

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHETHER or not Mr. Lloyd George is Prime Minister when these notes are printed, the circumstances from which the present political crisis has arisen are likely to remain much the same. That Mr. Lloyd George has made an honest attempt after his unfortunate fashion to deal with them, for ourselves we have no doubt; and if he should be defeated in consequence of it he will be suffering for his remote rather than for his immediate mistakes. His analysis of the situation, however, though as honest as he could make it, was, nevertheless, superficial. He had come to the conclusion that all our misfortunes could be traced to the military disunity of the Allies, and, hence, that the appropriate remedy was a new Military Council to ensure our future unity. But suppose it should be the case that the disunity of the Allies is a symptom and not the disease itself, an outcome of disunities elsewhere and not the cause of them—the creation of an Allied Military Council would be in itself of no avail. This to our minds is precisely how the matter stands however. We do not believe that the cause of our troubles is the disunity of the Allies, or that this disunity is manifested only, or even mainly, in the military sphere. On the contrary, we believe that it springs from the disunity of the Governments that compose the Alliance; and that it is manifested quite as unmistakably in the economic, the political, and the diplomatic spheres as in the military. No doubt if we confine our attention to the military aspect of the matter the conclusion will be reached that all that is wrong is military disunity which a Military Council can set right. But we repeat that we have only to open our eyes to realise that in fact the military disunity is paralleled in other departments, and, hence, cannot be regarded as an isolated phenomenon to be treated in an isolated manner. Even upon the supposition, therefore, that the military disunity can be dealt with separately, we must be prepared to apply the same treatment to the other symptoms of disunity,

and to add to the proposed Allied Military Councils similar supreme councils for economic, political, and diplomatic unity. But all this is to multiply organisation upon organisation, and, for the most part, uselessly if, as we believe, the cause of the disunity is to be sought elsewhere than in the relations between the Allies themselves. On the other hand, if it can be shown that such disunity is the inevitable outcome, not of the Allies inter se, but of the actual composition of the constituent Governments, the remedy will be seen to lie less in attempting to patch up Allied differences than in securing that each of the Governments (and our own first of all) shall be itself unified and speak with a single voice.

* * *

Upon this head we do not think there can be two opinions. From whatever point of view we like to examine our actual Government, we find that it is composed of mutually conflicting interests, mutually conflicting personalities, and mutually conflicting policies. Upon no subject in the whole political range does the Government speak with one voice or express merely one opinion. Nay, as we have often observed, Minister contradicts Minister, and Department Department, as if they were not even upon speaking terms. To expect from so chaotic and anarchic a congeries of atoms a single voice or a straightforward policy upon any matter under the sun would be to expect unanimity of Babel after the curse. It is equivalent to expecting Russia, while she is still internally divided, to formulate and pursue a consistent policy abroad. We know that in the case of Russia such an external policy is impossible from the nature of her internal situation. But how much less impossible is it in the case of this country, since in our own Government we have elements apparently and formally harmonised, but actually as much at variance as the discrete and openly conflicting elements in Russia? The trouble of it all began, as many of us feared it would, with the creation of a Coalition Government. Coalition Governments, it used to be said, are unpopular in England; but the truth of the matter is that they are unpopular with themselves. Heterogeneously composed of men and policies and traditions and prejudices mutually antagonistic, it is a hundred to one that they either do

nothing, or muddle whatever they do. One group opposes another; each group is playing for its own hand; and every interest is considered save the interest of the whole—with the total effect that, as a whole, it can scarcely be said to exist. If, therefore, we wish to get at the true cause of the miserable appearance of disunity between England and her Allies, we must look for it in the miserable fact of disunity at home.

* * *

Unfortunately, this natural weakness of all Coalition Governments has been exaggerated and traded upon in our own case by one of the most able and unscrupulous forces ever employed to advance its power at the expense of its nation. It is bad enough when a Coalition Government is under no other influence than is contained within itself; even then, it is like expecting a single action to be taken by an anarchist conference. But when, in addition to the competition of natural appetites, some external power is permitted to pull the strings of one group after another so that, even if they could agree amongst themselves, they would never be allowed to do so, the case becomes far worse. We have been familiarised to death with the example of the Provisional Government in Russia exposed, as it was, to the influence of the Soviet. It could neither do what it liked, nor even what it did not like; in a word, it could do nothing, and all because the external power of the Soviet was too great, and yet not quite great enough. In Spain, on the other hand, the Soviet or Junta of Officers is at this moment all-powerful. It can and does determine what Ministers shall form the Government, and what shall be their policy down to the smallest detail. In our own case, however, the situation resembles that of Russia more nearly than that of Spain. Our Soviet is not all-powerful like the Soviet of Officers in Spain; but it is sufficiently powerful, like the Russian Soviet, to control at least a considerable group of Ministers, and thereby to frustrate any single policy. What is its name? To what are we referring? Our readers are prepared for our reply, and they will find it confirmed, moreover, by one of the most extraordinary documents of English history—the letter of Lord Northcliffe to Mr. Lloyd George, published in the Press on Friday last. We need not thrash the bushes any longer to discover our English Soviet, our Junta, our hidden hand, our power behind Parliament, the source of most of the prevalent disunity at home, of which our disunity abroad is only a reflection—it is Lord Northcliffe and his Press. Recall that it was Lord Northcliffe and his Press that in the first instance insisted upon the formation of a Coalition Government in the teeth of historic experience; that in the second instance threw Mr. Asquith and his colleagues out of it in order to have a Government more amenable to Lord Northcliffe's mind; and then in the present instance remains unsatisfied, and, therefore, agitating because there remain in the Government, after all its purges, several persons capable of resisting his influence. Can the situation be presented more clearly to demonstrate the Soviet-nature of Lord Northcliffe and his Press? Or can it be expected to result in anything less ruinous than the present outlook? For it is not even as if the Northcliffe Soviet were more intent upon winning the war than upon obtaining power for itself. The notion is absurd that Lord Northcliffe is more desirous, or is better able, by his intelligence to win the war than is the nation or Parliament, or, indeed, any group of men in the kingdom. No, all that matters to him at bottom is power; and in the pursuit of power his Soviet is prepared to frustrate and overthrow one Government after another, until at last one is formed whose every member will feed out of his hidden hand. This, we say, is the situation that will remain whatever may be the outcome of the present crisis. Mr. Lloyd George may remain Premier, and the Military

Council may be set up; but while Lord Northcliffe's Soviet continues unchallenged and unchecked, the policy of the country must remain liable to perturbations induced from Printing House Square, and, hence, subject to every species of self-contradiction, vacillation, inconsistency, and feebleness.

* * *

Lord Northcliffe's letter, which we have described as an historic document, was published, as Lord Cowdray's reply to it proves, without the permission of Mr. Lloyd George, to whom it was nominally addressed. Such etiquette is characteristic of Soviets everywhere. But this breach of common manners is really the least offensive part of its publication, for the text is not only like unto it, but its terms are as unmistakably insulting to the whole nation as its manner is insulting to Mr. Lloyd George personally. The nation, in the person of Mr. Lloyd George, is told, in the first place, that the personnel of the Government is not wholly to the taste of Lord Northcliffe. Various of its members—of whose names the litter of the "Times" makes no concealment—are suspect in his eyes. In consequence of this "weakness," Lord Northcliffe goes on to say, there is weakness in the policy pursued by Mr. Lloyd George's Government: it has failed to carry out all the measures advocated by the "Weekly Dispatch" and the "Daily Mail." For instance, unlike the Government of America or Canada or Timbuctoo or Kamchatka, Mr. Lloyd George's Government has neglected to make short work of sedition-mongers, to disfranchise conscientious objectors, to denaturalise enemy citizens, to introduce industrial compulsion. And these things, Lord Northcliffe would have us be aware, are absolutely essential, if not precisely to winning the war, at any rate to satisfying Lord Northcliffe, which is an even more important consideration for any Government that wishes to remain in office. While, therefore, these things remain undone, and because of the presence in the Government of Lord Northcliffe's suspect persons, Lord Northcliffe will not only himself decline to fill any office of responsibility (he is a Soviet that prefers to remain a Soviet), but he "warns" Mr. Lloyd George of what America may take it into her head to do. With America directly, it seems, our own Government has no means of communication. When President Wilson has something to say to the British Government, he does not say it by means of our ambassadors or to Mr. Balfour, who is our Foreign Minister, or to Mr. Lloyd George, who is Prime Minister of the nation. No; he whispers it in the long ears of Lord Northcliffe, who, in turn, bellows it out "in warning" to Mr. Lloyd George. Gilbert and Sullivan never devised a more grotesque situation than the one in which the personality and intelligence of Lord Northcliffe have succeeded in placing the nation and the Government. Mr. Lloyd George on our behalf is to mind his p's and q's, and particularly to select the men and the policies pleasing to our pentagonal journalist, because, if he does not, America will be doing something awful to this country! What! has Lord Northcliffe America also in his pocket? Must we please Lord Northcliffe as our only means of pleasing America? The price is too high.

* * *

However, it is not altogether a laughing matter. Comedy may split its sides at the spectacle of an Irish "boss" dictating to England at the very moment that England is attempting, in conjunction with our Allies, to dictate to Prussia; but the fact remains that our national policy, internal and external, military, economic, political, and diplomatic, is liable at any moment to be deflected from its course, not only (which would be natural) by the turn

of events, but still more by the whims and fancies, the assumptions and presumptions, of Lord Northcliffe. We are not exaggerating in the very least when we say that at any moment, with or without plausible reason, Lord Northcliffe can create a "crisis" of no matter what kind. Not a person or a policy or a Government or the nation is safe from him for two weeks running. If he takes it into his head, in consequence of these very notes that we are writing, to order the suspension of THE NEW AGE, we are not under the smallest delusion that he cannot do it. He has only to assert, as he has already begun to assert, that we are "deliberate mischief-makers," intent on discouraging war-loans, to satisfy any wounds his universal vanity may suffer and to have us suppressed to-morrow. We know it, and we despise him; ours is our least concern. But what he could do to us he can as easily do, unfortunately, for any of the powers above mentioned—Ministers, the Government, and the nation. This is not romance, it is fact; and anybody may know it who cares to look at the matter. From the beginning of the war, with scarcely a single exception, no Minister, Government, or policy has been allowed to act without the consent of Lord Northcliffe. From successive Governments he has striven to eliminate more and more completely every element uncongenial to himself and his Press. Mr. Lloyd George, it is obvious, holds nominal power at Lord Northcliffe's delegation; and should he be out of office by the time these notes can appear, it will be to Lord Northcliffe's turned-down thumbs that he will owe his fall. Do not tell us, therefore, that we are exaggerating the power of the Soviet of Lord Northcliffe. Let us face the fact that his power is well-nigh unchallengeable, and that it is a serious menace.

* * *

We confine ourselves to this subject at the risk of appearing to be irrelevant to the present situation because it is our conviction that not only has the present situation arisen mainly in consequence of Lord Northcliffe's power to create a crisis at will, but because no permanent solution of this or any similar crisis is possible until Lord Northcliffe's Soviet is discredited and checked. Tracing as carefully as we can the causes of the present disunity of the Allies we follow them *step by step from the relations of the Allies themselves to the relations of the War Cabinet with the Government and finally to the relations of the Government with Lord Northcliffe and his Press.* Parliament, you will observe, is not to be found in this analysis; and for the simple reason that since Parliament no longer exercises or can exercise the power of making or unmaking Ministers, Parliament has no longer any sovereign rights. Its power has been usurped by Lord Northcliffe who alone can determine who shall or shall not be a Minister. The effect of this usurpation upon Parliament is obvious; no more powerless body exists in the world than the once sovereign body of Parliament; and Mr. Belloc in a state of complete despair is driven to pleading for the restoration of a personal monarch. The cause, however, is to be found where we have already discovered it—in the rise to power of and the usurpation of power by Lord Northcliffe. He is the dragon-worm at the root of the dying tree of our Parliamentary institutions; and for their present condition of unrespected feebleness our members of Parliament have him to thank. But we have done right, even while deploring it, to recognise the fact that Parliament has no longer any power over Ministers and hence to omit Parliament from the analysis of the causes of the present situation. It leaves us therefore once more face to face with the fact that since it is Lord Northcliffe who makes and unmakes Ministers, initiates or vetoes policy, transforms at whim everything supposed to be settled and, what is even worse, pulls the strings of his puppets to make them

quarrel as easily as to make them agree with one another—it is Lord Northcliffe who in final analysis is the cause of the disunity at home that is reflected in disunity abroad. Until we have some assurance, therefore, that our Fleet Street Soviet is to be made unable to override any Government that comes into office, it is useless in our opinion to consider what *ought* to be done in the present crisis. As matters stand at present we know that what will be done is not what should be done; we know, indeed, that the question of what should be done will scarcely enter into the calculations of the apparent agents. What will be done is what Lord Northcliffe wishes should be done; and we may be sure that if he should fail to have his usually crazy way completely upon the present occasion, he will make impossible every other way than his.

