THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1128] NEW SERIES. Vol. XIV. No. 25. THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1914. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	769
CURRENT CANT	773
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad.	773
HALT! YOU FOOLS! By National Guildsman	774
MEDIÆVALISM AND MODERNISM. By Arthur J. Penty	776
A MALICIOUS BIRTH. By Duxmia	777
ANTONIN SORA. Translated by P. Selver	778
ALLEN UPWARD SERIOUS. By Ezra Pound	779
THE "POOR" POLITICIAN. By Thomas Fleming	780
DRAWING FROM THE CAST. By Walter Sickert	781
TOWARDS THE PLAY WAY—IX. By H. Caldwell Cook	782
PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM	783
POEMS. By T. R. A.	784
THE DOCTOR. By Miss Sylvia Gosse	785
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.	786
PHÆDRA. By Beatrice Hastings	788
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R.	789
REVIEWS	790
ART. By A. M. Ludovici	792
DRAMA. By John Francis Hope	793
PASTICHE. By P. Selver, "W. H.," William Repton, C. Cunningham, E. H. Visiak	794
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR FROM T. Craven, Richmond Haigh, S. Waskey, Beatrice Hastings, W. Schofield, Harold Lister, The Writer of "Present-Day Criticism," R. Cox, T. S. Dixon, A. M. Ludovici	796
MR. HANNEN SWAFFER. By Tom Titt	800

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	28s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
Six Months	14s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Three Months	7s. 0d.	7s. 6d.

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE shall be expected, no doubt, to be gratified by the vote of censure passed by the I.L.P. Conference on Mr. MacDonald's political policy. But everything depends for us upon the reasons that led to it and the assumption involved in it. So far as we can see, in regard to each of these circumstances there is nothing to be gratified at. For it was for wrong reasons that the Conference censured Mr. MacDonald; and the same assumptions are involved in their new policy as are involved in his old policy. What are the reasons that have led us to criticise Mr. MacDonald? Not that he has consistently supported the present Cabinet or voted against his own amendments or played with the notion of an electoral bargain with the Liberal Party. These are indeed the reasons for which the Conference threw him over, but they are no reasons for us to throw him over. The Irish Party, it may be seen, is open to the same charges; for Mr. Redmond no less than Mr. MacDonald has supported the Government both in the House and out of it. Yet not on that account would any Irish Conference declare Mr. Redmond unfaithful or even mistaken. Why? Because Mr. Redmond has taken good care never to lose sight of the *object* for which he has done these things; on the contrary, he has done them in pursuit of that object and so openly that none of his followers can doubt it. But can the same be said of Mr. MacDonald's policy? It is obvious that it cannot—for who, besides Mr. MacDonald, knows even what he is playing for? His followers have seen him as zealous on behalf of the Cabinet as Mr. Redmond—but they have never seen in his manœuvres an object as clearly defined as Home Rule. Has he indeed any such object in mind? We doubt it. But to adopt such a policy as only a clear and unmistakable object can justify is the mistake that Mr. MacDonald has made. In a word, it is not his policy that is wrong in itself, but such a policy with either no object at all or with an object that nobody clearly understands.

* * *

In respect of this, however, we must say that the Labour movement is almost as much to blame as Mr. MacDonald. He, it is true, as the professed brain of the party and cock of the Labour walk, had the first responsibility of defining the exclusive end for which the Labour Party exists; but next to him the duty fell upon his supporters. How have they fulfilled it? We know that they get very angry when Mr. Asquith tells them that there are only trifling differences between his party and theirs. Our readers are aware that they will not speak to us because we have for years maintained the same thing. But, at the end of it all, what object does radically distinguish the I.L.P. from the Liberal Party? Does anybody know? Can anybody put it into words? We would ask Mr. Jowett himself! But if no radical difference capable of being clearly defined exists, then nothing, we say, can prevent an approximation of policies also between the two parties. Mr. MacDonald, we truly believe, is bewildered by the recent vote of the Conference. Has he not, he will say, done his best to support the Cabinet that is carrying the measures his party desires to see passed? The Parliament Act, Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, Free Trade, etc., etc.—all these measures which the Cabinet alone can effect—are they not all approved by Labour at successive conferences and would it not be folly to kill the goose that is laying these golden eggs? This must surely have been Mr. MacDonald's defence; and, not only from his point of view but from the point of view taken at present by his party, we see no reply to it. Provided that these measures are wanted by the Labour movement and wanted at once and before all others, the sensible policy is Mr. MacDonald's—to support the

Government that can supply them. Now is Mr. Jowett or is Mr. Snowden indifferent to these measures? Do they put any other measures before them? Not at all. Both are anxious, as they say, to clear these measures out of the way as a condition of getting on to something else. But the something else, whatever it may be, is clearly of such an importance in their eyes that it can wait upon these. And this is also the opinion of the Liberal Party. Hence we do not see that anything revolutionary can come of the new policy, for Mr. Jowett, like Mr. MacDonald, will have to continue to support the Government as the sole means of supporting these measures.

* * *

But also, as we have said, the assumptions of Mr. MacDonald's critics are identical with his own. What in reality the Conference ought to have realised is that the failure of Mr. MacDonald is the failure of Labour in politics—that and nothing less. But what they have concluded is that Labour politics are possible and may be fruitful, but that Mr. MacDonald's methods are not the best. On the contrary, however, we say that if Labour is in politics at all, the *only* methods are those of Mr. MacDonald. He is far and away the ablest parliamentarian in the party; he has the advantage of familiar intercourse with Mr. Lloyd George—a past artful dodger; and he justly prides himself on knowing all the greasy ropes. If, therefore, the political game is to be played by Labour at all, Mr. MacDonald is the leader to follow. But the Conference while denying the latter is yet quite as set as Mr. MacDonald on affirming the former. There was not, we gather, during the whole Conference, private or public, one word of doubt uttered of the wisdom of Labour being in politics at all. That, on the contrary, was taken for granted; with the consequence, as we say, that except in opinion (and that to the advantage of Mr. MacDonald) he and his critics did not differ. For ourselves, however, we go a long way further than either of the two sections. We say that Labour is not only not wise to be in politics, but it is not right that Labour should be in politics. There ought to be no Labour Party in Parliament whatever. Its presence there is a menace to public life, an anomaly in the representative system, and, above all, is fatal to the objects of the Labour movement.

* * *

We do not suppose that we can convince any Labour Member of the first two charges we bring against Labour in politics. They imagine, we have no doubt, that their excellent intentions are a guarantee of their excellent effect upon public life; and, as for the representative system, they would reply, no doubt, that its preservation is pedantry if it interferes with their right to sit as Labour Members. Unfortunately they are not the only ignorant persons proud of their contempt for reflection. The "Nation" and the "Saturday Review"—in fact, all the Press without exception (being written, for the most part, by dunderheads who care for nothing)—approve of *a* Labour Party, and even of an independent Labour Party, in Parliament; and reserve their criticisms, such as they are, merely for the Labour Party that happens to be there. In such abounding company we do not wonder that the Labour Members assume their seats as by divine right, and never doubt but that they are a blessing to their country, and props, if anything, of the representative system. Well, let us leave them in that mood for the present, and ask our third question, whether their presence in Parliament is not inimical to the very objects for which presumably they are sent there? We say that it is, and we shall set about proving it. In the first place, what *is* the object of the Labour movement? This must be distinguished from the means, for these may be many and diverse while the former must be single and constant. The object, we reply, of the whole Labour movement, whether it be aware of it or not, is the emancipation of the proletariat from the wage-system; and we say that this is the real and final object of the Labour movement because *no other* can be conceived that can satisfy all the conditions of the definition. Higher wages, for instance? But what security is there under the wage-system that these would be permanent, progressive and general? None; no economist dare promise it. Better conditions, more leisure, careers open to talents? So long as these depend upon employers, private or public, what security is there that they cannot be as easily taken away as given? No, try any nostrum formulated by any school of social kindergarten, even if it could be adopted, its guarantee of security would be missing while the wage-system remains. But if the abolition of the wage-system is the sole all-inclusive object of the Labour movement, it should instantly be apparent that Parliament is the last place in which to pursue it, and politics the last means to be employed. For it is, if you please, a revolution, an economic and spiritual revolution—and what has Parliament to do with an economic and spiritual revolution, except to stave it off as long as possible?

* * *

In the next place, look at what politics has really done for the proletariat. Has it done anything? Divide the total sum paid to the working-class to-day equally among all its members and compare that quotient with the quotient afforded by such a division ten, twenty, a hundred, a thousand years ago. Relatively to the total product of industry, not only has the share of the proletarian unit not increased in all these years, but it has diminished, is diminishing, and will continue to diminish unless the descent is checked by something more than political action. Yet during the same period the political victories of the proletariat are said to have been enormous. And enormous they are; we do not deny it. Politically they have almost all the liberty it is possible to have: liberty to read what they please, think what they please, say what they please, and almost to do what they please. Never shall it be thought that we deny that the proletariat has political liberty. But what is the use of it to them? Liberty without the means of exercising it is an empty name; and while the annual share of the total wealth produced is dwindling per capita of the proletariat, political liberties may be multiplied upon them so that each becomes a law unto himself, and still they tumble deeper and deeper into slavery. Now we say that this is exactly what is taking place and what must take place while the Labour movement is looking in politics for what is not there. Political progress, in the nature of it, is progress in political freedom; but it is not progress in the effective condition of political freedom, which is economic freedom! How can it be, we ask? Does Parliament claim, let alone exercise, the right to transfer economic power from one set of persons to another set? Its sole object being to preserve property wherever property exists, the mission of politics is complete when it has secured the rights of property. Look back now and see whether this mission has not been fulfilled. Are the proletariat nearer to becoming possessed of property to-day than at any time in their tragic history? By God, they are further off and going fast further!

* * *

And next consider the diversion of energy, attention, ability and will-power that the political action of the Labour movement entails. The siege of Troy, Thucydides explains, was prolonged by the fact that the Greeks had simultaneously to carry on battle with the Trojans and agriculture for their own needs. In the siege of capitalism for the emancipation of the proletariat from the wage-system you would have thought that the direct means was sufficient to occupy the besiegers. In the workshop, in the factory, in the mines and on the railways—it is in these places that the war is being carried on; and with how little success! Yet it seems that the Labour movement thinks itself so rich in men, money and mind that it can easily afford to dispatch its best equipped battalions to capture the Parliamentary windmill. Sport! Talk about the waste of Labour upon football or upon horse-racing—these con-

sume nothing in comparison with the consumption of will and intelligence in the equally vain and far less profitable sport of Labour politics. To sport proper the proletariat devote their recreative hours, their surplus, or perhaps only their fatigue; but to the game of politics their leaders offer up all that is serious in their class. It is ruinous, we say, ruinous. There is not a Trade Union in existence that can out of its supply of capable officials spare *one*, let alone three-quarters of each, to attend the Parliamentary matches. Our readers know that if we had the power we would forbid any Trade Union official so much as to mention politics officially. He should be dismissed as swiftly as a confidential clerk discovered blabbing or a treasurer caught betting. And the money, too! Is it understood that the game of politics costs the Labour movement something like a quarter of a million a year? We are delighted to learn that the rank and file are growing tired of it. The I.L.P. treasury is empty. Splendid! The "Daily Citizen" must cease unless £50,000 a year is provided. Let Mr. Dilnot go back to the "Daily Mail," where he belongs! The political levies of the Trade Unions are slow in coming in; the Engineers will send none whatever. Oh, good, good! At last, the rank and file are recalling their leaders to their proper task of economic action.

* * *

And that it is about time everything connected with Trade Unionism proves. The want of attention, of brains, in the movement is immeasurable. While these quarter-educated, unlettered and newspaper-fed leaders are worrying their heads about political problems, the very ABC of which they will never understand, their own world of Trade Union problems is left in its original chaos. Who, do they think, is going to solve these problems for them—the problems of the sympathetic strike, the strike for status, the agricultural labourers' problem, the half-time problem, the problem of Trade Unionism in State service, the problem of sectional strikes, and a score of others? In the first place, the problems are theirs and nobody else's; they tell us, in fact, that we in particular are damned intruders even to offer advice. In the second place, the politicians will be rejoiced to see the problem left untackled and unsolved for as long as the Trade Union leaders care to neglect them. It is not likely that the Press that pats the political Labour Party on the back will resent or criticise the waste of Labour in politics since precisely that waste is the object their masters have in view. *They* will not complain if no Trade Union problem is ever discussed again. And, lastly, if only the solution of these problems can be postponed a little longer, they will not need to be settled! Oh no, be sure of that, you Trade Union leaders. The world will not wait until you come to your senses and, tiring of your tame-goose chase after politics, turn at your ease to settle Trade Union affairs. On the contrary, they will be settled by the capitalists before you, and over your thick heads.

* * *

Let us turn now to one or two of the Trade Union queries thrown up during the past week. The strike of the Yorkshire miners has been settled, we are told, but not until some £200,000 of their funds had been frittered away in strike pay. Now what incompetent general has been responsible for this? He ought to be court-martialled. For we do not believe that ten thousand Yorkshire miners (we know the breed) went with their eyes open to certain destruction. Either they were misled by men who had the duty of leading them; or, as appears most probable, they were simply not led at all, but left to strike in ignorance of what the circumstances of the case really were. Their leaders, we are informed, were opposed to the strike from the first; and, as we happen to know, they had good reason to be opposed to it. But the same reasons that decided them to oppose the strike would have decided the men to oppose it also—why were the latter not told beforehand, taken into the confidence of their leaders and made to see reason? These amateur politicians talk of breaking down the secrecy of the Cabinet system; they complain that collusion between the Front Benches keeps the House of Commons in darkness; they demand to know! But in the matter of their own immediate affairs and in relation to their own followers their secrecy is in the worst traditions of oligarchy. All that was necessary, we believe, to have avoided the costly and useless strike that took place was a series of meetings at which the officials explained the exact state of affairs and left the men to decide. After all, a strike is a war; and it behoves loud-mouthed democrats to explain to their own army, at least, the reasons for or against.

* * *

The storm in a tea-cup at the Postal Conference held last week was to our mind of much greater importance than the officials naturally allowed. It appears that the men's leaders had taken a farewell afternoon tea with Mr. Samuel on the occasion of his transfer from the Postmaster-Generalship. No offence, they pleaded, in so slight a matter—a matter, too, of mere courtesy! But is there not indeed—at least, under the circumstances? On the assumption that the Postal leaders were well known to be faithful to their Union, incorruptible by any condescension, and beyond all suspicion of possible treachery, their action might have been not only innocent, but meritorious; and as such it would have appeared. To quote again the case of Mr. Redmond or, even better, of Parnell, the most suspicious of their followers would have thought no ill of them had they taken tea with anybody under the sun; it might be, in fact, and certainly it would have been generally allowed to be, good policy or, at worst, not bad policy. But we need not say that the Postal leaders are not and do not deserve to be held in this honourable odour. When their rank and file has evidence under its nose that they are seeking Parliamentary candidatures for themselves under the pretext of serving the Union; when it is known that at Christmas last they gave assurances to Mr. Samuel, behind the backs of their members, that there would be no strike; when further they deprecate strong words no less than strong action on the abominable Holt Report and confess that they have been lobbying with two hundred Members of Parliament; and when, finally, it is clear to any honest man that most of them are such snobs that a cup of tea with Mr. Samuel would set them up in superior complacency for life; then, indeed, we think that the storm overflowed the tea-cup properly. The etiquette of these matters certainly needs some serious consideration. It is not the case, we repeat, that trusted leaders may not do any of these things. Trusted leaders, to put it plainly, may do anything they please; for they can safely be trusted seldom to err even in the appearance of treachery. But for leaders who ought to know themselves to be reasonably suspect to behave as if they were Parnells is impertinent.

* * *

Still pursuing our inquiry into recent Trade Union problems, we come next to the Teachers' Conference held last week at Lowestoft. Among these tweenies of the Labour world, neither artisan nor professional, the question of status actually arose; and on this subject the new President, Mr. Steer, delivered himself amid loud applause of some vulgar lies. The present degraded status of the elementary teacher, he said, was due mainly to two things, their poor remuneration and the fact that they are practically excluded from what are called higher openings. What a toy status would be, to be sure, if money or higher openings could buy it. No change would be necessary in the individual or the class, no painful effort on their part to become more intelligent or more responsible—no—clap another twenty pounds a year on to their present salaries and, hey presto, their status automatically rises! But status, Mr. Steer, is not so easily come by. Status is consideration, and con-

sideration is related to intrinsic value. Certainly in a plutocratic age, when values of all kinds are reckoned in money, cash and credit *appear* to go hand in hand. But even then they do not really! On the contrary, we are prepared to stake our own status (which is not, after all, money, for we notoriously have none) that if the Teachers' Union, while remaining in character what it is, forces higher remuneration out of its public employers, its status will go down by the same degree that its wages go up. Look at the doctors under the Insurance Act for an example of this. They are nuzzling salaries and incomes higher than their profession has ever known. You can almost see the panelled doctors fattening and battening on their fourpenny victims. But has their status gone up with their higher remuneration? Well, *has* it? No decent man would be seen in public with a panel doctor to-day! Nor has access to "higher openings" much to do with the present or future status of the teacher. After all, it is now quite twenty years ago that the Union returned its first Member to Parliament; and a great rise of status, we remember, was promised from that. He has become a member of the Government and may, for all we care, become a member of the Cabinet; and he still remains, we believe, a member of his Union. But does the known fact of his rise from the teaching profession to Government office affect the status of the teachers? The public thinks rather less of them to-day than twenty, still more, forty years ago. *Then* we had hopes, but now we have almost none. But if not even the higher opening of a place in the Government has raised the status of the profession, how can mere transfers with increased salaries do it? It cannot. Napoleon's soldiers were not honourable because they carried a marshal's baton in their knapsacks; they carried a marshal's baton because they were honourable.

* * *

This question of status, again, is one that the Trade Union movement must examine; for on it, we are sure, depends the whole future of the proletariat. The day for wage-strikes or salary strikes or condition strikes or hours strikes is past. For as many years now as the Labour movement has been in existence strikes having for their object some immediate and material advantage have been courageously fought. We respect the men who fought them and we affirm that they have been as honourable as necessary. But to-day we stand upon their shoulders and can look back over the strike campaigns which have been fought—what has been the result of it all? Wages relatively to the total product of industry have fallen, and are continuing to fall. And nothing in all the strikes for wages that can ever be fought can affect this slipping of wages down the economic slope so long as Labour remains a commodity of the market to be bought and sold like any other material of industry. But what conclusion must this bring us to if not to the conclusion that wage-strikes are waste-strikes? And to what further conclusion, or rather resolution, are we brought if not to this, that the strikes of the future (if there *must* be strikes) shall be strikes for status? Consider, for example, how this resolution would affect the teaching profession. In the address to which we have referred, Mr. Steer enumerated among the demands of his Union "a share of the control of education." Let us suppose that instead of mixing this up with paltry demands, the new President had put it in the front of his programme and even to the exclusion of everything else. Who can doubt that at once the ears of the public would have pricked up? What! These obscure degraded teachers demand a share in the direction of their art? They actually aspire to have a voice in determining how and what and whom they should teach? It is obvious, we hope, that by this act alone the status of the profession would have been raised; for consideration would immediately have been given to it! And there is justice in this attitude of the public, both now and in the future. Status is not perversely withheld from teachers or from any other class by reason of their small income. Status, we make bold to say, is strictly proportioned to responsibility. If the teachers, while shirking any corporate responsibilty for the control of education, seek merely to increase their wages they must expect to be despised however highly they may be paid. And the same may be said of wage-earners in general. To conclude: wages may follow status and probably will; but status will not rise with wages, even if wages could be raised—which is impossible.

* * *

In the "Times" of last Saturday a "Bradford Working Woman" was given over a column of space to plead the cause of the employers of half-time labour. Here, too, is a problem which the Trade Union movement should take in hand. Not satisfied to extract labour power from the grown men (and women) of the proletariat class, the profiteers of to-day, like their kind in all ages, will delve into the marrow of children for it. Half a million children under the age of fourteen are employed in whole or in part in creating wealth for our plutocrats to make the world ugly with. And the strange thing to add is that the parents of the children willingly consent to it. When history comes to reckon up the rights and wrongs of the capitalist system, it will surely set against the sins of the employers of children the sins of the parents; for these latter have usually shown as much frenzied dread of poverty as the former have shown a greed of riches. But what are the Trade Unions doing? Apart from the inhumanity of the employment of children, economically it is a sure and certain means of lowering men's wages. It stands to reason, does it not, that if the price of a necessary commodity is determined by its supply, a limitation of the supply will raise its price. Upon that principle every Trade Union, every profession, every corporation, is based. Yet the Trade Unionists in the Labour world deliberately increase the supply of Labour by shoving their children into the market as well as themselves. You do not catch doctors or lawyers or parsons allowing juvenile labour to pull down their wages. On the contrary, they make it difficult even for adults to enter their profession. Poor manual labour alone, self-crucified on its cross, piles up the agony of its own competition by presenting its children to employers. We do not know who the "Bradford Working Woman" is who is given such prominence in the "Times." But she is a blackleg and the mother, presumably, of blacklegs. The sooner her type is kept indoors the better for everybody but profiteers.

* * *

And the woman question, too—what are the Labour leaders going to do about that? At the I.L.P. Conference, at the N.U.T. Conference and at the Postal Conference, the women, we are glad to learn, created scenes of disorder. It is a judgment on the Labour movement, and we hope the trouble has only begun; for, much more, we imagine, will be necessary to teach these effeminate creatures that they cannot play with women economically any more than they can play with them sexually. Is it not yet understood by the Labour movement that the unwilling migration of women into industry is the result of men's low wages and is likely to be the cause of still lower men's wages? Men can no longer keep women on the wages they receive; *therefore*, the women must go into industry themselves. *But* the competition of women reduces men's wages still further. *Hence* marriage is more difficult than ever. Marriage being more difficult than ever, the number of women forced into industry grows greater every year. As their numbers grow, men's wages relatively will fall. What a circle of hell is this; and all to please whom? The women? They hate industry. The men? They hate women in industry. Then whom? The profiteers. And it is in the interests of the profiteers alone that the Labour movement is indulgent of the women's movement.

Current Cant.

"Pro Bono Publico."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"How to stop strikes."—"Daily Express."

"The Guilds—or, rather, as they should be spelt, 'Gilds.'"—"The Times."

"Perish the 'Daily Mail.'"—H. G. WELLS.

"The solution of the Labour trouble is a dietetic one." —DR. JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

"The old ineradicable Socialistic idea is a direct deterrent to any effort towards individual industry."—British Commissioner's Report on the Solomon Islands.

"No more pianists. The perfection of the machine." —A Musician in the "Daily Mail."

"The New Worker's Charter which the Labour Party have drawn up under the title of the Labour (Minimum Conditions) Bill is a measure no other party in the State would have had the courage to introduce."—"Daily Citizen."

