."

"No?"

"I never read any papers except those to which I contribute, and in those I only read my own contributions. But what about THE NEW AGE?"

"It recently devoted a whole supplement to a consultation on the subject. The experts took the theatre to pieces and carefully scrutinized every part of its scenic anatomy—its mechanical devices, its artistic decorations, its rhetorical declamations, and so on. The unanimous verdict was that the stage suffers from want of realism. 'Modern play-goers,' said the judges, 'have been fed for so long on theatrical shams that they can no longer accept what is simple and true.' Personally, I thought the verdict too sweeping. What do you think?"

"I think its fault lies in not being sweeping enough. Your critics were right; but their criticism admits of a much deeper and wider application than they dreamed of. When they talked of scenic shams they failed to see that those shams are only the outward manifestations of the one supreme sham—the British Soul. One might as well complain that the windows of a house are askew when the very foundations are slipping. Do you follow my metaphor?"

"Easily. But I don't quite see how it applies to the stage. You ——"

"I have often told you that the sole excuse for speaking should be that the speaker has something to say. Actually, his whole concern is to produce something that will pay. That applies to all classes of English speakers, and to no class more emphatically than to the one which speaks from the stage. In the circumstances, isn't it rather trifling to criticise the pulpit when the preacher himself is beneath criticism?"

"Ye-es," I said, doubtfully. "But are you quite sure that the preacher is what you describe him?"

"Bless the man!" Shav brought his stick down on the pavement with a violence that would have utterly disconcerted anyone less phlegmatic or less accustomed to his judicial methods. "Have you ever known me to be anything but quite sure of what I say?"

"Never!" I assented, fervently.

"Well, then, listen, and I will sketch out for you a so-called dramatic author's career. For some reason or other—usually because he has failed in every other trade—a man decides to earn a living by writing plays. The decision taken, he sets about to discover what sort of plays are in fashion. He finds that a certain class of subject and a certain manner of treatment are in great demand. To that class and manner he applies himself with such industry, intelligence and insincerity as are in him, without any reference to his own predilections. In fact, a play-maker, like a dress-maker, to succeed, must have no predilection of his own. He must implicitly obey the prevailing taste. The prevailing taste happens to be vicious—so are the plays. The prevailing taste is for the cheap, the shoddy, the paltry, and the pretentious—the plays are cheap, shoddy, paltry, and pretentious. The supply naturally tallies with the demand."

"Of course, you are an infinitely better judge in these matters than I am," said I. "Yet is it not generally accepted that the English public, incorrigibly commercial in its outlook, demands to derive some profit even from its plays? Of this characteristic I came across an interesting proof the other day in a conversation that I could not help overhearing. The speakers were two elderly scholars. The subject was a recent drama called 'Justice.' It is a horrible, heart-harrowing play,' said the first, 'but I mean to take my boy to it. It is distinctly a play that a young man ought to see.' 'What is it all about?' asked the other. 'Oh, it is about a young clerk who committed forgery and about the punishment he suffered in consequence. The prison horrors are rather overdone; but the lesson it teaches is sound. It is a play with a moral—so different from those silly problem plays we sometimes get now-a-days.'"

"I must tell this to Galsworthy," said Shav, with a laugh, referring apparently to some Bohemian friend of his. "But," he presently went on, "your old fogey must have been a black swan. As a general rule, take my word for it, the English man and woman shun like the plague everything that threatens to distress their hearts or to disturb their heads. The ultimate praise the ordinary play-goer has for a sad drama is that it is powerful or well-acted, but that it is not 'nice.' In that one monosyllable the English nation includes everything that is of good repute in Art, just as in the same monosyllable it includes everything that is of good flavour in cookery. The identity of the term is not accidental. It expresses a profound psychological principle—the principle that the Englishman's soul resides in his stomach."

"That is a calumny," I said, with patriotic asperity.

"It is nothing of the kind," retorted Shav, authoritatively. "The Englishman who spends his day making money, in the evening is only anxious to squander it. So he first goes to a restaurant where he eats a hearty dinner, and then he goes to a theatre to digest it. Naturally he prefers the play which best assists him in that interesting function. The playwright knows his public and, as a matter of course, panders to its insensate and insatiable appetite for trash. Like a ballet-dancer, a juggler, or a buffoon, he feels it his business to be, above all things, entertaining. He is a caterer for customers who care much for pleasure and nothing

at all for truth. Haven't you noticed that people never ask whether a new play is true or not, but always whether it is smart or amusing."

"I suppose they take its truth for granted," I ventured.

"There is no harm in supposing," said Shav, with a grim smile.

"Anyhow," I pursued, "truth alone is not enough to make any work of art acceptable. I question whether it has ever been. If you want to instruct your fellow-creatures, you must begin by amusing them. A child will take any pills without demur provided they are sufficiently sugared, and I know dozens of grown-up men and women who have learnt all the history they know from Walter Scott, Harrison Ainsworth, Bulwer Lytton, Thomas Macaulay, and other writers of the same sort."

"Truth, naked and unblushing Truth, should be the first recommendation of every work of art!" Shav declared, vehemently. "I want every play, every picture, every book, every building—in short everything that man makes—to be a confession of faith, or of unfaith; but in any case to be a frank and full confession of what the maker conceives to be the truth. Speak the whole truth, or not at all—that is my maxim."

"You are too literal, too direct, and too uncompromising, my dear Shav. The theatre, you must remember, is a place of relaxation, not of edification."

"I want it to be a place of revelation! I have no objection to clever trifles in themselves. It is natural to be entertained by frivolous pleasantries, to be interested in ingenious plots, to seek amusement wherever it may be found. I don't think that unreasonable or reprehensible. But, good heavens! what shall we say when we see a great nation not only liking but doting on these trifles, and that to such an extent as to leave no room in their minds or taste in their palates for other things—the things that really matter—the serious realities and sorrows of life; how shall we call this, my friend? Shall we not say that such a nation is a desperately stupid nation?"

"The mission of the theatre is not to aggravate but to mitigate the sorrows of life. As the poet has said:

> The sad old earth
> Must borrow its mirth:
> It has grief enough of its own!"

"You don't mitigate a disease by concealing it. What would you yourself think of a doctor who, instead of trying to cure his patient, only sent him to sleep? Soporifics may bring a momentary oblivion of pain: they don't abolish it."

"I am no authority on social therapeutics," said I. "But, speaking for myself, I would much rather be driven to sleep by an insipid comedy than to suicide by an inexorable tragedy. The introduction of distressing topics on the stage can only be justified by the elaborate success of the result, and hardly even then. The end of dramatic art is, as Corneille formulated it long ago, 'de plaire aux spectateurs.'"

"Of all pestilential fallacies, my boy, none is more fatal than that. The end of dramatic art is not to please the spectators, but to purge them by showing to them life as it really is. Corneille's formula is the formula of the pastry cook, not of the prophet, or even of the mere priest. It is a mean and vile conception which has been discarded even by the nation which conceived it. In France you now get plays alive with reality and vibrating with conviction. And so the modern French stage is a school for thought, whereas ours remains a school for stupid self-complacency. That is not surprising: the French public is willing to pay something for being made to think; the English public would pay anything to be spared thinking."

"Why, then, blame our playwrights for not giving us sincere and thought-stimulating plays, since, according to you, our playgoers do not want them? By your own showing, if an English dramatist ventured upon an honest study of the world as it appears to him his work would have no chance at all. If it was accepted by the managers it would be pronounced by the public 'depressing'; the critics would damn it, and audiences would stay away. After all, even a playwright must live."

"I don't see the necessity. But let that pass. The playwright's unreasoning attachment to life does not make matters better for us. It makes them worse. Our dramatists, by their sordid subservience to the depraved standards of their public, perpetuate its stupidity. What else could you expect from creatures that live and creep and work in the artificial world of the theatre, instead of in the real outer world? Their sympathies are cribbed and confined by the back wall of the stage. Their minds are warmed not by God's glorious sunshine, but by the glare of the footlights. The air they breathe is not the free and pure air of heaven, but the stuffy, polluted atmosphere of the green room. Consequently, the life they depict is not the real life of the present, but a conventional shadow-life of stage characters created by dramatists dead and gone. The upshot of it all is that, instead of rational human beings, we get on our stage a crowd of drapers' lay figures, talking and behaving as no decent draper's lay figures have ever talked or behaved. Instead of dialogue, we pay genuine silver to listen to hollow, premosaic platitudes in which no one believes. Instead of an exhilarating exposition of the incongruous we are treated to ponderous exercises in hippopotamian humour. The audience gets what it deserves—like people like preachers. The English stage no longer needs a critic, but a cardinal armed with candle, bell, and book, and an ocean or two of holy water."

"I doubt whether they order these things better abroad," said I. "Look at the plays imported into this country from the Continent. Most of them, you will agree, are mere French indecencies, purged of their Gallic salt, or unexpurgated Flemish puerilities and Norwegian nightmares, full of the sempiternal pseudo-analysis of character, of the mental unequilibrium, and of the wordy inanities which form the stock-in-trade of the dramatic paradoxologist. These things, to my mind, are far more offensive than the innocuous insipidities of our own poor playwrights."

"You must not judge the Continental theatre by our own clumsy adaptations of its products. Continental dramatists of the first rank are realists in the loftiest acceptation of the term."

"Are they? Look at some of the most famous of foreign dramas in their original form. Look at Ibsen's plays. No plays, a short time ago, held a Continental audience as these did. And what are they? neurasthenic obsessions copied, one would think, from some madman's dreams. The author seems to conceive his plots in dyspepsia and to deliver himself in delirium tremens. His men and women are placed in houses, churches, or monasteries of stone, brick, and mortar, like those we actually see in real life. But are they actual people such as we know in real life? Not a bit of it. They are miserable monomaniacs, contemplating, dissecting, analysing their own sick interiors to discover the imaginary disease they are pleased to call their soul. And the audience, after one of these performances, leaves the theatre, not purged, or edified, or even humbly amused, but racked with self-questionings, tortured with regret, puzzled, bewildered, discontented, impotently enraged."

"Even rage is preferable to stagnation," said Shav, in his most superior manner.

"You may think so. For my part I think that better than rage is reticence—which means a sense of decency."

"Reticence is the excuse of the insensible and the refuge of the inarticulate. Have you noticed how remarkably reticent our cats and dogs are? I have a spaniel at home, and he has never yet uttered a word about his feelings. I suppose he considers it bad form."

This shaft produced no impression whatever upon the impenetrable panoply of my composure, and Shav, perceiving his failure, changed his tone.

"You were boasting the other day of the State," he said. "Why does not the State justify its existence by endowing the stage as it endows the Church, the Navy, and the Army?"

"If it did you would be the first to denounce it. I can see you leading a crusade for the disestablishment of the stage. I can hear you protesting against theatrical subsidies as a form of servitude ——"

"I daresay I should," Shav laughed. "Thalia and Melpomene harnessed with red tape in the chariot of Departmental Dullness is not an inspiring spectacle. But I would almost endure even that humiliation if it rescued the drama from its present dependence upon the lowest intellectual elements. Any dictatorship, even that of a Government, would be better than the dictatorship of Mrs. Grundy."

"The change, I am afraid, would only be a change of chains. The capricious tyranny of the many would be replaced by the canonised tyranny of the few. For the spontaneous stupidity and timidity of the middle class Pharisees, you would have the deliberate cant and pompous dogmatism of a board of official scribes—a hierarchy of highly-placed, highly-paid hypocrites. That being so, why strain after a revolution which would miss the one thing that makes revolutions at all tolerable—**reformation?**"

"I am sick of the whole business," he said, after a few minutes' silence. "This dramatic degradation going on year after year, without restraint, remorse, or remission, will force me to go to America or go mad."

"Why don't you put yourself at the head of a reforming movement?"

"I mean to do so. I think I will write a real play one of these days."

"What about?"

"I have not the faintest idea as to what it will be about. But it shall be a queer sort of play—I can promise you that."

"In other words, you will not write it for the public?"

"No! Writing for the public means writing for fame or for money. Well, I scorn the sort of fame I have already got, and I no longer need money. Writing, I am beginning to feel, is a natural function, and a man ought as soon to eat for money, drink for money, or laugh for money as write for money."

"Personally, I can more easily understand the theory of the fourth dimension, or the doctrine of transubstantiation, than writers who write for money. But I don't believe that they all are, as you would have it, mere sordid quacks who go about trying to find out what will please the public to hear and then say it. There must be, I suppose, a good many of that sort. But, I think, there must also be many others who honestly think that what the public thinks is the right thing. So, even if they happen to have opinions and feelings of their own, they conscientiously suppress them, out of a sense of public spirit."

"*Oh, yes,*" said Shav, "we have quite a number of such modest, public-spirited, nice *mediocrities.*"

"They are the writers who are honoured on earth and, for aught I know, not excluded from heaven."

"I would much rather live on this earth for ever—no mean calamity—than run the risk of meeting them in heaven," he said, with a laugh.

"Still," I urged, "it is pleasant to be honoured by one's fellow-citizens."

"Pleasant! How can a free man derive any pleasure from an honour that is the price of slavery?" he demanded, waving to me a perfunctory adieu.

Poor Shav! I never can determine whether his obstinate, not to say morbid, love of liberty is the result of moral obliquity or of an intellectual hiatus. But I am certain that it is fostered by the notion that he himself is a free man; which, of course, is an illusion and therefore to be respected: there are few things in life more sacred than its illusions. For my part, however sincerely I may disapprove of Shav's inflexible and unsocial individualism, I do not feel as if I would do anything to cure him of the satisfaction he draws therefrom—any more than I would, for any consideration, rob Chesterham of the melancholy joy which he draws from the notion that he is a poet born out of due time. Far be it from me to strike at any illusion that is very dear to another.