* * *

Mr. Asquith has had time to reflect upon the causes of his own decline and fall. We wonder whether he has arrived at the true explanation—his failure when the opportunity was within his reach to put his foot upon the Northcliffe Press? If he has, we should welcome him back to power, since we might feel secure that his first act in office would be to correct his error. The supposition, however, is common, and may still cloud the judgment of Mr. Asquith that, in any event, the power of Lord Northcliffe and his Press is too considerable to be successfully challenged. What we wish we could impress upon either Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Asquith is that the power of the Northcliffe Press is in the prestige such men as themselves have given it. A breath has made Lord Northcliffe, and the same breath can unmake him. For Lord Northcliffe, though a big man in the way of business, is not by any means a big man in any intellectual or similar sense. He is utterly wanting in penetration of *good* character, or appreciation of *good* intelligence, as is shown by the simple fact that nobody exceptionally gifted in these respects has ever been known to be long associated with him. His power is, therefore, fortuitous rather than real; and he resembles Napoleon only in the opinion of his claqueurs. For the same reason his hold upon the country is almost entirely imaginary—but not the less effective, of course, on that account. He is one of the *idées fixes* of the nation, a pathological delusion from which the nation would be glad to be delivered if only a physician in whom they have confidence would do it for them. The notion that the country would protest at the debacle of the Northcliffe Press if this were brought about by either Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Asquith (and nobody else could do it) is the chief defence that Lord Northcliffe has made for himself. The illusion of his popularity, and, consequently of the vengeance he might exact of any Prime Minister who should defy him is part of the prestige with which he has been surrounded. But the fact is that not a soul that matters would weep at the fall of Lord Northcliffe, or at the curtailment of the power of his Press. On the contrary, all England would rejoice at it, as a victory preliminary and indispensable to the victory over Prussianism. We implore Mr. Asquith, if he should ever return to power, to make of the reduction of the Northcliffe Soviet his first Defence of the Realm Act. We advise Mr. Lloyd George if he wishes to be spared a crisis a month to adopt the same course. To restore to Parliament and the nation what Lord Northcliffe has taken from them is the first necessary means to the definition of our national policy in clear terms. It is the first means to England finding her own single voice again. It is the first means to the unity of the Allies. And it follows from all this that it is the first means also to the victory of democracy over Prussia. For what is Lord Northcliffe's Soviet but Prussia at home—a journalist instead of a militarist Prussia.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

[To the "Continental Times" (October 22), a journal written in English, published in Berlin and circulated throughout the world under the direction of the German Government, a certain writer calling himself "Sagittarius," but known to many of us as Mr. Hermann Scheffauer, has contributed an article under the title of "The 'New Age' among the Philistines." As THE NEW AGE, I am glad to say, appears to circulate in Germany, it is possible that the following letter addressed to Mr. Scheffauer may reach him; and that he will consider it worth his attention. S. V.]

My dear S.,—Reminding me of old days spent in friendly conversation, it gives me pleasure that you are still able, though employed for another purpose by the German Government, to reaffirm in some respects your old high opinion of THE NEW AGE, its editor, and writers. I acquit you therefore of having entirely transformed yourself in the process of becoming a paid agent of a foreign government. At the same time, I should like in the gentlest manner possible to point out to you that your position is scarcely one for throwing moral stones with any advantage. THE NEW AGE, its editor, and staff are English to-day as they always have been: but it is you who have changed your spiritual nationality. It is therefore not with the best of testimonials that you come to enter a charge of change against THE NEW AGE. It is not our position, in fact, but it is yourself and yourself alone who have changed as much spiritually as geographically.

That there is a sense in which devotion to a great cause may dictate a change of nationality, I do not deny. There are greater things than even patriotism. Admitted; and if you contend that in serving Germany throughout the war you are serving the higher interests of the world, I have no quarrel with your excuse but only with its application. To turn on the country to which you professed allegiance in favour of a country now its deadly enemy may have been an heroic act of self-sacrifice on the part of another than you; but upon your part it cannot have been such, for, as I understand, you have greatly profited by it and are on the way to becoming a personage in Prussian circles. Surely that, my dear S., should give you pause in your assumed claim to moral superiority; for it is not the world we live in that rewards the noble self-sacrifice you have made with money and position. The world we live in usually rewards such self-sacrifice as you claim yours to be with the poverty and obscurity you rightly attribute to THE NEW AGE.

However, to assume that you have a good right to charge THE NEW AGE with succumbing to the Philistines, let me examine the grounds upon which your case rests. You say that during the early days of the war THE NEW AGE retained its balance, its sanity, and its humanity; but that, in course of time, it has fallen away in these respects, and is now a jingo journal. You attribute this change, moreover, to our choice of expediency over morality, made necessary by the subtle pressure of the British Government. As to this point, I am glad that you have done us the justice of recognising that at any rate during the opening years of the war THE NEW AGE strove to be fair to its enemies and faithful with its friends. What, however, I must dispute are your assertions that THE NEW AGE has changed, and that there has been pressure put upon us—beyond the pressure of facts—to induce us to change. Both assertions are absolutely false. There is no truth in them. I defy you to indicate anything in THE NEW AGE to-day that might not have appeared during the early days of the war; or, on the other hand, anything (save one or two matters concerning which I will say a word in a moment) in THE NEW AGE during the early days that might not be appearing at this moment. And as for the "pressure," it is true that an embargo was laid on the

export of THE NEW AGE for a few weeks, but it was taken off without any guarantees asked or given; and, what is more—mark this well—from the first day of the war to the present moment, with the exception of this one incident, no communication, direct or indirect, has reached THE NEW AGE from any official quarter of the whole Government.

You will say that the Government has no reason to muzzle the ox that treads out its corn. Indeed, you say as much. But, in the first place, I would have you note that during the period in which you were pleased with us, the Government still did not impose any restriction upon THE NEW AGE. Not an article during all that period was required to be submitted to them before publication, or was censored; or, indeed, objected to in any shape or form afterwards. The censorship, so far as we were concerned, simply did not exist; and that was during the period when, as you say, THE NEW AGE was "a cool, clean dwelling, where reasonable men still lived." I insist upon this because there is no difference in the attitude of the censorship then and now. It was indifferent to us then; it is indifferent to us still. Between ourselves, my dear S., it is my firm conviction that the censorship, like the mass of the British public, is utterly unaware of our existence! It suits us that it should be so; but you must not pretend that it is otherwise.

My reason for dwelling at such length upon this point is to prove to you that, whatever the change you fancy you detect in THE NEW AGE, it is not due to the censorship, to any pressure from outside, to any organised interest, to any public or private boycott, to any influence, official or personal, acting upon the paper or its staff. No; we are not only the very writers you left when you enlisted as a mercenary in the Prussian Army, but we are in exactly the same state of poverty and independence. THE NEW AGE still hardly pays its cost; the writers are still unpaid; and their opinions are as much their own, and nobody else's, as ever they were. Nobody is writing in THE NEW AGE to-day who was not writing in it before the war. Nobody was writing in it before the war who might not be writing in it to-day; with, perhaps, one exception: that of a certain conscientious objector, whose name you know, since you took particular pains to quote his letters in your German paper as NEW AGE opinion—though you knew, none better, that he was admitted as a text for the replies you forgot to quote. I say of him that he is an exception to the rule I have just stated; but even of him I have my doubts whether an article of his would be returned if it were fairly written. And his is the only case that can be named.

It comes down, therefore, my dear S., to this: that for better or worse, for richer or poorer, you must face the fact that for the opinions expressed in THE NEW AGE—affirmed, I mean, of course, and not merely occurring in controversy—we are, and are proud to be, responsible. If we have supported the war against Germany, it is neither fear nor favour that has made us do it. Our attitude to-day is identical with the attitude we took on the day following the declaration of war. And if, in the course of the war, we appear to you to have changed in our attitude of friendliness to the German people, we can only say that your impression and our intention are very different things. As a matter of fact, as all our opinions prove, we are more, rather than less, anxious to-day that the German people should be treated justly.

What, then, separates us, since I am happy to see that you, too, are in favour of the democratisation of Germany? I note with the utmost pleasure also that you say that this is "bound to come." God speed it, is what we of THE NEW AGE say. And that is surely not to wish Germany ill. But you go on to profess that the democratisation of Germany is impossible during the war, and that militarism is a necessity of a

Germany menaced on two exposed fronts. Do you really believe, my dear S., that Germany stood in fear of Russia or of France before the war? After the experience of the last three years, do you really believe that the Prussian military chiefs had any ground for fearing either, or both, of these Powers? Take a moment to think, and then seriously tell me if you dare, that you, an American citizen, went to the defence of Germany because she was a weak Power set upon by two fierce and irreconcilable neighbours! Why, the war map is there to laugh at you. Germany must have been crazy with fright to have believed that France and Russia were plotting her invasion. Your theory of a "defensive" war has been destroyed for ever by the efficiency of the German sword. No nation with a sword like that needed to fear Germany's neighbours. And, of course, nobody better informed than a member of the uninstructed mob ever did. Read German pre-war military literature. You will not find a particle of fear in it. It is all the other way.

Nevertheless, I see now that it is this theory that divides us, the theory, namely, that this is a defensive war for Germany. A defensive war for Prussia it has now certainly come to be, because it was Prussia that made an aggressive war of it and is now on the defensive against a world determined to destroy the system. But as for Germany, the world has no intention of destroying Germany. Since President Wilson resolved to carry on the war until Germany is democratised, there have been many affirmations on our part of the same sentiment. You believe yourself that Germany must be democratised after the war. Why not now, in order that the war may cease? Why postpone the event until another Red Sea has been crossed?

THE NEW AGE, as you know, has no power; we have only an influence. Such as this is, I venture to promise you that from the moment Germany democratises herself, we of THE NEW AGE will at once proceed to support a demand for peace by negotiation. Let us, nevertheless, be quite clear as to what is meant by the democratisation of Germany. We should not regard any tinkering with the Prussian franchise or any redistribution of the Reichstag constituencies as actual democratisation, however favourably we might be disposed to such necessary steps towards it. By the democratisation of Germany we mean that Germany shall come into line with every other country in the world and frame the constitution of its imperial Parliament in such a way that the Ministers shall in future be chosen by the Reichstag and shall be responsible to the Reichstag, instead of, as at present, being chosen by and responsible only to the Kaiser, who is constitutionally empowered to keep his Ministers in their offices and does actually keep them in their offices whether they are trusted by the Reichstag or not. We seek the democratisation of Germany because we seek to maintain and to develop European civilisation by reducing to the very minimum the possibility of another war; and all experience has shown that democratic countries are not disposed to wage aggressive wars; and, indeed, can be induced only with difficulty to go to war even for defensive purposes. If the German Empire had had a democratic form of government in 1914, it would have been utterly impossible for the greatest European nations to be let loose at one another's throats almost in a night. It is too little to say that the diplomatic negotiations in that fateful last week in July would have taken an entirely different turn, though such is the case. The events leading up to the events of July would not themselves have occurred; and no democratically educated people would have tolerated the deluge of arrogant and boastful military literature which swamped Germany for nearly twenty years before the war.

It is not necessary for us to look beyond your client-country for an answer to many of your arguments, or

rather for a significant commentary upon them. We know the progress which has been made by the Minority Socialists; we know how even the leaders of the Majority Socialists are coming into line with their clearer-headed colleagues. Further, we have read the complete reports of Scheidemann's speech on October 18, which appears to have caused even the Pan-Germans to reflect, if one can imagine such a thing. Among other matters Scheidemann emphasised the essential fact that England was a strong adversary because she had gained the friendship of the whole world, and that Germany's case was weak precisely because she had incurred the world's hatred. For this reason Scheidemann laid stress on the importance of Democracy in Germany, "not only for war but also for peace"; and he recognised that henceforth the peoples themselves "must guarantee peace for the peoples to come." And he added—I commend his statements to your consideration:—

The war will not be won by submarines or tanks, but by the progress of social and democratic institutions . . . It should be our most ardent desire, and the aim of our tireless efforts, to set Germany at the head of the world in everything relating to social progress. But even that will not be enough by itself to gain back for us the sympathy of the world, without which we cannot exist and which cannot be replaced by any form of violent conquest. And I frankly acknowledge that the mentality of a section of our own people is not without responsibility for the hatred the world openly expresses for us. I say again that we must make an end of that. Germany's policy, after the war, must be such that no possible doubt can be raised, either at home or abroad, as to its honest, sincere, and democratic character.

Once more let me earnestly commend these passages to you. A liberal form of government in Germany is essential for the peace and progress of humanity; and, even if every other country fell out through sheer exhaustion, your late country would continue the struggle until President Wilson felt, in his own phrase, that the world had been made safe for Democracy.—
Yours sincerely, S. VERDAD.

EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE.

In Flanders—Darkness and decay:
Midst blood and slime men rot away;
But Bond Street still is bright and gay;
Come, join the merry throng.

My lady, she is very fair,
The jewels glisten in her hair;
She listens with a languid air
To mirth, and jest, and song.

A widow toils from morn to night;
Gone is her joy—her heart's delight,
For he has fallen in the fight;
She has no time for song.

My lady's dog on chicken dines,
On silken cushions he reclines;
The soldier's baby starves and whines;
So runs the world along.

P. A.

JEST.

(From the Italian of Giacomo Leopardi.)

When yet a child, in love with song,
Under the Muses' rule I wished to stop.
One of the nine led me along
To spend the livelong day
In an instructive way
Within the Poetry Shop.
She showed me part by part
The tools of metric art,
The modes diverse
In which each piece was put to use
To fashion and produce
Prose and verse.
I looked, and then I cried,
"Where is the file, O Muse?" And she replied,
"The file is worn away and moderns do without it."
Said I, "But why not put it right?
Will no one set about it?"
"It should be done, but there's no time to-night."