"Mr. Asquith's triumphal progress."—"Daily News and Leader."

"Important—our new serial begins shortly."—"Evening News."

"This is the spring-time of our drama. On every hand one can see new growths."—E. A. BAUGHAN.

"A waistcoat of tan and a limp collar over the shoulders makes a good suit."—"Times."

"There is less insincerity, but not less faith: less parade, but not less Christianity. The churches are very full to-day."—"Daily Express."

"An unprecedented boom in poetry is at hand."—ALFRED NOYES.

"Whether it is due to the Suffrage Movement or not, it is difficult to say, but women are undoubtedly coming into their rights by degrees."—"Punch."

"Labour M.P.'s wives, like their husbands, take life seriously."—"Daily Sketch."

"The very last word in comfort for the poor has been reached."—"The Standard."

"But it must be understood that Socialism is gaining political power as a means and not as an end."—"The Socialist Review."

"I believe in the box-office test. It is the only test of a play, up to a point, just as the sale of a book is also, up to a point, an index of its value."—W. L. GEORGE.

"Mr. W. L. George takes his stand upon the good sense of the 'common man.'"—"The New Weekly."

"A new religious sentiment seems to me to be gradually spreading throughout the world, and especially among young people in the United States. It is a sentiment which takes small account of ceremonies, rites, sacraments, creeds, and dogmas, but inspires an enthusiasm for the service of family, neighbour, and society at large. Guided by the modern scientific spirit, this sentiment is developing a new kind of Christianity, based on the ethics taught by Jesus, and particularly on the command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and the parable of the good Samaritan."—CHARLES W. ELLIOT, President Emeritus of Harvard University.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

SINCE a few tentative references have been made in the French Press, and even in the "Novoye Vremya" and one or two newspapers in Austria and Germany, to the possibility of a definite Russo-English Alliance, it is perhaps time for me to mention the negotiations to this end which have been proceeding for upwards of a year.

* * *

It was about twelve months ago, when the final peace terms in connection with the Balkan war were being discussed, that the Russian Government first approached the Foreign Office on the subject of an alliance; but the first preliminaries could naturally be little more than vague and technically "correct" suggestions. Subsequently the proposals have been renewed. On each occasion the answer of the Foreign Office has been, in substance, that the offer of an alliance would have been very favourably considered by those responsible for the foreign administration of this country, had it not been that the announcement of any such alliance, or even the suggestion that it might well be entered into, would have shattered the Liberal majority in the House of Commons and greatly lowered the prestige of the party throughout the country.

* * *

This, I repeat, is the official view of Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues—not a view which they kept to themselves, but one which they communicated gravely and soberly, as a matter of routine, to the Russian Ambassador, and to the Russian Government through our representative in St. Petersburg. No doubt the Government has its own reasons—they may be good or bad—for thinking as it does. To anyone who tries to take a detached view of foreign affairs, on the other hand, it will seem a pity that a proposal, even if it meets with official approval, should be rejected by the Government of the day simply because it would "shatter its majority"—that it should be rejected, in other words, for purely party reasons.

* * *

The objections to an alliance between this country and Russia—as we saw in THE NEW AGE and in other papers, daily and weekly, when the Persian crisis was being discussed a year or two ago—are for the most part objections of sentiment. There is in England, particularly amongst those elements of our political life who call themselves Liberal, a vast belief in phrases and formulæ and little appreciation of actual facts and social conditions. There is respect for freedom, one might even say a wish for it, amongst all classes; but it does not occur to the Liberal elements I have mentioned that the happiness towards which freedom is presumed to lead may be achieved in practice without the formulæ upon which good Liberals lay such stress—that it may be achieved, indeed, even if formulæ of a theoretically contradictory nature are taken as the bases of government. For example, the Persian people, as a whole, enjoyed much more freedom, comfort, and happiness under the despotic rule of the former Shahs than they are now enjoying under the rule of a Shah who is, in theory, controlled by a Medjliss, or Parliament. The rule of the Medjliss, the practice of sending Deputies to a central city, is irksome and irritating to a nation traditionally accustomed to patriarchal rule. A Medjliss, in other words, and all that it implies, is repugnant, in theory and practice, to the habits and customs of the Persian people; yet the Liberal Press throughout England hailed the opening of the first Medjliss as a great triumph for democratic principles, freedom of thought, speech, and action, and so on. In other words, because the nature of Western peoples had from the beginning been adapted for Parliamentary institutions, because Parliamentary institutions had succeeded in the West (though there are some thinkers who would question even this statement), it was thought by a very large body of opinion here that Parliamentary institutions

must necessarily suit peoples and races of quite a different type—the Persians, the Hindus, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Egyptians, and the like. The abolition of the Chinese Parliament by President Yuan-Shi-Kai, the grave difficulties encountered by Western institutions in Japan, the utter failure of the Persian Medjliss, and the almost entire failure of the Russian Duma, may perhaps induce even the most ardent of Liberals to reflect that, after all, the beliefs engendered by the practice of centuries are likely to result in a type of character capable of evolving the form of government best suited to it, and that totally different nations cannot well adopt one another's institutions, whether they appear to be good or bad, without grave consequences arising.

* * *

With the initial industrial exploitation of Russia, difficulties with the agricultural population had to be met; and the capitalists, as was the case in Germany, had to deal with the aristocratic elements which protected the agricultural population. No groups of capitalists, no matter how well they may be organised, can overcome a firmly-established aristocracy or monarchy, or both; but a Parliament endowed with sufficient power can eventually do what it likes with either, and all Parliaments, no matter how democratic or aristocratic their constitutions may be, must eventually and inevitably come under the control of capitalists. It is the capitalistic elements in Russia that seek to strengthen the influence of the Duma; naturally. That they have on their side the half-baked "intelligentsia"—the anti-national, un-Russian Russians who have picked up their political theories in Paris or Geneva from disciples of the Physiocrats or of the Manchester school—need not concern us. Capitalism makes strange bedfellows. The Fabian Society is the most useful tool the English capitalists possess; and the mob may yet set Mrs. Sidney Webb in a place of honour in Westminster Abbey, exactly as a French lady of less strict morals but greater notoriety was honoured at the time of the Revolution.

* * *

Before I proceed, next week, to go into the question of a Russian alliance in some detail, let me remind NEW AGE readers of the progress which industry has made in Russia during the last few years. In 1897-8 the world's production of raw beet sugar was 4,902,844 tons. The Russian production for the same year was 744,159 tons. In the year 1911-12 the world-production of raw beet sugar had risen to 6,957,752 tons; and in the same year Russia produced no less a quantity than 2,248,170 tons of this supply. In 1890 the world produced 474,579,000 metric tons of coal (a metric ton is 2,204 lbs. as distinguished from the ordinary British ton of 2,240 lbs.). Of this amount Russia was responsible for 6,015,000 metric tons, the United Kingdom for 184,529,000 metric tons, and the United States for 143,128,000 metric tons. In 1911 the world's production had risen to 1,069,317,000 tons, the United States contributing 450,261,000 tons, the United Kingdom 276,255,000 tons, and Russia 23,197,000. When it is borne in mind that Russia has entered the industrial arena only within the last generation, the enormous rise in her industrial output is clearly significant. The pig-iron figures are equally strong. In 1891 the United Kingdom produced 7,406,000 tons, the United States 8,280,000 tons, and Russia 981,000 tons. In 1911, just twenty years later, the figures were: the United Kingdom, 9,526,000 tons, the United States, 23,650,000 tons, Russia, 3,581,000 tons. The German production increased in the same period from 4,631,000 tons to 15,572,000 tons. It will be seen how Russia maintained her proportionate increase with respect to the United States and Germany, in spite of the fact that she was a novice as compared with both of them. I may conclude this week by setting down the reminder—hardly necessary, perhaps—that commerce is still an influential factor in deciding peace or war.

Halt! You Fools!

An Open Letter to the Fabian Women's Group, particularly the writers of a recent Special Supplement.

MESDAMES AND MALLON,—

You have recently issued a manifesto on the subject of women in industry. Adopting the usual Fabian method of presenting inadequate statistics of no significance, you have forgotten the essential facts of the problem and proved yourselves blind and wanting wit to choose the true way of economic emancipation, not only for your own sex, but for the mass of the wage-earners in industrial Europe. You claim economic equality with the men and the social equality that flows out of it. You will, therefore, forgive me if I treat you with the same candour that I would men. Had this supplement been written by men, I should have called them fools. Then why not you? For, without doubt, this supplement which you have written for the "New Statesman" is the most foolish contribution yet offered to the problem of women's true function in the body politic.

You, Mrs. Webb, ought to have known better than to be associated with such a vain polemic. You are supposed to know something of industrial organisation and of the motives that move men in the production of wealth. I am reluctantly coming to the conclusion that you and your husband are a couple of pestilent quack doctors. For twenty or more years a stream of industrial statistics has passed through your mill. The public that interests itself in this kind of thing has too readily assumed that out of these facts and figures you had evolved a scheme of life the adoption of which would bring some measure of easement and comfort to the wage-earners. Your pertinacity in booming your quack remedies has only been equalled by your industry in collecting superficial data. You remind me of a quack who advertised a cure for consumption. His advertisements told with great wealth of detail the number of deaths that were yearly due to consumption, the symptoms and the causes of the complaint. The fellow, in fact, knew everything about the disease except how to cure it. Every year thousands of unfortunate sufferers, deceived by his wealth of detail, came to him for a cure. They came out of the same door through which they had entered, wiser and poorer, and another march towards death. Do you take my meaning? For almost a generation your quackeries have each year succeeded one another, and each year have disappeared, leaving behind nothing but disappointment and disillusion. Why not retire before you are completely exposed? Can't you go? Must you stay?

Your limit was reached last year when you and your egregious Sidney issued a tract to prove that the wage system was permanent and inevitable. That pronouncement "dated" you. From that time on, do what you would, write as you liked, the employing classes claimed you as their own. They knew that so long as you endorsed the wage system, you were safely theirs. And just as surely did we know that, in the coming years, you would prove an enemy and an obstruction to the one great emancipating idea that the abolition of wagery is the necessary prelude to economic freedom. I was not, therefore, surprised to find that throughout the sixteen pages of your supplement there is not a single reference, direct or indirect, to the wage system as the instrument of capitalistic oppression. On the contrary, you glory in the wage system; it is so much to your liking that you and your colleagues want to force women into it, just as the men are seriously thinking of getting out of it. Is "force" too strong a word? Listen to Mrs. Pember Reeves and Mrs. C. M. Wilson, in the last article, which you expressly endorse: "In

the interests of national health we want the feminine half of the population driven out of doors—engaged once more in work on the soil, or at least obliged to go out to workshop or office." You fools!

I do not know how many of you women are mothers, nor do I care. But I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that if you or any of your group have daughters, the very last thing you would dream of would be to "drive" them out of doors to work on the land or in workshops.

Not you, you hypocrites! You might conceivably "drive" them into a gymnasium or on to a tennis court, or a golf course. The only knowledge your daughters are likely to possess of agriculture is of a flower garden or, perchance, a hen-roost. But you are not the direct victims of the wage system, and, in consequence, you feel no identity or personal communion with wage-slaves, male or female. You would "drive" the working women in the industrial areas into the workshop "in the interests of national health." Philanthropic sweaters have been known to talk like this; is it the new Fabian note? If I were a manufacturing millionaire sweater, I should make haste to subscribe £10,000 a year to your propaganda. "National health!" Mrs. Hubback tells us that in the cotton trade the wages of men and women approximate to within a shilling a week of each other. She tells us that there are 683,000 women engaged in the textile industry (of whom only 183,000—vide Miss Hutchins—belong to their union), and 725,000 in the clothing trades (of whom only 7,898 belong to their union—vide Miss Hutchins). Very good. Clearly Yorkshire and Lancashire are veritable health resorts from the point of view of the Fabian Women's Group. These Lancashire and Yorkshire women have been successfully "driven" into the factory. Allow me, however, to assure you that they did not trip lightly into industry "in the interests of the national health." Indeed, if I may use an Americanism, "they are not there for their health." Do you know that in the Report on Physical Deterioration it was proved that the average weight of *two* Eton boys of the age of thirteen equalled the average weight of *three* Rochdale boys of the same age? Do you know that in parts of Lancashire at the time of the Boer war more than 80 per cent. of the Volunteers were rejected as physically unfit? Do you know that tuberculosis is rampant all through the textile districts? "In the interests of national health!" You crazy fools!

I am glad that you have laid so much stress upon the textile industries. It is evident that the women engaged in wage-industry do better in the cotton trade than in any other occupation. It may be well, therefore, to see the economic and social conditions that obtain. It would be easy to adduce a wealth of significant evidence to prove how futile is the attempt of women, in the textile trades or elsewhere, to work out an economic equality with men. But I shall content myself with such facts as you yourselves supply in this supplement. Let me then quote Mrs. Hubback's figures as to wages paid in the cotton trade:—

Male Weavers over 20 years of age.	
Three looms	20s. 2d.
Four looms	25s. 10d.
Six looms	33s. 6d.
Female weavers over 18 years of age.	
Three looms	19s. 9d.
Four looms	25s. 3d.
Six looms	31s. 9d.

Mrs. Hubback tells us that "owing to the pressure of a strong trade union, piece rates are the same for both men and women," and that "women's wages approximate to those of the men to an extraordinary extent." Miss Hutchins, however, makes an illuminating comment on this statement: "It is significant that in this industry, too, women have from the first received the same piece rates as the men. There is really little or no 'sex competition' as the men mostly take the heavier kinds of work, and all but exceptional women take the lighter. The women receive 'equal pay for equal work'; they are not as women excluded from doing any kinds of weaving, and they are admitted to full membership of the union."

Now will Mrs. Hubback or Miss Hutchins kindly inform me if the men in this industry are contented with such a low wage for such economically valuable labour? Of course they are not; they are perpetually on the pounce to improve it. Why do they receive about half the wage paid to engineers, boiler-makers, carpenters, plasterers, and other trades? The answer is simple: It is because women have entered the textile trades and so have dragged down the men's wages, whilst women are rigidly excluded from the more highly paid trades cited above. When Mrs. Hubback uses the word "approximate," she indulges in an euphemism that must sound grimly ironical to a male weaver, who dreams of his daughter developing into something vastly different from the flat-chested, anæmic women who crowd into the factory and reduce him to the economic level of a female. Some day it will occur to him and the other men that it would actually pay them to clear out the women workers and pay them in hard cash the equivalent of the wages of which they were thus deprived. For the men's wages would rise with a bound even beyond the amount now paid as women's wages. As for national health. . . .

But have the men voluntarily accepted "the heavier kinds of work"? Not they; they hate it. But they are doubly victims of the wage system: they are not only compelled to sell their labour as a commodity (with the cordial concurrence of the Webbs), but they must compete in the sale of their labour commodity with their wives, sisters, and daughters. And you gravely inform us that this is "in the interests of national health"! We are to infer that a married female wage-slave in Lancashire is superior in health and vitality to the wife of an engineer or boiler-maker. Why do you write such pestilent rubbish?

I note, too, with what ignorant complacence you accept without demur the wage system. Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Wilson put it in black and white: "Therefore we desire for them personal economic independence, gained, like the economic independence of men, by their creation of market values—or, rather, of values for which society will pay." Now if you had ever been able to give ten minutes' serious thought to the foundation principle of wagery, you would know that society does not pay the wage-slave the market value of what he creates; it pays the commodity value of the labour, which, in the case of female labour, is almost invariably below the subsistence level. And knowing that where men and women work in the same trade their wages "approximate," you are deliberately urging women not only to drag down men's wages, but indefinitely to prolong the wage system. You fools!

Be it observed that despite all your pretence that men and women should receive "equal pay for equal work," you admit that "equal work" is a figment. Mrs. Hubback admits it. "Still, generally speaking, in the manual trades we hear the same tale as before—i.e., that even where the actual work turned out by women is as good, or better, than might be done by a man, still she is not, in the opinion of her employer, of the same value as a man; illness in her household, if not her own illness, causes more absence, and, thanks to certain restrictions under the Factory Acts, she is not able to work at night or during meal times." The employer is, of course, perfectly right. Continuity of employment is almost, if not an equal, factor with skill. If a woman goes home to bear or nurse a child in the busy season, her skill avails her nothing. Mrs. Hubback proceeds: "We are here met with the double work of women as wives and mothers as well as wage-earners. [So I should think!] Among working women, a quarter are married before they are 21, and the remainder, with a few exceptions, during the next five years." Mr. J. J. Mallon also contributes an article:

"Women chain-makers at Cradley Heath are chiefly wives and mothers and of these a portion take the benefit of the higher rates [2⅞d. an hour, fixed by a wages board !] in the shape of ampler leisure or in time devoted to their domestic concerns." I quote Mr. Mallon again: "Substantially it is true that in these trades men and women never do 'equal work.' The work done may seem equal; women, for instance 'press' in tailoring and 'cut' paper and card in box-making factories. But their pressing and cutting prove to be altogether lighter than operations of the same name performed by men."

Economically considered, then, women's work is inferior to men's. And even where some technical equality is reached, the natural facts preclude the possibility of industrial equality. Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Wilson are, therefore, engaged in a futile quest, when they urge that "every girl should receive a technical training for some lucrative craft, trade, or profession, following upon a broad, general education, and that all women, excepting during the time when they are incapacitated by motherhood and its claims, should earn their own living." On your own showing, therefore, you are willing, anxious, and enthusiastic to "drive" your own sex into competition with the men, in the sure and certain knowledge not only that you will bear down the existing average wage level, but also that you will rivet upon the men for another generation or two the wage system, from the thrall of which they are now beginning to escape. But wages cannot be abolished until the workers have a monopoly of their own labour. You admit that women do not readily join unions, and you therefore seek to destroy the monopoly upon which the men's hopes are fixed. Fools !

It has interested me to observe how hardly you all strive to dodge the limitations of your sex and to evade consideration of women's true function in society. Nevertheless, women you are and women you must remain. Why not accept your fate? Is it, after all, so dreadful? Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Wilson write of being "incapacitated" by motherhood and its claims. As though motherhood and home building were something derogatory, something to be rushed through to get back to the joys and ecstasies of weaving or chain-making. As though motherhood were not truly a state of being "capacitated." I am not a moralist; but you positively sicken me. You are poisoned with the London atmosphere. Your little group knows nothing of the realities of industrial life or you assuredly would not write such priggish nonsense. The veriest little factory girl knows far more about life than you do. Does she, with mincing words, talk about going into the factory "in the interests of national health"? Not she. She dreams of a mate and a home of her own. Does she enter the wage system because she likes it? She hates it. Sometimes she hates it so fiercely that prostitution seems preferable. And you, middle-class in body and soul, with some semblance of education and some experience of the amenities of life, how dare you urge young women to go into industry, when you remain safe and sound outside? Are you too feminine in intellect as well to examine the wage system? In God's name, stop your Fabian debauch in statistics that mean nothing and get down to the realities of wagery. Then, I hope, you will do what in you lies to keep women out of the industrial pit, where the men are now rapidly mobilising their labour monopoly, so that they may win the fruits of their labour through Guild organisation.

If you do not understand the wage system, then pray be silent. As for you, Mallon, if you cannot do anything better than dicker with women's wages—a dreadful occupation—I can only suggest that you betake yourself to Turkey, where doubtless some prosperous Turk will instal you as eunuch in his harem and arbiter of wages of his female serfs.

Yours faithfully,

National Guildsman.

Mediævalism and Modernism.

By Arthur J. Penty.

Mr. Cole complains that in my article "Æstheticism and History" I have misundersood his position, and that on the sentence I quoted from his "World of Labour" to the effect that "There is no hope in solutions of the social problem which end in a false æstheticism as they began in a false reading of history," I have built up a theory that he is an opponent of Mediævalism. I am pleased at Mr. Cole's assurances that he is not. All the same, I think he would be, if not in sentiment, at any rate in practice, an anti-Mediævalist. If this sentence were an isolated one I might feel disposed to accept Mr. Cole's assurances; but the paragraph in which it appears is full of heresies from the Mediævalist point of view. Mr. Cole may be unconscious of this. But it does not alter the fact that actions based upon what he says would not lead in the direction which the Mediævalist wants to go. He that is not for us is against us.

On this issue there is no room for compromise. Circumstances may at the present time compel us in practice to compromise if we are to get anything done. But that is only because the modern world does not as yet understand the issues, and in practical affairs we cannot stop to discuss fundamentals. But intellectually no compromise is possible. Mr. Cole apparently is not without sympathy for the Mediævalist position. That is all right as far as it goes. But that is not sufficient. Sympathy of a vague and indefinite kind the Mediævalist has in abundance. What we need is help. And we find that those who are only sympathetic fail us in the hour of need. As a basis for action we need something deeper than sympathy with Mediævalism. We need the conviction, not merely that mediæval society was a very sane and reasonable form of society, but that it is the form of society to which sooner or later we have no option but to return, if we are not to degenerate into barbarism. And such conviction I contend Mr. Cole had not got at the time he wrote his book, and I do not think he has got it to-day, for in his letter he repeats one of the heresies which is in his book. He seeks to identify himself with the point of view of Morris by misinterpreting his words. "I believe" he says, "with Morris, that there will be more machinery before there is less." Now what did Morris mean by this? I think I can say without fear of contradiction that he did not mean what Mr. Cole means. What Morris meant was, that if people could not in his day be made to see the evils which would follow unregulated machine production, then it would be necessary to wait until the evils were obvious to the average man before it would be possible to regulate them and have less. Just in the same way that Ruskin might have said, when the public disregarded his warnings, that it would be necessary to have more poverty before there was less. Now, I ask Mr. Cole whether, if Ruskin had said such a thing as this, he would have thought it his duty to increase poverty as much as possible? For he stands in exactly the same position in his attitude towards machinery. If he thinks we have got too much machinery, then his duty is clearly to say so, and not that we must have more before we have less. Now that his eyes, at any rate, have been opened, he should do his best to open those of others; for a time will never come when we shall have less until there is a band of reformers which demands it.

Now, I contend that the present time is peculiarly favourable for the inauguration of a movement which demands the regulation of machinery. All the modernists who have based their theories upon an extended use of machinery are bankrupt in ideas. Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. Chiozza Money have, in turn, come to grief. They are all involved in contradictions from which they can find no escape. And, indeed, from their point of view there is

none. They are standing, as it were, on the edge of a precipice and can find no road. They cannot go forward and they are afraid to go back. We criticise them and they do not reply. The reason is simple; they have no reply. They began by compromising with things as they are; they have ended by becoming compromised themselves. They thought they could afford to regard Morris as an impractical dreamer. Nowadays we know who are the impractical dreamers. They are the "practical men." Mr. Wells has lost the confidence of reformers by constantly changing his opinions. Mr. Webb is losing it by not changing them. He occupies an anomalous position, for he is at once our best friend and our worst enemy. He is our worst enemy because, if he had his own way, we should all be docketed and labelled as members of the Servile State; while he is our best friend because he has organised for us all the errors and has secured for us public recognition of all the facts which are necessary for the destruction of the modernist position. Take the Minority Report and the Fabian Report on the Control of Industry. They have been godsends to us. We might have preached Mediævalism until we were black in the face without them, and few would have heeded. We should have been told that we cannot go back. But these two reports have demonstrated conclusively that we cannot go forward with safety; and as we cannot stand still, we are left with no option but to go back or to perish.

