Against the decision of the Lancashire cotton-spinners to limit their output during the present glut in the world-market no economist can have a word to say. It was either this or a temporary reduction in price which might very well have become permanent. Nor can the means of the limitation be cavilled at, since each spinner is left free to consult his convenience in the matter of the three weeks' general suspension. So long as this period is cut off from their usual working time between now and October, the purposes of the holiday will have been served; for by that time the world-market will have made up the leeway between its demand and Lancashire's supply. On the other hand it occurs to us that the mere fact that Lancashire is compelled to lower prices temporarily lest they find prices of five or six days a week? Why this perversity, this cruelty? If, as we can easily understand, the owners do not grow on thorns, nor figs upon thistles. The proletariat—even of canny Lancashire!—consent to be treated as machines and cattle, and as machines and cattle they must expect to be closed down or turned out when they are not wanted. On the other hand, we may permit ourselves still to be amused at the hypocrisy of the employing classes who, while of their own accord in one place they reduce the hours of labour rather than reduce prices or wages, in another place object to precisely the same procedure when it is suggested by the operatives. In the Scotch coal market at this moment, for reasons too intricate to matter here, a temporary glut has been induced that requires in the interest of profits a treatment similar to that given by the Lancashire cotton spinners to the same complaint. That is to say, either prices must be lowered or wages must be reduced or the output must be restricted by means of holidays. Would it be believed, save by the readers of the "Times" and such-like credulous persons, that not only have the Scotch coal-masters chosen to reduce wages, but they have refused to listen to the protest of the men to work on short time, namely, four instead of five or six days a week? Why this perversity, this cruelty? If, as we can easily understand, the owners dare not lower prices temporarily lest they find prices lowered permanently, surely the same objection may reasonably be taken by the men against a temporary lowering of their prices, which are wages? The employers would not, we imagine, relish a command from a superior power to lower prices at all risks—how can they expect their men to consent at dictation to the lowering of wages? The scales are uneven and there is no justice in the employers. At worst they might accept the men's demands as fair, since the Lancashire employers have actually forced the same terms upon the employers without waiting to be invited. What Lancashire thinks to-day surely Scotland can think to-morrow.

Our axiom that economic power precedes political power has been challenged, but never, to our knowledge, by economists or politicians. Like all good axioms, in fact, it is self-evident, and every relevant event serves only to illustrate it. Take, for example, the Third Interim Report made by the Economic Commission of South Africa. The simple statement therein published that some sixty per cent. of the total Union revenue is obtained from the mining industry gives us
a clue both to the recent history of South Africa and to its probable future. A government, we have often observed, is drawn by necessity to the sources of its revenue; and since the coal of South Africa is the property of the mine-owners, it follows that between the South African Government and the South African mining magnates there is a reciprocity of need and service very confusing to the separate identity of either party. The South African Government, in other words, is the mining interest; and the mining interest is the South African Government. Or, if the terms are not exactly convertible, they are as nearly identical as no matter. These twins being Siamese, is it any wonder, we ask, that the economic policy of the mine-owners is reflected in the political policy of the Union Parliament? On the contrary, it would be a miracle if it were not. Thus easily is it to be seen that the relation between economic and political power is one of cause and consequence.

But while economic power remains, as it does, in the hands of capitalists, not only may politics be expected to be capitalist in character, but everything that enters the political machine must be converted to capitalist use. The ingenuity, indeed, with which capitalist politicians masticate and assimilate for the use of their masters the most unpromising material of popular ideas is nothing less than astonishing. We have seen how the movement towards Social Reform, set going in this country outside Parliament, and, motived in the first instance by genuine charity and pity, has been taken into Parliament, digested, and made to re-invigorate the capitalist system. In fifty years from now if popular pity continues to maintain the demand for Social Reform, Parliament will have established the Servile State by its means! But a similar use is being made in South Africa—and, indeed, in all parts of the world—of the noble ideal of humanity and of the brotherhood of man. In the name of the citizenship of the Empire Labour is being imported from the cheap to the dear proletarian countries; and in the name of humanity the mining magnates of South Africa are now engaged in an attempt to break down the colour bar. No defence, unfortunately, can be looked for from Governments in general and Governments in South Africa in particular. We are told that in the French Black Country the workmen are over anxious to quarrel. Sir Richard Cooper's plan occurred to Sir Richard Cooper, ingenuous plan, for bringing about a discussion of the Amending Bill in the Commons before the House of Lords had had an opportunity of considering it at length. A very ingenious plan, we are told, is left to the decision of the Opposition in voting against the Bill, the Government to appear in their true chameleon colours, if some means could have been found for passing the Bill in the Commons before the House of Lords had seen the Bill. The decision of the Opposition, as the Opposition, is left to the discretion of the Opposition, and the Opposition to appear in their true chameleon colours, if some means could have been found for bringing about a discussion of the Amending Bill in the Commons before the House of Lords had had an opportunity of considering it at length. A very ingenious plan occurred to Sir Richard Cooper, Unionist Member for Walsall—one of the wealthy members of his party, be it said; and one, consequently, with whom neither leaders nor whips would presumably be over anxious to quarrel. Sir Richard Cooper would have been called to redress the balance of the old without a compromise. A great deal of surprise was expressed when Mr. Asquith announced his intention of introducing the Amending Bill into the House of Lords instead of the House of Commons. Surely the reason was clear enough. It was necessary to help Mr. Redmond out of his difficulties; and not merely Mr. Redmond, but the Government itself. It was also necessary to keep up the pretence that there was no agreement, and no indication of an understanding between the Government and the Opposition. If the Bill had been introduced first of all into the Commons, the Opposition would have been forced to move amendments with which the Government would have been equally forced to disagree. Mr. Redmond obviously held the balance with his eighty odd Nationalist votes. If he had joined the Opposition in voting against the Bill, the Government would have been defeated. If he had voted for the Bill, his position in Irish politics would have been utterly untenable from that moment. He would have been in no better case had he abstained from voting; for, while the Irish people could understand both friends and enemies, they have no use for hesitating Tomlinsons.

This being the predicament in which all parties were placed, it became necessary for recourse to be had to the Upper House, since the Bill, when it afterwards came to the Commons, could then be considered without compromising anybody. For, if the Upper House had been obviously easy to compel the Government to show its hand, and the Opposition to appear in their true chameleon colours, if some means could have been found for bringing about a discussion of the Amending Bill in the Commons before the House of Lords had had an opportunity of considering it at length. A very ingenious plan occurred to Sir Richard Cooper, Unionist Member for Walsall—one of the wealthy members of his party, be it said; and one, consequently, with whom neither leaders nor whips would presumably be over anxious to quarrel. Sir Richard Cooper's plan was to secure the text of the Amending Bill as soon as it was laid on the table of the House of Lords, and to introduce it forthwith into the House of Commons. In spite of the regulation affecting private members' Bills, the ten minutes' rule, the closure, and so forth, we feel sure that Sir Richard could have given both the front benches a very uncomfortable quarter of an hour, and it would at least have been of vast interest to have heard the Government explain why they could not on any account consider such a contentious measure just then. This plan of Sir Richard Cooper's had the hearty approval of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Pike Pease. It seems, on the other hand, to have worried the Irish Unionist whip, Lord Edmund Talbot—who appears to have mentioned the matter to Lord Lansdowne. If
Lord Lansdowne had been the leader of a united party, desirous only of forcing a hated Government out of office and securing the verdict of the people on the Home Rule question. His course would have been quite clear. He would have had the text of the Amending Bill conveyed post haste—or even more quickly if possible—to Sir Richard Cooper, and as the result of a scene in the House of Commons, and a bitter debate in the House of Lords, the country would probably have had the doubtful luxury of a General Election within the next few days.

Lord Lansdowne, however, is not the leader of a united party in the House of Lords; he has no mind beyond purely tactical operations; he is always governed at the moment of crisis by his timish Whig instincts. He has no mind, which is likely to save him trouble and to clear his name, on hearing suspiciously that Luther had laid violent hands on his sacred, bull, away the thorns from his path. We have not yet forgotten how he sold a famous Rembrandt to an American millionaire. In the same way his lordship was prepared to sell not merely one pass, but any number of passes, to his nominal enemies across the floor of the House. He at once issued an explicit declaration that such a plan as that proposed by Sir Richard Cooper should be carried into effect. Pope Leo X, however, is not the leader of a united party in the House of Commons intended to pollute his sacred little ewe lamb of an Amending Bill. The Whigs rattled their bones, and the venturesome young Tories were sent home with a reprimand. We are not surprised at this incident, though we confess that we regard it as particularly disgraceful. During the last twelve months or so, and more particularly during the last three or four weeks, prominent Liberals and Tories have let themselves go to an unusual degree in the Press, on the platform, in Parliament and in the country, while all the time they must surely have been aware that plans were gradually being concocted by the front benches, not merely for the betrayal of Mr. Redmond, but, let us emphasise, for the betrayal also of Sir Edward Carson. The one relied on the Liberals, the other relied upon the Conservatives; and both will in the long run find themselves the dupes of unscrupulous politicians. We are in consequence more than ever convinced in our prediction of two or three weeks ago, viz., that both parties in Ireland will ultimately come to an agreement, and settle down in joint contempt of the English.

This is written without prejudice to the tricky character of the Amending Bill itself. The more the document is examined the more it will be found that, if anything is proved in it, it is not the desire of the Government to reach anything like a permanent or real settlement of the Irish problem, but rather Mr. Asquith’s extraordinary Parliamentary ability, in fact, shows a curious mixture of the politician and the statesman. It seems to have occurred to the parties who gave directions for framing it that two ends could be served. One was the preparation of some scheme, not necessarily for settling the Irish question, but for quieting the country generally by giving both sections of the party politicians. We are in consequence more than ever convinced in our prediction of two or three weeks ago, viz., that both parties in Ireland will ultimately come to an agreement, and settle down in joint contempt of the English.

* * *

We do not mean that their absurd and logically unjustifiable attitude towards Home Rule would alone have sufficed to make the Tories look ridiculous and quarrel with one another. The division of opinion caused by the Amending Bill was skillfully planned to re-act upon and intensify the destruction of the Conservative Party, which became evident just before the so-called Edinburgh compromise on Tariff Reform, and has never since been healed. The Conservatives, in so far as they have been prepared to fight seriously and sincerely, have for four or five years been divided into three distinct groups. One group, of which Lord Hugh Cecil is the most prominent member—he emphasised his faithful attitude in the country, it is true, but Sir Robert Peel, of the Unionists in both Houses of Parliament wish to accept as the best possible solution of a difficult question, and which neither section wishes to reject utterly, he has succeeded, as we have indicated, in splitting the party from top to bottom.

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It seems to be quite likely that in a short time our “news”-papers will cease from giving us any news at all. The attempts of the “Daily News” to make its readers believe that there is no such place as Ireland on the map are more than balanced in their mendacity by the shrieks of the “Daily Mail” and the “Times” and the “Evening News.” Lord Northcliffe has recently paid several visits to Ulster, we believe; and the only result is headlines that set one’s teeth on edge. It is easy, we have been told, to hurt his Lordship’s feelings, so let it not be thought that we wish to be granted that the comments of the Ulster people on his latest attitude towards them are being well watered down by his secretaries before reaching him. Of all the forms of interference in their affairs, the people of Ulster resent Lord Northcliffe’s patronage most of all. A movement, once the “Daily Mail” becomes connected with it, can no longer be taken seriously. The same remark will shortly have to be applied to the “Times,” about the magnificent circulation of which paper we are now hearing suspiciously little—can it have dropped since the boom? Hence the fervent prayer in the Unionist camp that Lord Northcliffe will in future confine himself to business matters, leaving the policy of his journalistic “output” in other hands. But the prayer will be in vain. In the toss-up between noblesse oblige and richesse oblige the latter always wins.
Current Cant.

“Blast.”—Wyndham Lewis.

“Elephants are very big.”—“Blast.”

“We will convert the king if possible.”—“Blast.”

“Blast presents an art of individuals.”—“Blast.”

“Motor-cars go quickly.”—“Blast.”

“Popular art means the art of the individuals.”—“Blast.”

“We may hope before long to find a new world.”—“Blast.”

“Our vortex is white and abstract with its red-hot swiftness.”—“Blast.”

“Leonardo was the first Futurist.”—“Blast.”

“Our vortex insists on water-tight compartments.”—“Blast.”

“Wilde gushed twenty years ago about the beauty of machinery.”—“Blast.”