TRIBOULET.

Guilds and their Critics.

IV.—THE CONSUMER (*continued*).

II.

It may be true, but in a sense so broad as to lose any definite significance, that I am a consumer when I walk through the public park, visit the Art Gallery, or resort to any municipal convenience. Labour has gone into the construction of these utilities, and has been paid for by moneys out of the National Exchequer or the rates. But it is surely evident that all these activities are in a different category from the ordinary production and consumption of commodities. It is, in fact, a category of public policy, aiming to raise my status, not as a producer or consumer, but as a citizen. No question here arises between producer and consumer, even though, incidentally, producers are employed. In the pursuit of this policy, the State or Municipality, neither in intention nor fact, acts as representative of the consumers as such. It is fulfilling its real function, the enhancement of citizenship. Unless, therefore, the term "citizen" is to be stripped of its spiritual connotation, and so blunted down as to be interchangeable with the word "consumer," we shall find ourselves in a morass of fatal misunderstanding, not only in regard to the particular problem now confronting us, but the larger issue as to what constitutes the State.

We shall, I think, find it more accurate, and certainly more convenient, to define the consumer as one who in his functional capacity makes an effective claim upon the producer. My whiskey-drinking neighbour makes an effective (though not necessarily an economic) claim upon the publican, my tobacco-smoking neighbour plays the same rôle in regard to the tobacconist, our several wives descend upon the grocers, drapers, milliners, chemists, with their varying demands to purchase commodities for their market values—subsequently, under the Guilds, for their equivalent values. Subject to an important reservation, about to be discussed, all these belong to the class of final consumers.

Equally germane to our inquiry is the class of intermediate consumers—those who consume to produce again. The coal now burning in my grate, I bought as a final consumer. But the vast bulk of coal brought to the surface is bought by intermediate consumers for purposes of manufacture. Although we both make an effective demand upon the colliery, we are not in the same category of consumers, nor are our interests identical—a disagreeable fact now acutely realised in Berlin. We may remember that the same distinction was grasped both by Free Traders and Tariff Reformers in those distant days before the war. As I am not writing an economic treatise, let me reduce the issue to Guild terms. It is evident that a manufacturing Guild, making effective demand upon the Miners' Guild, would know how to arrange matters, probably appealing to the Guild Congress as arbitrator in case of dispute. I assume that neither Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Cole would regard the State as in any sense the representative of the manufacturing Guilds against the Miners. I imagine that if it intervened, it would meet with a chilly reception from both parties to the suit. Yet, any decision reached by the Guild Congress might affect me as a final consumer. But under Guild organisation, I must have obtained my coal from some Guild, either direct from the Miners, by arrangement with the Transit Guild, or through a definitely organised Distributive Guild. This latter seems to be the solution, and the practical question arises whether the Co-operative Movement can be organised and adapted to that end.

If my definition of consumer be accurate, it would logically follow that the contentious issues between producers and consumers as such (and apart from

public policy, when other social factors enter) would range round price, quality, and variety. Negotiations on such points could best be decided between the Distributive Guild and the manufacturing Guilds concerned. In this connection, I will add that the producer must be master of his craft, subject only to the formulation of certain fundamental principles vaguely adumbrated in the law of restraint of trade.

In the event of an insoluble dispute between the Guilds, when the Guild Congress has exhausted all its resources, certain speculative questions must be asked. What would be the locus standi of the judiciary? Where, ultimately, would the sovereign authority reside?

III.

We now see that there are consumers and consumers, constituting no definite class as such, having few, if any, interests in common, integrated neither vertically nor horizontally. A concourse of unrelated atoms; a slender foundation upon which to build a social theory. I know of no social or economic issue which would differentiate producers, as such, from consumers, as such—not even remotely. The posing of the problem as between the State, representing the consumers, and the Guilds, representing the producers, is the sequel to the misapplied activities of the Fabian Research Department, who spent enviable skill and ingenuity on a laborious investigation—and forgot to define their terms. The unhappy result is that they have confused the citizen with the consumer, rendering their meaning unintelligible and robbing the citizen of his spiritual heritage.

Vital to our inquiry is the right solution to the question whether, having regard to the commodity theory of labour, the wage-earners' consumption is to be classed as final or intermediate. Is the consumption necessary to maintain the labour commodity on all fours with the consumption of the millionaire? Does it differ only in degree or in substance? Is there any economic distinction between the consumptive demand of the active and passive citizen?

Mr. W. Anderson, in one of the most closely knit arguments yet produced by the Guild school of thought,* has, I think, proved beyond reasonable doubt that, under the present system, the capitalist is the actual protagonist of the consumer, so far as it is possible to define it. Indeed, it must be so; for the ultimate purpose of exploitation is to consume far in excess of the individual production. That is why capitalists and employers say that they are not in business for their health; that whatever they may choose to be in private they are not philanthropists in the counting-house; that business is business, and all the other commercial maxims that so mercilessly uncover their morality. But the foundation of all exploitation is to control the labour commodity, together with the raw material, by the ordinary market mechanism linked up with supply and demand. We now know that the upkeep of the labour commodity is precisely measured by the cost of sustenance, known as wages. The conclusion is irresistible: wages being the amount consumed on the maintenance of labour, which goes into production, is an intermediate form of consumption, none the less so because the wage-earner himself makes the demand on the distributor. If I give a man money to buy a suit of clothes, it is I who originate the effective demand on the clothier. The two transactions are analogous.

The distinction between capitalist and proletarian consumption is clearly, if unconsciously, brought out in the Report of the Commissioners into Industrial Unrest in the Yorkshire Area. "It became unnecessary to ask each witness to state in detail many of their points, it being found that in every case, from every district and class, the primary causes were asserted as being relative

* "Some Class Ideologies." W. Anderson. (NEW AGE, February 22, 1917.)

to the common domestic difficulties and actual privations following upon the high price of food and the necessary commodities of life with, in many cases, the utter inadequacy of wages, even though higher than the pre-war rates, *to secure the bare essentials for living at a much lower standard of comfort than was considered essential in their homes before the war.*" Here we have the sustenance theory in all its ugliness. Mr. Mallon, one of the Commissioners, and himself an elected member of the Fabian Research Department, makes a proposal, not endorsed by his colleagues. It is in such rich contrast with the sustenance theory that it deserves imperishable record. "To satisfy the feeling prevalent among the wage-earning classes for more drastic demands on the rich, which is usually expressed by the phrase 'conscription of wealth,' the income-tax should be carefully reviewed and substantially increased as regards those incomes which are capable of curtailment without any real loss to the amenities of life."*

To the one sustenance; to the other amenity!

I invite the Fabian Research Department to reconcile the fundamental differences between these two classes of consumers. How can the State represent both? How can it remedy the injustice of the one client without damnifying the other? The State cannot do it; the Guilds can—and will.

Nevertheless, after wage-abolition, we must provide, *inside the Guild organisation*, for effectual contact between the Guilds and the final consumer.

IV.

The fact that the maintenance of labour by wages is a productive process, falling into the category of intermediate consumption (based on the assumption that labour eats to work and only incidentally to live) is peculiarly important in that it leaves final consumption to the possessing classes, who control production to their own consumptive purposes. Postulating the continuance of wagery, it follows that to constitute the State the representative of the consumers is to make it the representative of the capitalists. Mr. Cole does not mean this, because he rejects wagery and visualises the consumer as he may be after wage-abolition. But when Mr. Shaw writes of "Mr. Everybody the Consumer," he fails to grasp the real meaning of the wage-relation, and his criticism of Guild theory in consequence misses the mark. I have elsewhere described the possessing and wage-earning classes as "active" and "passive" citizens. We now see that they can also be distinguished by the economic control of consumption, which belongs entirely to the possessing or active citizen. The Fabian Research Department, in its Report on The Co-operative Movement, comments upon the "apathy and indifference of the bulk of the membership of the British Co-operative Societies." Deprecating this unhappy state of affairs, it grows hortatory:—"It is the business of Co-operative Statesmen, as it is of Trade Union, Municipal and National Statesmen, to devise means of transmuting this all too common passive citizenship into effective citizenship." With our analysis of wagery before them, it is unfortunate that the Fabian Researchers did not inform their readers that the transition from passive to active citizenship is only possible by the destruction of the existing wage relationship. *with its corollary the control of production by the producer instead of the consumer, who can only be the capitalist.* If we seek further proof, it will be found in the simple fact that production and consumption are not two separate and unrelated processes but the complementary stages of one economic transaction. Whatever its subsidiary effects, it is the capitalist who controls that transaction as a whole, naturally directing its main current to his own interest and amenity. "Mr. Everybody the Con-

sumer" is found, on examination, to be really "Mr. Somebody," and at best a very small part of the population.

Under the industrial system, with the maintenance of labour a productive charge, we need waste no sympathy upon the capitalist in his rôle of final consumer. No Guildsman would dream of putting the State *in loco parentis* to him. When Mr. Cole writes of the State as representing the consumer, he of course means after wage-abolition, when the passive has been transmuted into the active citizen, and has become a final consumer. "We have concluded, then, that the only way in which industry must be organised in the interests of the whole community is by a system in which the right of the producer to control production and that of the consumer to control consumption are recognised and established."* But it is necessary to enquire more closely into the true relation of the consumer to the producer. Mr. Cole assumes (a) that production and consumption are two different processes differently controlled, and (b) that there is an equality between the two, represented respectively by the Guild Congress and the State. We may agree that they are different processes, but I find it impossible economically to differentiate them. Subject to higher considerations, to which I am coming, the product is surely the result of co-operation between producer and consumer. Nor do the interests of the two diverge at any point unless the element of profit enters. But as that disappears *ex hypothesi* from the Guild system, it is difficult to see why producer and consumer should look to widely different organisations to express their desires. The implied antagonism between producer and consumer, which is more apparent than real, is not economic but commercial. What, we may reasonably enquire, is the producer for if not to satisfy within reason the requirements of the consumer? To pose them as two different economic interests is to assume the perpetuation of the commercial spirit in an organisation deliberately designed to kill it. But we may safely go further: we may declare that the producer is *par excellence* the consumer.

It is only in so far as the producer, by instinct or understanding, enters into the mind of the consumer that he can produce at all. This is, I believe, the psychological explanation of the well-tested maxim that the supply creates the demand. When a certain Mr. Bissell constructed the first carpet-sweeper, he was not only a producer; in imagination he was himself the consumer of his own product. I dare say he swept a million carpets and consumed ten thousand of his own sweepers, as he lay in bed pondering the possibilities of his invention. Nor subsequently did the actual consumers invade his works, angrily demanding improvements. On the contrary, he added one improvement to another, because he could only be a successful producer to precisely the extent that he was a competent consumer. Nor did he stop with his invention. He spent untold thousands of dollars begging the consumer to take his product. There is no misconception so universal as that the consumer creates the demand. He never does and never will, until he himself becomes the producer. But it is not necessary to push the argument so far as that: it suffices if we prove that the productive and consumptive processes are too intimately inter-related to warrant their separation by an arbitrary assignment to a non-economic State of the consumers' alleged interest.

In any event, when I come to consider the case of the producer as such, I shall contend that as between him and the consumer his must be the final word; whilst, as between the producer and the citizen, the citizen must decide and speak the final word through the State. The State, whatever its ultimate form, must be the expression of the life of the citizen community.

S. G. H.

* Cd. 8664. Price 1s. net.

* "Self-Government in Industry," p. 281.

Notes on Political Theory.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE PERSON.—V.

LEST by comparison with the realm of the Grand Lunar, the Republic of Plato should acquire a halo of saintliness which dazzles us, I hasten to point out its defects and its marks of senility. Some difficulty to begin with arises before we know at what level to take it. No one could say with certainty, I should think, whether or no it has a basis of slaves. And even if we assume that it has not, the difference of classes in the State, based on function though it is, tends to pass out of sight as the argument progresses, and the enthusiasm of the enlightened modern is aroused by the communism of property amongst the guardians, the emancipation of women, and something approaching the doctrine that all men are equal. And there is no real reason to doubt that there are different levels in the thought of Plato (or is it Socrates?) which the idea of function does not succeed in combining into one. On the whole, the Republic has perhaps two main defects. The first it seems to share with all freed States, whatever their pretensions to liberty. Where this was possible, it was to be only for a few. Slaves, women, and barbarians are simply assumed to have no reasonable claim to it. The clearness of the testimony of that Philistine Aristotle to this, at least, cannot be exceeded; his sentiments can be lavishly heard in any suburban train. The contrary idea was, we know, preached by certain Sophists, as it is not altogether absent from Plato. How far this is due to a perception of the fact that the attainments of most men who are really free are made possible by the enslavement of others, an inability to see any other possibility, and a desperate effort to think out the structure of a State which should diminish the evil as far as possible by taking clear account of the inequalities amongst men that must of necessity exist, is unusually hard to determine. But these difficulties hardly affect the principle. We cannot rightly regard a State as politically free unless it recognises that there is a sense in which all men are equal. No one has ever expressed that sense better than Professor D. G. Ritchie when he said that democracy was the assumption that all men were equal made for the purpose of discovering which are the best. It is the vague presence along with the asserted absence of that idea in the Republic that causes us to wonder what manner of State it really is.