Mr. Cole, too, appears to have got himself entangled in this net of Modernism. For he says, "If we scrapped machines, we should merely condemn a great part of the population to famine and penury." And yet in the Minority Report I read that there is no denying that nowadays machinery is displacing labour. And then Mr. Cole says we want more of it. That looks as if he wanted to displace more labour. But I can scarcely think that is true, for it does not accord with his general intention; so I can only assume that he has misread the facts. The truth is, I think, that, like so many of the Fabians, he is oppressed with the immense mass of poverty in the world, and in his anxiety to find an immediate remedy he has hitherto been impatient with those who took longer views and mistook them for impracticable dreamers. Not understanding that their apparent detachment from so-called practical activity was the effect of their knowing the facts about Industrialism, and realising the futility of Socialist measures. And that nowadays, when Collectivism has filed its petition, he is like so many,

> Wandering between two worlds,
> One dead, the other unable to be born.

For this is the position in which the Socialist movement finds itself to-day. It is flirting with Mediævalism in the hope of detaching from it a pair of wings by which it hopes to fly. But it cannot be done. The dead weight of Industrialism is too heavy for mediæval wings. There is ultimately no sure foothold anywhere between pure Collectivism and pure Mediævalism, and sooner or later everybody will have to come down on one side or the other. It is purely a matter of time, and I have no hesitation in saying things will eventually go. The Mediævalist has his feet as firmly planted on the facts of Industrialism as of human nature. All the Fabian can do by collecting facts is to strengthen the Mediævalist position. When at last the Socialist movement arrives at the Mediævalist position, it will paradoxically be able to make real progress towards the solution of the problems of poverty, not only because the movement will gain support from other sections of society, who have hitherto held aloof, but because it will find itself able to handle things in a bolder spirit. For having given up the hope of saving existing society, it will be able to lay the foundations of the new one by setting in motion forces which run counter to modern tendencies. And we shall grow stronger in the fight. The defect of the Socialist movement to-day is a certain timidity which comes from it still having some faith in Industrialism. When at last that is gone it will be on the threshold of salvation. For it will no longer be a part of the disease.

I am sorry if any of the readers of my article on "Æstheticism and History" should have thought I wished to identify Mr. Cole with the Fabian Report on the Control of Industry, as such was not my intention. There is no mistaking the authorship. No other Socialist could have been so shamelessly logical as Mr. Webb. Mr. Cole's book is an excellent book as far as it goes, apart from his attitude towards Mediævalism. My objection to it is, that it does not go far enough. He has not yet, apparently, learnt to understand the part which machinery is playing in the growth of the social problem, and I ask him to face the facts before it is too late. It is all very well for Mr. Cole to say that he said "little in his book about skilled crafts, because they are, in the main, a craftsman's problem." But, pray, would he tell me how the craftsman can possibly revive handicraft if he is going to increase the use of machinery? And, further, I would tell him that if he thinks that Guild organisation would deaden and pervert handicraft, he has a fundamentally different conception of the nature of the Guild from what I have, and, I might add, from the Mediæval craftsmen.

A Malicious Birth.

By Duxmia.

At the Hades Police Court on Monday last, before Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus, and a jury of the Holy Souls, the Welsh nation was charged with wilfully and maliciously giving birth to David Lloyd George. For the prosecution: The Destroying Angel, instructed by a Board of Expert Theologians. For the Defence: The soul of Mr. Chadband, instructed by Beelzebub. Accused were not present in court, having refused to appear without a written guarantee that they would be refunded their railway fares.

The case for the prosecution was opened by the Destroying Angel, who remarked that things had really gone a little too far. It had been stated by a certain school of political philosophers that a people could not will the wrong, but only be deceived. He was unable to say how much truth there was in this assertion, but he was confident that he would command universal agreement when he asserted that something more than mere carelessness—something more culpable than simple self-deception—must have been required for the commission of the crime now brought before their notice. The real trouble about the offence was that, so far from realising its heinous nature, defendants seemed proud of it. There was, therefore, no guarantee that it would not be repeated. (Sensation.) He asked for an exemplary sentence.

The Recording Angel was summoned as witness, and took the oath in the usual manner. He informed the Court that, according to the best theologians, the world had been created "for the honour and glory of God." There was no evidence in his possession to show that Mr. Lloyd George had in any way served that end. Asked by the Court if he had anything in his records to show whether the bringing into the world of Mr. Lloyd George was intentional, or whether it was not rather the result of one of those accidents which are bound to happen in the best regulated nations, witness stated that, unfortunately, there was only too much reason for concluding that the crime had been committed deliberately and of set purpose. Accused had been thinking about that sort of thing for years.

Cross-examined by Mr. Chadband: No; real signs of repentance were entirely wanting. There was a lot of howling and yowling in various tin and stone erections which he believed were consecrated to the purpose; but he never took any notice of it.

Instructions were then given to call an Englishman. After some delay a person answering to that description was produced from a noisome dungeon, in which he had been confined for refusing to lend Mr. Lloyd

George ninepence for fourpence. Witness inquired where he was, and on being told "in Hades," replied that it was a jolly sight pleasanter than England. Asked for his estimate of Lloyd George's social and religious value, witness replied: "—— —— ——" (Terms deleted at the urgent request of the printer, who is very frightened of a libel action.) Had contributed fourpence a week for some time past to Lloyd George's "Criccieth Endowment Fund," alias "The National Insurance Act." Was not a teetotaler. Did not sing Psalms. Yes, he did prefer the truth to lying. Could not say if Lloyd George did. Should think it probable he did not. Would be very pleased indeed to drink the Court's health.

King Saul assured the Court that there were innumerable cases of whole nations being exterminated for far lesser crimes than those which defendants were being tried for. Invited to give instance, witness mentioned the Amalekites, whom he personally had smitten from Havilak, as thou goest to Shur, that is before Egypt: and that for comparatively minor offences. In fact, he had actually spared Agag and got into an awful row about it. No, Lloyd George and Agag had really nothing in common. Agag was a decent sort of fellow. They had got on quite well together, but Samuel became ratty about it. He supposed it was all right. Anyhow, there was no arguing with prophets. Asked to give further instances of extermination, witness mentioned the Canaanites and such of the Israelites as conformed to them, who had been wiped out by various judges. In reply to a request for reasons for such severity, witness stated, in a guarded voice, that as a matter of fact it was for ritual murder—but he did not want it to be known he said so, as it would make him unpopular with the other Jews in Paradise.

This closed the case for the prosecution. Mr. Chadband, in his opening speech, referred to the undoubted popularity and influence of Lloyd George among all that was best and truest in the United Kingdom. Lloyd George was a great warrior for the Terewth. The labourer was worthy of his hire. (Habakkuk, xvii. 6.) Lloyd George's hire was paid in corn, oil, and wine (Job iii, 8-10), or money, which was much the same thing (Bleak House. passim.).

Mr. Chadband proceeded to call a Jewish Financier of Doubtful Reputation, who stated for the defence that he had found his David extremely useful, and that he could not conceive what all this trouble was about. Without such characters as Lloyd George, persons like himself could not continue to exist and to degrade and corrupt the countries which were foolish enough to harbour them—and where would civilisation then be, he would like to know? He was of opinion that, so far from deserving condemnation, the Welsh people deserved the gratitude of every parvenu and sweater in the kingdom. He had shown his in a highly practical form.

Evan Roberts climbed into the box and announced in a loud voice that he was about to testify.

Eacus (hastily): You had better not!

Witness replied that he was not to be deterred from his holy purpose. He had kept silence long enough. Had been commissioned by the Holy Spirit to proclaim the Messiah in David Lloyd George. This was he of whom it was spoken by the prophet, saying, "I saw coming out of the mouth of the dragon . . . an unclean spirit" (Rev. xvi. 13). The dragon, of course, meant Wales. It was quite obvious that the Messiah would appear in Wales, because it was prophesied that at his second coming, He should not find Truth upon the earth—and there was no place where this condition fulfilled itself so accurately as in the principality. Selah! Banzai! Hallelujah! Chin! Chin! Hooh! Hoch! Hoeh! (At this point witness was possessed by demons, who hurried him from the box.)

The Welsh Dragon took the oath in the Welsh manner by holding up a claw and swearing before Almighty God to tell the Truth, no Truth, and anything except the Truth, so help him, Satan! Witness then said that, with the Court's permission, and to show that he was of the Elect, he would open proceedings with a Psalm. Witness then sang the fifth Psalm, "There is no faithfulness in their mouth. They flatter with their tongue. Their inward part is very wickedness." Witness stated that for several hundred years before his conversion by the Methodists he had thieved, lied, whored, cursed, and sworn, like the rest of mankind. Now he only thieved, lied and whored. Such were the fruits of the Gospel. He was also careful to commit all these sins at home on the Sabbath. He was a Baptist and made for peace. He thought that David was a fine little Welsh gentleman, whatever!

Mr. Chadband, on starting to close the defence, was interrupted by Beelzebub, who stated that, unfortunately, counsel's leave from Hell had expired, and that he was due for his turn on the hot bricks. Mr. Chadband was thereupon removed and replaced by "P. W. W." of the "Daily News," who began to read a lengthy "appreciation" of our David from a back file of that paper.

Rhadamanthus: It's no use your trying that on down here, my friend! We know too much about you!

"P. W. W." then retired to a corner of the Court and commenced to write a sycophantic "appreciation" of Rhadamanthus. He was followed by a well-known Irish journalist and M.P., who filled his mouth with soap and water and attempted to squirt it over the Court. He was removed for impalement. Some trouble was also caused at this stage by the antics of a dog answering to the name of Toby, which ran about trying to lick various persons' boots. The collar bore an address in Bouverie Street, and stated that the animal was the property of any government that happened to have honours to distribute.

Rhadamanthus: Take the beast away and shoot it!

Rhadamanthus, in summing up, remarked upon the urgent necessity of preventing a repetition of such crimes as the one before them. If they thought that David Lloyd George was an unfortunate accident, and unlikely, therefore, to recur, they would pronounce accused "Not guilty." If, on the other hand, they thought that the crime was complicated by intention, they would not hesitate to find an adverse verdict.

The Jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving the box. A rider was added to the effect that they had been unable to discover any adequate excuse for the crime.

Sentence was pronounced to the effect that the Welsh Nation should be compulsorily sterilised to prevent a repetition of this unhappy occurrence.

The sentence was greeted by loud applause from an individual seated at the back of the court.

Rhadamanthus: Who is that person?

A gentleman stood up and was understood to say that he was Lloyd George's broker.

Rhadamanthus: You are excused.

ANTONIN SOVA.

The Master to the Pupil (translated from the Czech by P. Selver).

I am as bold as I have ever been,
As tender as I ever was, but when
My pupil, rival, enters on the scene,
I would prevail on him to conquer men. . .

In the long nights his lore from me he gained,
Of strife, its harsh and noble aim, and then
He borrowed of my armour what remained,
Begirt him with the virtue of my ken. . .

I taught him what shall make his shackles fall,
I taught him how new spring-tides he can fill
With blossom and new days when tidings call. . .

Ah well, my pupil, learn now to prevail,
E'en over me, mine is the honour still. . .
Spare but my heart . . . and let not memory fail!

"Contests and Destinies" (1910).

Allen Upward Serious.

By Ezra Pound.

"It is a curious thing about England"???? No, it is not a "curious" thing" about England or about anywhere else, it is a natural habit of il mal seme d' Adamo that they neglect the clear thinker in his own day. And if a man have done valuable work of one sort, and have, at the same time, done vendible work of another, the vendible work will kill him among the little clique who decide whether or no one is to be "taken seriously." So Mr. Upward is known for short stories of a sort, and not for two books, as interesting philosophically as any that have been written in our time.

Of course, any man who thinks is a bore. He will either make you think or he will despise, irritate and insult you if you don't, and all this is very distressing.

What for instance could be more distressing to a wooden-headed imbecile, fat with his own scholastic conceit, than such a clearly-written paragraph as that which follows?

"That old talk about the Gods, which is called mythology, is confused in many ways, partly because all language is confused, partly because it is a layer of many languages. When the talkers no longer used the beast as an idol they used it as a symbol, in short a word; when they no longer slew the real Christ at Easter they named the sun at Easter, Christ. Their language is tangled and twisted beyond our power wholly to unravel because it was beyond their power; because it began as a tangle when man's mind was still a blur, and he saw men as trees walking, and trees as men standing still. How hard the old cloistered scholarship to which the Nobels of a bygone age gave their endowments has toiled to understand the word glaukopis given to the goddess Athene. Did it mean blue-eyed or grey-eyed, or—by the aid of Sanskrit—merely glare-eyed? And all the time they had not only the word glaux staring them in the face, but they had the owl itself cut at the foot of every statue of Athene and stamped on every coin of Athens, to tell them that she was the owl-eyed goddess, the lightning that blinks like an owl. For what is characteristic of the owl's eyes is not that they glare, but that they suddenly leave off glaring like lighthouses whose light is shut off. We may see the shutter of the lightning in that mask that overhangs Athene's brow and hear its click in the word glaukos. And the leafage of the olive whose writhen trunk bears, as it were, the lightning's brand, does not glare but glitters, the pale under face of the leaves alternating with the dark upper face, and so the olive is Athene's tree and is called glaukos. Why need we carry owls to Oxford?"

That is the sort of clarity and hard writing that one finds all through "The New Word." Of course, it is very irritating: if you suggest to Mr. Upward that his mind is as clear as Bacon's, he will agree with you. If you suggest to Mr. Upward that his middles are less indefinite than Plato's, he will agree with you. If you suggest to him that one man who thinks is worth a dozen ambulating works of reference, he will agree with you; and all this is very annoying to the supporters of things at large, for our ambulating works of reference are far more numerous than our thinkers.

The writer of this present essay has suffered from a modern education; he has met a number of ambulating works of reference; his respect for the mnemonic mind has been lessened by contact, and by the presence in the modern world of the cinematograph and the gramophone.

Mr. Upward has taken up the cause of intelligence, of the perceptive man; it is the height of quixotism on his part. If you refer to him as a thinker, if you say his mind is less messy than Bergson's, they tell you he writes detective stories. Yet if "The New Word" and "The Divine Mystery" had been written by a civil servant or a clerk in a dry goods shop, or by a broken-down parson, they would have been acclaimed as great works. They would have been patted on their covers by "The Edinburgh," etc.

But there is something so degrading—at least, one would think that there were something so degrading in the practice of writing as a trade—that anyone who has once earned a livelihood, or part of it, obviously and openly, by popular writing, can never be seriously regarded by any great number of people. And then, of course, "he does too much." The populace, the reading populace, is like the fat critic in "Fanny's First Play," it cannot conceive the same man doing two kinds of work, or at least it won't. It is perfectly logical. It is insanely logical.

On the other hand, one clear, hard paragraph like the one quoted is enough to queer a man's chances. "How," say the professors, "is this man a classicist? Why does he not stick to his trade? Why does he expose our patient error? To hell with him!"

"How!" says the windy logomachist, who believes that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing badly. "Clear, hard, serious, specialised writing from a journalist. Damn him."

And then, of course, there's the church; nearly everybody has an uncle or a cousin who gets paid for believing, officially, in the established church. It won't do to think about religion too seriously or else we'll have to scrap the lot: all the established salaries. We must not treat this gentleman too gravely. Let us label him a brilliant superficial writer. So it goes.

Mr. Upward has taken up the cause of the sensitive; and the sensitives are too few and too indolent to support him, save in their slow and ultimately victorious manner.

Of course, what Mr. Upward says will be believed in another twenty or fifty or a hundred years, just as a lot of Voltaire's quiet thrusts are now a part of our gospel. Mr. Upward will be nicely buried and no living curate will be out of a job, so that will be all right.

Mr. Upward takes on the lot of 'em. If he were content to poke fun at one science . . . ah! But he says most scientists are stupid, or something of that sort: most of the rank and file—but what is the use of talking about mosts?

Let us search for Mr. Upward's dangerous and heretical doctrines. Most mild is their aspect. Thus:

"When, instead of thinking of men one by one you think of them all at once and call your thought humanity, you have merely added a new word to the dictionary and not a new thing to the contents of the universe."

That ought to be fairly obvious.

"Altruism is the principle that mankind ought to serve those who are serving it, but not those who are not serving it."

Ah!

"It used to be written . . . 'All men are liars.' . . . 'It repented the Lord that he had made man.' No one would dare to say such things about Humanity."

"The religion of Humanity is not the worship of the best man nor of the best in man. It is the worship of the middling man."

This begins to look ugly.

And still he goes on. He draws an invidious comparison between science and "scientology." He propounds riddles. He asks: "When is the good not good?" and answers, "When it is an abstract noun." Perplexing!

"In the beginning the Goat created heaven and earth."

It is the astrological goat, but it gets the churchman's.

"The religion which that Idealist (i.e., Christ) has been accused of founding."

"The ultimate nature of Materialism is the worship of fixity under a hundred names."

"I think that no two men have ever had wholly the same religion, and I am sure no two men ought to."

"Whatever is has been right and will be wrong."

"The Churchmen had no doubt that Aquinas was a saint. They applied a simple test and found that, however impartial might be the summing up, the verdict was always in their favour."

"To-day this book (Aquinas), the greatest book of Catholic Theology, ranks as a curiosity rather than as literature. And that is not because, like the book of

Copernicus it has done its work, but because no one any longer hopes that it can do any work."

"The bloodiest iconoclasts the world has ever seen ought not to whine so miserably when their own idol is being washed."

Of course, Mr. Upward should not assail the scientists, the philologists and the churchmen all in one book. What faction will come to his aid? What formed party will support him?

The clear-headed logician has lost sight of psychology, of crowd psychology. One should always compromise with fools, one should always be sure to please a majority of the dullards, if one desire immediate results.

What! Not desire immediate results? Do I suggest than any man is content to await the verdict of the future, or at least of the next generation?

Supposing I do?

Of course, I am not an impartial judge. I think all established churches an outrage, save in so far as they teach medicine and courage to the more obfuscated heathen, and they don't do such a lot of that.

But on the whole they are nearly as great a pest as were the "fat bellies of the monks toward the end of the Middle Ages"; they sit in fat livings; they lead lives of intellectual sloth supported by subsidies originally intended, at least in part, for "clerks," for clerics who were supposed to need a certain shelter wherein to conduct the intellectual life of the race. One demands purely and simply that people oust the parson from his feathered eyrie, and put in it some constructive person, some thinker, or artist, or scientific experimenter, or some teacher of something or other, which he can himself take seriously, and which might conceivably be of some use to the race. They might take to reading Confucius . . . if it amused them. Or they might even talk seriously about their professed religion instead of playing the barrister. But this is a matter aside. It is one of the minute corollaries of Mr. Upward's work as I understand it. It is a part of what he calls "Altruism."

I recognise the danger of leaving Mr. Upward at large. Not an immediate peril! I recognise also the need of some sort of delayed book reviewing. I mean that the present advertising system provides that all books of whatever merit shall be praised by a certain number of people the instant they appear; that certain kinds of books, or certain particular books, shall be largely circulated; and that certain, practically all, books, save books of verse, go into desuetude within a year or so.

There should be a new sort of semi-critic, semi-reviewer, to go over the mess of books that are a few years old and pick out the few worth saving, the few that he still remembers. It is something of that sort that I am trying.

We all recognise the type of writer produced by present conditions, who keeps in the public eye by a continuous output of inferior work. He is known for his persistent ubiquity. Damn him! I want some more efficient machinery for the preservation of the sort of writer who only writes when he has something to say, who produces odd sorts of books in uncommercial sizes.

I think also that we should try to discriminate between the real man and his secondary emanations. Does it matter the least whether Mr. Upward plays golf or writes detective stories in the intervals between his serious work?

. . . .

I present Mr. Upward's dicta rather jerkily, partly because I think the readers of THE NEW AGE are heartily sick of my writing, and partly because I believe they do not want their pabulum diluted, and that they are able to build up the intellectual consequences of a given theme. However, I cannot quote Mr. Upward entire, and I cannot adequately represent his trend in scattered quotations, so I must needs make a partial summary of certain things that he stands for, or that he appears to me to stand for; certain conclusions which I draw more or less from his books.

1. That a nation is civilised in so far as it recognises the special faculties of the individual, and makes use thereof. You do not weigh coals with the assayer's balance.

1*a*. Corollary. Syndicalism. A social order is well balanced when the community recognises the special aptitudes of groups of men and applies them.

2. That Mr. Upward's propaganda is for a syndicat of intelligence; of thinkers and authors and artists.

2*a*. That such a guild is perfectly in accord with Syndicalist doctrines. That it would take its place with the guilds of more highly skilled craftsmen.

3. That Mr. Upward "sees further into a mile-stone, etc.," I mean that his propaganda is for the recognition of the man who can see the meaning of data, not necessarily as opposed to, but as supplementary to, the man who is only capable of assembling or memorising such data. NOTE.—This latter sort of man is the only sort now provided for by the American University system. I cannot speak for the English.

Aristotle said something about "the swift perception of relations." He said it was the hall mark of genius.

The "Century Magazine" wants to bring its fiction "as near to truth, and make it as interpretive of life, as conditions allow" ("Century Magazine" for September, 1913, page 791, col. 2, lines 29 and 30). Mr. Upward has nothing to do with this spirit. "As conditions allow" !!!!!! "Let the bridge come as near to bearing the strain of traffic 'as conditions allow.'"

4. That since Christ's notable success—in gaining a reputation, I mean—a number of people have desired to "save the world" without undergoing the inconvenience of crucifixion.

5. That Mr. Upward is a very capable thinker, and that he deserves more attention than he now gets.

THE "POOR" POLITICIAN.

I harkened to a simple speech,
True lessons did the speaker teach,
In fact, his subject was a peach—
    The poverty of politics.

He'd risen from the depths below,
And pushed a pen not long ago.
As minister his *state* doth show
    The poverty of politics.

On little points of love and hate
He'd sold his views for six-and-eight;
And now he charges all the State
    With poverty through politics.

He then bewailed his harassed life,
And longed for peace and rest from strife,
Yet prated to his audience rife
    The poverty of politics.

Of course, a pension scheme was his,
Also an Act all born in "quiz,"
Yet he ne'er sipped the sparkling "phiz"
    Through poverty of politics.

For he ne'er carried aught within
That could be labelled under sin,
For all he sought was fame, and tin,
    And poverty, and politics.

He drew five thousand pounds a year
In salary from a nation dear,
And smiled the truth through many a tear,
    The poverty of politics.