# Old and Modern Collectors.

## By Riccardo Nobili.

IN an article in "Putnam's Magazine" the figure of Mr. Pierpont Morgan has been presented to the public, not in his usual rôle of magnate of finance, shrewd contriver of financial schemes, but rather in his minor and less well-known character of connoisseur.

If there is anything to be regretted in this study it is that the writer, who evidently possessed a rare opportunity of becoming acquainted with his subject, did not choose to reveal us the more interesting side of this secondary talent of Mr. Morgan. A psychological study of this modern amateur, an analysis of his double personality, and, above all, an account of the bridge of circumstances which induced the experienced financier to enter the idealistic shrine of art in his old age, might have been not only extremely interesting, but also valuable as a contribution towards the knowledge and classification of the type of up-to-date art collector.

The author, however, lost in hyperbolic praise of his subject, chooses to see in this particular amateur the greatest of the kind the world has ever seen. Not satisfied with having somewhat cleared the horizon of fame for his patron's benefit, the author in search of a suitable parallel with some collector of the past invades the field of history and styles the modern plutocrat a Medici come again!

One might ask here: Which of the Medicis? From old Cosimo Pater Patriae down to the cynical and degenerate Giangastone, the line of art lovers is uninterrupted in the Medici family. However, the author in his aching for "the best" did not hesitate to pack the obese figure of the Wall Street magnate into the dignified folds of Lorenzo il Magnifico's robe.

Without taking into consideration the difference of ages and the disproportion of culture, as well as refinement—and also granting that Mr. Laffan, the late *arbiter elegantiæ* of Mr. Morgan, could bear comparison with Niccoli, Ciriaco d'Ancona, Bracciolini and other art patrons of the early Medicis—the parallel between one of the finest minds of the Renaissance and a modern American financier sounds grotesque. Such a parallel is only conceivable in the mastodon imaginations of uncultured and "flat-belly" worshippers of the golden calf.

To compare the "Magnifico" with Mr. J. P. Pierpont Morgan is as absurd as to compare Julius Cæsar with Theodore Roosevelt. What link may there be between the old conqueror, an erratic seeker of glory, and this odious and obvious butcher of elephants and giraffes, now flitting from one country to another, in the pomp of a travelling agent, only in quest of noise?

As an art collector alone Mr. Morgan is too recent a product to stand any comparison with the cultured art lovers of the Renaissance. *With him the passion for* art has the air of a freak created by age and wealth; it might represent a sort of sport and diversion from the crudity of his financial schemes. With old collectors the pursuing of art, or hobbies, was permanent; with Mr. Morgan it has a discontinuous character, a fact that suggests somewhat his being subject to the feverish fits of a bric-a-brac hunter. A hunter, we are sorry to say (not so lucky as his friend Roosevelt), who in his pursuit has not missed his "elephant"—for the pachyderms of Mr. Morgan are actually in his hands, or rather in his collection.

Not, however, because he differs greatly from any new collector coming from over the Atlantic, but from his conspicuous position Mr. Morgan is more likely to be made the centre of sad illuminations. His collecting exploits, the possibilities of his hunting expeditions, coupled with the immense wealth at his command, are factors that tend to magnify his faults, no less than his virtues. He has thereby come in some way to typify the genus of the brand new collector. But, in fact, he is no better nor worse than the other specimens that America has of late thrown on the market of modern antiques. If anything, indeed Mr. Morgan belongs to that large class of collectors who learn at

the very expensive price of being cheated; to which learning is perhaps to be attributed the superiority of his latest acquisitions.

However, the very recent American product, the multi-millionaire amateur, as a rule so noisy, clumsy and so devoid of the real passion for art, and of the proper equipment to understand it, has no forerunner in the past history of real connoisseurship. No forerunner at all unless, by pleading somewhat an exception for the Roman Decadence, and taking advantage of some Trimalcho-like propensity of modern millionaires, we choose to compare the modern type to a minor type of collectors that used to search for antiques and curiosities in the various *septæ* of the Eternal City.

Outside of this quaint and far-fetched ancestry I see no pedigree for the American collectors. Certainly the new species bears no resemblance whatever to even the most modest champions of the Renaissance, nor does it resemble any collector, either magnificent or otherwise, in the list that runs from Grolier to Mazarin. Still more recent art amateurs like Sauvageot, Davillier, Bonnaffe, and the late Mr. Salting have no identity with the new type; no more than has the old and the true amateur, so well represented by the late admirable Mr. Quincy Shaw, of Boston.

As a matter of fact, the absence of a genuine love of art is what chiefly bars the American *curieux* from the masonic fellowship that links art collectors of the most diverse kinds. In his supercilious attitude towards art the American collector is, to his own detriment, negatively aristocratic. No matter whether he relies on himself as expert or on the questionable experience of others, his standing apart from the tradition makes of him an easier prey.

In comparison with such improvised and aimless collectors, even Sanson, the hangman of Paris, whom Marechal Grammont met at Saint-Germain buying paintings for his little museum of atrocities, was more of a collector than the already discussed examples. He at least had a purpose outside the petty ambition of eclipsing his neighbour. Grammont tells us that the old gentleman was haggling over the price of some pictures representing *supplices*. One of the two canvases he wished to add to his collection depicted some missionaries tortured by Japanese, the other the chastisement of a guilty husband by an enraged wife. Sanson —a man not to be confused with his descendant the executioner under the French Revolution—declared to Grammont that he had a collection of paintings representing the various atrocities the world had invented in the name of Justice, and that *les spectacles de ce gendre lui paroissoient charmans, qu'il apprenoit ainsi à mieux faire son métier.*

Whatever may be said of such a collection, one cannot deny that Sanson had a purpose in his pursuit, and that under a certain aspect his museum—had it come down to us intact in its gruesome ferocity—might teach Humanity no trifling lesson.

But what amount of learning will posterity derive from the New York collections, gathered with no artistic discrimination and in part composed of fakes and forgeries?

Do I hear somebody saying that Americans buy through their expert, that with such assistance collecting antiques might prove in the end as sound as any other financial business? For in mediæval times kings and princes were wont to invest their money in rare objects, and thus, by condensing great value in a small space, and in easily movable form, to provide conveniently for rainy days. Even to-day more than one amateur has been heard to say: Well, as a last resort there is my collection.

But comparatively few collectors can boast in this way without inviting disillusion. The great majority of up-to-date collectors have yet to learn their lesson. They are still dreaming in a fool's paradise with fictitious masterpieces, and when, if ever, their descendants fall on rainy days they will have to rely chiefly on their—umbrellas! Let the present rage for antiques once pass and shrink to its normal proportions; once let the fashion vanish, the folly of the present craze will appear in all its native magnitude Then the saying of a Florentine antiquary, "If Americans should come to Europe to sell their collections they will find it difficult to pay their hotel bill with the proceeds," may prove as true a saying as it sounds absurd.

May we say without risking a paradox that the invading Philistinism which has lately produced a legion of improvised Mæcenases of art is a sign of decadence, exactly as it was in the already quoted Roman time; that the modern genus in its resemblance to the oddities of the said period may be the result of identical causes and express, in a society possessed by imperialistic mania, a symptom of incipent decay?

The modern decline, however, unlike the decline of Rome, will not succeed the splendour of names such as Augustus, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Asinius, Pollion, etc. It will not afford in all its freakish revivals a collector like Verre—the wild amateur who emptied Sicily of Greek statues to gratify his passion for fine arts; and in his greedy love for the beautiful, paid with his life his refusal to part with the rare Corinthian vases coveted by Mark Antony—nor a type to match with Cicero, a somewhat snobbish amateur, but a genuine art lover all the same, as one can gather from his letters to Atticus and Gallius.

To find in the Roman world subjects that have not lost all character of present actuality one must turn to the grosser kind of collectors, whom the Roman writers and poets describe as frequenters of the Via Sacra and the *Septae*. Take, for instance, that Tongilius described by Juvenal, a man who went through crowded Rome ostentatiously looking for something rare. He paraded in a conspicuous *lectica*, followed by a troop of parasites, and announced that he was ready to buy *argentum, murrhina, villas*. More than one antique shop carefully set aside objects for his particular inspection, and many lay in ambush for him. This freak requires only a change of appearance to become the modern type. Just change the big sedan chair into a brightly painted motor car, and you will see that the species Tongilius is not yet dead. Or turn to Paullus.

"Paullus gathers his friends and objects of art only for the sake of display," says Valerius Martialis of a man dead now two thousand years ago, and yet Paullus seems still alive in some of our acquaintances, no matter if on the modern Paullos friends have perpetrated the bad joke of becoming his experts, and if his collection resembles that of another character of Martialis, who possessed art pieces as bad as his morals, and had friends as sham as the silver of his table.

We feel quite familiar with these characters described by Seneca; as even to-day the world possesses collectors of rusty nails and other worthless things; we feel no less acquainted with some other types to whom Martial gives his attention. The man who gathers ants fossilised in amber, the relic collector who glories in owning a fragment of the Argonauts' ship, might be alive to-day.

Lycinius the demented, Codrus the penurious and dissatisfied, Eros the enthusiast and dreamer, still exist, and are well represented in all their various shades, even down to Mamurra, who used to turn over every antiquity shop in ancient Rome, pricing the most costly goods, bargaining over expensive tables of citrus, finally to return home tired and discontented, having only purchased a common clay dish worth about a halfpenny.

Thus by a freak of circumstances the world in America repeats its worst features, and many Americans, who, by means of their fortunes, could indulge in a taste, if they had it, for associating their names with some living genius—as was done by the Florentine Martelli family when they protected and helped Donatello— and thus go down to future generations as true Mæcenases of art, have preferred to join the mad chase after curios and dubious antiques, and to rank in the eyes of posterity with Tongilius, Paullus, and Clerinus.

# Republic or Empire?—III.

## A Dialogue.

### By Francis Grierson.

SCENE: A palatial mansion near Central Park, New York.

Time: the spring of 1910. It is four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Marquis of Roehampton is seated in a room which suggests to him the aspect of an audience chamber. There is a canopy under which stands a large chair carved in figures which symbolise royalty. The room is in fact half throne-room, half salon, and the objects in it represent a large fortune. As the Marquis, the heir to the dukedom of Ballywick, sits musing he asks himself what sort of a dress the hostess would appear in to-day. He had seen her many times, but never twice in the same dress. His father the Duke was one of the richest men in England and yet both the Duke and the Duchess were urging him on to marry this woman, the possessor of so much money that no one could say within twenty or thirty millions what her fortune was. He felt that he was beginning to appear ridiculous. He was half in love with the woman he had been courting for more than a year, yet he feared her as a human enigma who might turn out to be a minx as well as a sphinx, and he was beginning to feel worried as well as interested.

With these thoughts rushing through his brain the hostess made her appearance. She was seven and twenty. Her eyes looked very dark under her dark and rather thick eye-brows, and her olive complexion never showed the slightest trace of colour no matter what the excitement of the moment might be. She was tall, her figure was well-proportioned, but she had practised certain movements and attitudes so long before the looking-glass that she often appeared theatrical and self-conscious, and self-consciousness was the thing above all others she most dreaded. She was, in fact, suffering from a complaint quite frequent in the society in which she moved, a complaint which might be described as the disease of the "ever present." She had not yet invented a way of escaping from herself. Night and day she was haunted, not by spirits freed from the flesh, but by her own spirit imprisoned in her own body.

The hostess was arrayed in the strangest oriental costume the Marquis had ever laid his experienced and much-travelled eyes on. It was a combination of Turk, Persian, and Hindoo, and on her head rose a turban head-dress in the form of a pyramid festooned with ropes of black pearls. She advanced towards the Marquis with a forced air of languor and indifference, and held out her hand for the Marquis to kiss. This he did, saying to himself what an idiotic attitude for an Englishman, the colour mounting to his cheeks as he thought, "that petty German prince and that poor French duke in search of a situation have taught her this trick!"

"How perfectly radiant you look to-day," he said. The words coming to her at the moment they did and in that peculiar condition of airs and elements, the hostess forced her mouth into one of those hard, mechanical smiles which she felt must resemble a hideous grin, but on the instant her face relaxed into its natural expression, which was one of restlessness and a vague ill-defined ambition, embedded as it was in a foundation of hereditary ennui. As a girl she had never laughed, and as a woman she could not smile. To-day the hostess had decided to lay the law down to the Marquis. It was useless for a woman in her unique position to mince matters with anyone, and after the Marquis had for the twentieth time broached the question of marriage, she said: "I shall never marry you unless you consent to sign a written agreement that I shall be appointed the leading lady of honour to the Queen of England. American girls who marry English lords are in my opinion no better off than they were in America. If I marry you I shall renounce forever all connection with Republicanism"; but just as the hostess uttered these words, and the Marquis had made up his mind to bring the absurd courtship to an end and return to England, a butler, with a pompous mien and a stentorian voice, announced His Royal Highness the Duc de Bordeaux, and in walked a spruce young man, whose age was about that of the hostess. The Marquis took his leave, and the Duc de Bordeaux, after having kissed hands in the most courtly manner, found himself enveloped in the meshes of political and social intrigue. The hostess was, after all, getting somewhat bored with the same mechanical compliments uttered day after day, and the Frenchman was too subtle a judge of human nature not to know when to desist. "I have good reasons for believing there will soon be a return of the monarchy in France," he began. "The Republicans are growing weak, and the Socialists are threatening landed proprietors with utter ruin, and our cause never looked so bright. If you will marry me and bring your great fortune to bear on the political situation in Paris we shall have a restoration of the monarchy within two years. Nothing can resist the power of such a fortune as yours." Here the Duc named the journals in France which he knew could be subsidised in favour of the cause, and the hostess listened with all the sang-froid at her command. She looked coolly at the Duc for some time, and at last she said: "What you say of France fits America about this time. I hear that in this country people are growing tired of Republicanism, and the Democrats are weary of Democracy"; but the Frenchman, reading her thoughts, cut short her remarks—"In America you have to create a monarchy or an empire, while we in France have a monarchy or an empire ready and waiting. We have the titled aristocrats to give the proper social atmosphere to the throne. If you wait for an empire in America you may wait a lifetime and even then ——"

"Well, I don't know about that," she replied. "I prefer being a princess in my own country in my own right to being a titled woman in Europe just because my husband possesses a title. I prefer being original. My French coiffeur told me this morning that I shall look young at forty. If we become an empire I shall be created an imperial princess in my own right, and I shall set up a court in Washington. I don't know but what I shall wait ten or twelve years and see. The other day a Senator told me the fear of Socialism is so great that the millionaires will plan to bring about a coup d'état in America. They will stand anything but a social republic."