The correction of the first defect has practically involved a statement of the second. Even when we suppose the accidental (as opposed to the functional) difference of classes to be absent, the absence of the element of personal liberty for most men leaves on the face of the State a blemish which is only made more prominent by the wisdom of the guardians. Their sagacity, we know, preserves the State from the charge of open tyranny. Let us pass over for the time the value of this liberty as a means—the possibility, that is, that in no other way can the division of the citizens into classes according to their kinds be accomplished. The State, as it is, is less valuable than one in which these same goods are freely discovered and attained; therefore, the apology for the Republic must be that only thus were even these values possible. We may turn against Socrates the argument whereby he refutes Glaucon and Adeimantos, and say that the Republic is only a second-best, a compromise for the purposes of practice between a better—to attain these goods freely, and a worse—to fail to attain most of them at all.

Whatever view may be taken of the Republic, the absence of the antithesis of personal and political liberty for the freer mind, as a whole, is certain. It was personal liberty (at least for the few) that they wanted, and their means to it was the development of

political liberty, if we mean by the latter the differentiation of the rudimentary State and the enforcement of the rule of Law. The system which followed on this was perhaps perfected by the mediæval mind, and is clearly compatible with a high degree of personal liberty. The comparative stability and security of this organised State of free men has obviously attracted Mr. de Maetz, but he has, I think, at least insufficiently considered two things. In the Greek State personal liberty was after all the end to which the unity of the citizens in the bond of peace was a mere means. This liberty was, no doubt, very different from the man of straw with this label attached, which Mr. de Maetz has defeated with heavy loss. It involves responsibility, and direction by others destroys it, it is a positive achievement and a search after fulness and variety of life. If, however, the end be forgotten, and the liberty of the State erected into an end, the only sense of personal liberty left is that barren one which is lower and not higher than political liberty. The independence of these things from the functional principle must be, we may remark incidentally, unusually obvious.

Secondly, even if it were true that political liberty was the just aim set to men by the political wisdom of the Greeks, it would not follow that an equal discernment would not prescribe personal liberty to us, granting whatever opposition between the two you care to insist on. For the dangers which beset that liberty which is worth having, from which it must be shielded by an eternal vigilance, may alter like the methods of attack in a more material sort of warfare. The Greek state of the fifth century had not long emerged from a primitive group of villages: it had been consolidated by a defensive war: and it was constantly threatened by the domination of a despot. We can no longer get up much excitement about a personal tyrant, even if he control a newspaper trust, and use it to extend his power and minister to his self-esteem. What threatens to overwhelm us is the curiously impersonal rule of the political and economic and social organisations of the modern world. Of these the greater is the State, and against its growing might all decent men must endure to struggle. Some relief will, no doubt, be found by limiting each of these monsters most strictly to its function, and making for victory by dividing amongst them the real if not the formal sovereignty now enjoyed by the State. Beyond that expedient, however, spring up difficulties less easy of solution, because men's minds are what they are, educated into stability and savagely resentful of difference in so far as they think anything really matters. Against this we can only continue to do one thing, to combat by whatever development of personal liberty seems possible those anti-social tendencies. No argument is required to show that even gregarious impulses and their disposition may be violently selfish and possessive in principle, when all the time the morality of the herd is their expression. The struggle for liberty is merely a contest against the less reputable parts of human nature, against those, that is, in which his identity with his pre-human ancestors is most startlingly vivid.

Little need be said in explanation of the second direction in which the functional principle may be surreptitiously extended. Its protagonists are to be discovered amongst the hangers-on of the Idealist philosophers. After Mr. Bradley had written on "My Station and its Duties," the title of his essay became the watchword of earnest young men who did not understand their leader, but perceived most clearly what the needs of the social situation were. Therefore, the functional principle has kept strange company and learned to be equally at home in palace and in hut. The obvious criticism is that no criterion is provided for determining what a man's station is, so that the supposed functional principle is appearance and not

reality. The validity of this argument I should not dispute, but it can be made effective against the idealists only by the help of great care in statement. To maintain that the functional principle is so abstract in character that no information can be obtained from it as to describe social arrangements, and to draw from it the corollary that the whole duty of man is to execute the duties of the station to which it has pleased God to call him, inasmuch as that will at least give him the one thing needful, a field of battle in which he can wage war against sin, may be a fortress garrisoned in the interests of privilege; but it is at least of enormous tactical strength. Mr. de Maetzu may march seven times round about it and shout out "Functional Principle"; but the walls of the city will not fall.

O. LATHAM.

Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound.

XIII.—THE CELESTIAL.

"Ezra's next move was to make the priests responsible for the valuables, the silver, the gold, and the vessels which had been offered for the temple."—MRS. M. BAXTER in the "Christian Herald and Signs of our Times" for October 25, 1917.

THE "move" narrated by Mrs. M. Baxter was, doubtless, most laudable; it is even quite credible that my august, more or less mythical namesake may have passed some such legislation, credible even that a flattering biographer might have claimed for it some degree of success. One permits oneself, however, to doubt whether the move or any such move, ever was or is wholly successful; and Mrs. Baxter may be accused of undue optimism when she heads the paragraph containing her statement with the heavy italics "*We May Do Likewise.*"

Adam Smith wrote some time ago: "People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices." The priest, or his modern Levite, the man whose livelihood depends on religion, be he secretary to a more or less religious organisation, be he a writer for religious journals—is of a peculiar and segregated employment. As we saw in "Old Moore's Almanac," vendors of the future flock together. Heaven or freedom from "bad legs" are both commodities immaterial and quite vendable. They depend upon supply and demand, and the demand depends upon the supply of credulity. Let us observe "COMING IN THE CLOUDS, a sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon":

"NEVERTHELESS, hereafter." I like the sound of those two bells together; let us ring them again. "Nevertheless, hereafter." The "Hereafter" seems in brief to say to me that the main glory of Christ lies in the future. Not to-day, perhaps, nor to-morrow, will the issue be seen. Have patience! Wait a while. "Your strength is to sit still." God has great leisure, for He is the Eternal. Let us partake of His restfulness while we sing, "Nevertheless, hereafter." O for the Holy Spirit's power at this moment; for it is written, "He will show you things to come."

"Hereafter!" "Hereafter!" Oh, when that hereafter comes, how overwhelming it will be to Jesus' foes! Now, where is Caiaphas? Will he now adjure the Lord to speak? Now, ye priests, lift up your haughty heads! Utter a sentence against Him now!

There Sits Your Victim

upon the clouds of Heaven. Say now that he blasphemes, and hold up your rent rags, and condemn him again. But where is Caiaphas?"

The repetition of this question naturally stumps the yokel. He looks under the seat, he looks under his neighbour's pew, and no Caiaphas! The simple answer is that Caiaphas is with the snows of yester year; that he as well as another; that he along with Caesar and the golden lads might stop a hole to keep the wind away; that, in any case, he to no such aureate earth is turned that we wish him dug up again. But this simple answer does not occur to the yokel. He is stumped by the inquiry. He is beaten. Mr. Spurgeon leaps upon his bewilderment: "But where is Caiaphas? He hides his guilty head; he is utterly confounded, and begs the mountains to fall upon him. And, oh, ye men of the Sanhedrim . . . etc."

Now, gentlemen, under which thimble is the pea? The yokel is utterly confounded. Where is Caiaphas? There is Caiaphas. The yokel being unable to state Caiaphas' whereabouts, or to perceive Caiaphas when said Caiaphas is postulated to be present, sinks into a state of coma (as desired).

Mr. Spurgeon goes on to Antichrist, and then turns up Julian the apostate, sic:

"Julian, as He Died, Said:

"The Nazarene has overcome me";

Mr. Spurgeon overlooks the fact that Julian had had a difficult life, and that his nerves might have been undermined; he overlooks the fact that Julian died a long time ago, and that since that date of demise, numerous quiet gentlemen have died with no such confession of defeat on their lips. Mr. Spurgeon "would fain whisper in the ear of the sinner, fascinated by his pleasures,

Hereafter, Hereafter!"

These black italic headings set current in the text are a feature of the "Xtn. Herald."

While scarcely including myself in the category of "sinners fascinated by pleasure," Mr. Spurgeon might pause to consider my reasons for not proclaiming myself to be Antichrist.

First, if I found myself entertaining the idea with any seriousness I should suspect megalomania; I should try to tone the thing down; I should not wish to be the victim of megalomania, of obsession, of an idée fixe, however decorative or delightful.

Second, I should feel that I was abrogating my integrity as an artist; that I was degenerating into a religious teacher or founder; that I was becoming a fumiste; that I was swinging too large a megaphone.

Third, it is too old a game; there are too many candidates—Leonardo, Napoleon, the Kaiser, our old friend the Papacy. *On s'encanaille*. One does not wish to be confused with Mrs. Besant's little black gentlemen.

But if I overcame these objections and proclaimed myself Antichrist, I should not expect the fortnight or the æon after my death to be one jot more uncomfortable. Being Antichrist is an employment like another, like taking the City Temple, or exhibiting at the Leicester Gallery, or getting elected to Parliament. It would be less difficult than painting a really good picture, or writing a masterly novel.

A few weeks ago, someone was clamouring for the new revelation or new religion. As Antichrist one's doctrine would be simple:

CREED OF ANTICHRIST.

Intellectual Honesty, the Abolition of Violence, the Fraternal Deference of Confucius, and Internationalism.

A man calling himself, to-day, Antichrist, and proclaiming this doctrine in four parts, might well be stoned to death by a Chauvinistic mob, or by a mob of Christian fanatics. This creed has all requirements of religion; the first clause has the difficulty, it is the *via ardua et exigua*; the second and fourth clauses have the requisite present impracticability; and the third contains all that is sound in the teachings of St.

Francis of Assisi. Without wishing to assume any undue celebrity, without robing myself in the mantle of Antichrist, I do not hesitate to proclaim this religion (to the abolition of Spurgeons, Talmages, Benedettes). I do not ask a yearly "screw" for proclaiming it. I do not offer bribes to believers.

Let us examine the tone of the "Xtn. Herald":
 "He died trusting in his Saviour and mine. Mona, he left you in my care. Will you give me the right to love and cherish you?"

And Mona did not answer him in words. She just raised her face to his, and gave him her lips."

We have here the bacillus of contemporary religious fiction. Marriage in this life and heaven after demise. Mahomet offered houris in the future. Protestantism will "have nothing of that sort" in its heaven. The Rev. Geo. Twentyman of the Christian Police Association will be there to prevent it. Mahomet has in the interim gobbled the more torrid districts of the planet.

The "Christian Herald" for the present goes on maintaining the mental attitudes of credulity. One picture shows a man waving his arms at a lion, the letterpress stating that he scared off the lion by yelling at it. Another picture shows "A converted African and His Bible"; another picture is labelled, "A Romance of the Battlefield" (a driver, R.F.A., picked up a photograph . . . married quite recently). Beneath this begins: "Mud and Marble, New Chapters from the life story of Joe Wentworth, the Summerton Humorist." The same page displays, "I cure Skin Disease," "War—Worry—Headache," "Instant toothache cure." We turn to the reverse of the sheet: "War—Consumption," "Dandruff," "A child doesn't laugh and play if constipated"; and still further proceeding: "Why wear a truss, Free book of amazing bargains, Let me build up your normal weight, cough elixir, three children with ringworm, girl of fourteen as church organist, hair-grower, pimples, freckles, blackheads, eruptions, £1 a week all the year round at home, fits, epilepsy, pomade, Heart and nerves, Box Free five days' supply, varicose, ladies who value their health." There is nothing about bitter apple.

XIII.

One should perhaps devote a whole chapter to the Rev. Joseph Hocking. "The Pomp of Yesterday, A story of the present World-Crisis" is, we are informed, "A Famous Author's Great Story of the War."

No words of mine; nothing, in fact, but the reader's own power of computing the infinite, of holding the inexpressible in his grasp, of presenting to the eye of his own imagination the unseeable and unimaginable, can possibly convey to the reader the exact shade of inevitability, the exact weight of overwhelming fatality with which it is fatal and inevitable that the Rev. Jo. Hocking should in this given number of the "Xtn. Herald" be writing of "The Present World Crisis." Nor is the conspiracy of the Three Parcae, of Predestination (Hebrew), or Foreordainedness (Protestant), less apparent in this story in the "Xtn. Herald" being a "great story" from the pen of a "famous author." The realm where literary values are subject to disputation, the realm wherein the critic is diffident, wherein he balances the merit of one author against the merits of other authors is far, afar from us. It is as far, afar from us as the realm wherein subjects can by force avoid being topical. It is, let us say, briefly, fatal and natural and inevitable that the Rev. Hocking should be writing a "great" tale of the War.

The first col. of this final instalment begins with black letter as follows:—

"She'll be Mine Some Time"—When the War will End—A Tremendous Change—The Pomp of the Kaiser—Alone with Lorna—The Sealed Letter—'I Knew he was a Bad Man'—The Victim of a Plot—An Unexpected Interruption—A Long Walk and Its Result."