As "Chancellor" he took a hand,
And built a house on sinking sand,
And took in our unhappy land,
    Through poverty of politics.

THOMAS FLEMING.

Drawing from the Cast.

By Walter Sickert.

THE same dull spirit that makes it possible for people to speak of "duty calls" has made of study from the cast, instead of the enchanted garden that it might be, a perfunctory and stupid purgatory. Snobbishness and competitive arrivisme are fostered by treating work from the cast as an anteroom to the real entrée en jouissance, which promotion only to "the life" is supposed, by the big babies that students are, to confer.

The philosophy of pictorial art has seldom been investigated in writing by practitioners. Speculation from outside may be amusing, or not, as an exercise in dialectics, but it can have no more utility, and therefore no more permanent interest than the essays of a pure littérateur on navigation. The best it can be is readable, and, when you have read it, you have eaten a meringue, and no more.

I propose only to speak of our European art, which is the only art of which I have any understanding, and it is hardly necessary to say that this limitation of mine implies neither a tacit expression of opinion on the vast field of Eastern art, on which I am not competent to speak, nor any impertinent comparison of the importance of the two fields. It implies merely a strict limitation of myself to the department in which I have any claim to suggest reflections, or to express an opinion. "Chacun son métier, et les vaches seront bien gardées," or as we say in English, "Every man to his job, and the cook to the fore-sheet."

Our art, as it has been handed down to us, is an art of light and shade. With a realistic understanding of the brevity of each individual life, and of the tiny sum of capacity of every, the most powerful and gifted individual, I can be no constitution-monger, nor do I stand for anything but the rigour of the game as it has been handed down to us. And it is just because the past achievements in art have always been to me very living and present realities, and the old masters neither remote mysteries nor occult bores, that I know that the future, with its infinite possibilities of variation, can only continue to rise gradually on the solid foundation of the past.

Our art deals with the expression of the light of the sun, direct or indirect, concentrated or diffused, on material objects. And since the first torch of flame was originally stolen by Prometheus from the sun, our pictures of scenes by artificial light may justly be classified as only an extension of the effects that have their origin in the light of the sun.

We all know, and it is useful to recall, the experiment that is quoted in most elementary treatises on drawing. And you may take it from me, exhibitor at the New English Art Club, member of the Salon d'Automne that I am, that nearly all the unpretentious text-books on art that you can buy from a shilling upwards, in most countries, are all right. (I have a shrewd suspicion that I have never written, and shall never write a sentence that will be more serviceable to students than this last.) The hackneyed (give me the hackneyed !) experiment is the following. It is known that you may so illuminate a sphere of white plaster which is suspended in front of a sheet of white paper that, all shadow being eliminated, the form of the sphere becomes invisible. Therefore, as soon as light and shade is banished, there is no longer matter for our plastic or pictorial art.

Now the practice of art, no more than lawn-tennis or chess, is not a natural thing. It is a highly artificial game, with conditions that have been evolved by the players of the past in the same manner as has the form and exact make of a cricket bat. Its limitations are peremptory and permit of no excursions.

The casts in a school should be illuminated either by a single window of restricted size, or by the flame of a single light. I leave the working-out of this necessity to the architects and teachers concerned. I need not remind them that the artistic progress of the students is the proper aim of an art school, and that neither the production of an imposing electioneering façade, nor accommodation for the largest possible number of capitation-paying students are the primary aims of education. To forget this is to lose for the sake of living the reason for life.

Propter vivendum vitai perdere caussas.

For study by daylight, students should not work on the same drawings on sunny and on grey days. The effect of light and shade, on a grey day, is simplified, and is valuable for that reason. The light on a sunny day, which rifles the form with greater intimacy, is complex, and valuable for that reason. Where the sun falls on the casts, and a room with a south light is the best of all, students should work on a series of drawings for about twenty-five minutes at a time, and take the same drawings up in the same succession on the next sunny day. When the weather gives alternations of sunshine and grey weather, students should pass from their sunshine studies of the casts, backwards and forwards to their grey-day studies, as the sky changes.

One consequence which follows from these directions is consoling to the student of limited means whose main object is to learn to draw, since it follows from the above that any old room with one window is better than the finest and most expensive atelier. So that in art, as in most things, it is the poor who have the best of the bargain.

Having disposed of the question of illumination, it may be well to repeat that drawings or paintings from objects should be made on the scale that those objects would cover, were the student's sheet of paper a sheet of glass, and were it held at the distance from the eyes of the student at which his drawing board or canvas are placed.

One point it is very important to insist upon. Drawing on the scale of vision is only necessary in work done direct from nature. I shall have things to say later about scale, when we come to consider the making of pictures and decorations, which will prove that I have no preference for a small scale in itself. I shall then urge my belief that the real art quality of drawing is frequently strangled by treating subjects that are too comprehensive on too small a scale. But in drawing from nature the image on the eye and the image on the paper or the canvas should be as nearly as possible on the same scale.

Let us imagine for a moment two frames set up between us and the cast or the model, these two frames equidistant from our eyes. Let us suppose that in the one frame is fixed a board with a sheet of paper, and in the other a sheet of glass. Now let us imagine our two wrists handcuffed with a rigid steel bar so that they could only move in unison, after the manner of the two legs of the instrument called a pantograph. In the one hand we hold a diamond and in the other a small pencil. As we now proceed to trace with the diamond the outline of the model on the sheet of glass with one hand, with the other, by a series of parallel and identical movements, we trace with the pencil the same outline on paper. The comparison between these two drawings would in this way be direct and not proportional. The more or less clumsy mechanism of this illustration shows what should be the operation we accomplish by brain and eye when we draw from nature.

Consider for a moment the immense and useless work thrown on the eye and the mind when, as in the scale of most art-school drawings, at each turn of the head, a proportion sum has to be improvised, and to what purpose? If a cartoon of any size is required from the studies, they can always be squared up. The authority of the museums is entirely against the large scale drawing done from nature. I believe that hundreds of students have been permanently broken and deviated from the normal path of natural drawing by the Procrustes bed of the manufacturer's sheet of so-called Ingres paper.

Leighton reminded me some thirty years ago that in order to see a six-foot man properly you must be

eighteen feet away from him. Hold up a rule at that distance and see how much the model subtends. A matter of nine or ten inches. Why are we, then, to fill a piece of Ingres paper, and make him thirty inches high, that is three times the scale of our vision? What have the oculists to say to this practice? Is it more likely that Rembrandt and Charles Keene and Leighton are right or, with all respect be it said, the advisers of the late Prince Consort and the late Sir Henry Cole.

This fatal error must be swept away. There is, in fact, no reason to fear that it will not be swept away. Government nowadays is supposed to go by the consent of the governed, and the students that I have formed during the last decade are, some of them, already teachers. They are already insisting on the scale of vision, and the uniform scale of the drawing-board is as good as dead.

Towards the Play Way.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

IX.

STAGE conditions must of course be studied in connection with the acting of a play. When the third form, say, begins to act "The Merchant of Venice" their attention is called to an imaginary line drawn across the floor-space they are using. This line divides the two-thirds in front from the third at the back. It soon wants a name, so you call it the "curtain" or "traverse." Some boy is sure to protest that the curtain ought to be in the very front. He can then be told not only that the stage for which Shakespeare wrote was different from those we have now, but also that this fact made a great difference to the plays themselves, as he shall see. Many questions arise at once, but we undertake that such of them as the performance does not answer for itself shall be dealt with at the end of the lesson. All the rules of the game are at first known only to the master. If he insists on the actors keeping in front of the traverse line throughout the first scene their interest is at once aroused. Whenever I have opened the performance in this way—and we always read "The Merchant" in IIIB—several of the boys not acting at the moment have, by turning over to the next scene, discovered why the imaginary curtain was kept shut. Once a boy called out excitedly, "Oh, I see, Portia's house is hidden behind there." "There" was, of course, nothing more substantial than the imaginary curtain. Then while Bassanio is telling Antonio

In Belmont is a lady richly left

the producer quietly ushers his Portia and Nerissa into a corner at the back, whence they are ready to walk on as soon as the first scene is ended. The class easily understands that no curtain comes down at the end of Scene I. Instead, the traverse is now declared open, and the master explains that the street in Venice disappears and the whole stage becomes Belmont. The boys are not quite ready for this. Some have convinced their imaginations that this is a street. They have fancied houses, and the canal, and the masts of shipping in the distance. If any teacher doubt this—and many teachers behave as though they doubted all the powers of their pupils—let him get this opening scene played by a group of boys, and then allow them to talk about it. After they have been at pains to construct such a complete setting it appears rather cool to clear this picture all away upon the opening of an imaginary curtain behind; and start all over again, this time to picture the interior of a palace. For a moment it seems as though they might dispute the plausibility of the change demanded. For, strange to relate, the playboys are permitted to have a say in the conduct of a lesson which, after all, is being given solely for their benefit. It seems as if they might be indisposed to grant what Coleridge calls "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith." So the master seeks to justify the dramatist by asking the boys whence they obtained their picture of the first scene; he bids them "Whisper whence they stole those balmy spoils." They admit that Antonio and his friends suggested it in what they said, and one boy actually gives Salarino all the credit for the ships; which, if you know the play well, you will easily understand. It is now a simple matter to suggest that the gentlemen have taken away with them the street-stuff they had brought. They think. One presently asks: "Is the scenery mixed up with the actors?" And another, not necessarily the master, replies: "No, the scenery is given in the lines." On the opening of the curtain, Portia and Nerissa are expected in their turn to suggest another setting. But they do not seem to give any very definite help; and the onlookers are clearly more sparing of their fancy over the second scene, and do not localise it at all definitely. Some are for a boudoir, some for a garden. Discussion springs up again. At such an early occasion in the play discussion should not be too ruthlessly checked. The playboys have still to master the conventions. One protests that neither Portia nor Nerissa has told us "where they are." The master asks, "Where do you think they are?" "At Belmont" comes the reply in chorus. That is all we know, and all we need to know.

Already by the conclusion of the second scene the master's aid in this matter of "scenery" is no longer required. The playboys have grasped the first rules of the game. While the producer goes through the motions of closing the traverse—you must "do it in action" lest the imaginary fittings be forgotten and the play marred—Bassanio walks on to the front stage in company with Shylock. At once the onlookers, already more than audience now, and almost equivalent to a chorus, smile knowingly to themselves as they recognise that Bassanio is bringing back the street, with the rigging of ships in the background. If he were not, you may be sure that Shakespeare would have made clear the change of locality. And the playboys are now ready to give careful heed to learn whether Shylock will lend Bassanio the "three thousand ducats" of which he keeps muttering to himself. For however familiar the story may be to some of us, it is as well to remember that children are not born knowing the plot of "The Merchant of Venice."

But the scene-openings of this play are not by any means the easiest to cope with. I have just shown one difficulty at the very start: the audience having been prepared already for the appearance of Portia at Belmont, no more in the way of explanation is deemed necessary by the dramatist when she is shown. His concern now is to get the matter of the caskets introduced as soon as possible; the which he does with no little skill. But "The Merchant of Venice" does furnish an excellent example of the alternation of scenes on the Elizabethan stage. Throughout the first three acts the scenes are laid either in Belmont or in a Venetian street. This makes your exposition of the elementary principles of Elizabethan stage-craft quite a simple undertaking. A grasp of the "alternation theory" may not at first sight appear to have any particular value. But in addition to making the story clear, it directs the interest of the boys to the constructive side of the artist's work. It is also an extremely useful asset in their own playmaking.

Here, then, are matters worthy of consideration when you take up the reading of a Shakespearean play in the classroom. The pursuit of hares "whether historical, mythological, moral, geographical, political, etymological, architectural, or ecclesiastical," not only bores the class, but distracts their attention from the very subject they are called upon to study. And God and the pedant alone know how difficult it is to hold the attention of the boys by the system of teaching which prevails everywhere at the present time. The Play Way is not a collection of schemes for keeping small boys entertained during school-hours, without reference to the subject-matter of their lessons. On the contrary, it is perhaps the main principle of the Play Way that you shall get right to the heart of the matter you have in

hand, and then do actively *what* your interest bids, *as* the necessity of the case demands. If you have a play in hand, and get to the heart of the matter, you will find that your interest bids you act it. If you do not find this you are not yet at the heart of the play. And the necessity of the case requires that you get some knowledge of the conditions in relation to which this particular play was wrought actable.

Accordingly the Play method allows the master or the boys to hold up the dramatic narration of the story from time to time. But these interruptions only occur often at the beginning, and become less and less frequent as the boys' grasp of the Elizabethan stage convention makes comment more rarely necessary. When a proffered remark is obviously on some point now quite familiar to the whole class it may with more gain than damage be suppressed. The notable distinction between the two methods is this. "Hitting below the belt" or the hunting method is off the point at every interruption. The plan upon which the whole hunting method is founded —that of taking a slice of thirty lines or so and proceeding to mince it into an unrecognisable slush—is in itself enough to kill the play. But the interruptions made by the playboys serve only, by raising the discussion of essential questions, to enhance the value of the whole study.

In many of the plays the scene-openings are not only very carefully localised, but they serve also to make the author's purpose clear by explaining the plot and characters, precisely at that point where exposition is necessary. Look at Act I of "Twelfth Night." You must, of course, always ignore the printed stage directions, which with a few exceptions, do not appear in the First Folio. Orsino partly introduces himself, and he and Valentine clear the way for Olivia. But the second scene introduces Viola. So, to save confusion, the place, the persons, the recent events, present circumstances and future possibilities are all dealt with in the utmost precision.

Viola: What country, friends, is this?
Captain: This is Illyria, lady.

Then they discuss her brother, and the shipwreck, the captain, the duke, Olivia again, and Viola's own position and prospects. Which being done they go off. They only came on to do that. The third scene opens with the remarks of a stout and jovial person, who is addressed as Sir Toby, referring to his niece who is lamenting the death of her brother. This is the third time we have heard about the lamented brother, so there can be no doubt that the niece in question is no other than that same Lady Olivia, whom we are by now quite anxious to look upon. She is discussed again in the fourth scene, and only enters in the midst of scene five. In the meantime, since the play opened, no fewer than ten persons have become known to us; and the plot is well afoot. We are all in a very good humour, and would not even notice the escape of an astrological hare when Toby says, "Were we not born under Taurus?"

Further discussion of the imaginary stage must be postponed. But we have not fared ill so far with our imaginary line called a traverse, and our scene-openings. If "Shakespeare wanted arte" it was doubtless the kind of art typified by rare old Ben himself, who was so stuffed up with much Greek and more Latin that he applied the critical standard of one age to the creative production of a totally different one, as though the influence of intervening time (during which as a matter of fact the drama of his day actually took its rise) were of small account, and the whole *new* character of contemporary life and art, including his own, of no account at all. The critical standpoint of such craftsmen as Jonson, who himself confessed that he wrote his poetry first as prose and then translated it into metre, is not unknown among us at the present day. Any work which shows abounding vigour and joy is, without respect to its intrinsic worth, held *undisciplined* by those whose own uninspired productions reveal their laboured mechanism at every joint. Am I not right in saying that Shakespeare is indulgently regarded as a rare genius who was able to rely with glorious abandon upon the first fine careless rapture? Stuff. Did he not actually copy out his lines with such a finished care that his editors received of him scarce a blot in his papers? At all events, the craftsman who had that skill, in scene-openings alone, which I have been able to illustrate in this brief paper, will serve well enough as a master for my playboys.

Present-Day Criticism.

In reviewing the Birthday Number of the "Daily Herald," we have a task which can only be endured by the use of irony; without this strange salve of melancholy, disgust would rise inarticulate at these pages of sentimentality, cynicism, cant and all staleness of a spiritless and corrupted body. It is something relieving to feel certain that this issue of the "Daily Herald" could not have been offered to the Leaguers; this implies that the public of this journal has changed: it has now, by all signs, a public of which "Everyman" and the "Daily News" would not be ashamed, a caligraphical, natty, pious, pushing, soft-handed, conceited, gullible, pill-buying, instalment-plan public that cuts a bit above your pother between Fat and Thin, and is intimately concerned with the difference between Fat and Medium.

There is one contributor to this birthday issue who knows the present-day reader of the "Herald." This man speaks from the bottom of the commercial bog into which the "Herald" has long been sliding and which has been comfortably reached since the defeat of the Leaguers. He is a Mr. Eric Field, advertising manager of the Caxton Publishing Company; and his "contribution," though, as we suppose, its admission was paid for like any ordinary advertisement, is headed benevolently, "Why I support the 'Herald'"; and you would once have been naturally interested—would you not?— by such a title in a paper of such fraternal professions.

"Why I support the 'Herald.'" By Eric Field, Manager," etc.

Mr. Field thinks he can claim to have helped the "Herald" "quite a lot and at the same time, I have helped my employers a lot." It would be no use, of course, even if one wanted, to try and blarney the "Herald" Reader! Mr. Field has helped the "Herald" on business terms, and is too good a business man to make any bones about it. He has spent "all this money" in advertising in the "Herald," advertising books for serious-minded "Thinkers." (The commas are Mr. Field's.) At the same time he would not have advertised thus if he had not been "absolutely convinced of the value of our books, for the Heraldites are a shrewd lot." Moreover, "it is no use asking Heraldites to buy a pig in a poke. They have to earn their money so hardly that they want to know all about a thing before they spend money on it. So all I do is to offer to send particulars. . ." No, not quite all! It is possible to avoid irony here by saying simply that this sort of information was exactly what was asked by and denied to the Leaguers. Here is a proof that Mr. Field knows he is certainly not addressing the former readers of the "Herald."

"So now, my 'Herald' reader, if I have helped your paper at all [not his paper, then?] will you in return just read on . . . ."

A thoroughly business-like proposition; from a business view, impeccable.

. . . . . "while I tell you about one book I can personally recommend. . . ."

But when are we going to come across a sentence, one sentence, which might not equally well be addressed to the readers of the "Daily News"? What kind of fools are these that are expected to purr and purchase after a smearing with the common quack's treacle?

"You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial

life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the stress of present-day competition." God's truth! There is none in man, if this is the fight for which the "Herald" is opening its columns as a field of battle. Your fellows are down, comrades; keep them down and keep yourself on top! Buy our book that tells you how to do it. Perpetuate the bloody system, Heraldites! Do you want examples of great men? Behold them, here, testifying to our Book: Burbidge of Harrod's, Cansfield of Lipton's, Gamage, Lawrie of Whiteley's, Lyons, Selfridge, Wareham Smith of the "Daily Mail." Here's a league of Heraldites for you!

What's this, in a miserly fill-up sentence in the adjacent column? "Several Wallasey market gardeners have granted the men's demands." Pooh, nothing important!

"Moreover, if you own the Business Encyclopædia, you can enter for the position offered by Messrs. Gamage, the famous, etc., etc., who require a man or woman for a responsible position in their firm and who believe that the person who owns and studies the B.E. is the best possible, etc., etc., etc. The post will be filled by competitive examination."

By God! Will the wretched competitor be questioned as to whether he *owns* this Encyclopædia? If not, why not advise him to borrow it if he dare not spend half a guinea on a ten-thousandth part of a chance? Why stick it into him that he must "own" this expensive property?

The Book may be all that Mr. Field says it is; but his manner of introducing it is the manner of one who means to sell it to would-be profiteers.

Mr. Lansbury's contribution cannot be better criticised than by our borrowing a sentence from the article by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. "Do you believe in the brotherhood of men: and do you, dear brethren, believe that Brother Arthur Henderson does not?" But there is much worse than the usual in Mr. Lansbury's leader. "We want," he writes, "the desperate struggle after riches to cease." Place this beside those paragraphs about the Business Fight, and see it wriggle. Which brings us to "G. R. S. T.," that plutocratic sycophant and democratic parasite. Here is the style of the snob in his essence: "As the daughter of one of the greatest manufacturers in the world said to me: 'The strikers are always right.'" Very valuable information coming from Miss Pills! Mary Bricklayer will be glad to know that her father is in the right. We pass over "The Ad. Man's Talk," by a genial soul who, like Mr. Field, "knows our readers to be a body of intelligent people . . . more readily respond to sound propositions," etc. —and glance at another Birthday Article, a Mr. Will Allen's note on the "Rebel's Diet," the which is a brazen puff of certain vegetarian products advertised on the same page.

"The Spirit of the 'Herald,'" according to Mr. W. P. Ryan, teaches that "the duty of revolt against psychic and intellectual tyrannies is even greater than the duty of revolt against wage-slavery. . . Revolt on these lines will be protracted." No longer than, but exactly as long as, it takes to abolish wagery! The revolt against wagery is psychic and intellectual—its contrast with a struggle merely for higher wages. Gaseous Heraldite!

Mr. H. G. Wells explains "Why I Like the Herald." The hypocrite pretends that he is really too overcome by this command of his pen for the paper's second birthday, "an honour eagerly to be clutched." It is an honour he might clutch, if he chose, any day of the week. "Perish the 'Daily Mail,'" he cries. "I do not care what happens to any of them ——" But Mr. Wells is only really fluent about what he *dislikes* in the "Herald." He dislikes the talk of rebellion: "I think the 'Daily Herald' comes near to making Rebellion a cant." Well, most of us think with him, but if we had knocked the bottom out of an old rattling tin can, we should not thereafter yearn to make it the honoured receptacle even of our dead ashes. "A Rebel is a bit of a Lout." Mr. H. G. Wells cannot abide louts. "To flourish about it [rebellion] as though it was something gaudy and glorious is to show an imbecile's outlook on life." Quite true; but why deliberately go, even if invited, and kick the imbecile down its own stairs? The "Daily Herald" does display an imbecile's outlook. For this reason we do not support its continued publicity. "The 'Daily Herald' seems to me to have retrogressed." The "Daily Herald," in fact, is all wrong, and Dyson, "whom I respect enormously," why does not Dyson quit his enormously respectable present work and take my advice to try his hand on something else—August Personages, for instance? Here, we, who do not love people who prick others all over with friendly, oh, so friendly pins, ask Mr. Wells why he does not produce his own notorious portfolio of cartoons of August Personages, or, at least, write a series of studies for the so-adored "Herald" as disagreeable to the Crown as Mr. Dyson's cartoons might possibly be? Mr. Wells' strictures, though gratefully reprinted by the Fat journals, will not, however, do the plutocrats any particular good service: the "Daily Herald" will never more make Fat turn a hair.

It is a relief to pass to the articles, marred only by mere sentimentalities, of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc. Mr. Chesterton's influence on the "Herald" has been nothing. His qualities of sincerity and incupidity are such as would commend themselves to the imitation of few of his colleagues. Despite his sacrifices, his influence is nothing. The "Herald" is more anti-man and pro-woman than ever; it is more gaseous, more piously hypocritical, more neglectful of the manual labour movement and more servile to the pen and ink slaves of the desk and to the shop-gents, than was ever conceivable of it save by the devil; and it is irredeemably commercial—no Fat journal more so in all England! Mr. Chesterton, however, seems dissatisfied with the "Herald." He, too, has been struck by its cant about rebellion. But what sentimental imp curved his pen around the name "Limits" to supersede that now very suspect "Rebels"? "Limits" is no better; it is meaningless, even if one overlook its petty vulgarity as the favourite catchword of Coney Island nuts. It is nut's slang, and will never signify anything more revolutionary than a nut's aversion from propriety. Let Mr. Chesterton present himself before the Most August Personage, exclaiming at his fiercest, "I'm the Limit," and report if his Majesty trembles. Then we should be assured, perhaps, one way or another, of the power in this bit of argot.