“Blast will be popular.”—“Blast.”

“May we hope for an art from Sir Thomas Lipton?”—“Blast.”

“The actual human body becomes of less importance every day.”—“Blast.”

“Blake in France would have been a policeman.”—“Blast.”

“Mr. G. K. Chesterton, his clumsy ideas.”—Wyndham Lewis.

Beethoven and Shakespeare are for the student, not for the Bechstein Hall and the modern theatre.”—“Blast.”

“We need the unconsciousness of humanity, then stupidity, animalism and dreams.”—“Blast.”

“We believe in no perfectibility except our own.”—“Blast.”

“In England there is no vulgarity. . . .”—“Blast.”

“We all foresee . . .”—“Blast.”

“Stupidity has always been exquisite, and ugliness fine.”—“Blast.”

“There are possibilities for the great artist in the Picture Post-card.”—“Blast.”

“The vanity of the peacock gives us a pleasant amusement. . . . It implies a satisfaction with the humble past of man, and a readiness to release into that past which we all resent as men.”—“The Times.”

“The squalidness of the last scene is never brought out by the company in a way which satisfies me.”—Desmond MacCarthy in “The New Statesman.”

“Meanwhile, if these floating hulks, which will be scrap iron and firewood a year or two hence, could be turned into solid cash, there need be no poverty in London for years.”—“Daily Herald.”

“Have you booked the Supreme Exclusive of 1908, or the Conscience of the Great Unknown?” If not, why not?”—Adv., Supreme Film Co.

“He [Holbrook Jackson] it was who made The New Age entertaining, in the days when one read The New Age.”—Joyce Kilmer in the “New York Times.”

“Surely, woman, thy name is Logic.”—“The Daily Herald.”

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

In replying to a critic this week in the correspondence columns, I have referred briefly to one or two points in connection with the dispute between Austria and Servia; but in view of the tension prevailing between the two countries, it is only right that what I said in The New Age of July 9 should be supplemented by one or two further observations. All of us who take an interest in international affairs will have noticed that, ever since the close of the second Balkan War, Servia’s policy towards Austria has been one of pin-pricks. This policy was undertaken purely in revenge for Austria’s opposition to Servia’s possession of a direct route to the Adriatic, but partly also because there had been an exceedingly bad feeling between the two countries since the annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908.

It is perfectly true, as I pointed out a fortnight ago, that this annexation could not be strictly justified in International Law. Nevertheless, it was in reality a matter of form more than anything else. The two provinces had been administered by Austrian officials, and administered very well, for thirty years. There were, if anything, rather fewer complaints against the Austrian Administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina than there have been recently on the part of Hindus and Moslems against our administration in India. Apart from the semi-barbaric condition of rather more than half the Servian people—especially the Southerners—it must surely be admitted on all sides that the actions of the Servians in such parts of Albania as they were permitted to take over would most emphatically not justify any Power in asserting to the partition of Austro-Hungarian territory in such a way as to enable Servia to take over those districts which are chiefly inhabited by people who are racially Servians. It is more than ever a principle of modern administration that minorities must be protected as far as possible, and their rights safeguarded. It is bad enough, if minorities are made to suffer through expropriation, unjust taxes, and other disadvantages of a like nature; but it is much worse if, in addition to these minor outrages, minorities are to be shot at, maimed, mutilated, driven from their homes, thrown into rivers, burned at the stake, or buried alive. These barbarities, to read about which carries us back to the earliest historic eras, have all been perpetrated by the Servians on the unfortunate Albanian populations over whose districts they are now supposed to be exercising lawful control. True, outrages of equally scandalous nature were attributed to the Greeks and the Bulgarians during the war, and in many cases proved. I do not propose to enter upon these old controversies. The point is that Servia’s record since the close of the war, and even Servia’s record since 1908, when plots began to be hatched against Austria, does not, in my opinion, justify her in securing the control of a square inch of territory in any part of the Balkans.

In the policy of pin-pricks I have referred to, one of the most irritating wounds was caused by Servia’s attitude on the question of the Oriental Railways running through her territory. Large blocks of Oriental Railway shares are held in Austria, and there was naturally a more than usually emphatic protest from the Vienna Foreign Office when the Servian Government spoke of its intention to take over and nationalise its section of the railway on the basis of utterly inadequate compensation. This scheme was dropped for the time being in April or May last, only to be followed by Servia’s contention that she had the right to fix the tariffs over the lines running through Servia. As this claim, if admitted, would have seriously interfered with Austrian goods traffic to the Aegean via Salonika, it was naturally not admitted either. To ease the situation, some French
Towards National Guilds.

Of the attempts made by our reviewers to proceed with us from the known to the unknown, most have failed. The "Clarion," for instance, insists that the National Guilds System is simply Collectivism under a new name; while Mr. G. R. S. Taylor and others see it as our artful nom de plume for Syndicalism. Somewhat to our surprise...the New Witness," writing that Mr. Cecil Chesterton has fallen by the wayside also and has founded National Guilds with Collectivism, for the reason apparently that, since both assume a national organisation, both will fall under bureaucracy. We have spent so much space on the subject that we really have no more to say upon it for the present. If sufficient words of one syllable each should occur to us we may try to print our own at the subject again one day.

Meanwhile, the "New Witness" must be satisfied with reflecting on the difference between Home Rule and Crown Government and with applying it to the National Guilds and Collectivism respectively. By this circuitous route its subtle intellect may come home.

President Huerta has retired at his own time; not at President Wilson's. His retirement safeguards himself and his friends and their property; but it leaves the Mexican situation in the same condition as it was when he took up office as Provisional President in February, 1913. General Carranza asserts that he can maintain order; but this is very doubtful. Even if we assume that General Villa, having played a very prominent part during recent stages of the revolution, will be content to practice self-sacrifice, there are at least two other generals—men, by the way, who have a right to the title; for General Villa was never a soldier at all—who are likely to be the leader of the "Constitutionalists." A considerable amount of annoyance. One is his friend General Orozco, and another is General Zapata. One is threatening to operate in the north; and the other has never ceased from operating in the south.

These things apart, the situation is equally chaotic in other respects. It may be recalled, for instance, that General Carranza has repeatedly declared that he will not recognise any loans floated by President Huerta. It is doubtful whether he is in a position to assert anything of the sort, especially as President Wilson has declared officially that he will refuse to recognise General Carranza even as Provisional President. Even if General Carranza does refuse to recognise President Huerta's loans, it is not likely that European financiers will suffer to any extent. So far as it concerns the only really large loan floated during President Huerta's tenure of office was one of six millions sterling; and the people responsible for it are the bankers at the back of the so-called America Money Trust. These men lent money to President Huerta in defiance of Dr. Wilson's express wish that they should not bolster up his enemy by doing so. So, no matter what happens in regard to the "Constitutionalists"' treatment of foreign loans, somebody in the United States is pretty sure to be annoyed.

From the international point of view, neither General Carranza nor General Villa is a favourite. After the mysterious murder of Mr. Benton the British Government formally notified the parties concerned—including the Government of the United States—that Villa would not be recognised by this country and that Carranza would be held responsible for the action of his subordinate.

In saying that the situation was left as it had been in 1913 I make one important exception. A revised interpretation, as I announced at the time, has been given to the Monroe doctrine; and Dr. Wilson's refusal to allow the Powers to interfere is a matter which has not yet been again subject to written American peoples, too, have changed their views as to the protection they may expect from the United States in the event of international difficulties.

But is there not something silly in this denunciation of politicians, per se? Mr. Cecil Chesterton is the editor of a paper—are his views of policy necessarily the sum or even the difference of the views of his contributors and readers? Does he not, by virtue of his position and its obligations, look round and round any given subject and from the standpoint of the totality rather than the partiality, of his journal? We know, in fact, that this is what an editor does who is worth his salt. But the business of the politician in relation to the
various parts of society is not very different. He too must judge the parts from the standpoint of the whole; and if not he, who is to do it? Very likely there are few minds in politics to-day comprehensive enough to take this view—as there are, perhaps, few editors now capable of it. But because the race is small, their office is neither made unnecessary nor our hope of restoring its ancient efficiency vain. We look, in fact, for an elevation of political thinking and to the rise of a new type of politician. Remove from their temptation the contact of the industry and from their backs the power of Capital, and the present time-servers and place-men would tend to disappear.

* * *

'Who cannot survive and even come to perfection except under a system of money-lending. The National Guildment would support psychology by proving that, in fact, Tertton is no psychologist and no sociological historian.'

It is in the interests of the individual, that wretched little each of us will profit by making wage slaves of all the institution and the passion to own capital is its psychic Mr. Chesterton would be the first to deny it. No, but it sincerely concerned to re-inscribe on men's souls the capitalistic it is going to abolish the wage system and thereby to lift his own labour and partly on investment in other men's rest, deponent sayeth not. On the other hand, Mr. Chesterton rushes, a corpse, upon the field as if he were unaware of what has happened to his theory. Strange how ghosts linger many new ages ago. To our reply to Mr. Belloc's series we have already left it dead on the field of discussion we have no rejoinder. Yet Mr. Chesterton rushes, a corpse, upon the field as if he were unaware of what has happened to his theory. Strange how ghosts linger many new ages ago. To our reply to Mr. Belloc's series we have already left it dead on the field of discussion.

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We know what Mr. Chesterton's constructive alternative to both the Guilds and the Servile State is—for Mr. Belloc has told us it—is Distributivism. Apart from its name, which is a powerful argument against it, we have already left it dead on the field of discussion many new ages ago. To our reply to Mr. Belloc's series of expository articles in these pages there has so far been no rejoinder. Yet Mr. Chesterton rushes, a corpse, upon the field as if he were unaware of what has happened to his theory. Strange how ghosts linger in Fleet Street! Distributivism, he tells us once more, involves that each man shall live partly by the sale of his own labour and partly on investment in other men's labour: by wages and interest, in short. But how this is going to abolish the wage system and thereby to lift labour out of the category of commodities; or how each of us will profit by making wage slaves of all the rest, deponent sayeth not. On the other hand, Mr. Chesterton does make us a present of the admission that of the two systems of the Guilds and Distributivism, the former, as things are, can be more easily established. For the latter, he says, implies the revival in the mass of men of the desire to own; and this passion, it appears, though natural de profundis, has "undoubtedly been almost obliterated" from the minds of the proletariat during their long sequestration from property.

* * *

It is clear from these pathetic cadences that Mr. Chesterton is no psychologist and no sociological historian. For, on the one side, psychology would assure him that a passion that can be obliterated in a few generations is not natural au fond; and, on the other side, history would support psychology by proving that, in fact, capitalistic property is a comparatively modern invention. Profit-seeking, to be quite explicit, is a bourgeois institution and the passion to own capital is its psychic counterfeit. Both are equally repugnant alike to the proletariat and to the intellectuals.

* * *

In whose interest, however, is Mr. Chesterton so seriously concerned to re-inscribe on men's souls the almost obliterated passion to live on the labour of others? We decline to be consistent and to believe that it is in the interests of the profit-seeking bourgeoisie, for Mr. Chesterton would be the first to deny it. No, but it is in the interests of the individual, that wretched little rebellious ego of whose doings the nineteenth century is the eternal witness. Perish, however, the individual who cannot survive and even come to perfection except under a system of money-lending. The National Guilds will ring out economic individualism, but only to ring in a communal economic with its communal and, we were going to say, Catholic psychological accompaniment. NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Sir Edward Carson.

The Greatest Living Home Ruler.

By L. G. Redmond Howard.

The Irish question is always full of surprises, and one seldom rises from its study without being startled by some astounding paradox, which, with Chestertonian perversity, seems to bring every preconceived notion crashing to the ground: but the apparent ruin is never without its lesson and from its ashes the phoenix of a new policy may arise. Possibly there is none so striking, however, especially when we see it in the context of the twelfth of July celebrations, as the paradox which makes of "Sir Edward Carson the greatest of living Home Rulers and of John Redmond the least of living Unionists." Of course no one would resent the designation more than the worthy leaders themselves: at the same time it would be hard to find among their contemporaries better exponents of, or most fervid enthusiasts for, those very principles which they appear to combat and pronounce: always, of course, understanding that one cares to dig below the surface of party catch words and get at the bedrock meaning of their respective policies.

I have never quite been able to understand how it is that this has never dawned upon the Englishman, making him almost frantic to pack back the Irish Party whence they came, like Botha did the undesirable Labour leaders, except that the Irish Party has somehow been seized by the conservative Party before the others, thereby blinding him to all further arguments: for loyalty like charity covers a multitude of sins, and crimes have before now been committed in the name of liberty.