This little black-letter summary is possibly presented to us lest we should remain too long in doubt as to the contents of the ensuing five columns—which are broken and diminished by a lead block labelled, "THE QUEEN PAID A SURPRISE VISIT to the men of the Coldstream Guards at a Y.M.C.A. hut at Windsor while the men were engaged in writing letters, playing billiards, and reading. Not long since her Majesty had presented a gramophone to the hut, and the men were anxious that she should hear it. Two records were, therefore, given before the Queen left." Picture shows Queen, Chaplain and Officer standing at attention, man at gramophone, billiard table, etc. It is in no way connected with the story by the Rev. Hocking.

The next interruption to his five cols. is:—

".....Please cut across here.....
 NATIONAL MOVEMENT FOR A GREAT SPIRITUAL REVIVAL Believing that Jehovah..... etc. PLEASE ENROL ME AS A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL FAMILY PRAYER LEAGUE;" blank space for signatures and addresses, also instruction to paste the printed heading at top of sheet of foolscap, and "get all your friends to sign."

To cut out this piece of "Xtn. Herald" would irrevocably damage the text by Rev. Hocking on reverse of the sheet. It is, perhaps, for this reason that the summary of his contents is given at the head of his chapter, which summary is, we may say, not printed on the reverse of anything to be "cut out."

His five cols. are again diminished by picture of "Jack Barmouth leaped over a stile into the lane where we were walking." Rev. Hocking's text is also enlivened or reinforced by having certain phrases, fourteen, to be exact, printed in heavy italics, and set out to look like sub-headings. I do not know whether this idea originates with Rev. Hocking, or whether it is imposed upon him by his editors, desirous of having his pages uniform with the other pages of their paper. His text appears somewhat as follows:—

"To-morrow? I say, old chap, has—has she written to you?" I nodded. "No, her letter contained nothing that would interest you," I continued, as I noted the look of inquiry in his eyes. "Why don't you go with me? It would seem quite natural, seeing you are off to the Front so soon,"

He Hesitated a Second

and then shook his head. "No, old man," he said; "she'll send for me if she wants me."

"That's not the way to win a girl. How can she send for you?" "I seem to have lost confidence since my memory came back," he replied. "When I told her I loved her, although I didn't seem to have the ghost of a chance, I felt confident, serene. Now, I'm sure of nothing." "Nothing?" I queried. "Do you mean to say that—that your faith in God is gone?"

Let us glance at the other heavy headings. Sic:—

"You said we were not fit for victory."

What are your Views Now?

"Just so long as England remains in a state of religious indifference, just so long will the war continue."

"I Don't Understand," I said. "Empty-Headed Society Dudes." "Russia Becoming a Republic?" "Talking with Her Alone." "You Must Know the Truth." "Oh, I have been Mad." "You Must Trust Me," I replied. "You Love Each Other." "He Made Me Believe It." "You Followed Us," I interjected. She Looked at Me Shyly.

The final words of the story are: "I'm going to beard the lion in his den. I'm going to have a serious talk with Sir Thomas. Will you look after Lorna till I return?"

Rev. Hocking tells a marvellous lot in five columns. (46 inches of 3 inch.)

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE issue raised by "R. H. C." was quite simple, and is none the more complex for being repeated; it is simply that the cinematograph provides, or can provide, a form of drama which will eliminate from the repertory of the legitimate stage certain types of play. What types of play will be thus eliminated, "R. H. C." does not say; precision is not the most marked quality of his statements. He takes exception to my statement that the cinematograph only reproduces drama, and asserts that "the cinema no more confines itself to reproducing drama than photography to reproducing painting, but each aims in addition at original production of its own." The cinematograph, he assumes, is, therefore, the medium of creative dramatic art, which must have an effect of some kind upon legitimate drama, must limit or extend in some way its range of subject matter, style, method of treatment, and so forth. He does not like my analogies, but I will give him another one closer to the reality of this argument. The language of primitive man is gesture-language, like the language of the cinematograph; our own deaf-mutes use gesture-language, and we are told by students of the subject that if we were to transport our deaf-mutes to, for example, the Dakota Indians, they would have no difficulty in making themselves understood. But even "R. H. C." would not have the hardihood to pretend that gesture-language must exercise a profound effect upon literature and spoken speech, that we must not say or write what a Dakota Indian or a deaf-mute can express by gestures.

But I need not bother about analogies when I can deal with the actual situation. It is true that cinematograph writers aim at original production, and books are being written to explain the necessary technique of cinematograph drama; quite recently, one has been written by a Mr. Hale Call. I have looked at it, and I find that the prime condition of writing successfully for the cinematograph is that the writer shall forget all the technique of literature and drama, and shall think in pictures. The ideal cinema play is one in which no word need be used; although the author does not use the phrase, he accepts the limitation of his instrument that makes cinematography the drama of the deaf. There can be nothing in cinematography but action, and continuous action; the author cannot stop to explain, to refine or subtilise, he must show at once in a picture what he means. Cinematography, in short, is nothing but gesture-language photographed; and the only form of drama that it can possibly affect is drama without words, or pantomime in the proper sense of the word. With the exception of "L'Enfant Prodigue," and the performances of a man on the music-halls, whose name I forget, I have never during a long acquaintance with the London theatres seen pantomime; so the actual extent of the danger to drama is very small.

But accept "R. H. C.'s" argument that what the cinematograph can do, drama must not do, and the absurdity of his argument becomes apparent. On the screen you see pictures of people entering rooms; therefore, on the legitimate stage no one must enter a room. You see people putting on or taking off a cloak; you see them walking about, you see them making gestures and faces, sometimes most awful faces. But as the people in legitimate drama must not enter the room, it follows that they can do none of these things. Drama, by the simple process of confining it to what the cinematograph does not do, ceases to exist at the command of "R. H. C."; and by the same reasoning, painting must cease to exist, because there is nothing that can be painted that cannot be photographed, and colour-photography has deprived the painter of the last excuse for his craft.

The one thing to remember about gesture-language is that it is very limited in its power of expression, that it can only express very simple ideas. Such a simple idea as that of a teacher, we are told, cannot be directly pictured or represented; it is too complicated for a language of representation. Cinematographic drama, therefore, can only deal with the simplest and most obvious situations, situations far more obvious than the most trite of the legitimate stage. It can only show us, for example, highly conventionalised actions to represent love; the smile, the embrace, the slipping on of a ring. It is impossible for the cinematograph to do what is done in "Dear Brutus," for example; there, with quite commonplace speech and a few trivial actions, such as lighting a cigar, du Maurier, by mere inflection of speech, informs the audience of the tragedy of an artist who has failed to find in love that spiritual union which he needed. Photograph the scene, and there is nothing but a drunken gentleman trying to light a cigar, and a disgusted lady looking at him; see it and hear it as it is played, and it would take more than one article to elucidate all that a scene which lasts about five minutes reveals. Even written language would fail to produce the effect with all its suggestion; for the effect is that of a personality expressed in speech, and no dumb medium could reproduce it.

But, says "R. H. C.," the cinematograph has already affected drama; its effect is "revealed in the movements for greater colour on the stage, more music, less conversation." We are to assume that before the cinematograph was invented, there was no colour on the stage, no music, nothing but conversation; that opera did not exist, that opera comique did not exist, that Gilbert and Sullivan, in mortal terror of photography, turned their attention from legitimate drama (which, by the way, made the fortunes of Sir Squire Bancroft and the Kendals, even in those days) to music and colour on the stage. We must assume that the gorgeous productions of the Russian Ballet owed their origin to a re-action from cinematography, instead of being a natural development of that intensive study of stage technique that began before the cinematograph was invented. The increase in the production of musical plays derives entirely from the intensive study of music during, and since, the last quarter of the nineteenth century; we have now, what we had not then, a large, trained body of singers, instrumentalists and composers, who find opportunity for the expression of their talent in these productions. The cinematograph had nothing to do with this development, which is due entirely to the activity of musicians in the first place.

I am surprised that "R. H. C." should "recall the number of recent schools of painting that owe their origin to re-action from realism, to re-action, that is to say, from the art of the camera." That they were re-actionary schools, no one doubts; but there were re-actions from the prevailing fashion in painting long before the camera was invented. So long as there are people who have a real preference for oil or water-colour painting, so long will the artist find a public without painting things that never were on land or sea; for the thing that the camera cannot do is to paint in oil or water-colour. The fact remains that painters still paint portraits, landscapes, still-life studies, and the rest, although the camera can and does do these things in its own way; but more usually, it is the photographer who tints his photograph to a ghastly semblance of a water-colour, not the painter who imitates the false accuracy of a transient expression. There is nothing more certain than that the painting of geometrical figures in the attempt to escape competition with the camera is a return to a primitive method of expression as inadequate to modern needs as is the gesture-language of the cinematograph.

Readers and Writers.

FROM his little brush with the Press Dr. Lyttelton has come off badly. It was not because his case was bad, but because he had not the moral courage to stick to his guns. His case, in the first instance, was that Parliament had practically ceased to be the leader of the nation, and that its place had been taken by the Press. Unfortunately, however, the Press had come to depend for its living upon sensationalism, with the consequence that its tendency was to prefer fiction to fact. A perfectly good case, I say, who know more of Fleet Street than Dr. Lyttelton will ever know. Every word of the indictment is well within the truth. But when challenged by the Press to substantiate his charges, Dr. Lyttelton, instead of inviting the world simply to look at the Press, and to contrast its reports with facts, proceeded to exculpate the editors, and to put the whole blame on the public. It was the public, he said, that was responsible; and there was no use in railing at editors, who merely supplied what the public wanted. But so long as public men adopt this wretched and cowardly attitude nothing can possibly be done; for the "public," like a corporation, has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned. The public, relatively to the proprietors and editors of the Press, consists of irresponsible individuals, who merely choose from among what is laid before them. They are mostly as innocent as children who deal at a tuck-shop, and, perchance, buy sweets and cakes that are bad for them as readily as things that are good for them. The responsible parties are the proprietors and editors, and, above them, the law. It is not an offence to buy articles at a shop to-day that are illegally displayed for sale. The public supposition is that if they are on sale they can be bought. And, in fact, the Public Prosecutor, unlike Dr. Lyttelton, does not proceed against the purchasers of illegal articles, he proceeds against the vendors. In the case of our newspaper proprietors and editors the conditions of shop-keeping are parallel: they expose professed news and views for sale, with an implied guarantee that their goods are both good and fit for human consumption. The public cannot be expected to know which is which, or what is what, any more in the case of news and views than in the case of tea and potatoes. Rather less, indeed; since the ill-effects of false news and unsound views are too long delayed, and too subtle, as a rule, to be attributed to their proper causes. But the Press proprietors and editors know very well. They know whether the news they expose is true, or the views they vend are sound. They know also that for a large part they are neither the one nor the other. Yet they continue to sell them, and even to expect public honours for their fraudulent dealings. The excuses made for them are such as could be made for any other fraudulent industry: that it pays, that the public swallows it, that honesty would not pay, that the public does not want truth and sincerity, that the public must learn to discriminate for itself, etc., etc. Reduced to a simple statement, all these mean, in effect, that the Press is prepared to trade on the ignorance and folly of the public. But since, as I have said, it is the Press and not the public that knows what's what, it is the Press and not the public that should be blamed. So long as editors and proprietors are allowed to sail off from responsibility under the plea that they are only satisfying a public demand, so long will it be possible for purveyors of other forms of indecent literature and vendors of other articles of public ill-fare to complain that they are unfairly treated. There is likely to be always a demand for fiction against fact, the plausible lie against the honest truth, the doctored news against the plain statement, and the pleasing superficial against the strenuous profound. A change of taste in these respects could only be brought about by a deter-

mined effort in education extending over a generation, and applied not only to schools, but to the Press, the pulpit, and to book-publishing. But because the preference now exists, and is a profitable taste to pander to, it is not right to acquit the Press that thrives on it. For my part, I acquit the public, but I would prosecute the shopkeepers.

The question of advertisements in the Press has become acute in consequence of Sir Auckland Geddes' recent comment on the subject. It is obvious to the most unintelligent reader who turns over the pages of all but a very, very few of the current publications that the Press is all the while talking patriotism and practising treachery, preaching economy and inciting to extravagance. For instance, the selfsame issue of the "Times," in which were reported Sir Auckland Geddes' appeals for economy in the consumption of labour (and all commodities are at last realised to be the product of labour) contained no fewer than twenty-three columns of advertisements. The "Evening News" (another Northcliffe paper) contained on the same day advertisements occupying one-half of the total paper. The Christmas number of "Punch," besides containing some jokes in the lowest taste ever seen, even in that journal, published twenty-seven pages of advertisements in a total issue of sixty pages. The character of the advertisements has been analysed ably and wittily by Mr. Ezra Pound in the most melancholy journey he has lately been making round the Press for our edification. They are, for the most part, of articles either superfluous, fraudulent, or fanciful, many of which, moreover, consume a vast quantity of labour-power. Their display, however, is a cunning art against which it is a moral impossibility for the Food Controller or any other kind of national Controller to compete. Here and there a reader will be found original and independent enough to put two and two together, and to contrast the appeal of Sir Auckland Geddes (or, rather, let us say, the appeal of the great objects of the war) with the appeal of the touts who draw up the advertisements for the big shopkeepers. But a sufficient number of people will be found to cancel out the former by a hundred to one, and to jeer at the patriotic economists by deed if not by word. Look, if you doubt it, at the shops themselves where the advertised articles are actually sold. My colleague who writes the "Notes of the Week" affirmed years ago that the war would not be won until Bond Street had become bankrupt. But not only is Bond Street not bankrupt, but scores of other streets have risen to the wealth of Bond Street on materials and labour which I do not hesitate to say have been sucked out of the blood of the nation. Now the Press is most certainly the prime criminal in these abominable deeds. By giving currency to the advertisements of shopkeepers of every sort and kind, the Press incites, as I have said, its weaker-minded readers to ignore the appeals of patriotism, and to spend, spend, spend labour and commodities without a thought of the cost in lives such spending involves.