Mr. Belloc's sentimentality is in describing the "Success of the Free Press in Spite of Boycott." The Free Press is not so very, very successful! It does not circulate. It lives upon subsidy. What is the use of pretending otherwise?—to do so will not alter the truth. For our part, we deny the name of Free Press to any journal that puffs its advertisers.

TO VANITY.

"Thou should'st not comb thy hair, maid,
But hide it out of sight,
For hair is never sweet, maid,
Until it fades to white.
Nor should you deck your body
With rings and gauds of pearl,
For Virtue was most vicious
When she was but a girl."

TO MY EYE.

I covered you, and heard pathetic music
And gliding feet;
And smelt the air with many perfumes laden,
Surpassing sweet.
I heard low voices sing with wondrous grace.
I opened you, and saw in some white mirror
A grinning face.

T. R. A.

THE DOCTOR. BY MISS SYLVIA GOSSE.

MODERN DRAWINGS—NO. 14
EDITED BY WALTER SICKERT

Readers and Writers.

To the series of Oxford reprints that I have praised so often has just been added Kingsley's "Poems, 1848-70" (Oxford Press. 1s. 6d.). I am glad enough to have it in this form; though Kingsley's verse is none the better for being read several times. In brief, he was no poet. The play "The Saint's Tragedy," in prose and blank verse, which takes up half this volume, is very nearly unreadable; and so is F. D. Maurice's preface to it. I turn, however, to Kingsley's songs and lyrics, and here at any rate are familiar lines. "I once had a sweet little doll, dears"; "When all the world is young, lad"; "The merry brown hares came leaping"; "Welcome, wild North-Easter"; "Three Fishers"; etc., etc. Why are these, I ask myself, so familiar to everybody? Chiefly, I suppose, because they are taught in schools, being suitable for the purpose of puerility, grammar and parsing. But how brief is their inspiration and how mechanically are its defects filled up! I doubt if many of my readers, after all their school drill, remember the next line to each of those just quoted. What, for instance, comes after the merry brown hares leaping? I'm sure I had quite forgotten; and on reading the verse again I found it did not matter. As for the Fishers, look at the mechanism of the three stanzas respectively beginning: Three Fishers, three wives, three corpses. The story is as naked as a cinema plot; indecently exposed, in fact. No, Kingsley was no poet.

* * *

Neither is Meredith, I regret to say—for long ago I laboriously copied into my note-book (in case I should one day be cast on a desert island) some scores of passages from his "Reading of Earth." Many of these very passages (a compliment to my boyish judgment!) appear now in the new shilling edition of Meredith's "Selected Poems" (Constable), where I have read them in very cold blood. The man has scarcely a note of music in him! He is for ever torturing words to riddle with them, wresting them from their use and wont and putting them to most inappropriate uses. Look at the opening stanza of "The Thrush in February":—

> I know him, February's thrush,
> And loud at eve he valentines
> On sprays that paw the naked bush
> Where soon will sprout the thorns and bines.

What meaning has "valentines" here to justify its use as a verb? And "paw"—what a hideous association of ideas—sprays pawing a naked bush! Fancy, also, thorns "sprouting"! The whole is, indeed, a wretched and obscene jumble of absurdities, not the least of which is the conclusion:—

> When lowly, with a broken neck,
> The crocus lays her cheek to mire.

Turn now to the well-known "Love in a Valley." This poem, written, I surmise, in the flood of "Richard Feverel," has a wonderful attraction for miniscule poets in their rutting season. The very rhythm is effeminately sexual, without strength and without humour. Instead of by a young man it might have been written by an old man amorous but impotently dallying. Even to read it is to be made maudlin. Let us laugh at it and pass on. "The Woods of Westermain" was once a favourite of mine. Look at it now:—

> Haggard wisdom, stately once,
> Leers fantastical and trips:
> Allegory drums the sconce,
> Impiousness nibblenips.

It does indeed! Oh, let me try "Fair Ladies in Revolt"—there is surely something preserved in that.

> See the sweet women, friend, that lean beneath
> The ever-falling fountain of green leaves
> Round the white bending stem, and like a wreath
> Of our most blushful flower shine trembling through,
> To teach philosophers the thirst of thieves:
> Is one for me? Is one for you?

Not so bad to the outer ear, but try it with the mind: can a picture be formed of a group of women leaning below leaves round a white stem and shining through like a wreath of roses? I am *not* a Cubist! And why the *thirst* of thieves? Meredith, it will not do!

* * *

A symposium on "Reincarnation" ought to be interesting; but the Power Book Company that publishes it (2s. 6d.) and Mr. S. Cross, who edits it, have neither taste nor sense between them. After a collection of rubbishy extracts and opinions, each introduced and commented on by himself, the editor sums up in twenty-four points against the doctrine. The first of his objections is that "there is no proof." Among the remaining twenty-three are such as these: "It is cruel, disconcerting"; "It is unsuited to the warm hearts of the West." Is there no means of saving the art of printing from prostitution? Wanted: a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Compositors.

* * *

Under the title of "The Littleness of Greatness" (6d.), Messrs. Endacott of Melbourne publish a brochure containing the judgments of famous men upon each other. The intention, of course, is to flatter mediocrity by proving the equal intolerance of the distinguished; but mediocrity had better be careful. Great men belong to a clan, as Dryden said, and while they freely exercise criticism among themselves they will freely combine to resent the criticism of any of their number by an outsider. What Montaigne thought of Rabelais, or Rousseau of Voltaire, not even their published opinions give us any real clue. As little do we know what Johnson thought of Fielding or Carlyle of Coleridge from knowing that Fielding was called by Johnson a blockhead and Coleridge by Carlyle a poor, greedy, sensual creature. These expressions, strange as it may appear, are not only compatible with profound respect, but, in a sense, they are evidence of it; for in these phrases you hear the voice of the proper republicanism of the literary world. Contrast this characteristically English fraternalism with the fraternalism of, say, French men of letters. Among Frenchmen a good deal of politeness is maintained at the expense of home-truth. The downright is less preferred by them than the oblique. Some English writers have the same habit, betraying, however, their eccentricity! For instance, Meredith called Matthew Arnold "a dandy Messiah"; Swinburne called Robert Buchanan "a polypseudonymous lyrist and libeller." These are not phrases bursting impetuously out of an honest, friendly and fraternal nature; they are carefully fashioned poisoned darts, not only laden with contempt for the men against whom they are directed, but laden with contempt for the clan of letters. If you are going to criticise a man of letters at all, do it with due respect for his manhood: that is, hit hard and openly. Who would not rather be called a blockhead by Johnson than a dandy Messiah by Meredith?

* * *

Believe me, it is not manly censure that wounds, but the effeminate tricks of the boycott and the sneer—the prevailing weapons of to-day. These offensively good persons (our moderns), professing to be so much more tolerant, polite and humane than, say, Milton contra Salmasius or Burke contra Hastings or Swift contra nearly everybody, are in reality neither generous, good-mannered nor well-intentioned. Their procedure, in short, is that of disease-bearing microbes. What are their names? Oh, I know them very well, and so do my readers. (N.B.—This is a note of anger—it is not intended to be pretty.)

* * *

The Oxford Press has just published a shilling volume of "Selected English Short Stories," edited by Messrs. Milford and Walker, with an Introduction by the latter. The stories are thirty in number and include examples from nineteen authors. They are certainly an excellent selection, and though they are confined to the nineteenth century their range is wide. Scott, Lamb, Hawthorne, Disraeli, Poe, Bret Harte are all represented. Indeed, of the thirty stories no fewer than a third are with good reason the work of the three

American writers. The introduction by Professor Walker is a model of erudition and contains as well some ideas worth considering. Examine, for example, this weighty judgment: "The principles of the short story are more akin to the laws of the Greek than to those of the Elizabethan drama." Much time could usefully be spent in drawing out the meanings contained in this. Moreover, I think the sentence is true. It does not follow, however, that in the examples before us or in the short stories written since the period of this volume, our writers have yet come within sight of perfection. The perfect short story, in fact, has not yet been written in English; and chiefly, as I think, because our writers are as yet crude in their philosophy as the great Greek dramatists were not. Hence comes, I believe, the sense of triviality attaching at present to short stories. Nobody regards them as great works of art. Strangely enough, while mentioning the three great treasuries of stories, the Greek, the Scandinavian and the Teutonic, all of which were derived from the East by divers ways, Professor Walker does not refer by name to the source and container of them all—the "Mahabharata."

* * *

Mr. Pease of the Fabian Society appears to be unfortunate in his references to THE NEW AGE. Though few, they are always inaccurate. In his drastically revised "Kirkup's History of Socialism" (Black. 5s.) he has occasion to tabulate the journals associated with the movement. Among them he describes THE NEW AGE as published at a penny. The error, however, is mitigated by my pity when I find Mr. Pease writing a sentence like this: "I am convinced that historians in the future will recognise, as indeed they are beginning to realise already, that the successor to Karl Marx in the leadership of Socialist thought belongs to Sidney Webb." This is a regular owl-gobbet of illiteracy. How can "historians in the future" be able to begin already to realise, etc.? And what is it that they are beginning to realise—that Mr. Pease is convinced or that they themselves in the future will recognise. . . ? Is there any subtle difference between "recognising" and "realising already"? And why is the "already" attached to "realise" instead of to "beginning"? These questions answered, tell us, Mr. Pease, who is the "successor to Karl Marx" who "belongs to" Sidney Webb—is it, perchance, Mrs. Sidney Webb?

* * *

The distribution of the responsibility of government over the whole population has not yet made the serious study of statesmanship popular. Emphatically we have not made up in breadth what we have lost in depth. In Swift's day he could count on two thousand readers, so he calculated. In our own, with ten times the population, he could count on no more. It is even worse in America, where, Mr. Brooks Adams tells us, if Hamilton's "Federalist" were again to appear, not more than a dozen or so people would wade through it. The "Federalist," I own, is a little tedious; but, good Lord, it is nothing to the tediousness of the stuff Americans read nowadays. I had certainly rather have the "Federalist" alone than the whole caboodle of modern American literature. . . However, this note was to call attention to Mr. Brooks Adams' "Theory of Social Revolutions" (Macmillan. 5s. 6d.). His theory is a little too pat to my liking; I had rather see it illustrated again before I accept it; but in his demonstration Mr. Adams remarks some noteworthy features of capitalism. Modern capitalism, he says, has developed so much more rapidly than social intelligence that practically all its main functions are beyond the cognisance of the law. In law there is no principle formulated younger than Justinian; and hence law's control of capitalism is no more than that of a catapult over a maxim gun. But all revolutions, our author says, have arisen from just this disharmony of law and social development. Hence unless society can recover ground quickly, the present divorce between capitalism and law will soon bring about a catastrophe. Unfortunately, however, capitalism specialises everybody; and law requires great generalising minds. In short, the prospect appears gloomy, and serve us right.

* * *

For our so-called educated classes will really get to the bottom of nothing but business. Mr. Adams says truly that our modern plutocracy thinks more of money than ever aristocracy did of birth or kings of power. Occasionally, at least, and in regard to some things, past aristocracies and royalties set aside their distinction and acted as men; but our business men apply the measure of money always and to everything. What an exercise for a philosopher to be born in these days! No wonder, as I have heard, that Plato and the rest give this planet a wide berth for the present! But there, I am starting off from my mark before the pistol has been fired, for my intention in this note was to say I have just read the Symposium on "Property: its Duties and Rights" (Macmillan. 5s. net), edited by the Bishop of Oxford, and contributed to by seven writers, mostly Oxford dons. The word that occurred continually to my mind while reading these able essayists was "mealy-mouthed." I do not, I cannot, doubt the sincerity, the ability or the seriousness of any one of them, from Professor L. T. Hobhouse who opens to Canon Scott-Holland who closes the discussion. At the same time I put the book down tired and somewhat depressed. Instead of clearing up a problem they have raised many problems, and instead of coming to any plain conclusion they have merely pushed interrogative horns into a dubious future. The attitude, in fact, of the writers generally is one of uncertainty. They profess, indeed, to subject the institution of private property to the test of its necessity to the "good life"; but from this test no judgment appears to follow. At no point does any writer rise to certainty or to the faith of the prophet. It is all it may be or perhaps or possibly or may it not be; and when the dialectics is over the practical problem remains where it was.

* * *

For all Julian the Apostate's apology for the myths of Plato I confess they are to me both bewildering and unimpressive. I have read them many a score of times with Julian's warning in my mind: "In the very things which in these myths are most incongruous, he drew nearest the truth: for just in proportion as the enigma is more paradoxical and wonderful, so does he warn us to distrust the appearance and to seek for the hidden meaning." My search, however, is in vain. Now this is not the case with the classical mythology which, unlike Mr. Solomon Eagle ("New Statesman"), who has tickled the "Daily Express" with his smarts hits at it, I find a perpetual source of intelligence; still less is it the case with the "Mahabharata." The stories may be and are rationally unintelligible—or, rather, I should say, they cannot be syllogised by human logic. But they never give one the feeling that they are without rhyme or reason. On the contrary, one feels (at least, I feel) that there in them, but for my stupidity, goes a high piece of knowledge. I look forward, in short, to understanding them one of these days, never doubting that they are to be understood. Plato's myths, on the other hand, strike me as really being beyond understanding. It is pretended, I know, that he was aware of the danger of divulging mysteries and dealt only in hints; but had he, I wonder, any more than hints himself? After all, the "hidden meanings" of things must be under our noses and so obvious that only their plainness conceals them from us: the Universe, I mean, is laid out for our minds—what, then, is the need of mere men to conceal what they know? That is it! Plato, for all his genius, is a man, a human; but the myth-makers of Greek and Indian *classic* mythology were not men, but what we are pleased to call a race. All this, once more, is to introduce the title of a book: "Myths and Parables from Plato"; adapted by Laura Stubbs (Moring. 2s. 6d.). In mentioning its title, I have said more than deserves to be said of it!

R. H. C.

Phaedra.

By Beatrice Hastings.

APHRODITE, eager in acts to afflict the children of the Sun, resolves to confuse once more the house of Minos.

Theseus is in Crete, free, a victor over the Minotaur. This conquest has not been achieved by his arms alone. With a weapon stolen from royal Minos, the princess Ariadne has equipped the Athenian hero for combat with the man-devouring bull. And his life, thus given by her pity and courageous love, Theseus has secretly pledged to her with his heritage of Athens.

The sullen Queen of Love will accept no happy service from the maiden descended from Apollo. Ariadne will know only the pains of love, for the goddess comes down to turn the desire of Theseus from Ariadne to her sister Phædra—she, too, of joyless destiny.

Apollo himself, beholder of all things celestial and mortal, yet doubts which is the goddess and which the maiden when Aphrodite leads the fated daughter of Pasiphaë upon the Cretan hillside. For the Queen of Love has cast a veil about her awful glory: and Phædra is arrayed by the hands of the goddess. As lovely as an Immortal, the maiden seems a part of the spring-tide, or no other than Spring herself. Bees settled upon those robes wrought by Aphrodite—you would believe there bloomed living rose and violet.

The purpose of the goddess brings Theseus hunting in this place. Then, rising upon the shining air, she flies upward, mocking Apollo and embittering as she may that quarrel which torments the peace of heaven. "I revenge my shame on thy children, O son of Leta! Bring now the mirthful gods to behold thine own descendant fast in the net of love as aforetime I lay chained with the amorous god of war when thou assembledst the celestials and came laughing by."

But he, sorrowing, relinquishes not the reins of his steeds.

Where the divine-clad Phædra plucks flowers upon the hillside, Theseus stays. She, encountering the regard of the hero, drops her flowers.

But now sounds the voice of Ariadne, calling. They stand a moment unable to leave gazing at one another; then they look along all ways. No one approaches. Ariadne is not there, indeed. It is Apollo who has sent the Voice, a warning of no avail, for watchful Aphrodite creates a spirit out of her laughter, and this takes the hands of the lovers and draws them together.

Yet, in Athens, long years after, anguished Phædra shall believe she hears Ariadne calling.

That is accomplished now which binds two who shall henceforth seek only the oblivion of full love. They kiss, even so soon, self-abandoned.

Once more Apollo obstructs them. Proserpina is upon these hills, she the friend of the Sun who yearly salutes her return from Dis to the bright world. Apollo asks her aid; and she, taking a mortal form, appears like the nurse of Phædra.

The hero curses the old woman, inopportune, and bids her depart: but Phædra, not yet loosed from the custom of maids, turns in obedience, breaking the temper of impetuous Theseus. He consoles the trembling dame, and passing between her and his love, hides with his shoulders the farewell gesture of their hands and the look in their eyes.

Proserpina, feigning a pause for breath, sits down upon the young grass which she herself, as the Spring, has lately caused to sprout. Thrusting back her dame's veil from her forehead made wrinkled, she stares at Phædra, speaking with meaning and chidingly: "O princess, of happy eyes, what doest thou so far from the palace, and thy sister who seeks thee?"

Phædra replies: "One led me here who vanished away. I scarce remember her. I cannot tell thee who she was."

"The gods delude thee, Phædra. Aphrodite hath bewitched thee with a man false to his love."

Then Phædra, plucking at the grass, whispers to herself: "I love him!" So murmuring, she throws herself upon the knees of Proserpina, believing there to be the lap of her well-known nurse. And the goddess, looking upward, beholds triumphant Aphrodite staying in her bird-drawn chariot, and close by, Destiny. Then Proserpina, making Sleep to come upon the princess, resumes her own divine form and withdraws, mourning the crime of Apollo.

Soon Phædra awakens, and she believes all this to have been a dream. She is afraid, and hastens homeward; but what was fearful in the dream fades out of mind. She remembers only the kiss of Theseus and, constantly recalling this, assures herself that it was real. She knows it to have been no dream when she passes Theseus in the feast-hall and the Athenian, from the very shadow of King Minos, displays that boldness which had deserted him in presence of the forlorn old nurse. Aphrodite bewilders the minds of all so that none see the meaning of Theseus, none challenge the conduct which exceeds what distinguishes strangers; he is given the liberty of a hero among heroes. And perhaps Minos would not be displeased if his daughter were to be asked for by Athens—but Theseus might not ask for Phædra.

Between this and the morrow, Phædra continually seeks her nurse. "I am unhappy!" she says a hundred times, but her eyes look happy.

"Thou shalt come and see the Spring and gather buds for the altar of blessed Proserpina." Thus the dame. They go out along the blossoming alleys where Minos' queen, melancholy Pasiphaë wanders, ever bewailing the hatred of pitiless Aphrodite. For Pasiphaë had been the mother of the man-devouring bull.

"Thy mother mourneth for her descent from the Sun-god."

"And I also am descended from the Sun-god," says Phædra.

The dame says, "Aphrodite pursueth all his race since he showed her to the Immortals, chained upon the bed of Ares. But these matters are not for maids. See here are flowers! Pluck thou any—but not the myrtle leaf, or apple, or rose, for these are of the Queen of Love and we pray her to forget us."

Yet Phædra plucks only myrtle and apple and rose. Now the old woman weeps, bursting into reproaches, and she seizes the leaves and looks about for some place wherein to hide them. Phædra, with strength, takes back the leaves and clasps them, bending her head in among them, and, maddened by their perfume, cries out her love with confused words; and the nurse understands that the princess is in pain to be with Theseus. Trembling, she hurries Phædra to the furthest part of the gardens, and there hearing all, is made faithless by terror of the goddess.

"The gods be served!" she says, drying her old eyes. "And behold, coming here, sent by heaven, the Athenian hero! Who am I to draw upon myself the spite of holy powers? I will go pray Aphrodite to relent towards thee, child, and favour thy love. Behold Theseus whom the goddess commands, and not I!"

Phædra neither hears her, nor sees her depart. She stands with Theseus. He is speaking. He is bidding her go with him to Athens. No kiss has been given. They forget to kiss, or they think they have kissed, or the watchful goddess forbids what may keep them lingering in a place unsafe. But all is said: and Phædra will go aboard the vessel at the flood of midnight.

It is midnight. She is aboard. The sails are set. They are away. Once again, Phædra hears Ariadne calling. And it is Ariadne, she there, betrothed to Theseus.

"Thou?" says each sister to the other—"Thou here?" Ariadne rejoices; but Phædra sinks upon the deck of the ship. When she is uplifted, she is upon the arms of Theseus, and they are his eyes which reassure her returning senses.

Now the vengeful goddess, bent upon destroying, makes Theseus like a god for strength and beauty before the gaze of Phædra. She listens while he speaks, and

listening soon breathes sweetly. She takes his hands and worships them, she touches his head, and never ceasing to look at him, assents.

"What can I say, Phædra? It is thee I love. Say thou lovest me. Do not reproach me, thus trembling. Thou art safe.

"What judgment art thou making? What sentence art thou passing upon me? It was not thee I deceived, Phædra!

"Thy breath comes with mine. I feel thee all mine.

"Thou shalt judge. Thou shalt sentence me. Tell me what I shall do."

Phædra cries, "Thou art Theseus! Thou art Theseus! I judge thee not."

He bears her away, along the dark ship that sways upon the flood, gleaming where the cloudy moon drops her light. And smiling Aphrodite guides her now who was a maiden. But Sleep watches beside the weary Ariadne of unvengeful heart.

Views and Reviews.*

WHEN Marx invented the economic interpretation of history, he forged a weapon which, skilfully used, can destroy most historical reputations, and reduce most historical heroes to the extremity of ignoble Cassio crying, "O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial!" A man may hold the historical stage for generations, be dowered with the descriptions of semi-divinity, honoured as a hero, worshipped as a saint, put beyond criticism as "a national institution," and come at last to the condemnation of a stage-player of the spirit. The economic interpretation of history, with its closer scrutiny of essential facts, makes hero-worship difficult, perhaps impossible; for, as I have said before in these columns, history is not really a sound aristocrat, history is the economic man. Certainly, Mr. Connolly, in this cheap reprint of a series of articles, makes it clear that the real history and tragedy of Ireland have not been solely due to the oppression of the Irish by the English, of the Catholics by the Protestants; the history and tragedy of Ireland have been of the type familiar to all students of history, the oppression by the rich of the poor. Previously to 1649, the risings of the Irish against English rule were really war against a system of private property in land, and were therefore national in character. England certainly broke up the clan system at that date, and forced upon Ireland the capitalist-landlord system that has made England what she is; but Mr. Connolly, perhaps with too much deference to the inevitability of economic processes, remarks that "communal ownership of land would, undoubtedly, have given way to the privately owned system of capitalist-landlordism, even if Ireland had remained an independent country."