Now, personally, I may be suffering from a kind of political colour blindness: but I must confess that I fail to see the "Unionism" of the "Unionist" leader: in fact the more I study him the more he appears to me in the guise of a Home Ruler—perhaps it may not be too much to say the greatest of living Unionists.** Of course no one would resent the designation more than the worthy leaders themselves: at the same time it would be hard to find among their contemporaries better exponents of, or most fervid enthusiasts for, those very principles which they appear to combat and pronounce: always, of course, understanding that one cares to dig below the surface of party catch words and get at the bedrock meaning of their respective policies.

Let us examine the psychology of Carsonism point by point: in the last analysis it will be found to be Home Rule, pure and simple. *

There are three main points in his creed.

The first is the intolerability of the Irish dictatorship of England.

The second is the intolerability of the English coercion of Ireland.

The third is the necessity of some sort of special treatment for Ulster.

Concerning the Irish dictatorship of England it would be hard to talk too severely: nor can Sir Edward Carson be blamed for his attitude: if anything, however, it


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should be Mr. Bonar Law who should be raising an army of volunteers to resist that dictatorship, for it is England that needs Home Rule far more than Ireland.

But how few realise that the title deeds of the dictator are the very terms of the Act of Union? Yet so it is, and the office was created when the two Parliaments were amalgamated without a distinction being made between Imperial and local affairs, and so it will continue until such a distinction is made again and the possibility of such a dictatorship finally abolished.

Now what is the lesson of experience in this matter? According to Lecky it amounts to this—that ever since the Reform of 1832 there is not a measure of importance which has not been decided purely by the Irish Vote—which simply means that the grievance of the present Tory Party (namely that all the iniquitous Ieigis—by the English people acting for themselves) has been the disadvantage of the Union to England for close on a century.

That this was the original intention of Pitt in passing the Union no one for a moment can admit: that such has been the effect of the Act of Union there is not a measure of importance which has not been decided purely by the Irish Vote—which simply means that the grievance of the present Tory Party (namely that all the iniquitous Ieigis—by the English people acting for themselves) has been the disadvantage of the Union to England for close on a century.

For, what is this vast army of soldiers with loaded rifles parading the streets of Belfast for, if not to demonstrate to Irishmen the utter futility of trusting to the English sense of justice once the uselessness of the moment has passed, and the enunciation of that eternal principle which empires must respect as the first condition of their existence—Home Rule.

What is that crowd of imported Pressmen doing, quartered in every village in Ulster and sending their daily batch of copy over to London, if not a practical admission of the utter impossibility of the Parliament at Westminster understanding the intricacies of Irish domestic concerns. What is that squadron of cinematograph operators photographing the manoeuvres and preparations to flash them over the whole United Kingdom—Sir Edward Carson might be said to believe far more of a Home Ruler than Home Ruler in theory would not mean to Ulster.

Next about these volunteers of Sir Edward Carson in condemning the disastrous results is thereby calling for action, if not to try and make the ignorant electorate realise a situation which ever since the days of Henry VIII English statesmen have only felt “as in a dream”—looking on minorities as if they were mere pawns in a game of chess and forgetting that they are living men with souls and passions.

All this is Home Rule. Home Rule, Home Rule all the time, and Carson has out-Redmonded Redmond in Home Rule.

Why then, it will be asked, is not Sir Edward Carson a declared Home Ruler. One might reply that it would be hard to find a more forcible declaration: but the answer would be to a certain extent superficial, and one would lose sight of a point which I venture to think has not been raised before, but which is of the utmost importance in the analysis of Carsonism.

In the first place, be it noted, Sir Edward Carson has never defended what the Union really stands for in Ireland, viz., Bureaucracy; in fact his whole attitude at the present moment is the greatest indictment of Bureaucracy that has ever been made in England, and until I find a passage in his speeches in which he absolutely declares that Mr. Bonar Law understands the Irish situation better than himself, so long must I look upon him as in spirit at least a Home Ruler. If anything, Sir Edward Carson might be said to believe far too much in Home Rule to be a Home Ruler, being in his heart of hearts more of a Home Ruler than Home Rulers themselves, and he has merely taken up the attitude that Home Rule in theory would not mean Home Rule in practice.

This point, is to my mind, the hinge upon which the whole situation now turns.

I am not concerned for the moment with the truth or the falsity of the contention, and the fears of Ulster may or may not be justified, but I am not going to assume the insincerity of the charge, for Sir Edward Carson has only to go into the ranks of the Home Rulers themselves to get these reluctant admissions which by the very fact that they are reluctant are probably nearer to the truth, and these admissions entirely justify him in the attitude he has taken up with regard to Ulster.

For nearly half a century Catholic pulpits and Nationalist platforms have been vilifying the Protestant Orangemen of the North, the one denouncing their
creed as the mental poison of Ireland, the other their race as the natural enemies of the country. Very well, is Sir Edward Carson, then why should he wish to rule us—on what principle do you ask us to trust ourselves into your power any more than you trust yourselves into that of England. Do what you like among yourselves, take Home Rule if you like, but do not take Home Rule from us.

We wish you well in your experiment. Perhaps some day it may prove such a success, and you may show such tolerance, that we will join you, but meanwhile, we do not see our way to do so. The consent of the governed, however, is the first principle of Home Rule, and if you deny us that, how are we to believe you will respect our freedom afterwards?

This must not be thought an entirely selfish point of view, nor one limited to one single geographical point, quite the contrary: it affects the working of Home Rule outside Ulster, if possible, more than Ulster.

If every advantage is taken by Nationalist controversialists of the reluctant admissions of prominent Unionists, then it would be absurd to be squeamish about Orangemen taking the same advantage of like confessions from Home Rulers. Let me explain.

Probably it would be hard to find two more eminent, sincere, experienced and capable critics than Frank Hugh O'Donnell on Catholicism and William O'Brien on Nationalism: but at the same time the onslaught of the one on clericalism in Ireland and the other on Protestantismarianism would almost justify a French Revolution on the one hand and an absolute bureaucracy on the other. Now, were these exceptional outbursts, they might be excused as eccentric; but on the contrary, they are very typical of a movement which are growing so rapidly that there is hardly any new organisation, book or personality which does not in some way attack the official Church or the official party in terms which cannot but arouse mistrust in a small minority like Ulster.

One need not necessarily blame either the Church or the Party: indeed both have more than fulfilled their respective ideals: but it is something in the very nature of such organisations in themselves which tends to produce the results of which many Catholic Nationalists themselves complain and which consequently Protestant Orangemen have a double cause to fear.

Now in fairness let it be said that Sir Edward Carson himself even does not go to the lengths which some Home Rulers themselves do in their attack upon their own Church and their own Party, but he would be a fool were he to disregard the warnings and go blindly to the lengths which some
do in their attack upon their own Church and their own Party, but he would be a fool were he to disregard the warnings and go blindly to the lengths which some...
consists in the free use, enjoyment and disposal of all his acquisitions without any control or domination, save only by the law of the land. The Insurance Act is now one of these laws, generally we are not permitted to criticise its application, though we may perhaps venture to consider whether or not it is in accordance with the spirit of the English law.

If we do so, we must bear in mind one very important fact in the development of the English political system, and that is that this country has never been a land of equal rights. From Sir Edward Coke to Blackstone, and from Blackstone onwards, English jurists are careful to distinguish among the ruling classes—the several degrees of lesser title, such as the knight of the garter, the knight banneret, the baronets, the knights of the bath, the esquires and gentlemen, the members of the learned and martial professions and so on. The last in the scale of rank is not to be the yeoman—"A yeoman is he that hath free land of forty shillingys by the year; who was ancietly thereby qualified to serve on juries, vote for knights of the shire, and do any other act which the law requires one; one that is possessor et legalis homo." The remainder of the community—the tradesmen, artificers, and labourers, were grouped together without any special status, and formed simply the lowest part of the commonalty. They were British subjects, and, generally speaking, entitled to the rights and privileges which were common to all Englishmen. They were not, however, citizens in the sense that the Roman "Civis" was a citizen, that is to say, they took no part whatever in making the laws of the land. To this day, indeed, an independent yeoman of advanced years may be his "free customs." Nevertheless, liberties and free customs are referred to. "The spirit of justice is there and is confirmed by many other passages which might be quoted in support of it. It is our duty rather to emphasise this neglect of the reference to freedom and to ascertain how modern legal measures uphold or contravene this unmistakable spirit of personal liberty, which, in spite of appearances to the contrary, really does pervade and penetrate the very substance of the law.

At this juncture we are again confronted with the Insurance Act. This was not by any means the first piece of what we now call class legislation. According to a statute passed in the fifth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "all single men between twelve years old and sixty, and married ones under thirty years of age, and all single women between twelve and forty not having any visible livelihood, are compellable by two justices to go out to service in husbandry or certain specific trades." The statute was abolished in 1687.

"The children of poor persons may be apprenticed by the overseers with the consent of two justices, till twenty-one years of age, to such persons as are thought fitting, who are also compellable to take them"—the Right to Work Bill! Certainly many of the statutes regulating the status—or, to use the English legal expression, the capacity—of labourers and other workers which we find passed in the reigns of Elizabeth, the Stuarts, and Anne, were repealed by subsequent measures. Enough, nevertheless, remains to show that English employers of three centuries ago, or even less, were not as a matter of surprise to us if we hear the large employers of modern times who are committed to the present day to property are entitled to be called craftsmen at all. At the same time, it would be equally absurd to call them unskilled labourers or vagabonds. They are simply a class which has grown up with the growth of machinery; they are modern products; and we can find few medieval parallels to them.

What we must aim at then, rather than vague appeals to the past which are not justified by our national traditions, is some method of compelling the people to recognise the fact that the expression "property" includes more than tangible objects. If you divest a man of the exercise of his liberties or his free customs, surely you commit against him as great an offence as if you knocked him down and decamped with his watch and chain.

The Insurance Act establishes, for the time being, the very retrograde principle that the exercise of liberties and free customs does not matter. The assault on this intangible form of property is carried out by the compulsory deduction of specified amounts from the workman's weekly wages. It is frequently maintained that the compulsory principle is not one to be combated, because, after all, we must every one of us pay for, say, battleships, even though we may not believe in war. I have met with this criticism so often recently that I mention it here by way of suggesting its obvious fallacy. We must all pay for battleships; but we need not all pay compulsory insurance contributions. Only the unfortunate among us who earn less than £100 a year have to do this out of the new standard of official supervision. In the spacious times of George the Fifth, Elizabeth only helpless vagabonds were taken in hand by the State; and it was "compellable" on certain people to find work for them. A few hundreds of them, then, perhaps? Nous avons changé tout cela. There have been fourteen million people made the anything-but-spacious times of George the Fifth.
The L.C.C. Profiteers' Pimp.

By Charles Brooklamner

(Exact report of a meeting of employers of labour to consider the question of continuation schools for the workers, Hampstead Town Hall, July 13, 6 p.m. About sixty people are present. Enter student.)

The Mayor of Hampstead: Er, ladies and gentlemen, this meeting of employers of labour has been called together by the London County Council, by the local care commissioners and myself to impress upon employers the absolute necessity there is to induce the young people to continue their education after leaving school. I wish to point out to employers that not only will they reap vast benefits for any small sacrifices they themselves are called upon to make, but also the country will benefit.

Class two are youths employed in some trade which would allow them to join these night-classes at 7.30 if they wished to. Ordinarily, however, they don't wish—er—without some persuasion. These youths look to the employer for encouragement and advancement how by making some sacrifices they can get a better servant. I call upon Alderman Gilbert, Chairman of the Council.

Mr. Gilbert: Education Council: "Ah! The next step!" and applause. Mr. GILL. rises. His nose is very red and he speaks with some difficulty). Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, may I begin, Sir, by explaining on behalf of the London County Council Educational Committee that I believe that there is no section of public work dealt with by a public body that receives a greater share of criticism. The criticism that is usually most heard, particularly in the case of elementary schools, is that the result is never what it should be. The employers who are called to review the work of these schools must continue their education at evening schools, (Applause. A local business man supports the scheme.)

Mr. Richard (another local employer): We will do all we can to further the scheme, not from a selfish view entirely, though that must come into all business heads to a certain extent, but because also we all feel that we must help the working-classes.