The ultimate excuse of the Press is, of course, that it lives by advertisements; and it silvers this excuse by the pretence that by means of the subsidy of advertisements the Press is able to supply a better news-service and a more competent views-service than would be possible without shopkeepers' subsidies. Even if we allow, however, that there is something in it, the gain to the public is not worth the sacrifice of independence and good taste, not to say health of mind and a good patriotic conscience. It returns, moreover, to the excuse that such a Press pays, and that only such a Press can pay. To destroy this lie is, however, one of the purposes for which THE NEW AGE is fighting for its existence.

R. H. C.

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

X.—THE ARTIST DRAGOMAN.

OF Suleymân in his capacity of dragoman I saw little but heard much both from himself and others. The English residents in Palestine and Syria—those who knew of him—regarded him as but a doubtful character, if one may judge from their repeated warnings to me not to trust him out of sight. His wisdom and his independent way of airing it did not please everybody as they did me; and reverence in dealing with a fellow-man was not his strong point. By travellers, I gather from innumerable testimonials which he showed me, he was either much beloved or the reverse, though none could say he did not know his business.

His English, though voluminous and comprehensive, was sometimes strange to native English ears. He had read the Bible in a German mission school, and spoke of "Billiam's donkey" and "the mighty Simson" where we should speak of Balaam's ass and Samson. He called the goat-skins used for carrying water "beastly skins," and sometimes strengthened a mild sentence with an expletive. I do not think he ever went so far in this way as another dragoman, who, riding out from Haifa one fine morning with an English lady, pointed to Mt. Carmel and observed:

"Bloody fine hill, madam!"

He knew how to adapt his language to his audience. But it is curious that a man whose speech in Arabic was highly mannered, in English should have cultivated solecisms. That he did cultivate them as an asset of his stock-in-trade I can affirm, for he would invent absurd mistakes and then rehearse them to me, with the question: "Is that funny? Will that make the English laugh?"

For clergymen he kept a special manner and a special store of jokes. When leading such through Palestine he always had a Bible up before him on the saddle; and every night would join them after dinner and preach a sermon on the subject of the next day's journey. This he would make as comical as possible for their amusement, for clergymen, he often used to say to me, are fond of laughter of a certain kind.

One English parson he bedevilled utterly by telling him the truth—or the accepted legend—in such a form that it seemed false or mad to him.

As they were riding out from Jaffa towards Jerusalem, he pointed to the mud-built village of Latrûn and said:

"That, sir, is the place where Simpson catch the foxes."

"Ah?" said the clergyman. "And who was Simpson?"

"He was a very clever gentleman, and liked a bit of sport."

"Was he an Englishman?"

"No, sir; he was a Jew. . . . He catch a lot of foxes with some traps; he kill them and he take their skins to Jaffa to the tailor, and he tell the tailor: 'Make me one big skin out of these little ones.' The tailor make one thundering big fox's skin, big enough for Simpson to get inside of it. Then Simpson, he put on that skin one night, and go and sit out in the field and make the same noise what the little foxes make. The little foxes come out of their holes to look; they see one big fox sitting there, and they not know it's really Simpson. They come quite near and Simpson catch hold of their tails and tie their tails together. Then they make the noise, and still more foxes come, and Simpson catch hold of their tails and tie their tails together, till he got hundreds and hundreds."

"Whatever did he do with them?" inquired the parson.

"He set fire to them."

"What on earth did he do that for?"

"That, sir, was to annoy his wife's relations."

"And would you believe it," added Suleymân when he told me the story, "that foolish preacher did not know that it is in the Bible. He took it all down in his notebook as the exploit of a Jewish traveller. He was the Heavy One."

This last remark was in allusion to an Arabic proverb of which Suleymân was very fond:

"When the Heavy One alights in the territory of a people there is nothing for the inhabitants except departure."

Which, in its turn, is an allusion to the following story:

A colony of ducks lived on an island in a river happily until a certain day, when the carcass of an ox came drifting down the current and stuck upon the forepoint of that island. They tried in vain to lift it up or push it off; it was too heavy to be moved an inch by all their efforts. They named it in their speech the Heavy One. Its stench infected the whole island, and kept on increasing until the hapless ducks were forced to emigrate.

Many Heavy Ones fell to the lot of Suleymân as dragoman, and he was by temperament ill-fitted to endure their neighbourhood. Upon the other hand he sometimes happened on eccentrics who rejoiced his heart. An American admiral, on shore in Palestine for two days, asked only one thing: to be shown the tree on which Judas Iscariot had hanged himself, in order that he might defile it in a natural manner and so attest his faith. Suleymân was able to conduct him to the very tree, and to make the journey occupy exactly the time specified. The American was satisfied and wrote him out a handsome testimonial.

It must have been a hardship for Suleymân—a man by nature sensitive and independent—to take his orders from some kinds of tourist and endure their rudeness. If left alone to manage the whole journey, he was—I have been told, and I can well believe—the best guide in Syria, devoting all his energies to make the tour illuminating and enjoyable; if heckled or distrusted, he grew careless and eventually dangerous, intent to play off jokes on people whom he counted enemies. One Englishman, with a taste for management but little knowledge of the country, and no common sense, he cruelly obeyed in all things, with the natural result in loss of time and loss of luggage, sickness and discomfort. That was his way of taking vengeance on the Heavy Ones.

"And yet the man was happy, having had things his own way, even after the most horrid and disastrous journey ever made," he told me with a sigh. "Some men are asses."

One afternoon, when I was riding round the bay from Akka towards the foot of Carmel, supposing Suleymân to be a hundred miles away, I came upon a group of tourists by the river Kishon, on the outskirts of the palm-grove. They had alighted and were grouped around a dragoman in gorgeous raiment, like gulls around a parrot. The native of the land was holding forth to them. His voice was richly clerical in intonation, which made me notice that his audience consisted solely of members of the clergy and their patient women.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," the rascal was declaiming like a man inspired, "is that ancient riffer, the riffer Kishon. It was here that the great Brophet Elijah bring the Brophets of Baal after he catch them with that dirty trick which I exblain to you about the sacrifice yb there ubon that mountain what you see behind you. Elijah he come strollin' down, quite habby, to this ancient riffer, singin' one little song; and the beoble they lug down those wicked brophets. Then Elijah take one big, long knife his uncle gif him and sharben it ubon a stone like what I'm doin'. Then he gif a chuckle and he look among those brophets; and he see one man he like the look of, nice and and he say: 'Bring me that man!' They bri

man; Elijah slit his throat and throw him in the riffer. Then he say: 'Bring his brother!' and they bring his brother, and he slit his throat and throw him into the riffer; and he say 'Bring his brother! and he slit his throat and throw him in the riffer . . . till they was ALL gone. Then Elijah clean his knife down in the earth, and when he'd finished laughin' he put ub a brayer.

"That was a glorious massycration, gentlemen!"

The preacher was Suleymán, at struggle with the Heavy Ones. He was not at all abashed when he caught sight of me.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

AT HEAL'S.

THE preponderant weakness, or, rather, the manifest sign of weakness, in the more rampant modern art movements is the rapidity with which they melt into stereotypes. The London Group has given, perhaps, twelve exhibitions, the schools to which its artists belong are none of them ancient, and yet anyone whose memory serves him, and who has been constant in attendance at picture shows, will agree that he has seen this exhibition before. He will feel that he has seen it at the Alpine Gallery and later repeatedly at the Goupil, and that it now appears deprived of several of its more startling and once prominent members.

The remaining members may have illuminated or deluminated each other, but the composite effect is unchanged. Let us in charity allow for the augmented cleanliness of the "atmosphere," due, perhaps, to the new spic-and-span gallery with the fortunate obscurity of its alcove. With this allowance and due pleasure therefore deducted, we find the familiar patchiness, blurriness, stickiness; or, in detail, we discover that No. 52 is a sticky blurr; No. 53 a blurr (greasy); 54, a blurr (muddy); 55, blurr pure and simple; 56, blurr (sticky); 57 is a sectionised blurr, a rather soggy, sectionised blurr leaning to the left and to Picasso; 58, a still muddier blurr; 59, a blurr with a glare on it; 60, patches; 62, a poster effort for Chu Chin Chow, inexcusable, but tempered by the kindly chiaroscuro of the alcove. And in this manner we might continue.

The old tendency to apply a convention of foliage which Gauguin found convenient for conveying cacti or other tropical foliage, is here, with less felicity, turned upon more northern orchards. Mr. Atkinson, as is his custom, obliges with the wonted homage to William Roberts; he has the inventiveness of the inlay workers of Naples and Capri, though the cunning workmanship of their knife-blades is perhaps more durable than the fruits of his brush. Miss Sands displays love of beautiful colour. No. 65 portrays dirty weather. No. 33 is romantic. Mr. Bevan has discovered that leaves either are, or, of a right, ought to be, little pasteboard "planes in relation," or whatever the new-fangled call them. His trees are Christmas-trees, entirely covered with box-lids. The spirit is that of the early Impressionists, the pictures not unpleasing (if one likes one's trees with this dressing). S. de Karłowska seems either to have led, or followed, or accompanied him into the paradise of this verdure. No. 43 is a blurr; No. 51 is a blurr, called "The Wash-out." No. 1 is a tin and oil composition; No. 6 approximates the texture of the pre-Victorian antimacassar, and represents, we presume, the London Group's longing to return toward the primitive. No. 21 is pale Bevan; No. 14 a bad imitation of Pryde, by an artist who exhibits three pictures imitative of as many different modes, which are, none of them, worth commending.

Messrs. Heal's cordial invitation to Visit the Furnished Flat offers temptations, and the layman may

be justified in accepting it before he inspects Mr. Kauffer's melted ice-cream (42), or his painted ice-cream (47). The texture of these may be compared to that of the ceiling at the native "American Fountain," near Oxford Circus. There is some pretty blue paint to be found on canvas 17. 16 is simply bad.

Despite all this the show, on the whole, is not completely displeasing. The effect of cleanliness may not be wholly due to the newness of Messrs. Heal's Gallery. Some, at least, of the painters have made almost imperceptible, perhaps even imaginary, advances in technique. If there is no single picture as well painted as Chas. Shannon's portrait of Mr. Ricketts, shown in last Spring's "Academy," there is here and there in the general mass of the London Group a sign of improvement; of greater care in the use of the brush. 73 is a drawing of promise. Mr. Nash is amusing. His 75 is "modern," in the sense that it shows artificial flowers under a dome of glass, a steamboat of the 1875 pattern, and a young man (outside the window) wearing a bowler. 49 is one of several companion pieces to the public poster, "Is this worth fighting for?" 105 has been hung on its side by some hanger zealous for non-representation, and for a greater new-fangledness than is encouraged by the slightly timorous, hesitant revolutionism, which is the keynote of the Group. For the group is ceasing to be the art-student group, little by little. As the Chelsea Arts Club, with its air of fly-fishing, of "just back from the Derby," is gradually absorbed by the Academy, so the London Group drifts on insensibly toward the Arts Club, a little more sober than its once jaunty predecessors. Mr. Bevan, indeed, is almost ripe for Academy work. Impressionism is being received, and Mr. Bevan is at heart an Impressionist. He has trimmed up the edges of his leaves, but one must allow certain latitude.

Mr. McIntyre is amusing. The roguish lady in the mud-puddle (88) is much less entertaining. Mr. Kauffer's 78 is clean paint, at any rate. 31, a nude lady stepping over a dog, is, to my mind, without merit; 71 almost clean. One is inclined to wonder why this group, an essentially imitative body of men, have not chosen other models for their emulation. They manifest an unnatural desire for personality, or origination, yet they have none of them the inventiveness even to pitch upon a type of picture a little out of the common; they are all caught in the mode of the moment, or, rather, in the set of modes advocated during the last few years by French and German art critics. We have had books on Gauguin. El Greco's astigmatism has been exploited to the limit. The one characteristic common to all mild revolutionaries, and to nearly all revolutionaries is that they so seldom pitch upon a difficult mode. De Hooch, for example, or Mieris, for example, has never been made the point of departure for any artistic insurrection, yet their works are quite as different from the painting of contemporary academicians as is the work of El Greco. All the outcry about Matisse and "pure colour," has not produced any colour better than that of Perugino, who, in his turn, has produced no artistic-Sloboda.

LEICESTER GALLERY.

Mr. Epstein has left his quondam colleagues, and exhibits alone at the Leicester Gallery, seven pieces of sculpture: three portrait busts, left over from the larger Leicester Gallery exhibition; a wretched and rolling-pin travesty of his original and impressive mating pigeons; the ubiquitous bronze head of an ailing infant, which has been part of every Epstein exhibit for the last six or eight years; a portrait of Miss Keane, which does not much improve on her posters; and, lastly, a bronze idealisation of Mrs. Epstein worthy of any national museum; a masterpiece of no school and no period, not as portraiture, for the beauty is dependent in great measure on the narrowing and

pointing of the face from cheek-bones downward, but a beautiful bronze demanding no dogma for its acceptance.