The Duc replied: "If you become the Duchesse de Bordeaux and the French monarchy is re-established, I can promise you the position of first lady at the French Court. With my social position and your fortune you will be without rival. Should the king die I shall occupy the throne and you will be Queen of France."

"How delightful!" thought the hostess to herself, image after image whirling through her brain. She was for the moment intoxicated with the illusions of the actual situation, with these arch-aristocrats kissing her hand and the prospect of one day being Queen of France, and in the mad wave of cerebral excitement and neurasthenic folly she forgot the spruce, unkingly-looking Frenchman seated before her, and, although she seemed to be gazing straight at him she was seeing herself in a royal mirror of the future, and she thought: "Only by being a queen seated on a throne can I ever get even with these New York women. Oh, to see them walk before me, bowing low while I sit on the throne, just as I had to do when I was presented to Queen Alexandra! What a memory it would be to humble that pretentious young upstart who has just married two hundred millions, and that old, false goddess who expects the four hundred to do salaams before her altar. I'll show them some day what I think of a Republic."

In the midst of such thoughts in walked a banker's wife and her daughter, the daughter a languid blonde with the manner and look of a young woman of intellectual distinction and aristocratic tastes. The banker's wife belonged by nature to the money set, and could not, to save her life, keep out of it; but her daughter's tastes would have led her elsewhere had she been free

to lead the kind of life she preferred. Every movement the young woman made was easy and natural, and every word she uttered was the simple expression of her unaffected thought. Looking at her the hostess said to herself: "I shall never succeed in walking and talking in her manner," and she admired and envied her for the aristocratic airs which the banker's daughter did not even know she possessed. These two visitors were quickly followed by others. There was the elderly wife of a Trust magnate, whose sharp features, keen grey eyes and remorseless social ambition filled the hostess with so much secret resentment. She had a tongue as sharp as her features, and often let it wag as it would, regardless of consequences. The other women were more afraid of her tongue than her husband's vast wealth, yet the hostess could buy and sell them all. Then came the young and beautiful wife of a great land magnate, frivolous, gay, irresponsible, dashing, voluble. This was one of the ladies most disliked by the hostess, for she never seemed to pay her sufficient attention. This young person took nothing seriously. She did not seem surprised at the outré costume of the hostess, and did not remark it; but the elderly woman had exclaimed, "Why, you look for all the world like the sultan's favourite; where did you find that wonderful head-dress?"

"Oh! those black pearls!" exclaimed the daughter of a millionaire Senator, who had just arrived with her mother, a stately woman with a long, serious face, a long neck, and long, slender figure. What a power she would have been had her culture equalled her dignity! At least, that is what the aristocratic blonde always thought when she looked at the Senator's wife. The wife of a Governor arrived, followed by a woman with grey hair, and looking ten years older than her real age. The Governor's wife was fat, fair, and fifty. She lived in perpetual good-humour, with the tap of contentment turned on from what seemed a mountain of physical strength and social prosperity, and if she had any tears in her composition she kept them well corked up for private use. As for the visitor with grey hair, she was a small, quiet woman, the wife of a Trust magnate, who did not realize why she existed. She, like her husband, possessed things, saw things, touched things, tasted things, did things, and sometimes said things, without understanding anything. She lived by the hour; never thought of the past and never reflected on the future. Once, when reading a simple novel she tapped herself to see if she was actually alive; for the moment she had forgotten where or what she was.

On entering, the Governor's wife cried out: "Just think, Lord Roehampton sails for England to-morrow on the 'Lusitania!'"

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the young wife of the mining magnate, "why he promised to dine with us on Friday!"

The visitors soon separated into small groups. The wife of the Trust magnate was seated on a divan with the wife of the Governor, and the first lady remarked: "What a whim! where did she get the idea of that turban or whatever you might call it! I suppose she is beginning to think we ought to cough when she sneezes."

The fat lady gave one of her chuckling laughs and said: "If she expects us to cough every time she sneezes we shall all have consumption; you know she has influenza three times a year."

"Then we'll have to come to grippes with her," said the other.

The fat lady laughed again, this time louder and longer than before, for the face of the elder woman had that serio-comic look which always provokes hilarity, and for a moment she feared she would end in a fit of laughing hysterics.

At that very moment the banker's wife, who was seated beside the elderly wife of the railway magnate, was discussing the political outlook as affecting the money-market and the railroads, saying: "My husband thinks we shall have a change in our government one of these days; he says there will be a great crash and then everyone will demand some kind of a dictator to put things to rights," but the elderly lady smiled mechanically, and replied with her usual mechanical platitudes. It was all one to her. She had never felt maternal instinct, never experienced a feeling of patriotism, and nothing mattered. And while this talk was going on the stately wife of the Senator took a seat beside the banker's wife and the wife of the Trust magnate.

The Duc had taken his leave and gossip was now the order of the moment.

"I believe she's given him the sack," said the banker's wife.

"I presume she has," said the wife of the Senator, "she usually does."

"In my opinion," said the Trust magnate's wife, "she is likely to lead them all a pretty chase for a while. I have just seen Doctor X, and he inquired particularly about our hostess. You know what an expert he is in cases of neurasthenia. He says we are becoming a class of nervous subjects ——"

"Not responsible for our actions," added the Senator's wife, without waiting for the other to finish.

The wife of the Trust magnate simply closed her eyes and deliberately and slowly nodded her head twice, without uttering a word.

"Well," said the banker's wife, "I never felt better in my life. I always thought the men were more subject to nervous breakdowns, they have the most worry."

"Worry!" exclaimed the wife of the Trust magnate. "There isn't a business-man in New York to-day who feels as worried as our hostess. To-day she looks like a museum freak with that impossible head-gear. Where did she get the idea?"

"My husband says it's the Imperial mania," chimed in the banker's wife. "Once bitten there is no cure."

"Who was the mad dog here?" asked the Senator's wife, in allusion to the hostess.

"She has had two bites, one by an English bull and another by a French poodle," replied the wife of the Trust magnate; "and of the two the poodle has the worst virus."

"And the worst of it is," said the Senator's wife, "there isn't a man in America who can counteract the poison. We fly to Europe for everything. Only yesterday I was talking to my daughter about the creation of a literary salon. She asked me to give her carte blanche in the matter. I have given my consent, and her father will give her a million to start with."

The Senator's daughter and the daughter of the banker were now seated together in a corner, and the first said, "I don't care how soon we get an Empire; even my father thinks that culture cannot exist under a democracy. Everything is tainted with money. Society is becoming intolerable."

The other said, "Next winter I'm going to begin the formation of a salon exclusively for artists."

"And I am going to form one for poets and writers," said the blonde, her face lit up with a smile as serene as it was intelligent. "You know I am an only child, and my father says I shall inherit all the money I need to carry on the work I have planned. By the time I am thirty I shall be in a position to put these society women to shame."

"How splendid!" exclaimed the banker's daughter. "Let us combine our forces to render our society women even more outré than they are."

"We ought to make New York," said the banker's daughter, "shine with the splendour of Florence under Lorenzo the Magnificent. Father says if we women begin the glorious work in New York men will be found later on to join us, and money-making for the love of money will become absolutely unfashionable. Who knows, perhaps, if America is to remain a great Republic it will be because of art, literature, poetry and philosophy. If the Republic can develop and foster an aristocracy of intellect the Republic is safe. Anyway, the next five or ten years will tell the tale."

"And suppose the next ten years comes and goes like Halley's comet, without a tail, then what?"

It was the sharp, acrid voice of the Trust magnate's wife. She had approached the two young women for a moment before taking her departure. When she was

gone the Senator's daughter said to her companion: "What an acquisition she would be to our work if her culture were as quick as her tongue."

"Alas, yes!" said the other, "but if she had culture she would not be in this room now—that is, not at *her* age."

"And just think," went on the Senator's daughter, "what a treat it will be to assist and encourage genius according to individual merit without calling on politics or sectarianism to meddle with our work."

"But," the banker's daughter replied, "I'm afraid you forget that before cooking your hare you must first catch it; I mean, where are we going to find our men and women of genius?"

"Never fear, there are plenty," said the other. "I was assured by a gifted writer that our editors and our publishers are in the position of fat geese sitting on nightingale's eggs—they don't hatch them, they crush them."

"Quite so," was the reply; "but it will be our particular business to take genius out of the goose's nest. We shall have to start a publishing house for authors and poets, and, after printing the works of beginners, hand over any gain there may be. We must save young men and women from the clutches of money harpies who batten on talent while talent starves. And the same thing must be done for artists in every branch of art. We must keep them at home and give them what they need. The two classes who make their home in Europe are the rich women who lack the wit and the power to lead in their own country and the artists and writers who are forced to seek refuge abroad from American Philistinism. But we shall need one or two reviews wholly devoted to the interest of writers and artists. We shall have sufficient to run such reviews even at a loss."

"I feel certain we are happier than our poor hostess with her imposible ambitions and her ——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the other, "she's taking her seat under the canopy she had put up last year to receive the princess."

"Let's be off. She'll expect us to kiss her hand."

(*To be concluded.*)

# The Study of Drawing.

## By Walter Sickert.

WHEN Degas told Ingres that he intended to be a painter, the master, after saying, C'est grave: c'est très grave," added "Faites des lignes. Faites beaucoup de lignes." And for half a century the living master has made lines, many lines, to what effect we all gratefully know. While the snobs of the brush labour to render the most expensive women and the richest fabrics cheap, the master-draughtsman shows us the wealth of beauty and consolation there is in perceiving and following out the form of anything.

"Anything!" This is the subject matter of modern art. There is the quarry, inexhaustible for ever, from which the draughtsmen and painters of the future will draw the endless line of masterpieces still to come.

The heaviest incubus that lies on the painter's chest has been shifted a little, and in time may be quite rolled off. This incubus is the whip-hand of the portrait employer. Detached, unfettered study of form is impossible to a painter competing with the touched-up photograph. As men are an unthinking race, and a race of routine, whole generations of painters grow up vaguely executing portraits of dressed-up models, in the manner of commissioned portraits. They have been told that only by portraits can a painter live. So they allow the precious years to go by, summer and winter to gild houses and men, ships and wagons, morning and afternoon, with different golden and silver lights, while they reproduce Tilly Pullen, dressed up almost like a lady, on a life-sized canvas. They turn her to the left. They turn her to the right. They put behind her a curtain or a mirror or a black hole. But it is always Tilly Pullen, too large for her interest and for the spaces in a house. This tragic waste of time how many of us have quite escaped? We are all sheep, sheep of talent some of us, but we trot, with our noses down, after the bell-wether into the first best gap in the first best hedge. I wonder how many hundreds of my painter readers are at this moment saying to themselves, "Yes, on reflection, I have wasted many precious years on laying, again and again, the chalk egg called Tilly Pullen, and never a burgess has been tempted to lay a real hatchable commission for a portrait beside it."

But now let us strip Tilly Pullen of her lendings and tell her to put her own things on again. Let her leave the studio and climb the first dirty little staircase in the first shabby little house. Tilly Pullen becomes interesting at once. She is in surroundings that mean something. She becomes stuff for a picture. Follow her into her kitchen, or, better still, for the artist has the divine privilege of omnipresence, into her bedroom; and now Tilly Pullen is become the stuff of which the Parthenon was made, or Dürer, or any Rembrandt. She is become a Degas or a Renoir, and stuff for the draughtsman.

And now we come to the question, "What is drawing?" Strange that such a question should have to be asked. But some of us have forgotten. Drawing is the extraction from nature, by eye and hand, of the limiting lines of an object. Some wiseacres in the seventies or eighties—I remember the heresy quite well, Bastien Lepage, perhaps, is the best-known name steeped in it—discovered that objects had no lines in nature. Some day, perhaps, an up-to-date poet will discover that the words we use to denote things are not to be found in the things themselves. Certainly T, R, double E is not written on the tall green vegetables on wooden stalks we call "trees." But in an English sonnet we shall continue to be under the obligation of calling them trees. And so, from the incised designs on bones scratched by primeval man, to the drawings of Charles Keene, has line been the language of design.

Now line supposes an unbroken thought, a sentence said in a breadth. Line supposes that the hand is not taken off the paper. In drawing a whole figure from nature we should be three times its length from it, to oversee it properly. (Leighton told me that—a more than sufficient authority.) If we draw normally, we must draw on the scale on which we should trace, if our sheet of paper were a sheet of glass held up, and if, instead of a pencil, we traced with a diamond on this interposed pane. You will find that a five-foot figure then comes about seven inches high on your glass, or its substitute, your paper. On this scale the comparison is direct and not proportional. On this scale, and, largely, in accordance with this law, are drawn all the studies from nature by the masters of all periods. Of course, I am not speaking of cartoons. The studies I speak of could be squared up and enlarged to cartoons on any scale required for decoration in fresco, or on great canvases. Now, if Rubens and Longhi and Watteau and Fragonard and Ingres and Millet and Puvis and Keene, and all the company of the blessed drew on that scale, they probably knew what they were about, and their practice was probably based on the ascertainable optical fact to which Leighton drew my attention in Osnaburgh Street many summers ago.