Mr. Green (local employer): We educate our own apprentices. Their parents want them to earn money nowadays instead of to learn a business—that's the great danger. No one could do more than we do to help them to a further knowledge of their business. It would be rather difficult to expect us to pay fees. We already pay very heavily towards the costs of their education. The boys and girls nowadays do not pay for the amount that's spent on them. They don't write so well; they don't speak so well; whether it's because they're allowed to run about the streets too much, I don't know.

Mr. Godwin (Assistant Inspector, L.C.C.): I don't wanter add ter the discussion, that wou'ld'll become an offsher. (Figures.) Sye he wishes ter learn J-talian or Russian, we charge the sime fer the full course as fer one subject. (Figures.) We're doing all we can ter encourage education for our deaf students. (Figures for twenty minutes.)

Mr. Killick (local employer): We don't indenture apprentices nowadays, we take them on trust, and they invariably serve out their term officials who have only to study the requirements of the nation and not to carry on mixed businesses, the irresponsibility of the young people to help themselves in these things. They are not trained to subject themselves to control—we never know how they're going to treat us. The irresponsibility of the child is woeful; more responsibility should be placed upon the parents. Of course, we're looking at it from rather a selfish point of view; we want to help the young people, but we want to know where the advantage to ourselves comes in.

Miss Phillips (L.C.C. Assistant Inspector): Well, in answer to that, look at it like this: The better educated your employee is, the more value he is to you. There's a little responsibility, if I may be excused for saying so, on the employer, and if there's good feeling there's always more work done. And we'll do all we can for you, we'll send the teachers into your firm, if you like.

Young Woman (representing Domestic Servants' Union): Stop! Why must we stop being educated at fourteen, when you keep your children at school until eighteen or twenty? Out of 800 cases, only twenty-five let their domestics off to attend one evening class a week.

Old Man: I'm a Salvationist and I know they don't have time off. I'm very glad I'm sitting next to this lady. I'm going to get to know her. (Applause and laughter.)

Wild-haired Man: It's pretty clear you 'ave to 'ave legislative to make the employers allow time. It's silly to expect employers to 'elp their employees. ("Rubbish"); ("Rot"); ("Nonsense"). Some of them working fourteen hours a day. (Mr. Killick: "Nonsense"). Yes, in your firm, Sir, going out with the vans.

A Local Councillor: I am quite ignorant of the subject, but it is quite seldom you and boys with anything like ambition. When their work's done for the day they feel that, well, their day's work's done. (Speaks for twenty minutes.)

Miss Ackwith: Speaking as an employer, I think this scheme very excellent and inclusive. (Tells anecdotes at great length) Dr. Kerschensteiner of Munich... Dr. Kerschensteiner... (Sits down)

Student (rising): Gentlemen, I came here as a member of the Press and I intend to leave as a member of the public. Mr. Gilbert knows that the intention of his council is to provide more efficient wage-slaves for employers, and these owners of little suburban firms are too silly to realise it. Good-nights. (Sensation. Exit Stud.)
Dreams.
By M. B. Oxon.

I.
In view of the fact that Prof. Freud is at the present moment greatly in vogue, owing to his suggested method of Psycho-Analysis for the treatment of mental diseases, his book on Dreams will most likely be more read than books on dreams usually are. His theory of dreams is no doubt ingenious, and in many ways a just one, but it has, in my opinion, so much which is bad in it that I will try to put forward another scheme which I think for many reasons is a preferable one to his.

My general objection to Prof. Freud's scheme of Psychology is that it stands on rather a Man-Radish basis, even though it is a more complex one than is generally accepted by scientists. As a result of this, his scheme seems to me an upside down one, and to deserve criticism along two lines: the Ethical, shall I say, and the Mechanical. This applies not only to his explanation of dreams, but to his whole theory of psycho-analysis. Psycho-analysis is at the moment the latest toy in the medical world, but even if it does considerable harm before it is put on the shelf, it is at least a scientific toy, and therefore if it deals almost exclusively with pathology this is quite in place. Pathology is a valuable subject to the doctor for the purpose of dream treatment, it is a pathological great interest and suggests nothing obscene. For the layman, however, even a pathology museum can be a very undesirable place, and he is much better in an art museum, though even this may be made less desirable if he insists on the "anthropological" aspect of the exhibits. But dreams are not all pathological, and I think that ethically it is unfortunate to start people on the road to study and analyse their dreams weighted with a notion that morbidity is the essence of the dream state, instead of only one of its trimmings.

Mechanically, I venture to think, Professor Freud's scheme is unconvincing. Not that it is too complicated, for any scheme of such things must be complicated; nor because he recognises a great many activities at work, for such there must be in a complex man; but because the motive which inspires his dream-activities seems quite an inadequate one. These activities he figures as demons engaged on various jobs of transmutation and organisation of the rough material into the finished dream, and if the aim is to be considered purposeful, which is the idea his words about them convey, one feels that this purpose should be something more useful than Professor Freud makes it. Besides the various demons engaged in amplifying, curtailing, and combining the data of which the dream is composed, there is one which Professor Freud calls the Censor, who controls what is to pass out of the sub-conscious region into consciousness, and who during waking life is all-powerful; and the object of all these demons' activities seems to be that anything which does escape the Censor shall be so hashed up that it needs a professor to show how dirty and obnoxious it really is.

When he is caught napping, things escape into consciousness which would otherwise be bottled up for ever. Hence, says Professor Freud, a dream fulfills a desirable end by relieving tension. Apparently, by altering a few words here, we may bring dreams under the same category as other excretions. "When the sphincter is caught napping there is an evacuation of retained secretions." Which is quite in keeping with our knowledge that "the brain secretes thought as the liver does bile."

According to Professor Freud, these evacuations, however harmless they may appear, are, if carefully analysed, found to consist of little but sexual matters and other quite undesirable stuff.

As a matter of fact, the scheme which I will propose really differs very little in its machinery from that of Professor Freud, but I hope to show that, while it accounts more rationally for the various happenings, it also, by putting sex dirtiness into the background, leads those who study their dreams away from the Kraft-Ebbing land of sexual intrigues with hams and boys into the great world of the ordinary and personal gods. Professor Freud has noticed the myths, I am sorry to say. God forbid that these should ever be labelled with Kraft-Ebbing tickets! as they will certainly be if taken over by psycho-analysts who start with the obsession that sex is at the bottom of everything.

The difficulty is that at the bottom of everything is sex, for sex is, it seems, the most profound reality of which we have any knowledge; but when we find it at the bottom of everything it is barely recognisable as "sex" unless some kind professor has marked it with a figleaf in order that he who runs may not miss the passage as he reads. It is more completely embodied in the propagation of plants in which we instruct our school-children than it is in the banana favoured by those of more mature fancy; and, if Professor Freud says we must now add the airship! To the dirty all things are dirty, and a theory of dreams which postulates that they consist chiefly of things which have "escaped the censor" seems one which we could well do without.

It can or it cannot be that this is all evolutionarily and non-pathologically there is too much sex-thinking and also sex-repression in the civilised world; but by means let us combat it, but even if these perverted ideas are really so prevalent as the sexual pathologists would make us believe it is unfair to start from, as those who do not know it that they are really tarred with the same brush inside, even if it were certainly a fact.

The subject is such a huge and difficult one that it is hard to know how and where to start. I think that perhaps the best way will be to follow Professor Freud's plan and push boldly into the middle of things, reanalyse his dream, and having arrived at a different answer from him, withdraw again and open up the subject more methodically.

For the purposes of his book the Professor takes a dream, and by a very subtle and, in many ways, just dissection of its contents, convicts himself of having been driven to dream it by a repressed desire of getting something for nothing. Though the description which he gives us in words is rather cold, calculating, and disagreeable, yet I think the Professor's words do him an injustice, for many of us must recognise the massive impression of futility and separation which his sentences suggest. He also, I believe, does himself an injustice in thinking that he is such a disgruntled pessimist as to dream thus without rhyme or reason. My analysis of his dream is in great measure the same as his, but it goes a little further, and makes all the difference. I would suggest that the cause of or motive power of his dream, instead of lying entirely in what might be called the lower mechanisms of the mind, really came from himself, possibly from what he would call his Ego, though I do not know exactly what he connotes by the word. I would suggest that in sleep he experienced what—for want of a better word, at any rate for the present—we will call a "soul contact," during which he enjoyed and basked in the love of some friend which he expected not to pay, and that it was the sense of loss, estrangement, confinement connected with the gradual coming into action of his quasi-bodily mind mechanisms as he woke which produced the sense of loneliness and futility, which was dressed up by his brain for the stage of consciousness in such theatrical properties as were to hand, his pessistic thoughts of yesterday.

Soul contact is a phrase which some readers may perhaps boggle at, but if they will be patient I hope to be able to show that it is not really such a "deus ex machina" as I have accused Professor Freud's demons of being.

The mechanism of dreaming is, presumably, identical with that of thought, though it seems as if it must be employed in rather a different way. Wherein lies this
difference of application which so usually distinguishes aunts and other persons too venerable to mention are off gradually when "The Sin of David" should have roused all the Van Dyck was perfectly audible to me. But when the actors talked seriously about adultery in the first play, there; I say it with all reverence and thankfulness for the blessing; they are the gift of God. I discovered the magic seat at the Savoy Theatre; ray, I do. Some unseen watcher guided me to it. It was a seat that permitted me to hear every word of the farce that followed the three-decker—"The Van Dyck" was perfectly audible to me. But when the actors talked seriously about adultery in the first play, when "The Sin of David" should have roused all the moral apprehensions of a not too cynical soul, not a word reached me. I could hear what the prosodists call the a b a b a b the metre; I could hear all the pauses, all the blanks, of the blank verse; but what was said I do not know. It was probably something rude, so I do not complain. But what a wonderful seat was mine!

I have referred to adultery, but who knows what happened between the second and third acts? According to the Biblical story, David saw Bathsheba bathing herself, fell in love with her, and went the way of all flesh. But Mr. Stephen Phillips' play has neither a David nor a Bathsheba; had I seen a woman in a bath I should have said, "Kismet"; but I saw nothing and said nothing. But although Mr. Phillips has eliminated the bath, he has reproduced the Biblical story in an English setting, and when we see history repeating itself on the stage (with emendations, of course) we call it an analogue. It is good to be clear about these things. There is no evidence to prove that David, King of Israel, was a Puritan; but in a vague, general way, we may say that the period of the Civil War in England provided circumstances not unlike those necessary to the reproduction of the Biblical story. Certainly men were at war with each other, cutters with recanters, and both with decanters, and so on; and the cutters are usually regarded as Old Testament men. If the sin of David is to be reproduced, the playwright must have a war, or how can he get rid of Uriah the Hittite? The Civil War it is that Mr. Phillips chooses, as most resembling the circumstances of the original sin of David.

I cannot call Sir Hubert Lisle valiant in war, for the part is played by Mr. H. B. Irving, and I do not know his fighting weight. But that is his reputation; valiant in war, says in counsel, steadfast in adversity, zealous in victory, sober in his cups, and cold in bed; I can only say that he looks it. As Commander-in-Chief of the Rushland Rangers (or whatever they call themselves), his first action is to give a casting vote on a question of discipline. One of the Puritan lieutenants has shamefully enforced a quittance of the court martial is divided equally on the question of punishment between death and expulsion from the army of the Lord. Sir Hubert plumbs for death, which is, of course, the easy solution of most difficulties. The young soldier pleads his youth and human weakness in the presence of desirable females, but Sir Hubert is obdurate, and in words that would be prophetic anywhere but on the stage the young man trusts that Sir Hubert may never be at the mercy of his fellows for a similar offence. In the purity of his conscience, in the strength of his consciousness of rectitude, Sir Hubert calls upon God to mete to him the justice he has measured to this young man if ever he showed the guilt of a similar offence. Instantly he meers the lady of the house and falls in love with her.

Now comes the recondite question: How is it possible to commit adultery with the wife of a Puritan? The question did not arise in the case of Bathsheba, but in any imagination the poet has no difficulty in solving the problem it has raised. The woman is not named Bathsheba, but Miriam; and Miriam is a Biblical name with other significations. For instance, she took a tambour and timbrel in her hand and sung goodly songs of Exodus; she conspired against her brother Moses' monopoly of the vocation of prophet, because Moses had married a black woman—and she was smitten with leprosy as a punishment. Later, when they were both dead, there was no water for the congregation. If, then, the wife of the Puritan is named Miriam, she will not be so easy as Bathsheba was, but still will not seem inaccessible as she would if she were named, say, Mary, or Ursula, or Seraphina, or some such name with historical associations of virtue. But what's in a Hebrew name? Miriam Mardyke had French blood in her veins, she had come from the sunny plains of Champagne to the low fenlands of the Eastern counties; her native taste for adornment received the violent censure of her Puritan husband as tending to vanity, and the shadow had fallen between them before Sir Hubert appeared. Thus the poet paved the way to the bed-chamber.