Mr. Epstein has left his abstractions, his Assyrian oddities, his South Sea grotesqueries; he has suggested the nomadic Arab type in this visage, or, perhaps, the Romany type in accord with his celebrated confrère of Chelsea. But this head is not simply an advertisement that Mr. Epstein can do pretty portraits; in fact, the accusation is made null by the accompanying head of the professionally pretty Miss Keane, which is, in his bronze, lacking in interest. The head of Mrs. Epstein has the beauty of antiquity, without, however, being Hellenic, without suggesting, as did one of the masks at Epstein's earlier show, that he was seeking Hellenic models. It will be a great comfort to Mr. Epstein's numerous admirers that he has shown himself capable of this mastery, unaccompanied by any peculiarity, or by any pronounced archaism, or exoticism, or by that misguided and excessive modernity which has never had any true place in his character.

Views and Reviews.

ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH.

It has been suggested to me that I ought not to leave the subject of conscientious objection without some consideration of another aspect of the matter. Granted that the conscientious objectors are as wrong in reasoning as I have shown them to be, may they not be right in feeling; may not the Spirit be willing through them even if their heads be weak? That is the substance of the question propounded to me, and I may say at once that I doubt my ability to answer it satisfactorily. To understand the feeling of another, one must sympathise with it, for sympathy is nothing but a feeling with; and I think that I have shown sufficiently that I do not sympathise with the conscientious objectors. But there is something to be said in this connection, something which their friends do not say to them. Their friends assume that the conscientious objectors are right in feeling, although wrong in their views and conclusions; and, therefore, "appeal to Cæsar" not to penalise right feeling because of some technical error of expression. The argument runs: "The conscientious objectors are wrong this time, but they have usually been right in the past; anyhow, the feeling that animates them is a good feeling, and also, they are quite harmless. Let them go, and do not degrade yourself by treating them brutally. Their 'gentle, unforc'd accord' will 'sit smiling to our hearts' once we treat them not as criminals but with a respect similar to that which we pay to the memory of Christ. Cure them by kindness; it is the only way"; and so forth, after what fashion of eloquence the pleader chooses.

I have already admitted that I do not sympathise with the conscientious objectors, and the only way in which I can approach to an understanding of their feeling is the intellectual one of granting their assumptions, and deducing the consequences from them. Let us grant that they are right in feeling, that they express the spiritual tradition, that their statement of Christian doctrine is, if not a final statement, at least a more advanced statement than the Churches and Society generally are capable of making. Let us grant that they are, spiritually, the superiors of us all, and more particularly, of the members of the Tribunals who found it difficult, if not impossible, to believe that anyone could really have a conscientious objection to participating in some degree or form in the national effort that the war demands. Let us grant all this, and we are confronted at once with the conscientious objectors' own responsibility for the teaching that has been committed to their charge. The question is not: "Have they been persecuted for their faith?" but:

"What have they done to make their faith prevail?"; and at this point, I differ in toto from the friends of the conscientious objectors, and agree substantially with Christ and St. Paul.

Surely, accepting the conscientious objectors' opinion of themselves and of their judges, we must remind them of the warning against "casting pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." In the presence of people without understanding, Christ spoke in parables; and reserved his esoteric explanations for those who were capable of understanding them. But St. Paul is even more emphatic on the point: he told the Corinthians: "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. Apply the doctrine to the administration of the Military Service Acts, and it is obvious that the conscientious objectors offered the "meat" of the doctrine to "babes in Christ," offered the extreme inference to those who were not even sure of the premisses. Here were these worthy tradesmen called from their counters and counting-houses to deliver judgment in four types of appeal. Everybody knew that they were not expert judges, just as everybody knew that they were not the saints whom St. Paul said should judge the world. Duty and interest, common courtesy and Christian responsibility for the actions of our fellows, combined to compel the appellants to facilitate the task of the Tribunals. Let us grant that these men were frequently more stupid than the appellants; superiority has its obligations of making itself intelligible to its inferiors. It was the appellant's duty to be brief, concise and clear, to present a definite issue as clearly as possible, and thereby to facilitate the task of judgment; it was also to his interest, for it brought the case within the comprehension of the judges, and enabled them to judge according to the facts.

But the conscientious objectors jumped at the opportunity of propaganda by an abuse of the process of the Tribunals. They made long speeches, they argued and wrangled on points that a father-confessor trained in casuistry would have found it difficult to decide. Frequently, they deliberately refused to plead on a ground which would have secured their exemption, viz., ill-health; they chose the most debatable ground and adopted such an uncompromising attitude that it was perfectly clear to an observer that they cared nothing for the members of the Tribunal, or for the delay they were causing to other appellants, they cared for nothing but the statement of their own case, the integrity of their own character. They "preached to others," and cared not at all that they might be cast-aways. But the duty of the Christian teacher is plainly stated by St. Paul: "for though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more." The conscientious objectors made a stand for conscience but no converts, and "put a stumbling-block and an occasion to fall in their brother's way." Even if they are right in feeling, they have not dignified conscience by their advocacy; on the contrary, they have made it a term of reproach, of provocation to ordinary men, and on them, according to Christian teaching, must fall the prime responsibility for their brother's stumbling into the sins of brutality and blasphemy. They forgot the chief command: "Let not then your good be evil spoken of": they forgot that although all things are lawful, all things are not expedient, that although "all things indeed are pure, it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

If I fail even here in sympathy (and I suppose that I do), it is because, as I have said, I do not accept the

conscientious objectors' doctrine of irresponsibility. I contend that we are responsible not merely for what we do ourselves, but for what we make others do to us; and the more it is dinned into me that the conscientious objectors are the noblest Englishmen of us all, the more I find myself repeating: "Noblesse oblige." But not only nobility, everything has its obligations; for "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." If the conscientious objectors have in connection with this war a greater spiritual illumination than has come to the rest of us, the greater is the obligation upon them not to waste it in gaol, but to express it in society. I confess to considerable impatience when I am asked to denounce the brutes who put these men in pits, or drag them through ponds, spit on them, revile them; for there never was, in my opinion, a clearer case for the statement of Christian doctrine, "for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to the man by whom the offence cometh." That ignorant men should behave ignorantly is not surprising; but it is more profitable to denounce intelligent men who behave stupidly, and put themselves at the mercy of their inferiors. What are the conscientious objectors *doing* even to establish their own doctrine by their method of provoking all that they may suffer all? I said at the beginning of this controversy that no one but themselves could relieve them of the consequences of their choice; I say it again at the end, with this addition, that I do not see how even the conscientious objectors can relieve themselves of the responsibility for the offences that have undoubtedly been committed against them, or how they can relieve themselves of the responsibility for the damage they have done to the very Christianity they profess. A. E. R.

Reviews.

An Annual of New Poetry. 1917. (Constable. 5s).

There are eight contributors to this large, well-printed and elegant volume. Mr. Gordon Bottomley opens the concert with twelve new poems: There are six of one kind and six of quite another. In fact the separateness of the two kinds is so marked that one might compare the writer's mind to a house whose front windows face a familiar, pastoral prospect, of no particular colour and outline, but whose back rooms look out upon a dull, heavy scene framed in curtains of dripping ivy and damp with the smell of mould. You will perceive Mr. Bottomley's difficulty in inhabiting a house of this description—he is torn between the front door and the back porch. Now he is at the front door:—

I met a man of ninety-three,
Who took my hand in his;
He took my hand and shook my hand,
And gave my wife a kiss.

And now he is plucking the harsh crude berries:—

Because I have no body to hide by thoughts
That are being scanned, as if by unseen eyes,
Perused and judged, ineluctably judged,
I shivering in that expository
Until dissemination is complete.

We are dreadfully inclined to suggest that he throw out a little bow-window at the side and try looking out of that, for it is plain neither of the existing aspects is congenial.

Come back to the front door for a moment:—

O, Cartmel bells ring soft to-night,
And Cartmel bells ring clear,
But I lie far away to-night,
Listening with my dear.

Alas! Is it possible that there is still someone who wishes to jig that incredibly old and stale infant upon his knee? . . .

He is followed by Mr. W. H. Davies, whose simplicity is as simple as ever, as content to go its simple

way, untroubled by any spiritual excitement, unheightened by any pressure. There was a time when one perceived in him—dimly, it is true—a sense of freedom, a hint of wildness. But it is vanished. Never was hedge-sparrow more securely caught and caged. He is still as ready as ever to pipe his little tune, but the note has grown harsh and sounds, somehow, no more like singing . . . No, we could reproduce this with a cork and a bottle:—

They lived together, day and night,

Two brothers all alone:

Six weeks had gone, the neighbours cried—

"We see no more than one." . . .

"Where is thy brother Charlie, Tom,

And is he sick?" they said.

Said Tom, that man so queer and quaint—

"My brother's still in bed." . . .

And pray, what is to be made of this:—

Though I have travelled many and many a mile,

And had a man to black my boots and smile

With teeth that had less bone in them than gold—

Give me this England now for all my world. . . .

It is firstly a confession that Mr. Davies has been to America, and has "savoured," as Mr. Bennett would say, the delight of her "vie de luxe," as Mr. Pound would positively cry. And it is secondly a confession that he has no style at all, and that this form of simplicity without style is like a little stream that has no bed to flow in, no banks to border it. The tragic thing is that Mr. Davies appears to be so perfectly content with his swamplet. We see him lift a finger and say: "Do you hear the trickle? Doesn't it remind you of many streams?" (indeed, it does). "And see this innocent mud-snake that I have fished out. Doesn't it give my own distinction?" . . . Ah! If he had only worked and channeled and planted sweet rushes and willows in the early days, how fair a thing it might have been by now—with real butterflies hovering over and real girls with white legs dabbling in its pools. . . . We cannot refrain from dropping one crocodile tear with that verse about the black man still ringing in our furious ears.

Style! Style! There seems to be a conspiracy against it nowadays. Here are Mr. John Drinkwater and Mr. Robert Frost and Mr. Wilfred Gibson who might never have heard the word. Supposing you were to meet upon the road three young men riding upon three broom-sticks, performing all kinds of cuts and capers with the utmost seriousness, and supposing you were to stop them and to say: "There are three wild horses over the brow of the hill. You must subdue them before you can hope to ride." We imagine their reply would be that they were quite satisfied with their broom-sticks and that it is ridiculous to make such a great effort when a little one answers their purpose so well; and further that those three dark horses—those wild, savage enemies—would take a lifetime to control, and how then could Master Drinkwater find time to write:

I have four loves, four loves are mine,
My wife who makes all beauty be,
Tom Squire and Master Candleshine,

Or Master Frost:

A thousand Christmas-trees I didn't know I had
Worth three cents more to give away or sell,
As may be shown by a simple calculation.
Too bad I couldn't lay one in a latter. . . .

Or Master Gibson:

Born for a painter, as it seemed, instead
He'd spent his life upholstering furniture.

in the midst of such danger? And if you were to tell them of the lovely poise and gesture that would be theirs, if only for a moment, and of how those dark horses, once conquered, were not only their slaves, but would carry them to undreamed-of countries—then? Then they would whip up their broom-sticks

and gallop into the Poetry Bookshop. . . . Peace to their stable.

"Micah," by Mr. T. Sturge Moore, has a first line which is more than a little tempting to the Wilkie Bard which lurks in most of us:

In Ephraim where skies are chiefly blue. . . . But it is deceptive. There is nothing about the girls being always true. If you read further you will see that it is a very dark, sombre poem, difficult to understand, difficult even to see. One has to peer into it as into some old painting that has been hidden away too long. . . . Some nice little fragments of colour—but that is all.

A thin tinkle that does not ring, a light sound that is not gay, neither hath it any body, comes from Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, and the stage empties. Only "Edward Eastaway" remains. Read over his verse, examine it. It is not rare, but by listening close you can just hear the faint sound of the ocean. He does at least seem to have understood that poetry is written in another key than prose, that it is—may we say—a state of soul which has triumphed over a state of mind. . . . By the mind we mean one of those dark, savage horses, you understand. . . .

The Interpreters: A Play. By George Ince. (Constable.)

Mr. George Ince is one of those people who must be warned off. If he wants to write a play, let him do so; if he wants to solve industrial problems, let him do so. In this volume, he has achieved not merely the impossible but the deplorable; he has killed two birds with one stone. The solution that he tries to work out is that of the University Settlement, the idea being that these abodes of jejune wisdom enable the classes to become acquainted with each other, and to act as interpreters not of their own, but each of the other's difficulties. The play has a love affair and a strike, both so entangled and so like each other that we cannot tell one from the other; but the Settlement lady does not marry the strike leader after all, nor do the men win the strike. The effective act of interpretation seems to be that of a workman who shows his employer how to let the men down without hurting their feelings; by juggling with piece-rates, the employers recover more than they grant in day-rates. A queer solution of the industrial problem!