Ireland, then, was forced into the course of economic development in 1649; "the dispersion of the clans," says Mr. Connolly, "put an end to the leadership of the chiefs, and, in consequence, the Irish aristocracy *being all of foreign or traitor origin*, Irish patriotic movements fell entirely into the hands of the middle-class, and became, for the most part, simply idealised expressions of middle-class interest." The consequence was certainly inevitable; whether the patriotic movements were successful or unsuccessful, the condition of the people did not improve. Indeed, the history of the eighteenth century is as horrible as the history of the nineteenth; and although the legislative Union seems to divide the two periods, really it only serves to emphasise the fact on which Mr. Connolly insists, that the miseries of Ireland were due to the inhuman economic system that the Irish abusively call "the English political economy." It was in 1729 that Swift wrote his "Modest Proposal" for feeding the rich with the bodies of the children of the poor; it was in 1740 that famine fell upon the land and killed 400,000 of the people. "This famine," says Mr. Connolly, "like all modern famine, was solely attributable to economic causes; the poor of all religions and politics were equally sufferers; the rich of all religions and politics were equally exempt." Following on the famine came a period of economic development. Disease having attacked cattle in England, Irish cattle and dairy produce were admitted at the English ports; with the consequence that the price obtained for these provisions made tillage farming comparatively unprofitable in Ireland. The landlords turned their attention from tillage to grazing; they evicted their tenants, broke up small farms, and seized village commons and pasture lands. Secret organisations, of which the most famous was the Whiteboys, began the usual series of agrarian outrages, as they are called by the governing classes; with the usual consequences. Economics certainly unite, for both the wealthy Protestants and Catholics offered substantial monetary rewards for the capture of the Whiteboy chiefs. An English Governor, Lord Chesterfield, said that if the military had killed half as many landlords as they had Whiteboys, they would have restored quiet more effectually; but Flood, the great Protestant "patriot," denounced the Government for its "clemency." Patriotism may be the last refuge of the scoundrel; it is undoubtedly the first defence of the landlord.

But I cannot linger over the loss of the reputations of the various "patriots"; as with Flood, so with Grattan, so with O'Connell, so with Smith O'Brien. One and all of them fought not for Ireland against England, but for landlordism and capitalism against the peasantry. Grattan denounced and betrayed the Volunteers, who had made his fortune; O'Connell denounced the tyranny of the trade unions, and, like our own Cobden, resisted the regulation of child labour in factories. Smith O'Brien broke up "a peaceful organisation in the cause of war, promised war to a people in desperate strait, went into the country to wage war, then considered it guilt to do any act of war." The economic motives of these "patriots" are duly detailed by Mr. Connolly. Side by side with his denunciation of these men is a statement of the economic condition of the people; indeed, Mr. Connolly has demonstrated beyond doubt the debating value of Marx's invention. But the book needs a sequel. It is true that Mr. Connolly says that "this book does not aspire to be a history of labour in Ireland; it is rather a record of labour in Irish history." But even a history of labour in Ireland, interesting as it would be, is not the most necessary work at the moment; what is needed is some survey and estimate of the economic forces now at work in Ireland, some prophecy of the probable results of their working, some statement of an ideal towards the realisation of which men may direct their efforts.

Here I find Mr. Connolly unsatisfactory. It is true that "Capitalism is now the enemy, it reaches across the ocean; and after the Irish agriculturist has gathered his harvest and brought it to market he finds that a competitor living three thousand miles away under a friendly flag has undersold and beggared him." But what is the deduction to be drawn from this fact? Is the Irish labour movement simply to waste its breath denouncing an international capitalism? If not, to the exercise of what method is it to devote its energies? Ireland is, in many ways, more favourably situated than any other country for the solution of the economic riddle of our time; she produced in William Thompson a predecessor of Karl Marx; she experimented with remarkable success in Owen's co-operative communism; now she practically has the land in her own hands, and the power of self-government. What will she do to make English political economy obsolete in Ireland?

Mr. Connolly certainly hints that the recent Land Acts are converting Ireland into a country "shaping itself after capitalistic laws of trade." But to what

* "Labour in Irish History." By James Connolly. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)

extent will this be modified by the action of co-operation among the farmers; and if co-operation will only make a close corporation of profiteering farmers, in what manner will or should the working class combine to protect their interests? Mr. Connolly tantalises me with the statement "that Trades Guilds existed in Ireland as upon the Continent and in England, during Roman Catholic, pre-Reformation days; that after the Reformation those Trade Guilds became exclusively Protestant, and even anti-Catholic, within the English Pale; that they continued to refuse admission to Catholics even after the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act, and that these old Trade Guilds were formally abolished by law in 1840." But what was the nature of those Guilds, whether their constitution had any features worthy of revival to-day, whether the trade unions of Ireland could or should convert themselves into Guilds modelled to any extent on the old ones, are the very things that Mr. Connolly does not tell us. It may seem ungracious to insist on what Mr. Connolly has not done, for his book does provide excellent reading, and is an effective destruction of the political myths of Irish history; but history in the making has even more interest than history that is made, and I can only hope that the "more propitious moment" of which Mr. Connolly speaks as being necessary to his further labours upon this subject may come quickly.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

In Quest of Love. By E. E. Bradford, D.D. (Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d.)

How the world wags! Fifteen years ago, or less, Dr. Bradford would probably have found himself hunted out of England for publishing this volume—that is, if any publisher might anywhere have been induced to risk his business on it. Dr. Bradford celebrates the "heavenly" love between men and boys. The vocabulary is excessive, and very little of the verse is poetical, while much is doggerel, though often picturesque doggerel.

The Story of Beowulf. Translated by E. B. Kirtland. (Kelly. 3s. 6d.)

The faults of this translator are almost too many for mention. The English is ponderous and sticky with compounds and epithets. From grandiosity to slovenly jingle, nothing that should be avoided is missing. The introduction is sentimental—"in the forest of pain we discover the most subtle perfumes." Heine knew better with his "smell of warm towels."

The base of the story of Beowulf, like every other in mortal memory, is to be found in the "Mahabharata." In the "Beowulf," demons that continually came by night, mangled, slew, and devoured the warriors, and thereafter plunged into a cave of treasures under the sea. Compare with the Vana Parva, Section C I.

"The Danavas, having resolved to destroy the universe, became glad. And thenceforth they made the ocean, with billows as high as hills, their fort from which to make their sallies. . . And during the darkness of the night they devoured the ascetic Munis found in woody retreats . . . and they began to do all this by night, while they entered the depths of the sea by day . . . yet men failed to track them. And every morning people saw the dead bodies of Munis lying upon the ground, and many of those bodies were without flesh and without blood, without marrow or entrails and with limbs separated from one another. And here and there lay on the ground heaps of bones like masses of conch shells. And, O King, when men began to perish in this way, the survivors, afflicted with terror, fled to caverns and behind mountains. And some who were brave and mighty bowmen cheerfully went out to track the Danavas, but these had gone down beneath the sea."

It was one who had previously assumed the form of a boar (Beowulf's device) who finally brought about the dislodgment and slaughter of the Danavas. And when the demons were taken they were found "decked with brooches of gold and with earrings and armlets."

Here is a sample of Mr. Kirtland's style. Beowulf is fighting under the sea with one of the man-devouring demons: "Then she made a grab at him and closed on the warrior with dire embrace. But not at first did she scathe his body safe and sound." This following is better, but Mr. Kirtland is seldom so comparatively dignified—"Nor in these dwellings did the Lord of the Geats take any other treasure, though much he saw there, except the head and the hilt decked out with jewels."

Darts of Defiance. By Maximilian Mügge. (Lynwood. 2s. 6d.)

He abuses his mistress who "struck the spark divine out of the flint," and then left him—presumably to let him be some sort of a fire on his own account. He ungratefully calls her the murderess of his soul. He abuses sleep that wastes his precious time, but later welcomes it for restoring to him sweet Fancy's dreams. He addresses his "Eugenic Partner," who appears to have accepted a father with a slain soul for her progeny. It must be terrible, this eugenic pairing!

> Two wanderers almost blinded with the rain,
> The fierceness of the storm, my love and I,
> We fight and struggle on without a sigh,
> Well knowing most endeavours are in vain.

Over ridges, rocks, abysses with "dauntless courage," they go to bag the Superman.

> We have to go, my love, but why this tear?
> No one yet *knows*; let us *believe* instead!
> Where we but guess, our children may see clear.

It must have been his brains that were murdered by that mistress.

Wind in the Wold. By Alexander Steven. (Goschen. 2s. 6d.)

Very pretty and skilful verse, mostly descriptive of the author's glimpses of nature, but one or two of the pieces show spiritual strength and purity of understanding. One sentimental absurdity about anthropomorphous roses mars a reasonable and on the whole gay-spirited volume.

Dislikes. By Charles Masefield. (Fifield. 1s.)

Clever satire on many subjects, and very well worth buying.

The Tale of Florentius. By A. G. Shirreff. (Blackwell. 1s. 6d.)

A satire on women's manly aspirations. The slight matter is not supported by the form of Spencer's stanza. The rest of the original pieces are intentionally doggerel, "Peter Piper" being perhaps the most amusing. Some renderings from foreign poets conclude a volume altogether too miscellaneous for its size.

Phelim the Blind. By Anna Pike. (Headley. 1s.)

What on earth is a "modest shell upon the shore?" Miss Pike's ballads will scarcely become the treasure of the minstrels. All the pieces, except a little reflective verse here and there, have the stamp of the made, not born.

Sonnets from the Patagonian. By Donald Evans. (Claire Marie. New York. 2s. 6d.)

> Forgetting her mauve vows the Fania fled
> Taking away her moonlight scarves with her.

America has caught it. The young man is a terrible decadent and cynic, leads a fearful life in his mind. Belongs to the Baptists.

Odd Numbers. By Robert Calignos. (Bell. 2s. 6d.)

Satire, some of it serious enough, and serious pieces always a little satirical.

For Australia. By Henry Lawson. (Standard Company. Melbourne. 3s. 6d.)

Patriotic verse occasionally startling in its sincere horror of the Japs. We are opposed absolutely to miscegenation, but the Japs are not every one of 'em

murderous lepers! God may judge whether white or black is spiritually most ruinous to the other. On the mortal face of things the white has nothing much in his favour. Mr. Lawson's "The Federal City" is a good piece of work in parts. But if Australia is the den of stupidity and frivolity he paints it in "To Be Amused," "The Federal City" will not be of much more avail than Sydney, "vain and bad and gambling mad." Vulgar! all nations vulgar together—even the Japs. Not a gentlemanly conqueror left in the world. Dieu! c'est le temps. Amusez-vous avec un déluge!

The Comic Kingdom. By Rudolf Pickthall. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

In spite of the publisher's announcement, we cannot regard Mr. Pickthall as "a born humorist." Napoleon's residence in Elba certainly does provide matter for comedy, or, at least, for comic opera; and when Mr. Pickthall is dealing with the details of that temporary kingship, or with the authenticity of the reputed relics of it, he does so with the facility of the comedian. But "Orestes" is a bore; Mark Twain failed to get any comedy from his encounter with the Italian guide to the works of Michelangelo, and Mr. Pickthall is no more successful with his guide to the relics of Napoleon in Elba. "Orestes" be damned; likewise Cecilia, Mr. Archibald, and the Harrisons. In damning them we damn quite half the book; which would not have been possible had Mr. Pickthall been "a born humorist." However, the rest of the book can be read; it is history made easy and meaningless; and the photographs afford relief from the boredom caused by the flirtation between Irene and Mr. Archibald, the stock exclamations of Colonel Harrison, "Orestes" with his "cabmen, gardeners, and barbers," and even by Mr. Pickthall meditating on anything but Napoleon. The comedy of Napoleon in Elba is due to the fact that his residence there was only an interlude; had he died there, the Napoleonic legend would have centred about Elba instead of St. Helena, and "The Comic Kingdom" could never have been written. The creation of "Orestes" obscures this fact without compensating for it.

The Riddle of Egypt. By M Travers Symons. (Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. Travers Symons has prepared a very convenient outline history of Egypt, which should be useful to the general reader who is interested in politics. The author's bias is unmistakably Nationalist, and, of course, feminist; and his work, therefore, suffers from very obvious defects. The naïf assumption that it is England's business to trot around the world distributing Parliamentary governments to oppressed nationalities is made by this author no less than by the native Nationalist writers; with the consequence that his work really does not rise above the level of an exposé of the disparity between England's intentions towards and performances in Egypt. We certainly blundered into Egypt in the interests of High and Holy Finance; and we seem to have developed the habit of remaining there, but whether for good or for evil only God and the bankers and bondholders know. That the sting has been taken out of Nationalism Mr. Symons himself reveals, for he says that "the older Nationalism was largely the product of Islam; the modern Nationalism is the product of engrafted European intellectualism"; and the fact that the Party died in 1912 means that the merely political agitation has failed. The whole movement was on the wrong lines; indeed, it was really anti-Nationalism, for it demanded representative institutions on the model of the English ones. In a previous chapter Mr. Symons has, by the use of an analogy, proved the futility of such an imitation of English methods; "anyone who is acquainted with Egypt," he says, "knows that the Egyptian masons can put up an Egyptian house which will perhaps completely satisfy its owner. But give the Egyptian builder the plans of a house drawn up by an English architect, and though, to prevent a mistake, you supply him with full-size details of every part of his work, he will quite cheerfully, if left to himself, make the most heart-rending blunders, put your capitals upside down on your columns, and do every imaginable trick to spoil your cherished design, unless you are carefully watching him and insisting upon his undoing his mistakes and setting them right." This passage renders futile any appeal to the English to introduce reforms, for reforms by the English mean the continuance of the English in Egypt, as Lord Dufferin said, and the Nationalism that appeals for reform and freedom is simply trying to reconcile irreconcilable things. That economic power precedes political power is at last being learnt by the Nationalists; and Mr. Symons tells us that some of the members of the Nationalist party "are turning their attention to the social condition of the people, studying the needs of the peasant population, starting co-operative societies and trade unions, leaving theories of self-government for the time being in the background." There, at least, is a glimmer of hope; and if the Nationalists discover that Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death have hitherto been synonymous with Rent, Interest, Profits, and Wages they may be able to direct the development of Egypt towards civilisation —for Egypt has suffered many things at the hands of the financiers.

The Real Mexico. By Hamilton Fyfe. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

The real Mexico is, of course, what Mr. Hamilton Fyfe saw during his trip to the country last autumn. The publisher tells us that Mr. Fyfe has given "a lucid explanation of the causes which have led up to the present deplorable condition." Our impression, after reading the book, is that the sole cause of the present condition was the provision of an excuse for Mr. Fyfe's visit to the country. Mexico travailed until Mr. Fyfe was borne into the country; but it is all right now that he has been there. Oil has nothing to do with it; be assured of that; Mr. Fyfe asked the managers of the rival companies. "Mexican rails" will some day be a very good investment; Mr. Fyfe has travelled on them, and he knows. Education, too, is not as efficient as it might be; and the newspapers "miss altogether that educational influence which makes the Press valuable." They are not like the "Daily Mail," which provides wisdom while you wait. And the language; oh, the language! "He [the Mexican] refuses to roll the double 'l.' [This is rank mutiny.] Instead of 'Cabahlyo' for 'caballo' (horse), he says 'cah-by-yoh.'" There's a race of people for you! In battle, too, these ferocious villains do not even take aim with their rifles, do not even raise their rifles to their shoulders. Oh, the war is frightful in Mexico; even Mr. Fyfe has been under fire, and did not know it. But the wisdom of the man surpasses belief, but does not surpass quotation. "Everyone knows how much the Canadian Pacific Railway did for the Dominion. [Don't transpose "for" to follow "Dominion."] It is quite likely that the railways of Mexico may do as much for her. Here is a land which could support sixty instead of sixteen millions of people. Here are 500,000 square miles [according to "Whitaker" it is 769,000 square miles] ready to bring forth their increase as soon as they are tilled. The best hope of improving the *peon* is by giving him an example of industry and energy and common sense. The railways can help to do this by bringing in settlers of more vigorous blood." Like the "Daily Mail" staff, for instance? Mr. Fyfe, too, is something of an ethnographer and ethnologist; he writes a chapter on "The Character of the Mexican," and says: "But clearly the Mexicans are 'Asiatic' in the sense that they and the peoples of Asia had common ancestry." All human beings are monkeys, in this sense. "When I saw the Twenty-Ninth Regiment, the most trusted of all, on parade in Mexico City, I cried out—and a British officer who was with me felt at the same instant the same impulse of speech—'They might be Japanese.'" They were not; but what would these "two minds with but a single thought" have said if they had seen the Thirtieth Regiment? Ah! who knows?

Art.

Rue Lafitte, the Boulevard, and Elsewhere.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

I do not think I have ever before seen Paris looking more beautiful, or more thoroughly enjoyed walking in her streets and mixing with her people. A certain very definite attitude of mind is necessary if a man would feel happy in a thick crowd rubbing shoulders with total strangers, overhearing their chatter, and enduring with them not only the heat, the dust and the constant jars, but also the incessant and ear-splitting roar of the traffic beyond the kerb. This attitude of mind the Parisian possesses in an eminent degree; it is an attitude distinctly human, positive, generous and patient, sustained in him by a deep, almost instinctive feeling, that his family extends beyond his remotest cousins, and that all of us who jostle him on the boulevard are his fellow-creatures. I wonder if this attitude of mind and its effects are as apparent to all visitors as they were to me. At all events, I readily confess that this was the first occasion on which I could honestly boast that I too had been possessed of this same attitude of mind. I paced the boulevards without a sign of impatience or irritation. I strolled about the wonderful Terrace de Meudon on the afternoon of Easter Day, amid a throng of excursionists, children and perambulators, and felt extremely happy.

One of the first galleries I visited was Georges Bernheim's in the Rue Lafitte. I said that I came from THE NEW AGE, and I was treated with the utmost deference; indeed, the scholarly young man who received me turned the gallery almost upside down on my account. I was there a long time. I had expected to see a quantity of modern work, but in this I was mistaken. As the young man explained, I must have been thinking of Bernheim-Jeune. Instead of seeing Van Goghs, then, or even the pictures of Henri Matisse, I saw the work of those who constituted Van Gogh's educators—people like Th. Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Cézanne, and even Renoir. Georges Bernheim is not over fond of the modern school, and his collection of the masters of the nineteenth century is so excellent and valuable that he can well content himself with ignoring their supposed epigones. He informed me that it is foreigners who are chiefly responsible for the sale of the latter's works in Paris. In any case it was to me an interesting experience to examine one of the large Corots—at least sixty inches by forty-eight inches—painted in 1838, during the artist's stay in Italy. I suppose that the reason why the Corots of this period are so full of rich colour and variety of tone is not merely the influence of Italy, but also the influence of youth in the painter's eye. A grey Corot would seem like a black and white beside this picture. All those who have painted out of doors on a brilliant summer's day know how jaded their optic nerves are by five o'clock in the afternoon. Everything looks black and white, all colour seems to have vanished from the landscape. I wonder whether a similar phenomenon does not characterise the evening of life itself. After a long sunny youth, does not the eye perhaps cease to discern the variegated colourings which were its delight in former years? But to call such monotone vision a harmonising vision would surely be an error.

My next call was paid to Bernheim-Jeune on the Boulevard de la Madeleine and the Rue Richepance. In the window I saw a group of Henri Matisse's work, but on entering from the boulevard I had a strange surprise. The rooms seemed to be hung entirely with Manets. And what was still more curious—Manets that had never been seen or heard of. It was as if I had taken a drug at the door and had been bewitched. I admit that I very quickly began to doubt that Manet was the author of the whole exhibition, but I defy anyone to look at the picture "La Noge" (No. 1) and not exclaim that here is a Manet he has never before seen, and the same applies to the picture "Indolence" (No. 2). I turned in despair to an intelligent-looking lad sitting behind a table loaded with catalogues and asked for information. He gave me a long and detailed account of the painter of these wonderful pictures, and then suddenly interrupting himself, he said with an air of connoisseurship, "mais est-ce-que Monsieur ne représente pas un journal?" Delighted, I exclaimed that I did, and I wrote down the title THE NEW AGE. He glanced at the name, gave no sign of understanding, but in a manner denoting perfect confidence handed me a delightful little illustrated catalogue, for which, had he not taken my word, I should have had to pay. Then I knew that the painter of these Manet pictures was that pathetic worshipper and pupil of the master's, Eva Gonzalès. In 1879 this gifted young lady became the wife of M. Henri Guérard and for four years the two lovers lived happily together. Late in April, 1883, to M. Guérard's great joy, his young wife presented him with a child, but almost immediately afterwards, to the consternation of all concerned, Manet died, and the rumour of his death was unfortunately and unwisely allowed to penetrate into Madame Guérard's sick-room. The news was a terrible shock to her. The whole morning of the day on which Manet was buried, his devoted disciple sat up in her bed making crowns and bouquets of flowers for his grave, and during the night of May 5, after giving vent to a loud groan and crying for water, she died in her desperate husband's arms. She had been able to survive her great master's death only a few days. A portrait of her by Manet hangs on the walls of the Dublin Art Gallery.

To turn from this story to the pictures on the walls was to proceed from the statement of a fact to its practical demonstration. We all know the extraordinary receptive and imitative capacity of women—particularly where they love and where they admire; but this exhibition of Eva Gonzalès' paintings far exceeds anything I have ever seen of this nature. It was in every way a wonderful experience. And where Manet's excellent example and method were so well understood that it was possible for the artist to divulge a little of her own personal taste and superior love of colour, as in the pastels, for instance, a degree of artistic beauty is attained which is enchanting. I would refer more particularly to "A la fenêtre" (No. 25), "Dans le Jardin" (No. 27), "Le Bouquet de Violettes" (No. 30), "Poires" (No. 31), and "Tête" (No. 32).

Very soon Bernheim-Jeune's interesting and erudite manager, M. Fénéon, appeared on the scene, and he struck a true note when he said in confidence to me: "We have had our Manet—how can we need this repetition of him, however excellent?" This was obvious enough. Still I cannot help feeling that I should be proud to possess one of these pictures, particularly one of the pastels.