But some betterer of the good, or some betterers of the good, in the beginnings of the atelier system, started students all drawing figures on a uniform scale dictated by what? Neither by nature and optics, nor instinct. Dictated by the arbitrary size of a paper manufacturer. "You must fill your sheet of Ingres paper," said the original arch-usher of accursed memory. The word "Ingres" should have pulled him up as it passed his temerarious lips. But to your original arch-usher, as to his successor, words have no association and not much meaning.

I fancy, but I have not made a special study of the archæology of error, that the arch-usher, the exhibition, and the exhibition picture were born about the same time, and acted and reacted on each other. Competitive painting, on exhibition scale, meant students anxious to be pushed, and professors anxious to push them into medalled and hors concours positions

in as short a time as possible. It meant, in short, what cramming means in other studies. It meant short cuts and royal roads. It knew what it wanted, and went the right way to work to get it.

Drawing, then, ceased to be drawing and became a sort of charcoal painting. This was undoubtedly the best practice for the purpose aimed at. The purpose was the production of large and showy work with rapidity and a certain accuracy of placing. The abler of the students trained in this way became efficient exhibition-picture painters, but they never learnt to draw at all. There have been since then generations of effective exhibition painters who have left no drawings at all, who have, wisely enough for what they aimed at, wasted no time in producing drawings.

We have the good fortune to live in a period of wholesome reaction against this evil. On the question of scale as explained above, I am glad to say I find myself in agreement with the practice of so experienced and able a teacher as Mr. Tonks, of the Slade School, University College. He can point, in his students, already to such results as have been achieved by Augustus John, by Orpen, by Albert Rothenstein and Henry Lamb as line draughtsmen, for it is that side of art with which I have now been dealing. This is a weighty roll of achievement for a record of teaching extending over (is it?) fifteen years or so.

# The Endowment of Genius.

## A Reply by Upton Sinclair.

WITH regard to Mr. Alfred E. Randall's article in the issue of May 19, concerning my outline of a plan for the "endowment of genius," I am tempted to ask space to reply. The subject is one which lies very near to my heart, and about which I have been writing more or less for ten years. I do not think that it deserves to be dismissed in the summary way that Mr. Randall employs.

To begin with, may I quote something which I wrote on the question several years ago, for a new edition of my book, "The Journal of Arthur Stirling"? This book was written to plead the cause under discussion, and the preface, here quoted was termed an "Interpretation" of the book. From the hostility to the plan which Mr. Randall manifests, and his apparent misunderstanding of my own attitude, I should judge it likely that he has never read this book. If not, I take the liberty of asking him to do so. He will find in the latter part of it a more thorough argument than I can hope to make here.

The preface follows :—

"Early in April of 1902 the writer went away to the River St. Lawrence (which he found barely clear of ice) and put up a tent on an out-of-the-way island. During the six weeks which he spent in working day and night over this book, there was one night when the mercury went down to seventeen, and in trying to get warm he set fire to his tent and all but ruined himself; at another time he was storm-bound for three days, and lived on fried apples and damp soda-biscuits.

"It was not until the 'Journal' was completed that he thought of giving it to the world as a genuine document. When the idea did occur to him it made him very happy. With the help of a mischievous friend, he spread the rumours of the young poet's sad fate, and then he sent the MS. to a publishing house, which entered into the spirit of the joke.

"The story made a great stir among the reviews, and was the talk of the literary world for a week or two. The secret was soon known, however, partly because of the book's resemblance to its author's other work, and partly because the story was too nearly true, and some of its characters recognised themselves.

"When I wrote 'The Journal of Arthur Stirling' I was very much excited. But now, after four years more of the battle, I can look back calmly upon it. The 'Journal' is a book that will find its readers slowly; but I think that it will always be read. It seems to me worth while to say this, not because anyone will believe it for that reason, but because, in this last word that I shall ever write about it, I would let my friends and lovers of the future know that I was not afraid. There are, at the moment of writing, less than two thousand copies of it in existence. And still I am not afraid. No truer book than 'The Journal of Arthur Stirling' has ever been written; it is the book of all my boyhood's hopes and dreams, and it is as dear to me as the memory of a dead child.

"When I wrote it I not only had a great and cruel wrong to call attention to, but also a remedy to offer. I set this forth in a paper which I published in 'The Independent' for May 14, 1903, three months after the book appeared. This paper I called 'My Cause'; and because it is a part of the history of the book, a little of it should be given in this preface. I had never read it from the day it was published until just after penning that last sentence; and so when I looked it up to read it again, I had a little of the same shock that the reader will have :

"'I, Upton Sinclair, would-be singer and penniless rat, having for seven years waged day and night with society a life-and-death struggle for the existence of my soul, and having now definitely and irrevocably consummated a victory—having routed my last foe and shattered my last chain and made myself master of my own life; being in body very weak and in heart very weary, but in will yet infinitely determined, have sat myself down to compose this letter to the world, before taking my departure for a long sojourn in the blessed regions of my own spirit.'

"The article then gave the history of 'The Journal of Arthur Stirling,' and proceeded to announce a 'cause.'

"I sum it up for you in this one sentence : That the salvation of American literature depends upon the saving of the young author from the brutalising slavery of 'What the Public Wants.' It is my thesis that the thing which we call 'the world' never has been and never can be such that a man of genius should be submitted to its control; that "control" is the shame and the blot and the agony of the long, long story of literature. It always has been possible, and always will be possible, in no way but one—by the world's denying to the man of genius a living, and a chance to do his work, unless he will conform to its ways. I am not able to conceive how all the criticisms that all the critics in all the universe could write in all their lifetimes could matter the snapping of a finger to a true author—for any reason but the shameful one of money. 'What harm,' asked Johnson, 'does it do a man to call him Holofernes?' None whatever; it's a fun for him; save only that by calling him Holofernes you keep the public from buying his books, and turn him out to herd with your beggars.'

"The idea which I had in mind was an institution to be subsidized by rich men, for the purpose of endowing young authors of talent. I look back upon it now as an amusing illustration of the guilelessness of my attitude towards the world. If any such plan were to be proposed to-day, I should say that it was a device to emasculate literature, as the newspaper and the college and the church have all been emasculated; and I should argue that it were better for the young author to starve all his life than to compromise with the powers that are in control of the wealth of the world to-day.

"My error lay in supposing that it is literature that makes life, instead of life that makes literature. I now understand that the problem is not merely the freeing of the poet, but the freeing of mankind from the curse of wage-slavery; so that the poet may have a public identical with humanity, and not simply a little class of idle people, debauched by the possession of unearned wealth. If only Arthur Stirling had realised that truth—if only there had been someone to point it out to him—the book of his soul need not have been an appeal, but might have been a challenge. It would not have ended with his suicide, but with his

discovery of the wonderful fact that, instead of being alone and impotent in the presence of organised and world-wide crime, he was one of a mighty army that has been gathering for two generations to fight it; that is a political party of justice in every civilised land; that has its organs with hundreds of thousands of readers in every civilized language; and that numbers its followers by the tens of millions of men.

"One of the first consequences of the publishing of 'The Journal of Arthur Stirling' was that I received a letter about it from a man famous—or perhaps I had better say notorious—as a Socialist agitator. And so I found my home and my friends; and so I have taken my place in the ranks of the army of deliverance, that is now half a million strong in America, and has doubled its numbers every two years since first it began to register its votes."

The above is so much like Mr. Randall's own attitude that I may seem a little ridiculous in now coming forward to advocate the rejected plan. I can only say that I have had three or four years more to think it over; and that I have again modified my view. I have met two men who are apparently willing to consider seriously the plan I advocated, and men of sufficient intelligence and genuine sympathy with social progress to make it seem worth while to talk about it. Millionaires have to spend their money for something; and, Socialist and rebel as I am, I am not foolish enough to maintain that all purposes for which they might spend it would be equally bad. That does not mean that I should go to the other extreme, and place unbounded confidence in any attempt they might make; in fact, in the document itself I have taken pains to set forth that we should not be expecting to achieve perfection, but simply trying to do our best. That there are enormous difficulties incidental to any attempt to recognise Genius in its early stages I know full well; also, that there would be many failures made to every success. But on the other hand, it seems to me pure nonsense to go to the other extreme, and maintain that never under any conditions is it possible to recognise Genius in its early stages. Would not the carrying out of such an argument to its logical extreme mean the giving up of all criticism whatever? As a matter of simple fact we have to recognise Genius sooner or later; and the question is simply of the amount of time that shall be wasted in the process—whether we shall make it our business to try to recognise it while it is alive, and in the full flush of its powers, or to wait until it is dead and beyond all possible aiding.

My proposition involves the attempt, instead of leaving the task to blind chance, to put it in the hands of the best men we can find, and to give these men some power to make their decision effective. Is it not true that throughout the history of art we find that the coming men have been recognised by a few of the greatest among their contemporaries? Did not, for instance, Shelley recognise the greatness of Keats? Did not Emerson recognise Whitman, at a time when all the rest of the country was persecuting him as an indecent monster? Let me ask Mr. Randall to suppose that he himself were a young man with a real message for the world (he may be that for all I know), would he rather take his chances of acclaim from men such as Shelley and Emerson, or from the mob of jealous mediocrities and parasites who at present hold the posts of authority as publishers' readers and reviewers for commercial or subsidized publications? More than that, I will venture to wager that if Mr. Randall will ask himself the question, he will find that he himself thinks that he knows of several men of Genius whom he could put upon the road to power if he had at his command such a gift as I have proposed; and that his revolt comes solely from the doubt that there could, by any chance, be found a millionaire intelligent enough to make him one of the judges in the proposed endowment.

In a discussion of this sort, an ounce of fact is worth many tons of criticism; therefore I will cite a concrete case in which I myself have recently played a part. I know a young man in this country, twenty-four years of age, of whom I have recently written that he seems to me to possess "the most authentic inspiration of any young man now writing verse in America." Since the age of thirteen this boy has tramped our huge continent from one end to the other, pursuing probably fifty casual occupations in the course of that time, and going twice around the world—always half drunk with the sense of joy and power which the vision of modern life brought to him. During the last three or four years he has thrown off many hundreds of poems, the like of which have not yet been written about America. He came to one of our State universities, a bare-footed tramp, and at the end of his long struggle for recognition, and for access to the world of culture, he wrote me that he was contemplating suicide. I brought his case to the attention of one of the two rich men with whom I have talked over this endowment plan, with the result that the young man has received the munificent income of ten dollars a week for as long as his work continues to justify it. This sum has meant to him the difference between slavery and freedom, and he has written me letters of fervent gratitude, in which he declares, "You have saved the life of my poetry." It may be, of course, that I am mistaken about the value of his poetry; that only time can tell. I do not think that I am, however; and I will venture to go even farther and say that I know where I could place several other such incomes, with results which would be of interest to posterity.

My critic asks whether I consider that "Venus and Adonis" would have been recognised as work of "a forward-looking tendency" by any committee of judges. He has chosen the case with some shrewdness, at least so far as I am concerned; for I consider the work a very disagreeable one. I can only say in my own defence that Shakespeare was hardly a man of the sort who needed endowment, as he apparently knew how to cultivate rich friends for himself, and was a popular and money-making playwright. But I think I could name some other cases, in which my critic would not have so easy a time of it. It seems reasonable to assume that if Emerson had been one of the judges, then "Sartor Resartus" might have been recognised as a work of vital promise, and Carlyle might not have dried up so quickly as he did. It is a matter of history that Tennyson's "Ulysses" was the means of securing him a pension at the hands of enlightened statesmen, and that his poetical career was thus made possible. It is true, in the same way that Wordsworth's career was made possible by a bequest left him by a friend; and Wordsworth has written in a letter to Lady Beaumont that his poetry had never earned him "the cost of his shoe-laces." As for the suffering and privation among the men and women who are doing the really vital literary work of our own time, I could, if I were free to cite names, mention eight or ten cases, the facts of which would astonish our literary world.

Is not our sense of the impossibility of this task owing simply to the fact that it has never been attempted? And is not Mr. Randall's method of argument about the same as that of the ordinary successful wild beast of our political jungle, who overwhelms you with ridicule if you suggest the possibility that society might be able to organise rationally the production and distribution of wealth? Of course, it is a difficult matter to find the men to undertake such a work. That, however, is a matter for discussion at a later stage. Let us urge the attempt, and then, if it is a bad attempt, let us find out the reasons why, and stimulate someone else to do better. Personally I am quite convinced that a hundred years from now we shall find many such attempts being made, and some of them being made successfully. As I have elsewhere pointed out, in writing on this question, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has recently given ten million dollars for the endowment of useful research, and all this has gone to science and the technical arts—the nearest approach to literature being in the field of historical research. So far as I can find out, not a dollar has ever been

expended in the furthering of creative writing. I caused an inquiry to be made among our colleges, where innumerable scholarships and fellowships and prizes are given every year; and I found that without exception these rewards are given for research into the work of great writers in the past—there is not a dollar to be won by a man who wants to write something worth while himself.

I have grown weary of hearing the old heart-sickening assertion, that the man of Genius does not need any help, and that he will find his own way. Such arguments belong in your Tory newspapers, and not in a Socialist journal. The statement will be true, when we succeed in raising our best strawberries in weed-patches, and our most luscious peaches in the tangled wilderness. This is a fact which I pointed out in the "Journal of Arthur Stirling" with agonized vehemence. At the risk of making my article too long, I will quote a few of these paragraphs:—

I will talk of the poets who were born rich. Is it not singular—is it not terrible—how many of the great stalwart ones were rich? To be educated, to own books, to hear music, to dwell in the country, to be free from men and men's judgments. Oh, the words break my heart!

—But was not Goethe rich, and did he not have these things? And was not Hugo rich? And Milton? When he left college he spent five years at his father's country-place and wrote four poems that have done more to make men happy than if they had cost many millions of dollars.

But let me come to what I spoke of before, the seven poets of this century in England.

I name Wordsworth and Byron, Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, Shelley and Keats. I said that six of them were independent, and that the other—the greatest—died like a dog.