For the rest, the poet follows the Biblical story very closely, with the exception that I am not sure whether they did commit adultery. So many years elapse between the second and third acts that, even if I had known, I should have forgotten. But in the third act Sir Hubert Lisle and Miriam and have lived a good deed, Sir Hubert seems to be residuary legatee of the estate of Colonel Mardyke, for he is also attended by Mardyke's old servant. Now we have got to kill the child, to conform with the Biblical story. The child cannot sleep, so his mother brings him on the stage; there is a Puritanically paternal passage of affection, and then the child shrinks from his father. This is ominous. Sir Hubert is called away to relieve Pomfret, and by this time the child has sickened. Some of the symptoms resemble diphtheria, but the doctor has to resemble the doctor in "Macbeth," and he hints mysteriously at mental or spiritual trouble. Anyhow, that does not matter; the child has got to die, and diphtheria or no diphtheria, anti-toxin or no anti-toxin, I was meant to attend to that child's funeral. Next morning everyone is "ssshh-ing" about the place; the crisis is momentarily expected, when Sir Hubert returns victorious, his followers singing and playing on the lead that are apparently musical instruments. "The child dies; I nearly did; and the husband and wife begin to blame themselves. Each is quite certain that God has killed the child because he was born in sin and shapen in iniquity; there is a casuistical passage, mostly indistinguishable, the relative degrees of guilt of husband and wife; but they turn to each other at the end, and enter on a really spiritual marriage. The moral of the play is: Find my seat.
Readers and Writers.

Everybody has heard of the Scotman who thought that Londoners had improved in their pronunciation during the six weeks he had been in town. I mention the story only for the sake of illustra-
tion that the literary reviews now appearing in our con-
temporaries are a little less ridiculous than they used to be before. . . . The "Nation," in particular, now takes literature seriously occasionally, though still with too much care for the mere "feelings" of living writers. Feelings be damned, when anything more important is at stake, and the maintenance of the standard of taste is by common consent of more importance than the feelings of any writer who lowers it. In a judicious article on "Our Younger Novelists," the "Nation" recently told these gentry off with a fair amount of general directness. They were inordinately egoistic and consequently wrote autobiographically of insignificant people. At best they lived in a group-consciousness and not in a world-consciousness, they had no pregnant [!] association with the inarticulate needs of the people they were deplorably without any sense of self-criticism. All this, of course, is perfectly true; but the effect was marred by excepting practically every novelist by name from the general definition. This one had this redeeming feature, that one had that, and so on; till one was expected to conclude that bad as the lot really were, each was good. I should like to know—mere curiosity—which of the novelists named felt the smallest degree moved to improvement. Will they kindly communicate with me?

The foregoing paragraph is not to be taken as guaranteeing anything in the literary Press of to-day. The reader must still walk most warily in expectation of a shock at least once in every review. The chief novel-reviewer of the "New Statesman," for example, after some paragraphs of careful innocuousness—no opinion is better than wrong opinion—suddenly produces this: "The book leaves us depressed, but it is a good book ... thoughtful and powerful." Need I draw out the absurdity of this sentence or formulate the heresy contained in it? I think not. It is enough to say that the man who wrote it is still in the infants' school of life. And here are the following phrases which I met in the "Daily News" review of Mr. Frederick Niven's "Justice of the Peace." "A novel which the careless might confuse with an Arnold Bennett . . . a genuine novel of ideas." Who ever—even the most name-by-name, most mistake-an Arnold Bennett—will be more for a novel of ideas? The conjunction is incongruous, and Mr. Bennett would probably be the last to admit it. Now if it were Mr. Wells—ah, the incongruity would then be less obvious.

Selections from the works of two recently deceased Socialist writers have just been published: "Essays," by Hubert Bland (Goschen, 6d.), and "Harry Quelch: Selections," edited by E. B. Bax (Richards, 2s. 6d.). Both writers had many qualities in common—a main attitude towards life, intellectual honesty, independence, and a good stout pen. But Hubert Bland had much the better training in both writing and thinking. There is thus about his essays what may be looked for in vain in those of Quelch—a philosophical background and an occasional grace-note of style. Quelch, on the other hand, I am certain, had the greater native power. He was really rather formidable in mind and used a good stout pen. I am certain, had the greater native power. If I imagine the man will be completely buried under heaps of rubbish for Whitman was for a day only, and for a day that has passed. The latest addition to the Whitmanian material is the third volume of Mr. Horace Traubel's "Walt Whitman in Camden." If the talk is of photographing life, how is this for our dandy realists? This volume consists of nearly six hundred pages of close type, and records the sayings and doings of Whitman during only four months of his life. Nothing surely can be omitted from it, least of all the deadly dullness of himself and his biographer! Yet I should not be surprised if the portentous work sold well in England!

Mr. Charles Kelly has published some additional volumes in his "Books for Every Age" series (tod. each). Those sent me are "Fog Without,'" "Jane Eyre,'" "Gulliver's Travels,'" and "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight."
Democracy in Esse among the Art Journalists.

By Artiglio.

Critics each genuine difficulty shan:
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
(Dr. Young, “Night Thoughts.”)

It has always been a source of comfort to me to meditate upon the fate of Longinus: who was burnt alive by the Roman soldiery. There must have been a number of artists and authors among the troops assembled before Palmyra, who, when the city surrendered, managed to get some of their own back—for Longinus, among other things, was a critic.

To be a critic for hire, of other men’s work, is to show oneself destitute of some of the finer feelings of our nature: to put oneself outside the pale of humanity.

From Aretino to Harry Quilter—Whistler’s ‘Arty’—they have passed a parasitic existence—battening and fattening like flies, and other horrible creeping things, upon the sufferings and torments of the nobler animal of a higher nature than themselves.

It is all very well to tell me that they write for bread, and that every man has a right to live. “Je n’en vois pas, je ne vous ai pas,” — there is a peculiar air of old Frenchman you. Talleyrand, I believe. I would sooner get my living, as I do, by spreading dung upon the face of the earth than be a critic.

He had y-lad of dong full many a father.

A bit of old English, sir—Chaucer, “Canterbury Tales.”

Better the meanest hind who begs his bread
(Pope’s “Homer.”)

Than be a critic with a swollen head.

(Adrifiglio.)

It has often been asked: Who are the critics? And it has often been answered, “Et responsum est ab omnibus.”—De Quincey. Essay on Murder—that they are the failures of the Art World—the unpublished poet, the painter yet unhung.

This is a mistake. Most of them have never even painted a picture, or composed an original verse. Where they came from, or what they are, is a secret closely locked in editorial bosoms.

When they begin, many of them have not even an elementary equipment—these Ephemerides of modern journalism. They do not even know one end of a picture from the other—or the difference between oil and water. They have a vague idea that the two do not mix well, but “that is all they know.”

They spread their sail to catch the gale,
And that is all they know.”

(From Dr. Young—Drawing-Room Ballad.)

Hoping that somehow, with the help of the Muses, they may arrive somewhere without getting capsized. Keats once wrote a poem about a pot of basil, and Ruskin once wrote a paragraph about a pot of paint. I really think the latter is the best known, even among the “High-brows.”

Ever since that Ruskin fiasco, critics have always proceeded with exemplary caution in times of storm and stress—they, the leaders and instructors of the popular mind. It was pitiable to watch their agonised spasms, now happily passed. No man, not even the most copper-bottomed, can sit on a fence for ever, waiting to see which side is the safest to jump down upon.

Oliver Goldsmith knew his critic well—and this was his advice to the young beginner: if such is his will.

“Always say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and praise the works of [Pietro Perugino].”

Then the young man is advised to glide gracefully away from a subject of which it is patent he is painfully ignorant—and take a direction toward “Shakespeare and the musical glasses.”

Quod semper, quod ubique. (I do not know where that comes from, but it is a good old tag.) These very arts the critic practises at the present day. You open,

let us say, your New Age, and you see an article entitled “Ginger for Pluck, Black for Beauty,” and you fondly imagine that you are going to get a pleasing revivification of colour. Instead of that, you are beset with a column of reminiscences of what Walter said to [Whistler] and what Whistler said to Walter; but not a word about Ginger, or Beauty, or Pluck; further on you may meet with a stone or two, flung at the writer’s pet aversion of the moment; and you wind up the whole with some rancid old music-hall chorus. I have forgotten to mention the French, “Mais ce n’est moins que rien.” And this is Art Criticism—in London in the year 1914 of the common era! The phrase “Cockney impudence” out of the pot of paint paragraph occurs to me.

But there is a worse evil under the sun. You open some modern magazine that professes to devote itself to the subject of Art—and you see an article entitled “The Matisse Movement in Modern Painting.” “Ha,” you exclaim, poor, trusting, fond fool that you are, “at last I am warm, I have seen the fire.” Here, for once in a way, is something of palpitating interest; and you begin to read. You discover that you are put off with a description in page after page—of an aesthetic tea in a Chelsea studio.

I must acknowledge, however, that there is one concession to decency these modern scribes have made. They no longer call their rubbish criticism—but Art Journalism. It is now a case of Triumphant Democracy. Why not? Every man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and to be an art journalist if such is his will.

And as such he must gather what straw he can to make his tale of bricks. He must get his copy by any means in his power. He is out for blood. It is amusing to watch the ways of the creature at galleries and places where they paint. Being utterly ignorant of his subject, he attaches himself like a tick to some unfortunate painter, who has the unhappiness to know him, and sucks his brains, going round the gallery with him; asking him his opinion of the pictures, and listening to the remarks he makes to any chance friend or acquaintance who happens to come alongside of them. Then home triumphant to reel off his copy. He is full of blood—the blood of the poor artist—which becomes polluted in passing through his system; but never mind. “Fate cannot touch him, he has dined to-day.” Away, thou vampire! away! How it saddens me to reflect that, like Jews of old, I am living at a time of great need, and the necessity of our complex civilisation. We should like to abolish them along with other baleful trades, and yet we are unable to do so. As one of themselves, a prophet of their own, would say:

“We’ve got to have ‘em;
We’ve got to have ‘em;
That is what touches the spot,
in the words of the long-forgotten melody of the Halls of Harmony. Yes, they are too strong for us.

There is an old rhyme that says:
I takes and paints, hears no complaints;
I sold before I’m dry;
When savage Ruskin sticks his tusk in,
Nobody will buy.

Yes, even men like Ruskin and Diderot appear to have snatched their singing robes when they became critics. Critics there have been, I know, and great ones. “Glorious John” Dryden himself, in England, who once wrote “It was not the chief business of criticism to find fault”; and in France, the modern Hellas, the home of Art, not a few. In later times, I recall the names of Thiers, Taine, Rochfort, the De Goncourts—but they were highly equipped for their office. They had been appointed her high priests by Athene herself. But what have these present-day swarms of lice and!...
Holiday Observations.

By Peter Fanning.

DATE, Saturday May 9, 1914. Time, 9 a.m. Place, Yorkhill Docks, Glasgow. Class, "Third."

A bustling officer in a raucous voice roars out, "All Scandinavians this way." A young fellow, the ship's interpreter, repeats the command in several different languages, and then there began to concentrate towards the barrier a mosley collection of Jews, Germans, Danes, Finns, Swedes, Poles, and Russians. Amongst the latter were several infantrymen, still wearing their military uniforms, evidently despatched straight from the ranks. But even these were not so interesting to me as were five females, dressed in the poorest of garments, without jackets or shawls, and with only a clout being allowed to approach the gangway leading to the ship. But their poverty exclaims me as were five females, dressed in the poorest of garments, without jackets or shawls, and with only a clout being allowed to approach the gangway leading to the ship, and wondered what would be their fate in America, for head covering. But their poverty of common calico for head covering. But their poverty exclaims me as were five females, dressed in the poorest of garments, without jackets or shawls, and with only a clout being allowed to approach the gangway leading to the ship, and wondered what would be their fate in America, for head covering. But their poverty and repression. Whilst I watched this prevailing features of American life.