But M. Fénéon is a finer talker than he is a connoisseur—at least, that is my private opinion. For what would you think of a man who said to you that no man over forty has any right to judge the Futurists' pictures? "C'est un phénomène impressionant," he declared, "que tant de jeunes gens entrant en carrière, se dévouent a cette nouvelle école, et un homme de mon age (he is at least fifty) aurait tort de s'aventurer dans une critique par trop hostile à ces ouvrages incompréhensibles!" He showed me about half a dozen Matisses, all very large, and he mentioned an extraordinary price, when I asked him what he intended asking for them. Nor did he seem to doubt for an instant that he would get it. "Matisse is the most successful young painter of the day," he said. "But it is difficult to acquire his works. He is a slow, conscientious worker, who absolutely refuses to hurry or to paint an uninspired work. And yet he has every reason to sell, for he is married and has a family." I asked how old he was, and whether he was strong and healthy. I was informed that he was forty, and that he was robust. He said a great deal more, but I must leave it over, as I must also postpone my account of the Indépendants, the Salon des Beaux Arts and Bourdelle.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THERE is one supreme advantage in reading history—if it is written by a literary man; one renews acquaintance with so many of the great personages of literature. The subjects of this history, *Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, are themselves good company to those who still appreciate good English speech and French manners; but the reputed nature of their work has attracted the praise or censure of so many other writers of equal reputation (perhaps of equal merit), that a history and defence of the comedy of manners, the so-called Restoration drama, has all the interest of a symposium. None of them seems to have had any ideas concerning drama, which makes them still more interesting; such was their childlike simplicity that the controversy concerning the works of these five dramatic writers did not really establish a difference between the disputants. Jeremiah Collier proved to his own satisfaction that the plays of the Restoration dramatists were immoral, and the Restoration dramatists themselves could only rebut the accusation with varying degrees of ill-success. Jeremiah Collier, a Puritan clergyman, was the inventor of the moral test of drama; and so utterly unexpected was the application of this test that none of the Restoration writers had an effective reply to it. Swift accepted the test; so did Steele; indeed, Mr. Palmer reproduces one of Steele's remarks concerning Wycherley's "The Country Wife," to the effect that Wycherley "has shown the gradual steps to ruin and destruction which persons of condition run into without the help of a good education how to form their conduct." This description of his intention would certainly have been amazing to Wycherley; but that Steele should ever have thought of it shows how quickly an idea concerning drama may infect otherwise healthy minds. Johnson accepted the moral test; indeed, we have to wait until Hazlitt, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt wrote before the moral test is repudiated, and they were out-shouted by Macaulay. Macaulay had as keen a nose for stinks as a sanitary inspector should have, and he isolated the Restoration dramatists as though they were prejudicial to the public health. It is only of late years that writers like Mr. George Street and Mr. Edmund Gosse have re-acted against Macaulay's estimate of these dramatists, and have made possible, perhaps imperative, the reconsideration of their work. Mr. John Palmer has now been prompted to fill a gap in our knowledge, and to attempt to provide grounds for a revision of judgment.

I am afraid that Mr. Palmer's attempt to rehabilitate these writers in the regard of the reading public is not successful. To show that Macaulay insisted that Plato should be judged according to his time, and that Etherege and Wycherley should be judged according to their time, and yet Macaulay judged Etherege and Wycherley according to his own time, is not really to advance the discussion. Grant that Macaulay was intellectually dishonest in his procedure, yet the fact remains that the Restoration dramatists were judged according to their own time by Jeremiah Collier. If the argument is that the moral test is irrelevant, that argument should be developed—and some surprising consequences will follow from it. If the historical judgment is to be allowed, then Jeremiah Collier must be accepted as a competent witness; and the whitewashing of our dramatic blackbirds becomes more difficult.

The moral test killed the comedy of manners, and made our literature frightfully indecent; but it has forced everyone into some relation to a moral principle. People can only accept it, or re-act against it; Lamb, for example, who always made an ass of himself when he had something sensible to say, regarded the comedy of manners as an escape from morality. That the characters of these comedies had "got out of Christendom into the land of—what shall I call it?—of cuckoldry—the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom," is not an effective reply to Collier; it is a repetition in other words of his charges. Strive as one may, one cannot resist the conclusion that the Puritan genius has triumphed; he has forced upon the artist the alternatives of being immoral or hypocritical. Lamb's excuse that, otherwhere than in the cloud cuckold-land of the comedy of manners, he was a law-abiding citizen, is perhaps the most fatuous defence of all against the Puritan onslaught.

Nor is Mr. Palmer's argument that the plays are representations of the manners of the period any more effective, for Collier presumably objected as much to the manners of the period as he did to the representations of them. Mr. Palmer himself tells us that, following on Collier's denunciation of the comedy of manners, "London was honeycombed with societies for the reformation of manners." Admit the representative idea, and you are forced to acknowledge the Puritan argument that all representations shall edify, that the seducer and adulterer shall meet with condign punishment, in short, that melodrama shall be the only representation allowed in the interests of the public.

But if the moral test cannot be evaded, then Mr. Palmer's defence of the comedy of manners is disingenuous. The arguments that the comedic treatment of sex has nothing to do with morality, and, alternately, is not so very immoral, are really contradictory and cancel each other. Indeed, Mr. Palmer supplies us with many such contradictory arguments. The jealous husband, he says in one place, was satirised not because he was a husband, but because he was jealous; in another place, he tells us that it was the very essence of husbandry, the exclusive possession of one female, that was satirised. The Restoration dramatists, Etherege in particular, made "no proprietary claims upon [a] mistress. [Their] doctrine is the doctrine of tenancy or possession." But, here again, is an admission that Jeremiah Collier was right; they were immoral, in the sense that they accepted a different morality of sex. The only proper argument, it seems to me, is not to pretend that the moral test is irrelevant, that the writers did not mean to be immoral, that they were not very immoral, and that they escaped from morality in imagination, but that their immorality was the cause and condition of their comedic treatment of sex, that the comedic treatment of sex is as valid a literary process as the tragic or melodramatic treatment of it, that the comedic treatment of sex is justified by the comedy they made of it, and that the Puritan morality of sex is precisely the object of their derision.

That the Puritan should object to "their smuttiness of expression; their swearing profaneness and lewd application of scripture, their abuse of the clergy, their making the top characters libertines, and giving them success in their debauchery," is a natural objection; but it is not the business of any lover of comedy to let him have his own way. He is himself a comic figure, particularly when he is indulging his usual method of expression, denunciation; he is probably the best joke in English history, and he should be kept alive and kicking at what he calls abuses for the benefit of posterity. He must not be allowed to create a monopoly of the vices (which are, after all, only different ways of achieving the same ends), for his exhortations are not so funny as his denunciations. Besides, he is a part of ourselves. Conscious life is an alternation between expression and repression; where the instinct of expression prevails, we have the artist; where the instinct of repression prevails, we have the gentleman. The Puritan is the intermediate type. He wants to express the same things that the artist expresses, and he wants to exercise the same repressions that the gentleman exercises; and in the struggle his matter becomes inverted, and issues in a negative form. But the Restoration dramatists are none the less amusing because the Puritan thinks that he ought not to like their works.

* "The Comedy of Manners: A History, 1664-1720." By John Palmer. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)

Pastiche.

A FEW WORDS WITH A MODERN POET.

Poet? My title's gone awry. To all
Who, since a singer's lips were first unlocked
To greet the rising sun, have served the craft
Untiringly, I make amends. Delete
That pair of syllables, that mean so much
And often mean so little. In their stead
Write, nearer to the truth—but what's the word
To mark the antics of this nincompoop,
This plaguey jackanapes? Ah, *versifex*!
What, post-Augustan, say you? Even worse,
Unlexiconed? Pooh, what of *that*? Shall I
Waggle my tongue subject to beck and call
Of index-builders? Nay, write versifex—
That's his true title.

Well, good versifex,
Begetter of yon fluffy reams—ornate,
Goodly imprinting, stout and parchmenty,
Ample of margin—how I pity you!
You turn your nose-tip heavenward. Idle rant
Of some hoarse starveling, whose indictments pass
Of no account with the Elect. A fig
For me and for my pity, say you. Stop,
My soft-maned versifex (in sooth, it slips
Like honey from the tongue, this frowned-at word)
And hear me out.

Why should I pity you?
Perfumed, befrilled, you sidle mincingly
Or strut with arms akimbo in your pride
Upon Parnassus—yea, the very peak
Whereof you are a freehold tenant. This
You share with divers rhythmic acrobats
In brotherly accord. No envy mars
This goodly fellowship of Rhyme's apostles. They—
Stout artisans of mettle, deft, alert
To whittle sonnets and to shake ballades
Out of their fustian sleeves, to lavish odes
On heaven and earth and all that in them is—
Even as you, have had their due awards,
New-minted guineas jingling in the palm,
And paragraphs in "Rhymers' Chat," "The Bard,"
"The Sonneteers' Gazette."

And then your works . . .!
In pink octavo, gilded lettering,
Softly betitled, "Musings in the Dusk,"
"The Shuddering Lute," "Endymion's Looking-glass,"
"The Hoof of Pan." (Drag Pan in—Pan displays
Your classic touch. Leave *mensa* and the rest
Between their covers. Pan's your safeguard.)

Well,
Let's probe your quality. A sheaf or two
From this, your garner.

"Ode to London Bridge,"
Hear the sweet tremors:—"See, this ruddy blot,
The sun hath mocked thee. Ah! Thy dismal lot
Moves me to tears." Nay, weep not, versifex,
To swell the tide beyond its wonted marge,
This is rare merriment.

Your sonnet on
"Ananke" *that* was smart; your readers gape
And gulp your verselets down, good Greek and all.
Liddell and Scott's a masterpiece. Ho, ho . . .!
Poesy in good sooth: "The night is black,
And blacker still this city with its pack
Of wolves that leap to drag me in the mire
And quench the lustre of my deathless fire."
O naughty wolves! Your deathless fire? Methinks
The fuel's running low.
But come, this mirth
Is most unfitting. Now solemnity
Shall be my watchword. For I pity you,
Because you never felt your soul exult
And soar, for once, beyond its petty round
Of tinkling doggerel. You never felt
Your soul conceive and bear a mighty thought,
You've never known the pangs of travail—words
Bursting in molten clusters through your brain
Wth precious ores to fill the moulds wherein
They slowly harden to your shaping skill;
You never heard a clang of harmonies
Beating upon you, not to be denied—
Some cunning counterpoint to haunt your heart
And set you, willy-nilly, chanting. You—
Egad man, why, you've never lived, except
You call this living, like an ailing mole
Burrowing blindly in a groove that leads
To sunless dens where fossils flourish.
Yes,
You plaguey jackanapes, you—versifex,
I pity you. . .
Remove this dismal trash—
Put it elsewhere. Now fetch that Milton down—
Some "Lycidas" to take away the taste.

P. SELVER.

MODERN REVIEWING.

(Mr. Thomas Seccombe in "The New Witness," April 9).

The romance of the Englishman abroad still seemed to hover about the literature and gossip of my youth. (Gad! I'm getting on.) Now, what shall I say? Come on, come on, come on! To the Frenchman of Balzac's time, French and English were mutually unintelligible. Oh, yes they were! What do I mean by it? I dunnow! Do yew? *But* the Englishman of Gautier was, *broadly* speaking, the incarnation of self-willed individualism. That seems to prove it; anyway, the "but" suggests an argument.

It is strange to find the old burlesque of an Englishman imposing on such a compendious sceptic as Anatole—my friend, France, y'know! We always write of each other like that. "Peste!" he says, in a dozen journals in a week, "ce vieux Tom will kill me one of these days!" An draws just the conventional Englishman in "Jocaste," I think it is. But I must hitch this up. Haw! There were, of course, real models for the eccentric English person of the 'thirties, and among them I am inclined (I am inclined) to give a prominent place to Lady Hester Stanhope. Yes, *I* certainly find myself here in agreement with everyone who has ever mentioned the woman. She was an eccentric. In 1814, just a hundred years ago (never overlook a bit of real gossip!), she assumed the unrecognised sovereignty of Mount Lebanon—simultaneously with Napoleon's assuming the sovereignty of his new kingdom of Elba. What? I wouldn't say that to old Nap's face. Wouldn't I? I would, then! A damn good joke, too!

(Solomon Eagle in "The New Statesman," April 11.)

It would be inexact to say that no modern man can write good poetry on a classical subject. Very rarely the thing is done. Mr. Sturge Moore—one remembers that delightful poem—but even so one had to overcome one's nausea at those outworn trappings of Greek mythology. Outworn trappings—they make me absolutely sick! I can't understand how on earth the poets can stick 'em—Arnold, for instance, let alone Shakespeare and Milton, and all that crowd. Shakespeare makes me sick if I come to think of him. Tristram makes me sick. It's a thumping good job I was born to be a journalist and not a poet! I simply couldn't stand what Keats stood from those old mythologies. I should be sick! I can't read Keats half the time, don't know what he's talking about!

Look here, men of letters and brother reviewers, don't let's patronise in future any poet who mentions any classical rot! We all know how difficult it makes reviewing! We all know that each other has never looked inside a classic since he stopped swat. Achilles, Æneas, and, perhaps, Polyphemus, are all right—we know enough not to fall over these, but when it comes to all sorts of mythological johnnies, why—you've jolly well got to go canny. If the poets insist on talking about 'em, don't review their books, or, at most, say, "dull and imitative." Men of letters! put your feet down. You've got to make your living by reviewing. Nuff sed! For my part, I'd have poets stuffed to death with the ashes of the whole blooming library of classics. I'd have 'em boiled alive, eaten by rats, I'd chop their eyelids off!

THE WAGE-SLAVE'S DREAM.
By "W. H."

OUTSIDE the watchman's hut he lay,
His pick was near his hand;
He looked half-fed, his throbbing head
He'd pillowed in some sand.
And in his fevered, troubled sleep
He saw a bloody Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The River Death there flowed;
Upon the pavements wet with blood
At last a man he strode;
And heard the coughing maxim-guns
At work far down the road.

He saw once more his haggard wife
Among her children stand;
They kissed his cheeks, and asked for bread;
They stroked his roughened hand.
A sob burst from the sleeper's throat;
'Twas stifled in the sand.

And then at furious speed he rushed
With others to the Bank;
With bursting veins he ran the lanes
That bore down on its flank.
And at each fearful leap he felt
Death's sickle, red and dank.

Upon him, in the form of lead,
Relentless winged Death flew;
From morn to night he dodged its flight
Till half-insane he grew;
Till the scorching flames from out of Hell
Uprose before his view.

That night he heard the cannon roar,
He heard the shrapnel scream;
And the sickening thud of the hit, on the mud;
And he started to blaspheme,
But stopped. His lips had been shot off.
He writhed, though 'twas a dream.

The maxims with their myriad tongues
Hissed high that he was done,
And the Devil, Death, took up the scream,
And he started as to run.
He started in his sleep, and swore,
Then lay still in the Sun.

He did not feel the foreman's hand,
Nor hear the buzz of day,
For Death had brought him silent sleep:
And there the body lay
Of a worn-out wage-slave, the plutocrats
Had broken and flung away.

A PASTORAL.

Written in the green fields of Bermondsey.

SHEPHERD: "Woe to mankind, and woe to the earth,
Woe to the seas, and woe to all mirth.
Sadness and sorrow ever prevail,
The wicked all prosper, the good always fail."
Under the moon, he played the bassoon.
God's truth, what a tune!

"Woe to the drink, and woe to the meat,
Woe to the saints, and woe to cold feet,
Woe to them all, and woe once again.
I'm smitten, I'm bitten, most cruelly slain."
Under the moon, he played the bassoon.
By crumbs, what a tune!

"Woe to all horses, woe to all mules,
Woe to all mushrooms, woe to toadstools.
Horses and mushrooms soon pass away
And so will this night at the break of the day."
Under the moon, he played the bassoon.
Lloyd George, what a tune!

"Woe to all swine, and woe to M.P.'s,
Woe to the worms, and woe to all fleas;
May they all perish, and with a spoon
Be supped by the Devil and that very soon."
Under the moon, he played his bassoon.
Hall Caine, what a tune!

POET. "Sweet stranger with thy rolling eyes,
Dishevelled locks and windy sighs,
What means this strain?
Why art thou sad, what makes thee blow
This strange, mad theme, pray dost thou know
A sweet refrain?"

SHEPHERD (*breaking his bassoon over an L.C.C. horse tram*).
"O Sir! I am a National Deposit Contributor.
I am sore stricken.
I was promised many things.
I had vistas.
But now I hear that I am not entitled to benefit,
That my medical benefit is suspended.
And I have not even claimed on them yet.
And my wife has eloped.
She ran away with a man who had drawn 30s.
30s. from the State.
30s. maternity benefit.
The sudden fortune tempted the man.
O Judas, Judas!
O! O! O! O!
And that is why
I played my bassoon, under the moon.
! ! what a tune

WILLIAM REPTON.

THE LOST WIFE.

Returning from citywards home to his wife,
The clerk, Goodman, looked for the light of his life,
But finding her absent he groaned a good deal,
And said it was shameful to wait for his meal.

"Ha, where are you, hussy?" he grumbled aloud;
"I hope that the Devil is here with your shroud.
But happen some business is taking your mind;
So, softening my words, I will call on you kind.

"Come, hurry up, duck, I am waiting for thee.
Thy pans are done boiling," he shouted with glee.
But no jesting echo came back to his ear,
Whereat for his cosset he sweated in fear.

"My darling, my darling!" he cried, in his pain,
"I fear in some sickness thy body is lain."
And up to her bedroom he went with a sigh,
To find her not there or in any place nigh.

"Now, where has she gone to, I wonder?" said he.
"She knows that this waiting is dreadful to me;
And why does she not in her gadding about,
Set ready the table before she goes out?"

"Thy mother, where is she?" he asked of his brats;
"I expect she is talking with some other cats."
To his question they answered, with many a sob,
"She went out this morning with all her old mob."

"O heavens!" cried he, "she is gone off her head,
And all of us now just as well might be dead,
For, sure as my fate, she is after the vote,
But why did the trollop not leave me a note?"

"If she only came back," he cried in his fright,
"I would eat all my dinner and dance with delight;
And what will become of these poor little dears?"
He looked at his bantlings and burst into tears.

"And what with her vote," he said, "and my card,
I think that the world is driving me hard.
By politics have I been twice over-tricked,
With no wife to lick me for whom I have licked!"

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

THE MISER.

I sit by the hearthside and warm my old bones.
The bitter night's wind in the chimney-flue moans;
It moans as a voice; it would thrill me with cold.
There's fire for the heart in the glint of the gold!

The embers glow white; yet I shiver a-cold—
And how is the glitter gone out of the gold?
And what does the wind say? A curse on the wind!
It moans in the flue as a soul that hath sinned.

A curse on the wind! Had it body or bone,
It should learn that I live, and will live, alone!
But it cannot get warm! It shivers a-cold!
It cannot lay hands on one guinea of gold!

But what does it say as it whirls in the flue?
"There is no time to lose. There's plenty to do."
That's what it says. . . May it wither with cold!
"There's much to be done with three bags full of gold."

"'Tis a perishing night; there's four feet of snow."
"There's four feet of earth where a man lies below!"
"My cloak is in tatters. My shoes are worn thin."
"'Tis better to shiver without than within!"
"The gold is full heavy. Though lusty and strong"—
"Get you up! Get you out! I will shove you along!"

E. H. VISIAK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"SATURDAY REVIEW'S" CANT.

Sir,—Referring to the loans advanced by Parliament to the private capitalists of British East Africa and to the debate last week on the same, the "Saturday Review" has the following paragraph, which, as a specimen of mixed cant, sophistry, and dishonesty, it would be hard to beat:—

"An unpleasant feature of the debate was the intervention of Mr. Outhwaite criticising Sir John Rees. The latter had discussed the condition of Nyasa, a country which has been neglected by the Colonial Office. Mr. Outhwaite charged Sir John with having personal interest in that Protectorate. Sir John quite openly admitted as much, but common sense rebels against concluding that, because a member has a direct interest in a topic, and says so, he and he only should be silent when the question comes up in the House. . . . One does not want a Parliament of men seeking personal advantages, but equally one does not want a Parliament of men who have no personal interest in anything."

THOS. CRAVEN.

* * *

SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—In your issue of March 5, which has just come to hand, there is a letter signed "P. M. M." Please allow me to state that his assertions—in regard to the Boers—that they have "black blood in their veins" and are a "half-caste race," etc., are as false and venomous (or ignorant), when referring to the Dutch, as they would be if said of the English.

There may be people in England who really do not know, hence this letter.

RICHMOND HAIGH.

* * *

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—The accompanying newspaper clipping may help some of the male suffragists to realise the paradise they are endeavouring to bring about on earth. Incidentally, I think it is another illustration of the soundness of your position on the suffrage question. The last sentence is a gem.

Winnipeg. S. WASKEY.

THIS IS NO APRIL FOOL JOKE ON COLORADO'S MEN.

Denver, Col., April 1.—Mrs. Gertrude Lee, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, to-day issued a warning to the men who are attempting to oust her that the women of Colorado will fight. They intend to have so many women in the convention next year that a woman can be elected chairman without asking the consent of the men.

* * *

WOMEN AND LABOUR.

Sir,—I take my economics ready-made, just like Mr. Kerr, only my accepted authorities are different. I do not suppose I shall waste time re-perusing "Six Centuries" while I can get instruction from National Guildsmen. As for the rest of my "admirable letter-writing," it is all only what I see with my own eyes. Mr. Kerr really cannot convince me that he understands what women want and need better than I do. I know none but ineligibles who even say they do not want to marry. I know none but wasters who "hate" domesticity. I have never said that women work harder now than they used to. Oh, quite the contrary! I repeat what neither the history of the past, the present, nor forecasts of the future will change from being a fact—that work requiring a woman to be all day and every day outside the house is abomination.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

* * *

THE PLAY WAY.

Sir,—Mr. H. Caldwell Cook, in his splendid article on Shakespeare in schools which appeared in THE NEW AGE of April 9, says nothing about one side of the question. I admit that, as an ideal, the method of teaching Shakespeare by letting the boys act the play is good, but can it be put into practice with success in the case of boys taking public examinations like the Senior Locals of the Higher Certificate examination? I myself intend to take the Higher Certificate examination in July, and the books I am studying for it are Shakespeare's "As You Like It" and "King Lear" and thirty-nine of Bacon's essays. Now, do you think that, considering (a) the year's time allowed and (b) the nature of the questions set (some of which require a good deal of that type of knowledge only to be got by cramming and strenuously digging for the meanings of words and phrases), Mr. Cook's method could be successfully carried out? I fear not.

WALTER SCHOFIELD.

* * *

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

Sir,—My article of a year or so ago, to which Mr. Caldwell Cook referred, was written apropos of the Montessori system. It was necessary for me to have read his introduction to the new Perse Play Book (which I hope to review shortly) to comprehend how utterly different the Play Way is from that very vile system. I have now read his notes, and hasten to withdraw, if I have so much as hinted that the effects of the two might be at all the same.

THE WRITER OF "PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM."

* * *

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—As I happen to be reading Machiavelli's "Florentine History," the following extract may interest Mr. Rose. But first let me point out that it appears that when Mr. Penty speaks of the wealthy, he has in mind the cultured wealthy, or the intelligent aristocrat, whereas the writer of "Present-Day Criticism" refers to stinkocracy.