Wordsworth came first; he was young and poor and struggling, and a friend left him just such an independence as I have cried for; and he consecrated himself to art, and he revolutionized English poetry, he breathed truth into a whole nation again. And when he was clear and looked back, he made such statements as these: that "a poet has to create the taste by which he is to be enjoyed," and that "my poetry has never brought me enough to pay for my shoe-strings."

And see how the publishers and critics—how the literary world—received him. How they jeered and jibed, and took fifty years to understand him. Oh think of these things; think what they mean, you who love literature. Think that the world owes its possessions of Wordsworth's poetry to the accident that a friend died and left him some money.

I name Byron; he was a rich man. I name Tennyson; he had a little competence, and he gave up the idea of marriage, and for ten years devoted himself to art; and when he was thirty-two he published his work—and then they gave him a pension.

I name Browning; Browning went his own way, heeding no man; and he never had to think about money. I name Swinburne; and the same was true of him.

I name Shelley; and Shelley was wealthy. They kept him poor for a time, but his poems do not date from then. When he wrote the poetry that has been the spiritual food of the high souls of this century, he lived in a beautiful villa in Italy, and wandered about the forest with his books. And, oh you who love books, just stop a moment and listen; I am dying, and the cry of all my soul is in this. Tell me, you who love Shelley—the "pardlike spirit, beautiful and swift"—"thyself the wild west wind, oh boy divine"—tell me how much you think you'd have had of that glorious burst of music—that golden rain of melody, of heavenly ecstacy—if the man who wrote had been a wholesale paper clerk or a cable-car conductor. How much do you think you'd have had if when he'd torn himself free to write Queen Mab—or even if he'd been ripe enough and written his Prometheus—if he'd had to take them to publishers! If he had had to take them to the critics and the literary world and say, "Here is my work, now set me free that I may help mankind."

In conclusion I would say a few words about one paragraph in Mr. Randall's article which I do not understand at all:—

I want to utter my protest against the piffling admiration that is ruining art and the artists in the English speaking countries. I want to get rid of the divinity of art, and assert its humanity: to insist that an artist is not to be worshipped, but fed.

Really, this puzzles me very much. It would seem to imply that Mr. Randall has not read my proposition at all. What does he think that I am advocating? To judge from these words, one would get the impression that I had proposed a committee to award an artist a bronze medal, or a seat in a hall of fame, instead of a cheque for a thousand dollars a year. "Why should the artist, of all men, be left to starve on a pedestal?" asks Mr. Randall. I am quite willing to close my rejoinder with that sentence, only what in the world does Mr. Randall think that he is arguing about with me? And why does he go out of his way to ridicule me so cleverly, as if I were a millionaire myself, and suspected of being "a Philistine and philanthropist"? I hope that I do not presume too much in saying it—I believe that I can claim to know what art is, and to have suffered for the sake of it, and to be able to speak of what artists need; and that I do not deserve to be cast into outer darkness because I happen to have made the acquaintance of a couple of millionaires.

# Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

## By Jacob Tonson.

SOMETHING approaching a first-class sensation is in store for the literary world if the statement is true that the manuscript of a novel by Ivan Turgenev has been discovered among the papers of the late Pauline Viardot. When I say "the literary world" I mean the literary world from China to Peru, and not that planet which swings round the bright throne of Sir William Robertson Nicoll on a string held by Mr. James Douglas. It is said that Turgenev, who died in Pauline Viardot's house over a quarter of a century ago, confided the novel to his old friend, whom he had then known intimately for forty years, on the understanding that it should not be published till ten years after her death! Perhaps he did not suspect that the wonderful, the unique Pauline was one of those whose careers extend not only across whole continents, but across centuries—indeed from everlasting to everlasting. This item of news strikes me as excessively odd, and I find it difficult to believe. But I shall try to survive for another ten years on the chance of it being true, for, in spite of the recent wave of enthusiasm for Dostoievsky I am still of opinion that nobody alive or dead has written finer novels than Turgenev.

* * *

Whatever uncertainty attaches to the existence of this hitherto unspoken-of novel, it may be taken as sure that the complete series of letters from Turgenev to Pauline Viardot will now be published. The history of these letters is curiously fantastic. Madame Viardot lost the whole packet—or it was stolen—during her hasty removal from Baden Baden to London at the beginning of the Franco-German war. It was found by a collector in an old coffer which he bought at a second-hand bookshop in Berlin. The bookseller had made his acquisition from the widow of a French doctor. The collector was a great admirer of Turgenev's. Madame Viardot, when she heard that they still existed, naturally wanted the letters back, but the collector would not give them up, which I think was wrong of him. He considered that they ought not to be published until after Madame Viardot's death. That industrious bookmaker, M. Halpérine-Kaminsky, hearing that Madame Viardot would not object to the publication of some of the letters, entered into negotiations with the collector, and after two years of diplomacy obtained possession of the entire packet. In 1907 he published a collection from them, with the sanction and under the inspection of Madame Viardot. This volume proved to be one of the most tedious faggots of dry epistles ever issued from the pen of a great writer (and there have been a few tedious faggots!). M. Halpérine-Kaminsky practically apologised for its tediousness in advance. He said that Madame Viardot's "reserve" seemed to him "excessive." The truth was that she had put aside everything of interest in the packet and had said, "That must not be published." M. Halpérine-Kaminsky's own opinion was that the letters might have been published almost complete.

Probably they now will be, and we shall have a long-desired light as to the exact plane of the friendship between these two geniuses.

* * *

It is becoming a commonplace of the less reverent literary critics that Vernon Lee possesses every qualification of a first-class writer except something to say. I have even seen her cited as an example of style without matter. I am not prepared to state a definite opinion. She has now been before the public for thirty years, and for about twenty years I have been reading her essays, and I do not remember ever having been bored by them. Certainly at the present time her occasional contributions give to the "Westminster Gazette" that genuine bookish note which is so painfully absent from its reviews of imaginative literature and from its literary gossip. But whether Vernon Lee has or has not anything to offer in the way of a general philosophy, there is rich proof in the current number of "The English Review" that she understands words. Her article, the first of a series, entitled "The Handling of Words: Meredith, Henry James," is really very brilliant, and it is the first thing of the kind I have ever seen that did not strike me as ridiculous. The introduction of the name of Dr. Emil Reich and of the phrase "statistical tests of literature" at the start was disquieting. But Vernon Lee abandons Dr. Emil Reich and the statistical method very quickly. Her analysis of five hundred words from Meredith is only equalled in its illuminating cogency by her analysis of five hundred words from Henry James. What she has accomplished is as remarkable as it is original. All writers and all readers who do not read with their feet ought to study this article. "The English Review" seems to be genuinely sticking up for English letters. It has had the wit to get Mr. Frank Harris to continue his Shakspere studies, with the result that it is now printing textual criticism of the most masterly description. In fact, I confess that until I read Frank Harris on Shakspere I had not appreciated what textual criticism could be. Assuredly all previous textual criticism covering similar ground is now superseded and ought to be exhibited in the Assyrian Rooms at the British Museum or at Madame Tussaud's.

# Drama.

## By Ashley Dukes.

### The Irish Plays.

THE Irish National Theatre Society is established at the Court Theatre for a season of repertory; a tolerably long season, it would seem, judging by the list of new plays to be given. The school is evidently productive enough as regards quantity of output. One constantly hears of new pieces brought out in Dublin by its little group of writers, while the old successes by Synge, Lady Gregory, and W. B. Yeats are a nucleus of repertory. Maunsel, too, publishes a good many volumes in the course of a year. The only question is, why is so much of this work in dialogue form? Why stage plays rather than other forms of literature? I know that several of Lady Gregory's one-act farces are effective pieces of stage craftsmanship, that the "Playboy of the Western World" and "Riders to the Sea" have moments of great power, and that such dreams as "Kathleen ni Houlihan" are peculiarly adapted for the theatre. But the same cannot be said of the repertory as a whole. The "Playboy" apart, I have not yet seen a play of this school in more than one act which could be said to justify its existence as a work definitely for the stage. The sense of climax is almost altogether lacking. So many of the Irish writers seem to throw their work into dialogue form quite unreflectively, merely because the Abbey Theatre is there in Dublin to receive it. It is possible that these authors possess the special dramatic sense, but they certainly do not show it in any sustained form, and a course of Sardou, the younger Dumas, and Suderman would probably do most of them a world of good.

A particularly glaring instance of this planking down of subdivided dialogue upon the stage is Lady Gregory's three-act comedy, "The Image." One can only record impressions about these Irish plays, and my impression is that "The Image" is unimpressive and tiresome to a degree. It is the more irritating, because the dialogue is so well written and the atmosphere so skilfully created. The interest of the audience is aroused, and then nothing happens—certainly nothing that really matters. The curtain falls twice upon a monotonous level of conversation, and then for the third and last time upon barrenness and ineffectuality. The final scene is ill devised and careless, as if Lady Gregory had tired of the whole subject, whales, statue, and villages alike.

"Hyacinth Halvey," already familiar in London, is a very different piece of work. It is just sustained enough to succeed, and its central idea, if not actually worked out, is at least cleverly developed into a good piece of dramatic bluff. The same holds good of "The Workhouse Ward," which is unambitious and effective. But a dramatic school cannot really thrive upon episodical trifles like this and "Kathleen ni Houlihan." The Abbey Theatre needs a successor to J. M. Synge very badly. At present it is hovering between the precious and the amusingly incidental.

Turning to "The Playboy of the Western World," still the centrepiece of the National Theatre Society's work, it is interesting to note how this play has worn in the course of three years. Apart altogether from its merit as literature, it has moments of real effectiveness as a stage play—a groundwork, that is, of dramatic value. The dialogue and action vary strangely. Nearly all that happens is quite ugly; much that is said is beautiful. In considering it purely as a work for the stage, I think it is necessary to set aside the question of whether its peasantry would admire a man for murdering his father, and equally it is unnecessary to argue whether its beauty of phrase and dialogue is natural ("true to life," in the common phrase) or not. The real point is whether the imagery helps or hinders its effect. Similarly, in considering its form as a work of art, the question is whether the beauty of dialogue arises naturally from the action or is merely plastered upon it in "literary" fashion. It is here that the "Playboy" seems to fall between two stools. In hearing it one finds oneself catching at a phrase, adding it, so to speak, to an ever-growing collection, and caring little for the moment about the happenings upon the stage, so that when the third act comes, with its almost unrelieved ugliness, it does not appear at all inevitable or forceful, but simply intrusive. One is never passionately absorbed in the Playboy's actual fate, but merely extraordinarily interested in what he will say next. And when he says (or should say, if the text were not modified to suit the audience) "I'll be pressing kisses on your puckered lips. . . . the way we'll pity the Lord God Almighty sitting lonesome through all ages on his golden chair," the fantasy is thrilling in itself, but disturbing to the drama. It is a pleasing conceit, but ten thousand such conceits would not make a comedy. The motives of comedy are feeling and action, and in this play Mr. Synge seems to have cared more for the speeches of his characters than for themselves, their lives, their thoughts. One feels that he did not love his Playboy greatly. No more, perhaps, than Mr. Shaw loved his Hypathia Tarleton or Mr. Barker his Philip Madras. These are the figures of verbal comedy, and through their conversation one hears, remotely, the scratching of a nib. In the "Playboy," however, Mr. Synge has left us much that is truly memorable. It is not the masterpiece of a dramatic renascence, but as a voice crying in the wilderness it is musical.

His "Deirdre of the Sorrows" moves haltingly upon the borderland between intention and achievement, in a dramatic half-world of blurred outlines. It was clearly meant to be a great tragedy, but it is not a great tragedy, and if the rewriting of it was to have been concerned, as Mr. Yeats suggests, mainly with the enrichment and elaboration of its dialogue, it would still have failed. Embroidery of phrase is a good servant but a poor master. It can easily strangle dra a.

The plays of the National Theatre Society are, upon the whole, extremely well produced. I like most of the scenery. It is as effective and unpretentious as that of a good repertory theatre should be. The grouping of the actors, too, is well done. I must return to the subject of this theatre when more of the promised new plays have been given.

### The Dawn of a To-morrow (Garrick Theatre).

The new spirituality is giving us very bad art. This is simply a proof that it is not indeed a new spirituality at all, but only a new sham. After Mr. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back" and Mr. Kennedy's "Servant in the House" comes Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Dawn of a To-morrow." Like most stage dawns, it first brightened the Western sky. Only the simple faith of the American mystic in a something not ourselves that makes for something else, ill-defined, but remotely connected with righteousness and good health, could have given us this play. The device of the "Dawn of a To-morrow" and its predecessors is now grown familiar. It is to create within the ugly shell of our civilised conditions a figure standing for certain ideals—a figure preferably semi-supernatural or mysterious, ideals (in order to avoid partisanship) preferably obscure. The motive of the play arises in the conflict between the figure and the surroundings. I do not say that this device is without possibilities. On the contrary, it is as old as the world itself, and it contains all the essentials of great drama. But the simple fact is that all the recent plays in which it has been used are so full of false sentiment and puerility, so utterly devoid of beauty, that they had better never have been written at all. Mrs. Burnett's central figure is a girl living in Apple Blossom Court, in the East End. Clearly, therefore, her name will be "Glad." She will be bright under the most trying circumstances. In the intervals of reforming young burglars she will bring rich and poor together by the happy chance that a baronet comes to Apple Blossom Court in search of health. She will resist the attempt of the baronet's nephew to seduce her, and he, in his turn, having by another fortunate chance met one of the young burglars in Bond Street at two o'clock in the morning, as the latter was on his way home after omitting to murder an old gentleman in Hampstead, will prove an alibi and contribute to the general resolve to lead a better life. It is all very amusing in its way—even the egregious "scene of vice" at the beginning of the third act. But it is not meant to be amusing, and the impulse to laugh at plays instead of laughing with them becomes strained from the frequent calls upon it. Besides, it is an unsocial impulse. It is not really funny that thousands of people crowd every night to see such plays as "The Dawn of a To-morrow." It is unfortunate. The mock suns are ever with us.