Having selected our berths and disposed of our baggage we went up on deck, from whence we witnessed a most animated scene. The gangways had been drawn in, the fastenings cast off, and the "California" was moving gently forward. On the dockside were some thousands of people following the ship as she moved slowly along, some crying, some cheering, but all wishing us good-bye, good luck, and God speed. On the saloon deck of the ship a second-class passenger was playing the Scotch pipes. He gave forth many a patriotic Scotch air, to which those ashore responded with cheers. And now we were in the fairway of the Clyde, moving slowly down on the out-going tide. The day was fine and dry, but bitterly cold. On either bank of the river we could look right into the ship-building yards and factories, where the wage-slaves of Scotland grind out their lives that they may grind out profits for those who live by exploiting them. We could see the squalid tenements—some of the worst in Europe—where these victims of capitalism are compelled to live. At Dumbarton we passed the "Aquitania," which had come over from Belfast the day before. A month later I saw, from the crowded deck of a Hudson River ferry boat, this monster lying in New York Harbour; she created a tremendous sensation amongst the passengers. What feeling she created in the American Press I will show later on by some quotations, which will come, I am inclined to think, as a surprise to Englishmen. From Dumbarton we dropped down to Greenock, where we anchored two and a half hours to take the mails aboard. Although the wind was piercingly cold and my health was wretched, the scene on either side of the river was so interesting that I remained on deck so long as there was daylight. And what struck me most during this journey down the Clyde? I was aware that I had just left a city whose medical officers of health had recently declared that it contained slums which were overcrowded by forty thousand souls. And yet, here, only a few miles away, there were hundreds of thousands of acres of land uncultivated, without a single dwelling, sustaining nothing, so far as one could see, except birds and vermin! I do not wonder at the Scotch flying away in their tens of thousands. But I would rather see them passed to a medical officer, who, in a most perfunctory manner, glanced at the backs of our hands and at our eyes and then passed us onto the ship. I shall recall this alleged medical examination later on.

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stay and put up a fight for the land, like the Irish. It is hardly likely though, I fear: as I soon discovered, on boarding the old ship; the old animosity amongst the "clans" still persists.

At noon the bell sounded for dinner, and we all went below. I had read the menu which the Anchor Line professed to give to third-class passengers, so I was naturally anxious to see if it came up to the advertisement. I declare, right here, without hesitation—it did. The food was fresh, abundant, well cooked, and well served. There were many things which I did not touch during the voyage—butter, tea, milk, liver, porridge, etc., but never once did I hear a complaint from my messmates. They declared that they were quite as good as the things to which I restricted myself.

There is only one complaint I have to make about the dining arrangements, that is—we were too much rushed. Sufficient time should be allowed to third-class passengers to eat their food like civilised people. I do not know who was to blame in this matter, but I hope this hint may help to cause the removal of the grievance.

**Views and Reviews.**

*The Not Very Terrible Türk.*

Before considering Dr. Hermann Türk's theory of "Hamlet," I must say a word or two in reply to "J. H. C.'s" objection to the theory that I put forward on the authority of Dr. Ernest Jones. "J. H. C." said, in the last issue of The New Age: "My mind, however, revolted from the conclusion, since the tragedy would ex hypothesi depend upon chance and upon disease, and Shakespeare was too great to turn accident to tragic account." I do not understand the reference to disease. The theory that I put forward claimed that "Hamlet" was a play of incestuous fantasy; and Dr. Jones' lecture was entitled: "The Gedipus—Complex as an explanation of Hamlet's mystery: A Study in Motive." The incest motive in "Edipus" is manifest and admitted, and "J. H. C." cannot save Shakespeare from psycho-analysis without denying the very obvious inspiration of Sophocles' work. "Chance and disease" are unmistakably the motives of "Edipus," and Sophocles is, I think, as great a dramatist as Shakespeare.

But why should "J. H. C." call incest "disease"? It is usually regarded as a sin, it is certainly a crime; but I know of no reason whatever for classing it as disease. He has no distinguishing symptoms, and it is not amenable to medical treatment. Sexual intercourse with certain legally prohibited degrees of relationship: it is endogamy in the narrowest possible sense. I do not think that "J. H. C." will commit himself to the hypothesis that exogamy is an essentially righteous custom, for exogamy is the beginning of miscegenation; and miscegenation is not a lovely spectacle. The "awful consequences" argument against incest proves only that in-breeding intensifies the parental characteristics; and a rule of this nature may be used for good as for evil. The old-fashioned rule of breeding sporting dogs, for example, is "once in, twice out," to keep the family character intact; and Darwin came to the conclusion that the evidence for evil following close in-breeding was not conclusive, as Prof. Lloyd Morgan shows in his work, "The Growth of Groups in the Animal Kingdom." Incest may be anything one pleases, but it is much less obviously disease than, say, the Neo-Malthusian practices that are so popular at the present time.

I need not say that I do not find Dr. Türk's theory conclusive. So far as it goes, it is attractive; but it does not go far enough. Dr. Türk comes very near to the core of the problem when he says: "In truth, the cause of Hamlet's hesitation is found neither in the difficulty of his task as such, nor in the hindrance presented by his own character, that is to say, in fear or moral considerations; for on other occasions, as has been proved, he by no means shows himself a man whose actions are determined by his motives. There is the limitation of the problem: Hamlet's hesitancy is confined to the one task of killing his father's murderer. If we are to accept Dr. Türk's explanation that Hamlet hesitates 'because his whole mental life is engrossed, and all his desires and endeavours are arrested for the time being by the recognition of the fundamental error that has so long influenced all his views of the world and man, that every decision and purposeful activity in themselves become hateful to him,' we must ignore the nature-language of the play, the very quotations that Dr. Türk makes, and whatever to support the idea of a general aboulia; it was after the shock that he arranged the play scene, that he deliberately arranged the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, that he fought the pirates, and grappled with Laertes in Ophelia's grave. The aboulia was not general, it was specific; the only thing that Hamlet could not bring himself to do was to murder his uncle.

The only question is: "Why could he not do what he regarded as his duty?" He never doubted that it was his duty; what puzzled him, and puzzled us, was why he could not do it.

I do not know Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do";

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means To do't.

He said himself that he was "prompted to his revenge by heaven and hell," and was surprised that he, "a dull and muddy-mettled rascal," should "peak, like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of [his] cause," and again and again, he contracted this peculiar hesitancy with his normal character.

Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks my acquaintance? Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie in the throat, As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?

The cause of Hamlet's hesitancy was hidden from himself, and was not to be revealed by introspection. A merely ethical or philosophical objection to his task would have speedily been recognised by a man of Hamlet's penetration, and would either have been reasoned away or would have been confirmed and strengthened until it issued in action. But to the end of the play, Hamlet remained in ignorance of the cause of the inhibition.

This being so, I can admit all that Dr. Türk says of Hamlet's nature, and yet deny that he has explained the mystery of Hamlet's hesitation. I can agree that Hamlet's "narrative" shows that he in some in which extremes meet and call each other forth. In him are combined the humblest unpretentiousness with the fullest self-dependence of character, the most perfect modesty of demeanour with an eminent boldness in action, the nicest considerateness towards others with inexorable candour, a mode of thought which pursues things to their uttermost consequences with the greatest distrust of his own judgment, the most uncompromising condemnation of the evil deeds and moral weakness of men with the most intense and profound love for mankind, the highest idealism of disposition with the keenest eye for the true relations of life, a most tender conscience that even recognises and condemns the potential elements of all evil in himself, with the untrammeled actions of the real hero who trusts in God alone. His is a personality indomitable in its energy and yet softened by the most delicate feelings; he is a whole man, an intellect of the highest rank, in a word, a genius.

I can agree with all this, except the statement that "he was a whole man divided against himself on a particular issue, and Dr. Türk apparently
lacks the technical knowledge necessary to explain the cause of this unconscious inhibition. "Hamlet" must be traced back to Shakespeare; one must notice what changes Shakespeare made in the saga, must know the biographical facts connected with the production of the "Hamlet," if one wishes thoroughly to understand the mystery of Hamlet, for Shakespeare was as unconscious as his hero of the real cause of the inhibition. It is to the credit of Dr. Ernest Jones that he has complied with all these necessary conditions, and that his theory fits all the facts; Dr. Türck has not even defined the problem properly.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

The Panama Canal. By F. J. Haskin. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

This semi-official account of the building of the Panama Canal may be recommended to the general reader who is interested in any struggle of Man with Nature. The chapters dealing with the engineering features of the Canal are certified by Colonel Goethals; but the whole of the manifold activities that made the work successful come through in the book pretty clearly and briefly. The magnitude of everything connected with the Canal is naturally insisted upon by Mr. Haskin; and the consequence that "everything had to be invented and designed" after a particular requirement it was necessary to meet only adds to the marvel. Most important of all is the "margin of safety" if, anything, excessive; and means, as in the case of the Gatun Dam, that the engineers have done more work than was necessary.

Of most interest to us is the clear revelation of the fact that State Socialism failed as ignominiously as private enterprise had failed to build the Panama Canal. "In the beginning," says Mr. Haskin, "the Americans attempted to build the Canal under the direction of a commission with headquarters in Washington. The attempt failed so utterly that "the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission asserted that [the work] must be let out to a private contractor, this being, in his opinion, the only way possible to escape the toils of governmental red tape." Fortunately, the work was handed over to someone who was not a business man; with the consequence that the level of economic efficiency was probably higher than that of any other undertaking in the history of the world. Twice as much material was excavated in seven years as was expected to be excavated in nine years; and the additional work was accompanied by a decrease in working costs. 1/10th of labor force, 90 per cent. higher on the Isthmus than in the States, unit costs were sent down to surprisingly low levels. For instance, in 1908 it was costing 1 1/2 cents a cubic yard to operate a steam shovel; in 1911 this had been forced down to 8 1/2 cents a yard. In 1908 more than 183 cents were expended to haul a cubic yard of spoil 8 miles; in 1911 a cubic yard was hauled 12 miles for a little more than 15 1/2 cents. The average ton of dynamite did twice as much work in 1911 as in 1908, and £10,000 a month was saved by shaking out cement bags. The explanation of this astonishing efficiency is to be found in the emulation arising necessarily from the esprit de corps induced by the nature of the task and the conditions of its performance, and fostered by the genius of Colonel Goethals "Men doing identically the work were pitted against one another: Army engineers were placed in command of one task here and civilian engineers in command of another task there; and thus a healthy rivalry was established." The results of the shovel performances were published every week in the "Canal Record," and every steam-shovel gang "made the dirt fly" in the attempt to head the list. The American dictum that one Spaniard or Italian could do as much work as three West Indian negroes is full of precise information, and indeed, Mr. Grane says that you must not—Jesus Christ would not like it, or words to that effect. But there is something else that Jesus Christ would not like, and that is the proposed sub-service of all the nations to international law. Jesus Christ was not the friend of the epigone of the apostles, Paul, said that "if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law." The simple fact is that while the wage-system persists, the preaching of peace is only the saying of the robber: "Stand still while I rob you."

Saturday with my Camera. By S. C. Johnson. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Johnson has prepared a most interesting book on photography for the beginner. What to do, and how to do it, are the questions that Mr. Johnson asks and answers; and there is not a detail of the science that is not explained as lucidly as the subject allows. Particularly valuable to the beginner will be the passages explaining how and why the various mistakes are made. The book is divided into four sections, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter; and the various sorts of photography appropriate to the seasons are made clear. The book is full of precise information; indeed, Mr. Johnson is so careful that he adds an appendix on poisons, their symptoms, and their antidotes, to save the tyro from an untimely death in the darkroom. The book is illustrated with fifty-one plates, which will make the beginner envious; and innumerable practical diagrams are scattered through the volume. The book should save every amateur photographer from the derision of his friends.

Social Chaos: And The Way Out. By Alfred Baker Read. (Hendersons. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Read has one simple solution for all our troubles: infanticide. But to do justice to his idea, he ought not to stop at infanticide. Adults are sickly; Sir William Osler was saying only a little while ago that 90 per cent. of the population was afflicted with tuberculosis in some degree. Very well: let the 10 per cent. of non-tuberculous people slaughter the 90 per cent., and make a eugenic paradise of England. It might then be discovered that the 10 per cent. suffered from hemophilia, i.e., the blood lust, and that, if peace is to be maintained, they also must perish. If that be so, they could abolish themselves. This old planet of ours would be left in peace. Really, when you come to think of it, there would be no problems of any kind if there were no people; and the only way out for the world-weary is suicide. Let us all read Mr. Baker Read's collection of newspaper cuttings, and agree to bring human life to an end at four o'clock next Tuesday afternoon, if Mr. Read will first perform the happy dispatch on himself. Then, having got rid of the problem-solver, we ought, on his reasoning, to be rid of the problem.
Pastiche.