At the end of the Second Book, Machiavelli says, "The destruction of the nobility was so complete, and the order so depressed, that never afterwards were the nobles bold enough to take up arms against the people, but gradually sank into a low subject position. This was the cause of Florence losing, not only her fighting qualities, but every description of high-mindedness." And then he sums up the position at the beginning of the Third Book, and the verdict is immortal—"The ineradicable hostility which naturally exists between the people and the nobles is caused by the one wishing to rule and the other to resist, and from this follows all the evils which arise in cities; for this contradictory spirit fosters everything which tends to disturb a commonwealth. . . . The dissensions which arose between the people and the nobles in Rome were settled at their commencement by discussion, while those of Florence were terminated by fighting. . . . Whilst the dissensions *in Rome transformed the equality of her citizenship to the utmost inequality, those of Florence have reduced her citizens from a condition of inequality to a wonderful equality.* . . . Since the objects which the Florentine people had in view were unjust and injurious, the nobility were compelled to resort to force in its own defence. And the laws which were afterwards passed by the victors were for their own advantage and not for the general good. The victories which the people of Rome thus obtained over the nobles assisted in the advancement of the city herself, because the people became eligible to assist the nobles in the administration of the empire, the army, and the laws, and all being animated with the same spirit the city grew in valour and increased in power. . . Florence even grew more abject and mean-spirited. Whilst the valour of Rome raised her to such a pitch of pride that she could not exist without a prince, Florence reached such depths that *any clever law-maker could turn the Government into any shape he pleased.*" (!)

The italics are mine; they might well be Machiavelli's.

The average man is a "wobbly loon." He was formerly a craftsman because he had the *tradition* of his guild as a guide. That is the essential duty of a guild, and we shall not have a return to craftsmanship until we have a guild or guilds deliberately keeping this power of spiritual discipline in view.

HAROLD LISTER.

* * *

ARISTOCRACY AND MR. LUDOVICI.

Sir,—Mr. Ludovici seems to feel that if he were to answer at this stage the questions I put to him in my last letter he would be drawn into a complicated discussion which would obscure the plain and simple issue between us. He, therefore, now retraces his steps to an earlier stage in our controversy, and restates his own position. I do not believe that the discussion need have

become more obscure by his answering my questions; indeed, I am almost sure it would have become clearer, for his answers would have told me more of what was at the back of his mind. But before he will let me know more of that, he wants to know what was at the back of my own mind when I first asked what precisely he meant by "essential." I will confess all, in the assurance that he would do no less if he thought it might further the discussion.

I had often felt THE NEW AGE to be far too aristocratic, and since I believe aristocracy to be a false theory of society I wanted first to find out why so many NEW AGE writers suppose it true, and then to consider how best to persuade them that it is false. The arch-aristocrat of all, Sir, is, I suspect, yourself; but I know from experience that you will not readily discuss such things—certainly, not with me, for you have a very quick mind and no patience with slowness or orthodoxy. Besides, one man cannot do everything

Now I have confessed all this partly because I wish to be frank, and partly because so long as Mr. Ludovici fancies (as he seems to do) that from some secret brief for democracy I am trying to lure him into admissions by cunning cross-examination, so long will he be reluctant to answer my questions, and I shall fail to find out what I wanted.

Let us turn, then, to his last letter, in which he recalls the fact that eight-ninths of my second letter was devoted to his use of the word "essential," but in which he says also that the reason why controversies become "heavily laden with questions and counter-questions" (as this one has done, in which most of the questions "remain unanswered") must be that the controversialists "are not . . . agreed as to the precise meaning of the terms" they are using. Now, it was in order to start with such an agreement that I first asked Mr. Ludovici what precisely he meant by "essential"; and I then said, at the end of my second letter, that we might cease to argue about terms if only by some other way we might get at the ideas behind the terms. One such way, I am still convinced, lay in my leading question to him: "Is what is common to men less important than what is not common?" To that he replied by a counter-question, "Important for what?" and I answered, "For good life."

Now Mr. Ludovici deprecates these "questions and counter-questions, most of which remain unanswered." So do I; but those which remain unanswered are mine to him; not his to me, for I have answered them all, and will try to answer any others he may ask. However, in my last letter I did ask him a good many, and if he would rather not answer them till he knows what is at the back of my mind, I will try to explain further why I put them, and also to appreciate Mr. Ludovici's restatement of his own original position. Let us take his restatement first.

If I ask Mr. Ludovici whether x or y is the more important for good life, it is irrelevant for him to ask me against what "background" I am regarding x and y. The essence of good life must obviously consist, at any rate, partly, of things good in themselves; and when I ask whether x is more important for good life than y I am really asking whether x, or what comes of x, is better in itself than y, or what comes of y. Unless Mr. Ludovici is prepared to maintain that nothing is good in itself he will recognise that to talk of "background" is to be irrelevant for this reason, that if a thing is good against this background, but not good against that background, it cannot be good in itself.

Moreover, if I am asking whether x or y is the more important for good life, I am not asking which of the two is the more "striking." That is another question, even if we found it to have the same answer. For instance, a very good man and a very bad man may be walking along the street together, and it may happen that one of them is very short and the other very tall. Now this difference in height may easily be the most striking difference between them, but it is not necessarily, or, therefore, the difference which is most important for good life.

Let me, then, repeat my original question to Mr. Ludovici ("Is what is common to men less important than what is not common?") with the addition "for good life," which I gave in answer to his counter-question, "Important for what?" and with the elucidation that (a) by "good life" I refer to things good in themselves, and not to things which depend on background for their goodness, and (b) by "important for good life," I do not mean "striking," but just what I say.

Secondly, let me explain further why I put to Mr. Ludovici such questions as this and those of my last letter.

When Mr. Ludovici began to talk of doctors and draymen, I wondered whether he believed (1) that to be a good doctor or a good drayman is necessarily to be a good man, or (2) that to be a good doctor is necessarily to be a better man than a good drayman. In short, I wondered whether some confusion between life and a part of life might not be the real reason for his thinking aristocracy to be a true theory of society. I was still more anxious to find out about that when I found him speaking of politics as a "department of life," for I then wondered whether he understood by "politics" merely the devising of means to a prescribed end, or whether he included in "politics" one prescribing of ends. I should like to know, for once clear about that we could come rapidly to a conclusion.

Again, I suspected that what Mr. Ludovici really wanted to maintain was that (1) civilisation is a better life than barbarism, and (2) the ruler is a better man than the ruled. But if civilisation is a better life than barbarism it cannot be so merely because of the difference between ruler and ruled, for there were rulers and ruled even among barbarians. Mr. Ludovici should go further, and say *why* civilisation is better (if it is), and *why* the ruler is the better man (if he is); and he cannot go so far as that without coming to the question of ends, of things good in themselves. When he gets to that, the whole discussion should become clear. At any rate, he will recognise that if he talks vaguely of "civilisation" or "rulership," the two parts of his argument invalidate one another. X cannot be better than y merely because of something which is common to both.

I hope that Mr. Ludovici now sees enough of what was at the back of my mind to answer my questions; and I hope, too, that he will recognise how pressingly relevant they are—so relevant that the issue between us should become clear immediately they are answered. I have a fancy that Mr. Ludovici is not quite clear about this aristocracy of his; that he holds it because it is a pleasant and easy doctrine to hold; and that if he were clear about it he would see it to be false. Moreover, if he were clear about it he would not hesitate to answer questions about it. Let me assure him that the only thing I have at the back of my mind is what I conceive to be the case for democracy. I think I am clear about that, and, therefore, I do not mind what questions he may put to me. May Mr. Ludovici have an equal conceit in his own case.

R. COX.

* * *

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—I intervene only as a commentator in the matter in dispute between Mr. Ludovici and Dr. Coomaraswamy. Mr. Ludovici is at least less liberal in his defence of aristocracy than Mr. Coomaraswamy, for, whereas the latter would admit "pupillage" as well as birth to constitute aristocratic descent, the former would confine it entirely to birth. But this is so manifest an absurdity that the flat-earth theory would not be more out of place in THE NEW AGE. Indeed, I can only wonder that Mr. Ludovici does not himself, from all his reading, and even should he be disinclined to think of the subject, encounter disproof wherever he turns. This passage from Aristotle—who, if he did not believe in aristocracy, at least believed, like Mr. Ludovici, in slavery—was translated many years ago by a Dr. Gillies. I suppose Mr. Ludovici has read it, but to what purpose?

"Were one portion of the community as far distinguished above the rest, as we believe the gods and heroes to be exalted above men; or, as Seylax says, the kings of India are superior to their subjects in the virtues of mind and body, it would be proper that these dignified races or families should be invested with hereditary and unalterable authority, and for this purpose trained and educated in a manner peculiar to themselves, and relative to that pre-eminent rank which they were for ever destined to hold. But, since such races or families are nowhere to be found in these parts of the world, justice concurs with policy in requiring that the citizens should rule by vicarious succession."

I cannot refrain from adding a passage from Swift's "Gulliver" as indicating from his experience the manner of patronage to be expected of kings: "These kings protested to me that in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided;

neither would they do it if they were to live again; and they showed with great strength of reason that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restive temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual drag to public business."

Mr. Ludovici ought, if his case had any strength, to be by this time attracting the attention of the aristocracy he is in arms to establish and defend. But will they back their self-devoted and gallant champion? No; he may die in a ditch, for all the House of Lords will care.

T. S. DIXON.

* * *

REPLIES TO CRITICS.

Sir,—Mr. Penty will, I feel sure, believe me when I say that nothing could have given me a greater surprise than his letter in your last issue on the subject of Mr. Romney Green's furniture. For not only did I hope that I had acted with extreme caution and justice in regard to this work, but I was also conscious of having limited my points to within the smallest compass, and expressed myself with the utmost moderation, compatible with a frank statement of praise and censure. I had also been quite clear about the two standpoints from which I judged this work. When, therefore, Mr. Penty, by way of asking me "a straight question," inquires what end I think I serve by criticism of this kind, and proceeds to enumerate various possible replies, all of which he negatives, I answer that I consider Mr. Penty's attitude an exceptionally daring one, more particularly as he admits that he has not seen the exhibition in question. What can possibly induce Mr. Penty to correct me in this manner, blindfold? One behaves in this way to a child, to a man who is wrong nine times out of ten, to an impudent, inexperienced tyro. In such circumstances, without even seeing the work he criticised, one can cry "Bosh! He must be wrong; the work must be right." If, among the readers of THE NEW AGE, I am acquiring the reputation of a man who may be treated with this heedless petulance, the sooner I cease to contribute to the paper the better. But I have reasons to believe that this is not the case. I have reasons to believe that there are some who observe the care and restraint with which I administer either praise or blame in my articles; and that is why I felt inclined at first simply to beg Mr. Penty to re-read my criticism of Mr. Romney Green and to reconsider his position. But I trust Mr. Penty will do this in any case, when I have called his attention to certain aspects of it.

In the first place, out of an article of 209 lines, only 29 are concerned with the discussion of those defects which Mr. Penty characterises as insuperable. Does Mr. Penty's straight question apply to those 29 lines alone then, or does it apply to the whole article?

I will take it that it applies to the whole article—although, to judge from Mr. Penty's letter, this would seem to have consisted of a discussion of slight defects alone—and I shall now answer that question a second time, with more detail. Before proceeding to do this, however, let me call Mr. Penty's attention to two matters: (1) That the question itself, addressed to anyone who takes his work very seriously indeed, is unnecessarily offensive and was put unnecessarily offensively; (2) that it is only with the utmost reluctance that I am drawn into a discussion on the points raised, because as an avowed admirer of Mr. Romney Green's work I am naturally loath to lay stress—as I may be obliged to do—upon defects which in my original article I admitted were trivial.

To begin with, then, the end I thought I served, in that article, was the end which all sound criticism should have in view—the assisting and abetting of a movement, or of a cause, in keeping with the direction and goal which I, as a critic, hold most sacred. How did I try to achieve this end? By calling attention not only to the good in Mr. Romney Green's work, but by pointing also to the bad—to those aspects of it, that is to say, which, in my opinion, seemed as if they might prove an obstacle to its ultimate triumph.

The first 67 lines of the actual criticism dealt solely with Mr. Romney Green as a designer, and I adduced two instances of failures in this department. Does Mr. Penty contest those points? Does he think I have argued unfairly or unjustly in that paragraph? Does he believe that I have presented inadequate reasons for my criticism? But how can he think anything about it at all—he has not even seen either the dressing-table legs or the stool to which I alluded! And remember that I told all those who might wish to know that I judged this furniture from two standpoints only—from that of a more or less trained judge of æsthetic problems, and that of the lay user and purchaser of Mr. Romney Green's furniture.

With regard to the 29 lines dealing with the supposed defects in some of the furniture—defects which I discovered from the standpoint of the *user* and *purchaser* of Mr. Romney Green's furniture—Mr. Penty admits that these exist, he acknowledges that they are a source of annoyance even to the craftsman himself; but he declares they are inevitable; that by a process, consisting either of "bumps" or of atmospheric influence (damp or dryness) they are insuperable. I must say that this surprises me; but, as I make no claim to being a man of the métier, until some expert equal to Mr. Penty assures me of the contrary I readily accept Mr. Penty's statement that it is impossible to produce a shovel-board table more even than the one now on exhibition at the Little Gallery, or a corner cupboard with better-fitting doors. Let Mr. Penty, however, remember that, when I attempted to criticise this table and this corner cupboard, I was judging them from the standpoint of the user and purchaser of Mr. Romney Green's furniture, and that, far from "nosing about," as Mr. Penty inconsiderately puts it, I was eagerly concerned to discover in what measure Mr. Romney Green's furniture beat the furniture of capitalistic industry. I know the irritation the latter often occasions; was I wrong, therefore, when I found similar, though, as I acknowledged, slighter causes of irritation, both in the table and in the corner cupboard, to call attention to these? Knowing the forces arrayed against him and us, was I not, on the contrary, well advised in putting Mr. Romney Green on his guard against an opinion that might be held by others (also uninitiated) besides myself? Even now that I hear it is impossible to produce a better shovel-board table than the one at the Little Gallery, or a better corner cupboard, I do not regret having called attention to the slight defects in these pieces; for am I not right in suggesting that, since an element of chance seems to enter into the occurrence of these defects, it would be well either to avoid the exhibition of pieces which destiny has ill-used, or to offer some satisfactory explanation to the layman which would avoid his drawing the invidious conclusions which I drew, and which I drew more in the spirit of a warning than of an indictment?

On the whole, I venture to believe that Mr. Penty will think differently of my article if he glances at it a second time and attempts to approach with more sympathy the spirit in which it was written. But let me remind him that, whether he is right or wrong, there is an offensive assurance, an offensive *a priori* underestimation of my methods, in the manner in which he condemned my work blindfold, which is surely more destructive of solidarity between us, who are fighting for a better state of things, than was my initial criticism of Mr. Romney Green's work. Another point Mr. Penty should have remembered before making such a sweeping condemnation of my article was this, that on the occasion of my last controversy with the workers in the arts and crafts I was informed that time was an important factor, and that present conditions frequently did not allow the craftsman the time to do full justice to his powers in his work. I actually referred to this rejoinder of the last controversy in my article of April 9, and on the ground of that rejoinder, and, knowing its cogency, I admitted that the trivial defects to which I had referred were satisfactorily explained and excused. Another expert rejoinder now informs me by implication that this matter of time has really little to do with it; that, in fact, I was misled when I was told that the hurry and scurry enforced by modern conditions had anything to do with it, and that, really and truly, defects, wherever they are to be found, are insuperable. Very well, then, until I have expert opinion to the contrary I bow to this new ruling, since it comes from one who "has run a furniture workshop," and who therefore knows better than I do the truth about these matters; indeed, I will go even further, and add that, if, owing to my lay belief that these defects were susceptible of total elimination, I have inadvertently hurt one whom I know to be an enthusiastic and gifted supporter of a cause to which I, too, am devoted—I refer to Mr. Romney Green—I unhesitatingly apologise to that gentleman for any displeasure I may have caused him; but at the same time I protest against the tone of his advocate, and can only account for it by supposing that he, too, owing to hastiness, must have mistaken the spirit of my article.

* * *

Dr. Coomaraswamy has indeed succeeded in lighting upon the most fundamental of our differences; and

from his statement of them, sober and fair as it was, I cannot help concluding that a reconciliation between us is difficult. It all turns upon the question how to draw the line. Some people after having put that question to themselves, or to others, simply stare in blank hopelessness at the apparently inextricable tangle of all standpoints, and throw up their hands in silent despair. They conclude, for instance, as I heard Mr. W. L. George conclude the other day, that since all normal life is decaying as well as growing, it is absurd to speak of decadence with disapproval, because we are all decadent—that is to say we, as men, are all constantly decaying as well as growing—where are you going to draw the line? I confess I plunged into the breach pretty hotly on that occasion, and informed Mr. George that I knew perfectly well where to draw the line. I demonstrated that it lay where the balance in favour of growth begins to go over to the side of decay. Now, according to the passage he quotes, Dr. Coomaraswamy admits the points I made in my "Nietzsche and Art" concerning the essential need of a definite conception of beauty for the preservation of a race; he acknowledges that "the apple-tree never asks the beech how he shall grow"; but beyond that point he refuses to draw a definite line. He says: "But I see no proof in this that the beech tree should never admit the charm of the apple-blossom." Personally, I absolutely despair of ever making my objection to this frivolous tolerance clear in a printed letter. Dr. Coomaraswamy, after going certain compromising lengths—after having swallowed the whale, that is to say, strains at the sprat. In order to make the discussion more comprehensible let us drop the botanic simile and speak only of men. Apparently, Dr. Coomaraswamy would agree with me if I said that the Chinaman must (as he does) think his style of national beauty superior to all other kinds of national beauty. He would probably agree with me also if I said that this belief held by the Chinaman is not only a proof of his vitality, it is the promise and only security of the relative permanence of his national type. It is self-preservative. It is more—it is self-assertive. It *can* be aggressive. It alone can give the supreme sanction to a war of extermination. It is a belief suggested by the Will to Power. It is a weapon of power. Now if this belief is going to keep its strength, to retain its supreme sway over a nation, and persist as a weapon of power, what is the first essential condition of its healthy survival? Obviously, that no counter-beliefs, no doubts, no dangerous catholicity of taste should ever impair the wholeness of the concept of the highest beauty. To acknowledge that the Hindu is beautiful, is to go dangerously near admitting that the Chinaman is not supremely beautiful. It is to approach within perilous distance of the conclusion: "The Hindu is *not* quite, absolutely, eternally, and irrevocably separated from me—the Chinaman." What is the next step to this conclusion? Obviously, if we are not irrevocably incompatible, why should we not be compatible?—why should we not be united? Why, in fact, should we not merge and mutually destroy each other's racial individuality? Result?—Reciprocal race-vandalism! Far, therefore, from seeing "no proof that the beech-tree should never admit the charm of the apple-blossom," I regard such an eternal refusal on the part of the beech to acknowledge the apple's beauty, as the necessary and inevitable outcome of Dr. Coomaraswamy's view that "the apple-tree never asks the beech how he shall grow." Ugly is simply a word denoting "not of *our* race," or "not a good, healthy example of *our* race."

But Dr. Coomaraswamy puts two very much more difficult obstacles in my way. He says first: "Let Mr. Ludovici account for his acceptance of Egyptian art," and, secondly, "Let Mr. Ludovici explain why, since some noble values are common to all races, the latter's beauty should not make some sort of appeal to everyone." In the first place, I reply that since race is now more or less extinct, especially in myself—a modern European—I have lost the spontaneous capacity for the self-assertion of beauty. How, then, can I arrive at a canon? I can arrive at a canon only in the same way that Hegel and Schlegel and Nietzsche all agreed that a race is formed—by the adoption or incorporation of a certain set of values. Those values will be whole-heartedly or reluctantly embraced by me according as to whether I am pre-disposed to them or not. Having adopted such and such a code as the best, I seek its materialisation everywhere. Why?—Because adherents are a form of power. Finding the nearest materialisation of these values in Egyptian Society and Art, I find myself more in sympathy with that Art than with any other. This, however, has little in common with the racial view of beauty, because it is not an *a priori* judgment. In an age of anarchy and doubt, however, when healthy innate ideas grow every day fewer and fewer, our judgments have to be of a more *a posteriori* nature. Hence the difficulty of mastering life in an anarchical age. In fact, I cannot understand in what way Dr. Coomaraswamy thought he was raising an objection to my view of racial beauty, or to my detestation of catholicity in the arts, by pointing to my attitude towards Egyptian art.

The second point seems to me much like saying, since Chinamen and Hindus have ten toes, ten fingers, two arms, and two legs in common, why should they have such a strict national idea of beauty? Of course, I suppose that Dr. Coomaraswamy must be right when he claims a common possession of certain noble values for all races. I cannot really see though how that affects the question of the soundness or unsoundness of catholicity in art taste; since, as I have pointed out, the possession in common of an incalculable number of physical features never seems to have made any race doubt its right to claim its own type of beauty as supreme, and to dub the barbarian's, the foreigner's, or the stranger's as *ugly*.

With regard to Blake, I agree. Certainly, one might build up an English order upon him, and we probably shall, not, however, because he was a sport in the true sense of the word, but because, if you please, Blake was the scion of an old Irish line of noblemen. I do not maintain that geniuses are not likely to appear in ages of anarchy. I feel certain that they do, and have said so (see my third chapter, "Nietzsche and Art.") What I maintain is this: that in ages of anarchy when traditions are seriously broken, geniuses will not only be likely to occur much less often than in ages of order, but also wherever they do appear they will be the creations of age, that is to say, of families or lines that have remained true to their principles in the midst of the universal infidelity to everything.

The point as to the dates 600 and 85 B.C. I must heartily thank Dr. Coomaraswamy for having raised; while I also owe an apology to the readers of THE NEW AGE for having allowed so gross an error to pass unnoticed. It was, of course, a typewriter's or a printer's slip, I cannot tell which. I can only say that in my original MS., which I have turned up, the dates stand quite plainly as 600 and 850 A.D. I ought to have seen the mistake as soon as the article was published; but somehow it evaded me. It is difficult, as everyone knows, to read an article a second or a third time with the same critical attention as at the first reading.

A. M. LUDOVICI.

APRIL CATALOGUE. JUST OUT.

This NEW CATALOGUE of PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS contains many EXCELLENT BOOKS now offered at REDUCED PRICES FOR THE FIRST TIME.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., Booksellers.

265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

All Books are in new condition as when originally published.
No secondhand books kept.

CARICATURES

BY

"TOMT" of "The New Age"

(Jan Junoza de Rosciszewski).

Uniform with "The New Age" Volumes.

Price **5/-** *Net. Postage extra.*

New Age Press, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

DRAWING AND PAINTING — SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W. Day & Evening models.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEYS Exchanged by MAURICE ESCHWEGE, 47 Lime Street, Liverpool.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.
By the Spirit of Revelation in ZION'S WORKS
Vols. I.—XVI. (with Catalogue) in Free Libraries.

FRESH FISH DAILY at JOSEPH'S, 158, King Street, Hammersmith.

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER.

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and Printed for them by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C. Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.