## ART.

### By Huntly Carter.

WHAT is a stage-picture? A correspondent appears to be under the impression that there is no such thing as a stage-picture. He says, "You cannot call a setting of three dimensions a picture." He then proceeds to suggest that it is not legitimate for a two-dimensional form of art like painting to attempt to get the further effect of entering on a third dimension, and vice versa. I will hold over my remarks on this point for the present, and shall return to it in order to prove there is a great deal of loose thinking underlying this writer's opinion on both the two and three dimensional forms of art in painting. Meanwhile I propose to point to stage settings which appear to me to rise soberly and decently to artistic heights.

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One of the best and most effective settings I have seen for some time was that of scene two, act three, of Mr. Ashley Duke's "Civil War," recently produced by the Stage Society at the Aldwych Theatre. The scene was laid in a cottage, and owing to its lighting it was really magnificent in its way. Someone, no doubt the author, had been inspired to exclude every bit of light except that of a single lamp, which was thus allowed to do its own work. The lamplight falling from the centre of the room, as in the ordinary course of things, dimly illumined the bare brown walls, the humble furniture, and in the play of its light one seemed to realise more intensely the fierce drama of the communist and his surroundings. The movement of the drama continued to go on in that cottage while the light continued to play with combinations of cruelty and witchery on walls and furniture and flesh and stuffs (how it emphasized that note of blue of Margaret's dress!), and to inflict deformations and transformations on the appearance of those who were exposed to it. Under its fine softening, yet hardening, influence there arose an atmosphere of suggestion that stirred the imagination and faced it with the moving mystery of life. It called forth deep and dignified shadows that swept across the scene in harmony with its absorbing human passions. It provided a strangely haunting background. It seemed to reincarnate illusion. No wonder this particular scene was most applauded. It was together. It expressed a simple and real beauty that touched and held the audience—perhaps without the majority of that audience being fully aware of it.

* * *

Compared with this scene the other scenes of the play made an abject spectacle. Their effects so far as scenery, lighting and properties went, would have disgraced even a fifth-rate "show" in the "smalls" of the Rhondda Valley. They included sets kicked on to the stage, odds and ends of different coloured borders, interiors with sliding roofs half off to admit the light from battens between the front sky-border and the "pros." border, a property fireplace that seemed to have stepped out of a pantomime and insisted on being funny by refusing to join with the flat; a grandfather's clock whose appearance and strike qualified it for the dusthole; a garden seat that had wandered into the principal room, and stage cloths and carpets that slouched on in beautiful disorder. Then the lighting effect! Scenes with lights coming through windows at back, from footlights and battens in front, through the roof overhead. And actors and actresses moving about in this unnatural glare with colourless and characterless faces, and apart from their acting, pallid and uninteresting, except in one instance where an unfortunate young gentleman had put an overdose of bowl on his legs, which for the time being made them the centre of attraction.

* * *

To judge by the sins of the production—about which columns might be written—the most out-of-date theatrical body, in respect to stage setting, is the Stage Society. There is no doubt that its purely dramatic career has been a fairly prominent and successful one, and it has produced plays which will have their bearing on the future of the drama. But apparently no such triumphs await it in the realm of the art of the theatre. In this direction it would appear to represent a management with a decaying intelligence, with a decaying imagination, without an artistic vision, and the inevitable conclusion from the production of Mr. Ashley Dukes' play is that not only has the Stage Society no sense of beauty, but the childish incompetence as shown in its stage-settings places it very low down in the important department of pioneering.

* * *

I should strongly advise the Stage Society to continue its courses with the aid of a few imaginative "intellectuals." There are some to be had, and perhaps it might extend an invitation to Mr. Gordon Craig to come and teach it something in the matter of stage decoration and effects. Of course, there is the chance that Mr. Craig would scorn its invitation; he has the bad habit of doing such things. Look for instance how he has rejected the NEW AGE invitation to spread himself and his ideas out in its columns for once in a way. In declining he writes to me:—

"You ask me to write about my work, my plans, my

Arena Goldoni. It is very kind of you; but what would you have me say? Something bitter, . . . something sweet, . . . ironical, . . . or true? I cannot supply you with any of these . . . . artists are tyrants. . . . I am not in the mood. The artist is the spoilt child of the great family. Why, look how you spoil him in England! All his folly and wisdom you treat with such tolerance. . . . You encourage him. . . You make his life a bed of roses. I cannot go on. . . . The gods are laughing. . . . Let us try to keep our faces."

* * *

Mr. Craig has supplied us with something ironical . . . not true. Or, did England so spoil Mr. Craig that he was forced to fly the country and cloister himself in Florence? . . . We will keep our faces.

* * *

Those persons who agree that we do not encourage the artist and do not make his life a bed of roses, and are anxious to experience the unaccustomed emotion of encouraging one who deserves to be encouraged may do so by visiting 2, St. Oswald's Studios, Seddlecombe Road, West Brompton, any Sunday, Monday or Thursday this month between 11 and 5. There, in his studio, they will find Mr. William Wildman holding an exhibition of water-colour drawings of London, Paris, and Bruges, and inviting patrons to buy—not, it is hoped, in vain. I should like to be able to say a word for the various exhibits of the Home Arts and Industries Association, but unfortunately I am still unacquainted with their quality. I was invited on Tuesday to the Albert Hall to tea and an inspection of the stock-in-trade of the many and varied groups of workers belonging to the Association. I arrived to find this bright particular exhibition in a state of chaos, and several stalls containing apparently the most interesting exhibits in a crisp state of tissue paper.

* * *

I am sorry to learn from Mr. Stephen Haweis that I gave a wrong impression when I stated that there was nothing of interest in the theatre of Italy to write about. Mr. Haweis says he believes there is. He has written at least on one aspect of the subject, and I hope he may see his way to repeat the performance for the benefit of NEW AGE readers. Reference to one correction naturally leads me to others pressing to be made. THE NEW AGE recently conferred a knighthood on Mr. James Guthrie; but he declined the honour. Some omissions and misprints in last week's Notes and Correspondence have to be set right. In Mr. Housman's letter the word "paint" should read "point," otherwise the sentence is pointless. Again, in one part of my Notes "colours" should be "colourists," and the reference to the etchings at the Gutekunst Gallery should open with the sentence, "I was much impressed when I saw D. S. MacLaughlan's fine and delicate etchings at Glasgow recently." A note of praise on Wm. Shackleton's pictures at the N.E.A.C. should also have been included.

* * *

"Adolf Oberlaender" and "Moritz von Schwind." International Art Series. (Unwin.) 5s.

"Puritanism and Art." By Joseph Crouch. (Cassell). 12s. 6d.

"The Japanese Dance." By Marcelle A. Hincks. (Heinemann.) 2s. 6d. Reviews later.

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## The Art of the Theatre.

THE following questions are being put by THE NEW AGE to many persons connected with the theatre, both in this country and abroad:—

1. Have recent developments, in your opinion, shown any advance in the direction of increasing the beauty of the stage picture?
2. Do you think that managers and producers are yet using to the full all the advantages offered by the modern studio?
3. Would you say that artists are availing themselves as fully as they might of the opportunities open to them in the modern theatre?

In the last two issues we printed some of the replies received from prominent producers and painters. Next week we shall print those received from prominent authors and critics, among them Messrs. Bernard Shaw, E. A. Baughan, J. T. Grein, and further series will be published as they arrive.

### MR. GORDON CRAIG (Florence).

1. Everything in the modern theatre has the nature of accident, but as beauty does not disdain any path the by-roads are as good as the high road to her and she pops up in the scenic department occasionally. But that "recent developments" have anything to do with it cannot be supposed. It appears in spite of "recent developments." I look upon Mr. Frohman as a "recent development."

2. The modern studio has nothing to do with the European theatre . . . at least so we think, we who come from the theatre.

3. If by "artists" you mean the modern painters of the studio, then I should say there was no opportunity for them at all in the modern theatre, and less opportunity for them in the theatre of the future, and if you study our history you will find that it is a rare exception that the painter ever fooled away his time in working for a theatre. The two arts are totally different.

### MR. CECIL FRENCH.

1. Certain special productions have attempted to give beautiful stage-pictures, but these productions have been few and have not as a rule succeeded financially. Designing for the stage, moreover, is a thing apart, demanding qualities rarely possessed by many otherwise admirable designers. Since Irving, who had a great pictorial imagination, there has been no great producer of poetical plays. Irving carried the art of elaborate and significant mounting as far as it can be carried in the direction of realism. Unfortunately the public has been educated so as not to appreciate stage-mounting that is significant without being elaborate.

2. Managers are naturally timid. It can hardly be expected, though, that they should take the risk of unpopular productions, and therein seems to lie the root of the matter. The splendid efforts of Mr. Gordon Craig were not in accord with the requirements of the box-office. Nothing vital or lasting can be accomplished until wise patronage may have turned the minds of play-goers from musical comedy and the sort of production that buries a play beneath a mass of expensive trappings.

3. The theatre at present offers no opportunity whatsoever of which sincere artists may avail themselves. On the rare occasions on which an artist is employed, the interference to which he is subjected ruins his original scheme. The very construction of our play-houses is faulty and illogical. Many beautiful scenes have been given from time to time, but these have come through, as it were, by chance; unity is seldom sought for. After all, the ordinary manager, like the ordinary publisher, is merely a tradesman, and artists and tradesmen seldom agree. The present production at the Haymarket encourages a hope that the resources of the modern theatre may eventually be used with greater intelligence.

### MR. PHIL. P. HARKER.

1. The introduction of electric lighting into the theatre was a set-back as far as the illusion and beauty of the stage-picture went. It has made greater demands on the scenic artist. Under gas lighting, with its beautiful softening effect, it was comparatively easy to obtain an illusion, but with modern conditions of lighting a much higher standard of painting is necessary. I think that the beauty of the stage-picture has increased, but not so much as the extra care taken would lead one to expect.

2. No; but when one takes into consideration that, after all said and done, the play's the thing, many of our managers deserve great credit for the pains taken with that which, however important, is still an accessory.

3. We are doing our best, and the average picture-painter cannot afford to devote the time to mastering the peculiar difficulties of scene designing and acquiring a knowledge of the material employed.

The necessity of masking entrances often cramps one terribly. Wings and borders frequently turn a good design into a disappointing scene.

### MR. JOHN SEMAR (Editor of "The Mask," Florence).

1. There is no such thing as a stage-picture. You cannot call a setting of three dimensions a picture. It is arrant nonsense. Excuse me being so emphatic, but in trying to help forward the theatre you should not make mistakes like that. It confuses the public. This is the hot answer, and now for the cool one.

Some advance in increasing the beauty of stage settings has been made. This is both a good thing and a pity. The only good thing that has come out of it is to teach the men in the theatre that they should take as much care in the way they arrange their stage as a good householder does in the arrangement of his room. No good results from

the æsthetic side have been obtained, for a beautiful scene on the English stage is always the exception, and should a really beautiful scene be shown the paid clique (for you must not forget that there is a paid clique in London just as there was a paid clique years ago in the French theatre) would laugh so much at anybody who admired it that no successful result would come from having shown it.

2. If you read Mr. Gordon Craig's article on "Plays and Playwrights, Pictures and Painters in the Theatre" in "The Mask," December, 1908, you will see that this question has been gone into very thoroughly, and that the great danger to both the theatre and the painter has been pointed out.

You may say that the stage scene painters are not up to the mark. That is no reason for abolishing them and introducing other painters in their stead. Let the stage painters reform themselves, shaking themselves as Lord Curzon proposes the House of Lords should shake itself, and possibly something good will result. More likely nothing will come because the English theatre seems to be utterly damned from first to last owing to its incapacity, its complacency, its sense of security. The theatre wants to be thoroughly frightened out of itself . . . and then good luck to it. You would then probably see remarkable results.

3. Artists never fail to avail themselves as fully as they can do of every sensible opportunity that is open to them. If the painter (for you probably mean the painter when you speak of the artist) has any respect for his profession he won't go inside the theatre. I know of several painters, well-known men in London, who feel like this although they love the theatre. In fact, there are no theatrical opportunities open to the studio painters. The theatre does not want the studio painter. You might as well ask, do you think the scenic artists avail themselves sufficiently of the advantages offered by the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the New English Art Club?

The "studio" painters whom it is my privilege to know seem to have no talent whatever for this particular branch of theatrical art . . . the scenic branch. They do not seem to be at all concerned, so far as I have yet seen, with the three dimensions; in fact, I may safely say that I have never yet seen in the Academy or in the New Gallery a painting which stood out from its canvas more than an eighth of an inch, nor has it at present been announced that next year we shall have some "built-up pieces" hanging in the Royal Academy as specimens of new English art, though probably there is something to be said in favour of such a delicate innovation. It would give an opportunity for plenty of realism. Think how charmingly Mr. Lavery, for instance, could add a fine touch at the last moment to his portrait of Lady X by placing a real bunch of roses upon her built-up bodice. And what a vivid charm Mr. Orpen could have added to his picture of the man with the big bird had he been at liberty to insert several osprey feathers in the tail of the creature, which, alas, when I saw it, was but painted on a mere flat canvas.

If the new age (I do not allude to your excellent journal, but to the age itself) is going to offer any such opportunities as these to artists, then let us pray for the return of the ancient tyranny; some one person who has the courage of his opinions and who cuts them deep into our hides or into our minds.

I am not objecting to a change or to a reform, or to any manifestation of activity, but for heaven's sake, if there are going to be changes or reforms, let those changes be in the direction of keeping things in their places . . . people, classes, things, the arts, the sexes, everything.