INSURANCE CANT.

"The Insurance Act is doing the work of the man of Nazareth."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"The Insurance Act is actually genuine Socialism."—F. HANCOCK BOOTH.

"The Insurance Act is going to bring healing and help to the sick."—"The Star.

"The Insurance Act has been instrumental in adding to the gaiety of nations."—"Pall Mall Gazette.

We are now an insured Nation. No longer will the working man be haunted by the grim spectre of poverty."—"Daily Chronicle.

"Many specious arguments have been used against the Insurance Act, but the ten million arguments in golden perpetuity."—"News and Leader.

"To dispose of them all, and the sharing out will go on in perpetuity."—"The Christian World.

"The Insurance Act is going to bring healing and help to the gaiety of nations."—"Pall Mall Gazette.

"The Insurance Act Committee is now distributing in practically every house in the country a beautifully illustrated paper called the 'Money-Box.'"—"Daily News and Leader.


"Our workmen are now assured that they will not be deprived of their rights during the course of a strike."—"The Christian World.

"The workman's home be haunted by the grim spectre of poverty."—"Daily Chronicle.

"The Insurance Act marks an epoch in the progress of Social reform, and by its message of hope to the workers gives new life to the nation."—"Sarah Grand.

"The Insurance Act is the greatest measure of social reform ever inaugurated."—Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL.

"The Insurance Act is a courageous application in the legislative domain of 'Bear ye another's burdens'"—"Daily Chronicle.


"I am profoundly thankful for the Insurance Act . . . its principles are distinctly Christian."—Rev. G. CAMPBELL.

"The Insurance Act is a courageous application in the legislative domain of 'Bear ye another's burdens.'"—"Daily Chronicle.

"The Insurance Act Committee is now distributing in practically every house in the country a beautifully illustrated paper called the 'Money-Box.'"—"Daily News and Leader.

"We have discovered that the workmen have quite an extraordinary knowledge of the provisions of the Insurance Act; and we have also to acknowledge that all the great employers have rendered us every possible assistance."—"Daily Chronicle.

"Mr. Lloyd George has done us a good turn by his Insurance Act."—ARNOLD WHITE.


"The Insurance Act . . . that egregious piece of Socialist legislation was a success."—"The Newcastle Chronicle.

"The administration of the Insurance Act is getting more efficient every week."—Mr. MASTERMAN.

"We make no apology for calling attention to the Insurance Act, although a few months after New Year's Day (1913) has passed, there will be little need, as it will then speak for itself daily and hourly. In view of the blessings which will then begin to flow in a never-ending stream into the homes of the poor . . ."—"Liberal Monthly.

"Opposition to the Insurance Act is foolish and wrong: it is obviously the part of good citizenship to comply with the law."—"Daily Chronicle.

THE SHOWMEN.

After Leconte de Lisle (1815-1894), a
Like to a dismal brute dust-smothered, teased,
That clings its chain and bayes the blistering sky,
Trail thy torn heart who will in the foul sty
That so the lewd, flesh-ravaging mob be pleased;
Let Love's own veil of glorious light be seized
And torn from shuddering limbs divinely shiny.
That so the fire re-kindle its dull eye,
Its worth and boisterous pity appeased.

Though, proud and silent, graveeward I go hence
I'd neither long to endless darkness down
That tug my heart-throbs for the rabble's roar;
I would not give my body like a clown
To tumble on its pallid board for pence,
Nor leer for lovers like a shameless whore.

WILFRED THORLEY.
A concerted effort! I wonder who I've been seen with? I'm sure they mean something to somebody. I will send them a copy of "Aucussin and Nicolette" with that passage marked about the charming people who would not leave the church but stood through the night and day. There is certainly a danger in Paris, and this is the number of people who can charm away an hour. People cannot resist going out to see if anyone else is out, and they always say, and burst, and stand to begin with. They plot solidly through a twelve-hour day at la vie artistique and produce a crescendo of chrysanthemums, daffodyls, and still lives of all kinds to cover the walls of all Pekin, but goodness knows where these things go to. There is even a little group of female cubists, but here, again, is mystery. I've never nowhere seed nothing go to. There is even a little group of female cubists, but there is none. They plod solidly through life for women, but if they ever come to any account. The Alchemical Society wishes to announce that owing to financial straits it will be forced to move into smaller offices. Members are also reminded that they can have their correspondences addressed to c/o the Society. I have been asked to say that readers finding any of Mr. Martinetti's words at liberty are requested to muzzle them and return them to the owner. Ralph Shirley.

**THE WAIL OF A FIERCE VAMPIRE.**

By Aleister Crowley.

"Lo, the mighty Prophet sate him down and spoke magic words. Hearken ye unto him!"

Is the toad in the Hole? For the soul has gone astray, a-watching after strange gods. Men, indeed, there are who strive to-think! Fools are they; they know not the Teaching. They are blind and deaf and dumb and bereft of smell. But I know it. Hearken! The Soul is a perfect hole, into which all things flow, fall and disappear. A nest of intertwining boxes full of impressions—Cast them out!—full of aspirations—Beware, devils are abroad! Full of strange beliefs in existence—Madness, it dreameth! I know it. Hearken! Verily, even as copulating beetles in a dung-heap, as couples in a punt on the river, but without the magic ecstasy of their union with the Mystic Essence of God, so is the Soul of man when it strives to know that which lieth without its boundaries. Life a cheat, a dream, a bilk. Put not your trust in it. It is not. I know it. Hearken!

Amen, Amen.
Broke's Voluntary Insurance Bill will be subject to considerable modification when the complete measure is printed and circulated. The short summary of the Bill which was sent to the Press could not, naturally, contain a complete statement showing how the conversion to compulsory to voluntary insurance might be effected. I have some grounds for saying that this question of transition caused more difficulty than any other to those who drew up the editorial writer understands that the system of licences to be taken out by employers in respect of each person employed is likely to mean the institution of forced labour. There is really no ground for any such assumption. You will find when the complete Bill is before you that the mechanical and financial transition caused more difficulty than any other to those who drew up the Bill. The mechanical and financial difficulties are transferred to the employer; and that its moral hardship is reversed, because the work undertaken by the men's federation in the building trade is considered solely with his friendly society. It is not quite clear what your editorial writer means by suggesting that the voluntary system would not work nationally. If we are going to have national insurance at all, I think you will find that the voluntary system we propose will be fully entitled to be called national, and that in practice it will work well. Another point made in your Notes of the Week is that a voluntary insurance proposal "lends itself to the effective electioneering cry of free universal insurance." I have heard gossip to the effect that Mr. Lloyd George has some such scheme under consideration. It would be impossible in our present circumstances, and in view of the opposition to Mr. Lloyd George's latest Budget, to put forward any proposal of this kind at the next election. No such plan could possibly become practical politics for the next six or seven years. There is no reason why fourteen millions of our population should be subject to an indefinite period, under the Act in present force, if their wishes for voluntary insurance can be met at once by a practically workable scheme. It appears to me that the one real point your editorial writer makes is his hint that there is hardly unity enough or ability enough among the Unionists to set a vanguard. I believe they could not conciliate and carry on their business. The men's federation recognised, even the men's point of view) "This demand (not to employ any non-union labour) was to be allowed if conducted outside working hours. The worst part of the story from the point of view was of even slight assistance to the unions," and also because they give us some idea of the work undertaken by the men's federation in the London building strike. The best thing that ever happened to THE NEW AGE is the animosity which the "Daily News" calls "young revolutionary doctrinaires," who had no experience whatever in the handling of a labour dispute. They call themselves Syndicalists and Guild Socialists, but whatever their name, they have made a pretty mess of the London building strike. Sir, it is wonderful what a great love the capitalists have for the regular leaders, gentlemen who, as you have pointed out, are always amenable to anything which will lead to the service of the state. The best thing that ever happened to THE NEW AGE is the animosity which the "Daily News" bears it. Having drawn out this letter longer than I intended, I apologise for taking up so much of your space.

FRAS. W. O'CONNOR.

* * *

THE TRANSPORT COMPANY.

Sir,—You recently appeared to suggest that the introduction of machinery at railway goods terminals would not be of benefit to railway workmen. This view is not taken by Mr. J. E. Williams, the Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, who has written to this company, that in his opinion, our proposals "would not only benefit the railway companies, but also their employees." Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Mr. Walter Hudson, M.P., and Mr. G. J. Wardle, M.P., all railway men, are all of the same opinion.

If railway workmen are to have an eight-hour day, instead of a ten-hour day, by the introduction of machinery, we can enable the men to get through the same amount of work in an eight-hour day as they now do in the ten-hour day, that will be a great advantage. Much more than this can be done, and the result will be a great advantage, because an enormous amount of work is absorbed in doing railway work. This energy could, in the presence of a system of cheap transport, find a ready and rich market.
transport must stimulate all trades, and none more than the building trade. A reduction of 30 per cent on the transport and building material would work wonders. I remember discussing this subject with the late Lord Collins, who held very strong views on the influence of the railways on the heart, prose and soul of the people, "more than half of certain classes of crime may be ascribed to this one adverse circumstance. If you can, by decreasing the toll, make the housewife live in, you will do more good than all the machinery of the Law."

The first result of the introduction of Clearing Houses will be vastly to increase the nation's wages bill, with its consequent effect of cheapening transport, and, therefore, stimulating agriculture, men will be less anxious to leave the land to work for the railways for they are entitled to buy what they please, and many people. There are still to be met with many honest fellows who believe that the "Herald" is a useful force in the working class fight. They fail to realise that while the paper, in blundering, ineffectual fashion, affects to promote rebellion, it is at the same time, and with much more love and lack of genuine regard for the suffrage and its single tax, and generally doing its damnedest to send those who mean business chiseling madly after votes -

In outlook the paper has become more parochial than the parish pump. For it the earth's axis lies somewhere between Bethnal Green and Bow and Bromley, and the world's chief news consists of the exploits of Sylvia Pankhurst and the Poplar Board of Guardians, plus the speeches of the Editor and his man Friday, John Scurr. Apparently, this man Friday is acquiring influence on the paper, and this fact is eloquent and significant. For who and what is Mr. John Scurr? He has many parts. He is a leader of women, a present darling of the wealthy suffragettes. He is the wandering Parliamentary candidate in perpetuo of the "Herald" - "rebels" - a dotty critic of the present ineffectual Parliament who would give his right hand to get into that "same Parliament." He is desperately anxious to help the long-suffering poor of Bethnal Green, but more desperately anxious still to help himself to £400 a year in trade dividends and to be that, directly the benefits in this direction were distributed he would, without doubt, be increased, but the advantage of that would be that the railways would be the poor. There would be no longer any hesitation on the part of rich railway shareholders to produce the capital necessary for Clearing Houses to come into operation.

With regard to Mr. Dent's observations as to the Clearing House economies, I understood him to be calling Mr. Edgar Harper's figures into question. These figures are set out in the fullest detail, but Mr. Dent has not as yet sent us the amended copy we have asked for.

These undisputed figures show the appalling amount of waste that is going on in railway working. Money is parasitically benefited anywhere, and it must injure the poor more than anyone else.

A. W. GATTEE, Chairman.

THE "DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—With prophetic insight a contributor of yours wrote the following, at the time of the appointment of the "Herald's" new editor, as the intention of that gentleman:—

"I'll make the "Herald" a paper such as England never has seen.

A cross between Votes for Women and the Bow Church magazine."

The thing is accomplished. In spite of the many protestations that there would be no change of policy, a very complete change has been effected. There has been no indecent haste. The change has been Jesuitically gradual, but none the less sure. The erstwhile champion of the rank and file, the sworn foe of timid or false orthodoxy, the ardent advocate of the class struggle, no longer exists. The body is there (swollen, indeed, to 12 pages a day), but the spirit has flown. Where the rank and file were once incited to manifest their independence they are now solemnly urged to remember their responsibilities. Where renegade officialdom was once exposed with pitiless truth, it is now occasionally gently admonished and more frequently slobbered over with insincere flattery. Instead of the ardent advocate of the class struggle, no longer exists.

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Sir,—I am so unfortunately circumstanced regarding time that the letter of mine addressed to Mr. Redmond Howard was from a few rough notes made before I went to America. Returning home in the same week as his article of June 26 appeared, I had no opportunity to go through his previous contributions. Since then, however, I have read them. Taken all together, they make the most diverting reading I have had in years. For one who shouts so loudly that he "thinks philosophically," these several articles will stand among the best examples of unscientific or offhanded articles offered to the public during the Home Rule agitation.

What I set out to do was to prove by actual quotations from Mr. Redmond Howard's articles on the Irish question that he was not to be accepted as a safe or reliable guide, that his alleged facts were false and his conclusions utterly foolish.

With your permission I now propose to establish both contentions beyond question or dispute.

So far as I am aware, Mr. Redmond Howard introduced himself to the readers of The Age in December 1913, in an article which had a sub-title such as only the Pope might use when speaking ex-cathedra on the subject of faith and morals. "What is the Next Word on the Irish Question." That Mr. Redmond Howard has given us some thirty columns since that "last word" is all to the good of everyone except himself. In the article referred to, Mr. Redmond Howard, with all the fervour of a convert to a new creed, declares himself thus:—

"When I object to exclusion of Ulster, I do so for purely Orange principles.

And then, thinking, perhaps, that his new associates would not be sufficiently impressed, he raises his voice and shouts:—

"Anything, in fact, to precipitate or conciliate consent, except exclusion—never!"

Without liking Mr. Redmond Howard, it is possible to admire his attitude at that time. He evidently had the courage of his convictions and the candour to let his brother Orangeans know on what they were based:—

"A Parliament in Dublin, where the Ulster Party was
not represented, and, consequently, the Ulster spirit is absent, would be the logical outcome.

He evidently still fears that even that may not be emphatic enough, so he goes on to tell the men of Ulster what a peculiar physical effect their obstinacy has upon himself:

“*That the Orangemen, who by race and creed should be the very pioneers of democracy, should oppose Home Rule to all and sundry, political ideas ad lib.*

*Mr. Redmond Howard is this record of political wobbling beyond this only way by everybody.*

So far it is quite easy, so on July 25 we find him declaring indignantly Mr. Redmond Howard. Consequently, by June 25 we had been content to remain ‘dumb’ thenceforward, a character for firmness and political stability. But, like the mere weathercock he is, he turns with every wind that blows.

Now let us watch him boxing the compass, point by point, from the ‘exclusion—never’ of December last to the ‘clean cut’ in his latest—accompanied, too, all the time by ridiculous posturings.

By March 26, Mr. Redmond Howard had so far forgotten his declaration regarding ‘exclusion’ that he could write:

“I consider that by regulating the ballot to the few counties that form the crux of the measure, the Prime Minister has struck at the artificial spirit which is becoming the stumbling block to all same government.

That isn’t bad as a first twist. But, according to the same infallible authority, the Premier had by the same deft stroke accomplished a miracle:—

One thing the Prime Minister’s offer had done, and done effectually, was to take the ground entirely under the feet of Sir Edward Carson. The Volunteers must philosophically cease to exist after that declaration.”

Mr. Redmond Howard has not informed us whether he deserted his Orange comrades, handed in his gun, and philosophically ceased to exist as a Volunteer on the appearance of this declaration by the Premier. But it is evident from Mr. Birrell’s estimate of 85,000 that the other Orangemen were not impressed either by the offer itself or by Mr. Redmond Howard’s opinion of it. Having once abandoned the ‘exclusion—never’ attitude, the political slippery slope presented no difficulties to Mr. Redmond Howard. Consequently, by June 25 we find him declaring indignantly:

“All Ulster stands dumb.”

After that, the next and final step, the “clean cut,” was quite easy, so on July 9 we find this poor spineless creature doing his final twist and declaring:

“It (exclusion) was now universally recognised as the only way everybody...”

I don’t think I need offer any comment upon this record of political wobbling beyond this: Is a man who is capable of such jump-jim-Crowism competent to offer an acceptable opinion upon anything relating to Ireland?

Mr. Redmond Howard claims the right to change his creed or his party as often as he pleases. Personally I should be the last man in the world to deny such freedom to him or anyone else. I have seen too many countries, too many men, and too many religions to have an atom of racial or religious bigotry in me. What I object to in Mr. Redmond Howard is this: as I have shown, he has neither political basis nor knowledge, yet he poses, and would like to be accepted, as one who is competent to hand out, to all and sundry, political ideas ad lib.

So much for the foolishness—now for the falsehood, which, after all, is by far the most objectionable feature about the world Howard. Redmond Howard has a habit with this gentleman to level charges against Irish Nationalists, which he either discounts beforehand or flies omitts, unconscious of the holy show he thereby makes of himself. As an example of this discreditable practice I will take the following from his lecture at the Roebuck Club. The latter part of the third paragraph reads thus:

“And the memory of Michael Davitt’s ‘unfinished campaign’ referred to was Davitt’s campaign against the landlords to become leaders in the fray, but who have deferred the struggle hitherto because they could not attack their own fellow-countrymen without playing into the hands of England.” (Italics mine.)

The “unfinished campaign” referred to was Davitt’s campaign against the landlords to become leaders in the fray, but who have deferred the struggle hitherto because they could not attack their own fellow-countrymen without playing into the hands of England.”

Sir,—For the last week references to The New Age, independently of the book, have been few and unremarkable. Mr. Will Dyson, in his article in the ‘Times’ of August 21, which was Davitt’s ‘unfinished campaign’ referred to was Davitt’s campaign against the landlords to become leaders in the fray, but who have deferred the struggle hitherto because they could not attack their own fellow-countrymen without playing into the hands of England.”

Your correspondent, ‘THE NEW AGE’ AND THE PRESS.

(The New Age, August 21, 1913.)

Sir,—For the last week references to The New Age, independently of the book, have been few and unremarkable. Mr. Will Dyson, in his article in the ‘Times’ of August 21, which was Davitt’s ‘unfinished campaign’ referred to was Davitt’s campaign against the landlords to become leaders in the fray, but who have deferred the struggle hitherto because they could not attack their own fellow-countrymen without playing into the hands of England.”

It is a fact conveniently ignored by Nationalists that it was the Catholic clergy who passed the Union.”

Nothing could be further from the truth than this charge, and to convince Redmond Howard of this I quote from The New Age, August 21, 1913:

“When Pitt determined to destroy the Irish Parliament he called to his aid the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, and, he is lending, to their everlasting infamy, in all Ireland he found no more active supporters for his policy.”

I suppose it would be a waste of time to ask Mr. Redmond Howard to withdraw and apologize for this slander upon Nationalists. But I can state this for a certainty—there is not an Irish Nationalist who is not aware of this fact, and there is not a Catholic cleric, above the status of a curate, who does not know that in the back of our minds lies the firm determination, as soon as the Irish and English question is closed, to open the Irish and Roman question, and to make Rome pay dearly for her persistent treachery to Irish nationalism.

PETER FANNING.

THE NEW AGE and the PRESS.

Sir,—For the last week references to The New Age, independently of the book, have been few and unremarkable. Mr. Will Dyson, in his article in the ‘Times’ of August 21, which was Davitt’s ‘unfinished campaign’ referred to was Davitt’s campaign against the landlords to become leaders in the fray, but who have deferred the struggle hitherto because they could not attack their own fellow-countrymen without playing into the hands of England.”
**MODERN ART.**

Sir,—Mr. Hulme’s dissertations on Cubic Art are always interesting, for he seems to know what he is trying to say and battles with the inherent difficulties of so doing with a certain success. But then there are two rather fundamental points about which I feel doubtful! For that two things should come together in one category of one set of categories only does not show more than a superficial, even chance, resemblance.

I think Mr. Hulme has said that by abstract form he means “form without any representative content,” but he has also said that the shape of a tree is “bare abstract essence concrete.” The most abstract idea which I can think of is Mr. Hulme’s “type-form,” and do any of them exist apart from the spectator?

1. What are, in essence, “Abstract form,” “pure form,” and “interesting form,” according to him? What are their relations to each other? and do any of them exist apart from the spectator?

2. How far are form and (say) color in the same categories? For that two things should come together in one category of one set of categories only does not show more than a superficial, even chance, resemblance.

I do not think that Mr. Hulme distinguishes between form and shape, so I shall take it that by form he means some kind of outline, whatever dimensional.

No idea is conveyed to me by the words “abstract form” (unless it means “cohesion”). Form is to me in its essence concrete. The most abstract idea which I can connect with form is “type-form,” and this can be represented by such entirely unabstract diagrams as a circle or an equilateral triangle; or in a more detailed and restricted degree by sets of triangles with different angles.

Now, type-forms of the circle order are “interesting forms,” of the unequalateral triangle order the majority are interesting, I must differ in opinion.

The interest of the circle order depends on fundamental simplicity, congruity, finality, and rest.

The lack of interest of the majority of the unequalateral triangles depends on concomitant restlessness.

But among the unequalateral triangles there are some which are interesting, owing to their restlessness not being shared by a latent activity though not of rest. And it is among the unequalateral triangles that the whole of the art of form both ancient and modern lies. The success of that art depends on whether it portrays restlessness or activity, incongruity or congruity. The highest result being when a final result of activity.

Here, I think the Futurists would differ, their difference if it were analysed turning out to be that such a finality is not to be considered as within practical politics for a living and active world, and that if it occurs it is almost ex hypothesis, illusory and bad.

Now all this depends entirely on the (numerical) position—relationship of the various sides and angles, and has nothing to do with the general idea of mysticism, or with the idea of poetry, or with the idea of music, or with the idea of structure, or with the idea of art as a thing apart. An example of this, some pages of music are beautiful to look at, quite apart from what they mean, while others are without beauty.

To say, as Mr. Hulme does, that this “specific emotion” does not exist is surely wrong, for it is the cause of the interest and pleasure of all architecture.

As long as there is, I mean, of rational explanation of any kind, it is, I would say, fairly comparable with colour, comparable, at any rate, to this exact thing; that the sensation which it awakes directly in the spectator is awakened in some analogous region, or, as I should say, is emotional not intellectual.

It is the reason that Mr. Hulme finds it so difficult to describe in words. There is a clear parallelism between the arts—or shall I say senses?—in this matter. They can all produce a direct and non-intellectual effect, what Mr. Hulme calls the “human” emotion.

This may we call their fundamental or physiological effect. Or they can be used to reproduce, more or less exactly, things in the outside world, which by some intellectual connection, more or less direct, convey an idea which stirs up some “human” emotion. As a matter of fact we have only to go to music to find that these two theories of emotion are in high degree comparable.

Whether in the different arts the legitimacy of these two procedures is different or not, one is uncertain. From a practical point of view it is useful to differentiate. Whether directly form is taken to represent any thing and to need a knowledge of this thing (which is, as one may say, of quite a different magnitude) from the form or the emotion) for its understanding, it then ceases to be at all comparable with colour, and becomes the thing which it actually represents.

Assuming that we discovered, as a starting point, it appears to me that the progressive artists are, without recognising it, trying to do two things at once, one of which seems very valuable and towards advance, the other worse than useless. In so far as they are trying to produce meaningless forms which shall convey the idea of things without their finer shades. Ideas can be conveyed with many degrees of completeness. If I merely say “Damn,” I certainly do convey the idea that something has gone wrong without giving any further information about it. In fact, the remark stands, it is of almost no interest to anyone but myself. It seems to me that all kinds of things are conveyed by Mr. Bomberg’s rolls of butter, let us say, or Mr. Nevinson’s chauffeur. If one understands the elements of the game, one sees that the one conveys the idea “People” and the other “Man.” If one goes further, the information seems to be “Abnormal people,” “Drunken and bungled-eyed man.” If this were the idea of the artists intended to convey, well and good, but I understand it not. I think the Progressives are making the old mistake which has been made by all sorts of artists before them, the mistake of thinking that because they have made a certain mark and decided that it is to represent a certain thing, or idea, or effect, therefore it does represent it and “curse the fool who can’t see it.” It is a position not difficult to understand; it arises every time we lose our tempers with a foreigner because he will not understand the word we use, and the wronger the word the more annoyed we are.

Either an artist has a “mission” or he has not. If he has not, it does not matter if he is understood. If he has, he must remember what is so often forgotten by all teachers, that they have not finished their work when they have expressed, but only when their hearers have rightly understood.

I feel that at bottom Mr. Wroblewski, who has sometimes written to Tom Newman, is, really nearer the truth when he says that the day of painting pictures is nearly over, and that the next step is to teach everyone the art of arranging the form and colour among which they have to live, so that its effect on them may be less between all not an undesirable one.

M.B. OXON.
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