We don't want painters in the theatre; painters don't want us in the Royal Academy. Musicians do not want us in the concert hall; we don't want musicians in the theatre. We don't want Hodge in the House of Lords; Hodge doesn't want the Lords in his turnip field; and as all this is perfectly clear to all mankind, what is all this infernal mistake of trying to amalgamate everything and everybody into some indescribable unit which, having nothing to resist, will cease its activity?

The theatre is going to right itself without any assistance from the outsider, although its case is possibly one of the worst that is at present before the public notice. Give it a chance then, and do not suggest remedies for the poor invalid without first well understanding the nature of the disease.

### MR. W. B. YEATS (Abbey Theatre, Dublin).

I would answer your second question first, and say that managers and producers in this country are certainly not using to the full "the advantages offered by the modern studio," nor is it desirable that they should do so. We should use in every art but that which is peculiar to it, till we have turned into beauty all the things that it has, and cease to regret the things that it has not. That which the stage has, as distinguished from easel painting, is real light and the moving figures of the players. We should begin our reform by banishing all painted light and shadow, and by clearing from round the stage and above the stage everything that prevents the free playing of light. Once we have done this, and it may mean a re-shaping of the theatre, we shall discover a something very startling and strange—the beauty of the moving figure. We shall no longer dwarf them as Mr. Tree does and Mr. Trench does, and every other popular producer, with a vast meretricious landscape, which has everything the easel painting has except its subtlety and distinction. We shall have abolished realism except in interiors, which can be exactly reproduced, and created a new art—the art of stage decoration.

I will answer your first and third questions together. Only two artists have done good work upon the English stage during my time, Mr. Craig and Mr. Ricketts, and the first of these is the originator throughout Europe of almost every attempt to reform the decoration and mechanism of the stage, and all that these artists have done has had beauty, some of it magnificent beauty. I cannot judge of the work done in France by Fortuni and Apia, but what work I have seen in England by artists, other than those I have named, has but increased the confusion between the stage and easel painting, for we gain nothing by substituting modern touch and handling for the touch and handling of the landscape painters of fifty years ago still in use among commercial scene-painters, and we lose by seeming to gain.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE THEATRICAL SUPPLEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The gentleman who describes himself as an "Actor" is not satisfied with the June Supplement, and he endeavours in the course of three columns or so to argue about it and to teach its editor his business. This is very noble, and I am much obliged; but I must decline his interference. Before he sets out to teach me my business he must first prove to my satisfaction that he knows what that business it. So far he has neglected this duty.

He assumes that the June Supplement is a "theatrical supplement." It is nothing of the kind, but an art supplement. It is designed, like its predecessor and those to follow, to afford artists a medium of expression, and was planned to be, and is, written by artists, not actors. Actors have their medium of expression in the "Era" and the "Stage," to say nothing of the Harmsworth Press, to which they may turn when bursting with vanity or spleen. As an art supplement it is designed to deal with the art of the theatre, aiming among other things to suggest a union of artists, not of "arts." How often must I point out for the benefit of the uncritical and the uninformed there is only one art, and this art itself implies perfection; and all this talk about the "imperfection of the arts" is merely a light on the critical imperfection of those that utter it.

Then the matter and manner of four of the contributors are equally distressing to him, and he proceeds to drown them in criticism of a sort, but only succeeds in proving that in attempting to smother others it is easy to smother yourself. He goes out to meet Mr. Poel on his own ground, but obviously gets lost; for his arguments are Gilbertian and Elizabethan. Similarly in his attempt to approach the other contributors he goes astray. He has wandered aimlessly down Fleet Street looking for journalistic clichéisms, whereas he should have been in Chelsea looking for art and other ideas. The valuable suggestion of Miss Pamela Coleman Smith that all material, literary and other, relating to the theatre should be collected and centralised, would not then have escaped him.

Nor do my own methods completely satisfy him. But to have supported his assertion that "the editor has done his editing most strangely when there are plenty of men and women who can write about the stage," he should have proved that such men and women as he had in mind are the best and brightest writers about the stage, and if he himself had been asked he could have filled three columns with something better than the sample before me. His qualifications to write about the art of the theatre would appear to be in the fact that he has heard of Goethe (who, however, he points out as a theatrical failure), Emerson, Carlyle, Wagner, Hugo, and Darwin, and a few odds and ends of poets and some philosophers, natural and unnatural. His own original contribution to the discussion is where he seeks to throw a suffused light on the subject. He is, it seems, an admirer of the present system of lighting by means of footlights because "every student of optics knows that light is reflected from the ground, by the particles of dust suspended in the air." Furthermore, he is anxious to inform us that the key to the whole lighting problem lies in a fact not noticed in the supplement, that "light can be suffused to represent daylight." But he forgets to mention how the light is to be suffused in a natural manner, and offers no suggestion how painted canvas may be made to do the work of bricks and stucco and stone and trees,

and many other reflectors that fulfil so great a part in the drama of suffused and conflicting lights. Perhaps he believes the dust may be left to do its own work when actors have been taught how to raise it. I have no doubt that if "pros." received instruction in the corpuscular and undulatory theories of light, and took a mild course of Wünsch, Helmholtz, Herschel, Huyghens and the rest, it would enable them to throw dust in the eyes of the public. And the knowledge that perceptions, ideas, ideals, elocution and gesture are in the final analysis but vibrations of heat, light, electricity, and chemical energy transformed into vibrations more spiritual and subtle should enable them to reach concert pitch in the matter of acting. Then, "Actor" is anxious to show us "The Way Out" of the present disorganised state of the theatre. But his remedy is worse than the disease. He is for splitting the theatrical world up into nice little specialised groups apparently having no relation to each other, just as scientific, political, philosophical movements have been expressing themselves for the last century or two, in little groups contained in watertight compartments, each adopting a static style of association in judgment and reasonings, each refusing to become accessible to the ideas of the others, or to expand and form new associations, each, in fact, remaining so exclusive and limited in its operations as seriously to imperil the value of the work as a whole. The proposal to divide the various theatrical activities up into specialised and isolated groups of nervous corpuscles, as it were, is not a masterpiece of inspiration. Really it appears as though "Actor's" way out is by the back door.

Again, the ideas and ideals of Mr. Gordon Craig are deadly to "Actor," and he is at much trouble to warn the editor of the Supplement against all this booming of an artist who, in 1907, was guilty of no more than proposing that the theatre should contain artists and beauty in place of actors and ugliness; that it should express the spirit rather than the substance of life. But it will be noticed that though "Actor" scorns "The Mask" he does not disdain to wear it. It will be observed, too, that the warning proceeds from a "sage of thirty," and that it is given with a view doubtless to preparing us for what is to follow. "Actor" is really anxious to boom a little scheme of his own. He has, it seems, brought together a devoted band of Thespians with their faces turned to reality. Moreover, he has modern plays in rehearsal. Furthermore, he has a few hundred pounds or so to lose. He is now open to engage "men and women who can act, men and women who can write, and men and women who can paint," and presumably, he would like THE NEW AGE to furnish a few. For a sage of thirty this is not promising wisdom. Before turning THE NEW AGE into a dramatic agency, he should have inquired whether it was constituted to supply his particular demand in talent. I believe he would have found that the only "theatrical" stock-in-trade it is likely to offer consists of natural beings, and not persons who can act; of artists who can suggest the eternal drama of human experience, can suggest the most subtle shades of the interplay of human thought and action, and not mere writers, of artist-designers who can suggest beautiful effects, can help to create that atmosphere of illusion for which the theatre should stand, and which, completely expressed, alone can make it great and lasting, and not persons who can merely paint. The people of the new age are those who feel the incomprehensible mystery of life which excites the adoration of artists and eludes "Actor" and his group of realists.

I will say nothing about the notion of saddling Genius with a mission. To me Genius is simply vision. Like a fine and powerful lens the highly strung nervous organism focuses the vibrations of the universe and flashes them forth in the flame of will and idea and passion. I will only say that if "Actor" likes the idea that "the mission of Genius is to entertain and instruct," I certainly do not like the idea of his backing up his opinion with the mission of the late Mr. Barnum. It is the logical conclusion of a sideshow article designed to entertain, not to instruct. Barnum is Barnum, and art is art. They have nothing in common. They are not in the same boat together; not in the same world. This is a suggestion for another article which "Actor" cannot possibly overload—if written with understanding.

HUNTLY CARTER.

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## "THE TASTE FOR DEATH."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I notice that Mr. G. Bernard Shaw writes in his essay, "The General Mourning," that "the taste for death is a thoroughly vulgar one." I think it is fair to ask Mr. Shaw whether this amounts to less or more than, e.g., "the taste for life is a thoroughly vulgar one." As a mystic, I recognise, of course, that the two statements are correlatively true, except in so far as every judgment is in its nature false. When, however, I resign myself for a few moments to Maya and THE NEW AGE, I feel a suspicion that Mr. Shaw's remark is as of one saying that "the taste for triangles is a thoroughly vulgar one."

C. HUGH DAVIES.

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## THE W. E. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The letter from your correspondent signed "An Oxford Graduate" displays the remarkable powers of generalisation for which a good many Oxford graduates are famous, and I will not follow his excursion into the clouds. But I may perhaps be permitted to correct those statements which are inconsistent, or contain implications inconsistent, with the facts.

(1) He describes the W.E.A. as the "so-called Workers' Educational Association." The facts are as follows:—400 trade unions, trade union branches and trade councils, 151 co-operative societies, 161 adult schools and classes, and a number of I.L.P. branches and other Socialist bodies belong to the so-called Workers' Educational Association." Error No. 1.

(2) He states that there is "a conflict of some standing between the so-called Workers' Educational Association and the firmer and clearer-headed members of the Labour and Socialist parties." No such conflict exists or has ever existed. Several Socialists who are members of the Labour Party sit on University Joint Committees called into existence through the Workers' Educational Association; for example, Mr. Jowett, M.P., and Mr. Clynes, M.P., as well as Labour members such as Mr. Bowerman and Mr. Shackleton. On its Executive sit Mr. W. A. Appleton, Secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, who moved the education resolutions at the Trade Union Congress for several years, and Miss Margaret McMillan, who is certainly the ablest and most devoted educationalist in the Labour and Socialist movement. Who are the firmer and clearer-headed members of the Labour and Socialist Party of which "Oxford Graduate" speaks? Is it possible that they consist only of "Oxford Graduate" himself? Error No. 2.

(3) He states that "Rumour tells me that a document was lately circulated among Trade Union Congress officials which, *inter alia*, represented the W.E.A. demand for a commission on working-class education. As this document was in the form of a memorandum destined to be forwarded to the Government this misrepresentation is serious." This statement, again, is quite beside the mark. The W.E.A. has made no "demand for a Royal Commission on University Education," though in common with many other Socialists and members of the W.E.A., I sincerely hope it will. No document on the subject has been circulated by the W.E.A. Errors Nos. 3 and 4. Your correspondent can only be recommend not to trust "rumour" again.

AN I.L.P. MEMBER OF THE W.E.A.

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## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The designing of chocolate-box lids is, doubtless, an employment both lucrative and respectable. In its proper sphere I entertain for it nothing but the highest approval.

To eat chocolates without a suitable design on the box lid would be unthinkable. But, sir, what connection has this honourable and (I trust) remunerative profession to do with the Royal Academy? And, furthermore, why should such a designer be President of the distinguished body just mentioned? Again, why does the distinguished President design his taking and (oleo)graphic portrait of his late Majesty sucking one of the contained chocolates (as witness the Royal right cheek) upon so large a scale? Sweetmeats are, surely, seldom sold in such large quantities as to necessitate a lid of this description? But perhaps it is intended for a poster?

Maybe Mr. Huntly Carter can throw some light upon the matter.

IOLO A. WILLIAMS.

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## THE FLORENTINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Professor Geddes has been enquiring through your columns concerning the modern Florentines. Here is a sketch of one of them, Signor Riccardo Nobili, contributed to the "Boston Evening Transcript" of April 13, by Mr. Percival Pollard, a rising American critic:—

"It remained for the printed articles of Signor Riccardo Nobili to arouse the general art-loving public to a realisation of the conditions. In a series of splendidly analytical and authoritative papers this critic and artist proved crime after crime against the authorities. The gist of the whole indictment was that the administration of the public galleries was utterly incompetent, lacked expert knowledge and made up for that only by bureaucratic pompousness. Signor Nobili himself is the fine figure in this whole warfare, which waged for months in Florence, and has now, at last, been

taken higher, to the Italian Parliament itself. The Nobilis are themselves of the great Tuscan families, yet Riccardo Nobili's personal achievements are rather those of a great anarch in art and art analysis. He is himself painter and sculptor; he could have gone far in either direction; but he determined upon connoisseurship of art as his preferred metier. From the first he began war against the countless impostures that his home town reeked with. He has that inexplicable sixth sense that tells him whether a painting, a statue, is genuine or false. Only by aid of that sixth sense can the most profound student achieve actual results in criticism in connoisseurship. I do not think either Morelli or Berenson have this sense so perfectly as Nobili. He is, as aforesaid, himself a Tuscan; blood tells him much that not the most meticulous study could ever seize. He is himself accomplished in paint and in modelling; he was one of the men of Julian's in Paris. He knows all the secrets of the forger; he has devoted his life to this cause. In a question of: Is this a Leonardo? or, Are those bronze doors genuine fourteenth century? wise is the millionaire or the dealer who would trust to that strange sixth sense that is in Riccardo Nobili.

"It is even possible, in comparatively light reading, to glimpse this Italian authority's knowledge of the subject of art old and new. He published in England a year or so ago a story called 'A modern Antique,' in which he made popular use of much of his learning in this sort. He told the methods whereby statues and canvases were artificially aged, how the patine was perfected, and how, in short, the dealers in antiquities thrived on the gullibility of the type of collector who wanted only famous names. He told, too, how the modern members of the Florentine aristocracy retrieve their bankrupt fortunes by conspiring with such fraudulent dealers; how they lend their names to add a touch of genuineness to the spurious. Above all, Signor Nobili told the case of a young sculptor who created a bust which passed for an antique gem and was sold for a fabulous amount as the result of just such a conspiracy between dealers and Florentine nobles. Now, it is long notorious in Florence that, for only one example, the Strozzi palace has been emptied of its real art treasures more than once; yet the sale of specimens labelled genuine owing to their having been in the 'possession of the Strozzi' still goes merrily on. Again, the episode central in S. Nobili's book has since that publication been almost exactly paralleled by the incident of the Leonardo bust and Dr. Bode."

R. M.

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## STATES SERVILE AND SOCIALIST.

### TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Schloesser's letter in your issue of the 2nd of this month deserves a reply because it is so lucid, and also because, in spite of its lucidity, it does not exactly answer my case.

The reason that it does not answer my case is to be discovered in a sentence in the second paragraph of it, in which Mr. Schloesser takes it for granted that the organisation of the proletariat "under" a capitalist class economically free, is equivalent to the organisation of the proletariat "by" a capitalist class economically free. Mr. Schloesser is at pains to repeat that the modern State in England (still more in Germany) organises the proletariat rather than does the capitalist. But I have myself been at some pains to prove that this course would produce the servile State even more readily and more actively than the immediate admission of personal servile relations between employer and employed.

Let me make my point plainer to Mr. Schloesser. I am concerned with the establishment in Christian Europe of a state of society in which Europeans shall enjoy security coupled with personal honour and a sufficiency of material goods; if I thought the word "freedom" conveyed an exact meaning in this discussion, then after the word "honour" I would have added the words "and freedom." Now, Europeans acting on their political instincts, have enjoyed and, I think, can certainly enjoy security, though not of an absolute kind; honour, though not of an absolute kind; and sufficiency, though not of an absolute kind, under conditions of high distribution. They can also enjoy security and sufficiency (not a tittle of honour) under either of two other alternative systems: one, a theoretical one, is Collectivism; the other, a reversion to past conditions which the Church has abolished, is such an organisation of the present industrial conditions as shall leave the few in permanent possession and the many without any hope of possession of the means of production; but both, the few free and the many servile, organised and in a workable and secure condition. To this last solution I give the title of "a Servile State."

If we are moving, but not moving towards one of the only two other conceivable solutions, then we are moving towards the servile State.

What I want to ask the man who confounds running poor people (whether they are in receipt of regular wages or not) with Collectivism, is whether there is any sort of sign anywhere in Europe of society becoming less capitalistic save where it has deliberately created a highly divided property? Is capital, under so-called "Socialistic" and especially municipal experiments, anywhere passing from the hands of the individual to the hands of the State more rapidly than it is being accumulated by individuals? Is there any attempt in the so-called "Socialist" world at that confiscation which is the only conceivable agent of convinced Collectivism?

Mr. Schloesser knows perfectly well that there is not apparent in Europe any such thing. The Rothschilds are exceedingly secure against anything but their recent and frequent blunders in investment.

My object in ragging your middle class "Socialist" is not merely elfish.

He is funny, but one can make much better fun out of him in a book than in a speech, and the evil he does is much better counteracted by active sincerity than by satire.

My object is not to convince outsiders (who are already convinced), but to convince *him* that his motives are not sound. He is not gunning for Collectivism, he is gunning for the fun of running people. True, he would very probably enjoy that amusement under Collectivism, for Collectivism would, in Europe as a whole, very probably be a middle class affair; but as the committee man or expert of a capitalist State, he can get it much more easily and at once. When the Collectivists—if ever they do!—really enter the field and begin confiscating from rich and poor alike, without holding out any hope of private property in the means of production to poor or to rich for the future, then we shall have an issue joined which will be worth writing about seriously; but so far Collectivists have not come within a thousand miles of that, and I think I know why. Their pity alone is human. But anyhow, we who object to the modern hell quite as much as any Collectivist does, have a right to distinguish (among those who call themselves by the common name of Socialists) between the men who are trying to mend that hell honestly, though wrongly, and those who are merely interested in making it a sort of well-managed hell. Now, if Mr. Schloesser will only believe me, just as the Devil is a gentleman (to us Christians) so is hell (in the eyes of us Christians) an exceedingly well-managed place.

H. BELLOC.

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## VOICE AND THE STAGE.

### TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As the famous author of the pamphlet which first suggested that reciters of the finest lyrical poetry (as very distinct from verse) should be heard but not seen, and as one who still believes that, say, the odes of Milton, Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley may be *heard* to advantage when they are free from all grotesque attempts at impersonation by "An Actor," will you kindly allow me space to thank your correspondent for his condescension to a man of low degree.

I am sorry he did not devote even more consideration to my proud self, for then might he have even sooner come to the profound conclusion that he is "in the same boat with Barnum" (deceased), and have thought more seriously before he added "though in another cabin."

After this expression of gratitude may I add a few platitudes which have recurred to my freakish self once or twice since I embarked upon the glorious and heart-breaking enterprise of seeking good speakers of verse.

(1) The modern theatre is in a bad way, but the modern audience is in a far worse.

Why people who do not go to the theatre to listen, but only to look, should be called an audience I do not know. Perhaps our friend "An Actor" would describe the peerers and quizzers of "The Fat Lady" at the deceased Mr. Barnum's show an audience. Do not let us enquire, for the ensuing controversy would be painful.

(2) Between the stage and the stalls "there is now a great gulf fixed." The inhabitants of one world behold, with varied conditions, those of another. We (the spectators) look *at* the show, not into it; and, with the footlights full on, we see (in the words of Tom Hood) "it very plain." Some of us feel affronted by it as by some vile painter who seeks to overpower our respect and assault our affection by making his canvas a kind of nerve battery, instead of a city of spiritual or æsthetic refuge.

To your correspondent I would suggest a careful study of the difference between looking *into* and looking *at* a shop window. The Greek audience, the cathedral audience of the middle ages, and the Shakespearean audience were "lookers into.

In this connection I have just thought of a motto for the proscenium of the modern stage: "Abandon hope all ye who would imaginatively enter here." It would be thoroughly suitable, being itself fine poetry reduced to abominable prose.

(3) M. Maeterlinck, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Granville Barker testify by their works ("Monna Vanna," Joyzelle," etc., "Getting Married," "Misalliance" and "The Madras House") to the fact that they consider the first essential to the modern theatre worthy of the name, to be the listening audience.

Freaks like myself agree and add, when your audience is tired of the deserts of philosophy it will turn to the fertile lands of poetry. When it has learned to enjoy the well-spoken phrase of good prose it will begin to long for the music of verse.

(4) Action is the body of drama, words are the soul. "The soul is form and doth the body make." Just as long as the body tries to make the soul shall we be called upon to suffer pageantry for drama.

PLOUGHBOY.

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## FARCE AND MORALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Referring to Thomas' play, "Moral," Ashley Dukes writes: "Clearly this particular theme can only be saved from repulsiveness either by perfectly serious, or frankly farcical, treatment." What the English version is like I don't know, but I do know that by "farcical treatment" this "play," in Munich, was certainly repulsive, and it is difficult to understand how a young man who has translated Forel can suggest to the readers of a paper with progressive aims that prostitution is a subject that may be theatrically dealt with in a farcical spirit.

Prostitution is an intolerable insult to the race—degrading it both physically and morally (if the two can be separated) and can lend itself only to serious dramatic treatment: Man's foibles are legitimate sources of farce; but by no possibility can civilisation's crimes or a human being's sufferings be so dealt with—such treatment must ever be wholly objectionable — transgressing art's greatest and subtlest laws. It is the disregard of these laws that makes the usual Parisian or English farce so loathsome an entertainment. A stage and press run by the very capitalism that supports prostitution, poverty and dirt, and profits by the degradation of woman, can hardly be blamed for assisting in their turns to degrade and mock her. But surely these conditions are not so ingrained in modern journalism that our young Socialist men cannot face the situation and resolutely demand a healthier outlook. Surely from these men we should be able to demand a wider sympathy and a greater generosity in place of the meanness that can see in a plague-ridden house the possibilities of mirth.

SIME SERUYA.

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## IMPRESSIONIST APPRECIATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have just been amusing myself with some Meredithian notes on well-known writers. Perhaps you would care to publish the result. I may say that I am not unindebted to Mr. John Hamilton Churchill, who contributed some "Epigrams in Drama" in your columns a few months ago.

G. B. Shaw: Swift without Stella.

Kipling: The Epic of the Bore War.

Anatole France: Ariel upon Caliban upon Setebos.

W. B. Yeats: Ireland vainly endeavouring to recall her ancient dreams.

George Moore: Lucifer in the suburbs.

G. K. Chesterton: Pegasus fed on oats.

F. W. Bain: India in cherry-blossom.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham: A Scotch hidalgo condescending to literature.

Maeterlinck: The mystical charlatan.

Robt. Blatchford: John Smith in heaven.

H. G. Wells: Commonplace illuminated by a conflagration of genius.

Eden Phillpotts: A peasant Sophocles.

Gilbert Cannan: Fleet Street lyrical after a triumph of sentimentalism.

Ford Madox Hueffer: The widow of an artist carrying on the business.

John Galsworthy: The Fabian Society preparing to ascend Parnassus.

Granville Barker: Leaning out of magic casements reading Shaw.

Hall Caine: The oracle of Adelphi.

H. Belloc: Pater-familiar.

Marie Corelli: Miss John Bull.

Maurice Hewlett: Cœer de Lion singing with a button undone.

W. H. Hudson: A bird of Paradise in an aviary of sparrows.

Olive Schreiner: A dead nightingale.

Henry James: The spider with the golden spinnaret.

William Archer: What *would* Ibsen do?

S. L. T.

# Articles of the Week.

ANONYMOUS, "Political Vivisection," Spectator, June 11 (a criticism of Stephen Reynolds's "New Age" article, "Forecasts of the Coming Dispensation").

ARCHER, WM., "Bounty-fed Drama," Morning Leader, June 11.

ARNOLD, J. C., "Equality in Divorce," Daily News, June 6.

BALFOUR, Lady FRANCES, "The Victorian versus the Open-air Girl of To-day," Graphic, June 11.

BAUGHAN, E. A., "Robert Schumann," Daily News, June 8.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, M.P., "Aristotle on Thruppenny Bits," Morning Post, June 11; "More Little Towns: Oloran," Westminster Gazette, June 10.

BENNETT, ALFRED R., M.I.E.E., "The Fate of the Telephones," Daily News, June 10.

BENNETT, ARNOLD, "The Hanbridge Empire," Nation, June 11; "Italian Opera," Daily Chronicle, June 8.

BINYON, LAURENCE, "The Western Spirit in Art," Saturday Review, June 11.

BLATCHFORD, R., "Shall We Stop the 'Clarion'?" Clarion, June 10.

BRAILSFORD, H. N., "The New Move for Woman Suffrage," Daily Chronicle, June 10.

CANNAN, GILBERT, "The Revolution," Morning Leader, June 8.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "The Orientalism of the Empire," Daily News, June 11.

CLYNES, J. R., M.P., "About Levies: Unity and Duty," Labour Leader, June 10.

COX, HAROLD, "An Opportunity for Compromise: A Non-party View," Daily Mail, June 10.

DOUGLAS, JAMES, "The Color Line: Some Antagonisms of Race," Morning Leader, June 6.

FAWCETT, Mrs. MILLICENT, "A New Bill and a New Book," Times, June 11 (letter to the Editor).

FRY, ROGER, "The Art of Mr. Rothenstein," Nation, June 11.

GRAYSON, VICTOR, "Women and Politics," Women Folk, June 8.

"HUBERT," "An Essay in Pessimism: Civilisation's Most Portentous and Menacing Fact Examined in Cold Blood," Sunday Chronicle, June 12.

LANG, ANDREW, "The Impossibility of History," Morning Post, June 10; "Drawing the Line," Illustrated London News, June 11.

LEE, VERNON, "The Grave of Wieland and the Man in the Rain," Westminster Gazette, June 8.

LUCY, Sir HENRY, "A Round-table Conference," Observer, June 12.

LYND, ROBERT, "The Irish Theatre: An Interview with Mr. W. B. Yeats," Daily News, June 6.

MACDONALD, JOHN F., "Small Charlatans," Morning Leader, June 7.

MACDONALD, Mrs. J. RAMSAY, "Womanhood in India: The Power Behind the Veil," Daily Chronicle, June 7.

MACDONALD, J. RAMSAY, M.P., "Hampered by Protection," Morning Leader, June 7.

MACNEILL, J. G. SWIFT, K.C., M.P., "The Accession Declaration," Westminster Gazette, June 9.

MASSINGHAM, H. W., "A Tory Legend: 'The Dead Hand' in Politics," Morning Leader, June 6.

MEETCH, J. COX, "The English Way: Germany's New Housing Experiment," Morning Leader, June 7; "Houses for All: The Problem of Municipal Housing," Morning Leader, June 9.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "Industry Writ Large," Daily News, June 9; "Dumped into America," Morning Leader, June 9.

MONTEFIORE, DORA B., "The United States Socialist National Conference of 1910," Justice, June 11.

RAMSAY, Sir WM. M., "British Policy in Turkey," Manchester Guardian, June 6.

RICKETTS, CHAS., "Japanese Paintings at Shepherd's Bush," Morning Post, June 7.

RUNCIMAN, JOHN F., "The Monotonous Concert," Saturday Review, June 11.
SHAW, CHAS. N. L., "A Boxers' Trade Union," London Opinion, June 11.
SHAW, GEO. BERNARD, "The Husband, the Supertax, and the Suffragists," Times, June 10 (letter to the Editor).
SPIELMANN, M. H., "The Story of British Portraiture," Graphic, June 11.
TITTERTON, W. R., "The Fire-worshipper," Vanity Fair, June 8.
YOXALL, Sir JAS., M.P., "Beardsley Prints," London Opinion, June 11.

# Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

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