Temporary Heroes. By Cecil Sommers. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

Hush, hush, hush! Here comes the soldier man. How do we know that he is a soldier? Because he dedicates his book, and addresses it, "To the Only Phyllis." That proves that he is not only a soldier, but a soldier who has been at the front; every home service man knows that the "only" Phyllis is as numerous as, let us say, the innumerable regulations of the Army and of the Defence of the Realm Acts. We know this Phyllis; she comes from revue, and she is known, in her hundreds of thousands, as "the soldier's friend." Her most obvious effect on the literature of the war is the perpetuation of a silly tradition of humour and a sillier type of slang. We open the book at random, and read: "This is a great life, Phyllis, if it wasn't for the death." Phyllis would squeal at that as a masterpiece: "Oh! isn't he funny!" As the letters become more intimate, they begin with "Phyllis, Mine" (the author is not the first to use the possessive case), or "My Hat, Phyllis," or "Dear Old Thing," with occasional variations of "Darling." We should say: "Take her away and choke her": but for the fact that there are a few good stories in the book which almost fail of their effect, because they lack relief; and the sketches are sufficiently ridiculous. But "My Hat, Phyllis," is welcome to her "Temporary hero"; why does she not teach him to write like a man, instead of like a librettist for Max Dareski?

"Producers by Brain."

[THE NEW AGE has placed this column at the service of Mr. Allen Upward for the purpose of carrying on his Parliamentary candidature as a representative of literature and art.]

POLICY.

I AM being asked in several quarters to define my attitude towards other than artistic and literary questions. It is clear that we have everything to gain by identifying our own cause, as a class, with a general principle which everyone can understand, and which most people must feel to be in need of assertion.

What that principle is seems to me no less clear, though it may not be easy to give it a popular name. The word "Individualism" has unfortunate associations with profiteering, and suggests to some minds hostility to much-needed Socialist measures. The name of Liberalism has long been taken in vain by men who are Puritans at heart, and as such the historical enemies of the Fine Arts, of Literature, and of Philosophy. Yet I think it will be found that a certain degree of individual freedom is compatible with very wide schemes of social reconstruction, as it is essential to the very existence of art.

The great evil which is threatening the life of the nation to-day is the ever-growing power of an anonymous bureaucracy, sheltering itself from all public criticism and public control behind the forms of the House of Commons. We are ruled by men whose names we never hear. Etiquette forbids them to be mentioned in Parliament, and requires the Party puppet, who pretends to be the head of a Department, to "stand by it, right or wrong," as was avowed by the late Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Most legislation now originates in the Departments, and there is an increasing tendency to suppress discussion of it on the part of the nominal legislators. How safe it is to trust our liberties to the Departments was shown when Mr. Herbert Samuel introduced the Bill to put down juvenile smoking. This Bill, as it left the Home Office, authorised the police to search girls of fifteen in the streets for tobacco suspected to be concealed in their clothing. Fortunately, the House took courage to protest against this monstrous proposal, with which Wat Tyler would have known how to deal.

I believe we shall secure a large measure of support in making a stand against this kind of thing. The nation is becoming wearied of the endless restrictions which it yet endures so patiently on the assurance that they are necessary for the conduct of the war. When peace arrives I hope to see a reaction against the officiousness of officialdom, as well as against the persecutions of Puritanism.

The artist is the supreme type of the individualist. His temperament makes him so, and his work generally requires that he should be so. There may be a case for reasonable compromise where he is concerned. Thus he may heartily support an eight hours day, or a six hours day, for all those who want it, while stipulating for himself the privilege of measuring his hours of labour by his inspiration, rather than by the clock. This is a kind of class legislation which may be viewed indulgently by our brethren, the "producers by hand."

On these lines I hope to identify the cause of genius with the cause of public freedom, a cause not without friends in any party of Englishmen.

ALLEN UPWARD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"SAINT GEORGE" AND THE CANON OF MANCHESTER.

Sir,—The following correspondence between the Canon of Manchester and myself may be of interest to your readers.

SAINT GEORGE.

Dear Sir,—Excuse my troubling you with a letter. I have been for many years a strong advocate of disestablishment and drastic disendowment of the Church of England, and have in particular advocated the giving of each bishop £800 a year and a roomy house near a railway station, and handing over episcopal palaces to the local education authorities, so that our day-school teachers might have the advantage of being trained in beautiful surroundings charged with historical associations. And since war was declared I have written much on the failure of all religious bodies. Doubtless this is the reason why a friend sent me your article in *THE NEW AGE* for November 1. I have read it with interest. I am sure you might be of much use. Pardon me if I say, however, that this kind of stuff will not do, and that you need to alter some things.

(1) Get rid of your unintelligent anti-Catholic bias. Believe me, there is no surer mark of lower middle-class English provincialism, and it gives to your whole article an unpleasant flavour of the parish pump. Try to realise what the Catholic Church has been and is, and what part it has played, is playing, and is destined to play in human history. Your present outlook on religion appears to be what has been wittily called London, Brighton, and South Coast Christianity. No one whose view extended across the British Channel and who had read, and understood, history could write as you do. This bourgeois no-Popery attitude is excusable in a lad brought up in Belfast or in a suburb of Liverpool. It is inexcusable in an educated man who knows something of the world.

(2) Read history, and read it when possible in original documents. There are lessons to be learnt from history which are of vital importance for the present day. But you won't find them in extracts from Green's "Short History of the English People."

(3) If you want to use illustrations from literary history, use such as convey something to the mind. Your sentence about Shelley, Wordsworth, Ruskin, and Carlyle is ridiculous, and makes one wonder what you can have read of any one of them. No one with any real understanding of them, whether as literary artists or as original thinkers, would ever dream of bracketing them together or of naming them as typical thinkers of the last hundred years. The sentence reads like an extract from a lad's first paper at his Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society.

(4) Don't indulge in violent language. It is far more often an excuse for, rather than a mark of, real thought. The sentence about "poison gas exhaled from the decaying corpse of the Catholic Faith" would not sound too silly at the corner of Crisp Street, Poplar, or on a bit of waste land off Walworth Road, on a Saturday night. It is quite out of place in a paper written for thinking people.

I hope you will take these criticisms in good part. Believe me, they are so meant. If you have any real appreciation of spiritual values, any sense of the need for a true religion, and any zeal for the real welfare of your nation and people, there is work for you to do. But it will not be done, pardon me, by penny-plain, two-pence coloured rant like your article of the 1st. What is needed is hard thinking, not frothy penny-a-lining.

Yours faithfully,

PETER GREEN, Canon of Manchester.

Dear Canon,—I thank you for your Christian exhortation, although I disapprove of your aims. Instead of reducing the incomes of our bishops to £800 a year, I would rather try to find bishops worth £4,000 a year; and I would rather not see our day-school teachers, who have successfully resisted your attempts to subject them to a Catholic test, subjected to a more insidious form of proselytism by being trained in episcopal surroundings. Pardon me if I say, however, that this kind of reform will not do, and that you need to alter some things in the mental and spiritual atmosphere of the Church before men like myself can "be of much use" in it.

(1) I have no objection whatever to Popery in the

Roman Church, and have even seen myself praised in the "Tablet" for discountenancing Protestant proselytism. My objection is to Popery in the English Church, and to that unintelligent Anglican provincialism which looks up to the Roman pump as the only one from which the water of spiritual life can be drawn. Try to realise that the Catholic Church is merely a recent phase in a development going far back into savage history, and that cannibal tribes have been found in quite modern times practising the rites of which yours are slight modifications.

(2) Although I admit Green is not a high authority on international and constitutional history, the subjects in which I have taken most of my own scholarships, and coached others, nor on theological history and New Testament criticism, the fields of my original research and literary treatment, I still think he is a competent English historian, and as such a suitable authority to cite on a point which is hardly in dispute. A more original authority relied on by Hallam, on the history of Puritanism, Neal, whose volumes formerly furnished me with the materials for a lecture, is no doubt to be found in the library of St. Philip's Clergy House, but may not be equally accessible to all the readers of *THE NEW AGE*.

(3) I could wish you had specified the thinkers whom you consider more original and typical of their age than those wrongly cited by me. Perhaps I ought to have named Darwin and Spencer and Ibsen and Nietzsche? Or perhaps Pusey and Gladstone and the author of "The Christian Year"?

(4) On this head I find your example rather more impressive than your precept.

However, as Mommsen once put it in writing to me, we must "come to grips." I have been privileged more than once to address clerical societies in private, and the last time I stayed (as a paying guest) with a clergyman, he and his friends, including one well-known canon already marked out for a bishopric, were good enough to listen for hours to some of my discoveries on points of Catholic liturgiology which had escaped even German research. My point is that, if I can be permitted to teach you theology in private, you ought to permit me to teach publicly in your pulpits.

My honoured friend, the late Œcumenical Patriarch Joachim III, whose attitude towards Popery was very like mine, paid me the rather rare compliment of calling on me in Constantinople (which lies on the other side of the British Channel), to thank me for vindicating an archbishop of the Holy Synod of the Orthodox Church from a charge of "free-thinking," which a narrow-minded bourgeois Anglican, living in a suburb of Manchester, whose view did not extend across the Adriatic, might have held to be well founded. I find myself in more agreement with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who answered an encyclical on the subject of Christian Reunion by saying that only a fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit could enable a certain class of minds to rise above the palisades of tradition.

In conclusion, the man who now styles himself my spiritual Father in God won favour and promotion by attacking humble secularist lecturers, and putting them down in the "I'm a Varsity man and you're only a cad" vein of Christian remonstrance which you have tried on with me. I do not think our day-school teachers have much to gain by being trained in associations which create this kind of spirit, even should it qualify them for an income of £800 a year and a roomy house near a railway station.

Yours faithfully,

SAINT GEORGE.

* * *

"THE BRITISH FISHERS' LEAGUE."

Sir,—My attention has been directed to a paragraph in your issue of the 8th inst., in which you express some remarkable opinions regarding the British Workers' League.

You say, in the first place, that it is a League "pour rire." You also object to it because you say it is eclectic and opportunist. Furthermore, you indulge in the personal charge that the "League is bent on the sole purpose of making hay for the members while the war shines." You also state that the League is associated with the National Party. Finally, you describe the League as a war expedient.

It is to be regretted, for your own sake, that, as a paper having some pretensions to the status of a serious review, you have thought well to indulge in a series of observations couched in so prejudiced and recriminatory a style. Whether the League is a League "pour rire" or not could be best decided by those who are experiencing the result of its propaganda carried on now vigorously week by week by all its 170 branches, whose activities stretch from Aberdeen to Bristol. Whether you and the little coterie who find political wisdom in your pages will find that it is a League "pour rire" after the next General Election, I leave to time to record. The terrible charge of being "eclectic" and "opportunist" leaves me cold, as I am sure will be the case with all my colleagues. The vulgar accusation that the "League is bent on making hay for its members while the war shines" is not worthy of response. The cool statement that this League is associated with the National Party can only adequately be met by the observation that that statement is a lie. The British Workers' League has nothing whatever to do with the National Party and never had anything to do with the National Party.

THE NEW AGE is not a paper which, either by virtue of its circulation or the authority of its writers, can do this League any damage, but I thought that it had some knowledge of the various phases of the Democratic movement in this country, though it appears I have given you credit for something it does not possess. Let me suggest, Sir, that you change the title of your sheet and describe yourself more truthfully as "The Old Age," for you appear to be writing somewhat from the standard of the first decade of the present century and to be now suffering from that premature senility which is so frequently the result of a precocious infancy.

VICTOR FISHER,
Hon. Sec., B.W.L.

THE "WOMEN'S PARTY."

Sir,—The "Women's Party" meeting, characteristically misrepresented on the handbills, turned out to be a "Pankhurst patriotic stunt," the W.S.P.U. having degenerated (if, indeed, it ever was any better), to the position of a flunkey and apologist organisation for the imperialistic-minded and capitalist bureaucracy.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, whom I will flatter by describing as a public danger, gave the chairman's address, her remarks consisting of an outline of the programme of the new "party." Referring to the war and to pacifist propaganda, she roundly accused the Labour Party of being run by "Macdonaldism," which she wildly described as "Bolshevism," for, as the charmingly naïve Christabel said, "Where does the money come from?" Her constant references to Macdonaldism lead one to suspect that the Pankhursts, in view of the new field of activities thrown open to women by the reorganisation of the Labour Party, are afraid for their small and waning influence.

"Ireland," we were impertinently told, "must be saved from herself," and, anyway, we must maintain Irish "unity," or Germany would dominate Ireland. And following the prompting of those people who fear German efficiency more than they hate German militarism, this statesmanlike young person, with comical certitude, assured her audience that Germany simply must be kept out of the league of nations. Our "new stateswoman" also loftily yet viciously assured us that Mr. Asquith would, if returned to power, "lose us the war," and, anyhow, was not the man for reconstruction.

For claptrap, sentimentality, and cheapness, Miss Christabel Pankhurst has no peer in all the land, and it says ill for her audience, a typically middle-class one, that her observations were punctuated by obsequious applause.

It used to be a fact that the roots of eloquence lie in sincerity and faith, and one felt that Mrs. Pankhurst, who can make a speech with a good case, lacked these qualities on this occasion, and so her speech did not "ring true," and consisted of a series of rambling, inconclusive statements.

"The committee system was a failure in Russia, and we must beware of it in this country, and keep our government centralised." She had met men like Korniloff and Alexieff, and was convinced they were the men to be looked to to help save Russia. The country was

ruled and ruined by a minority. "We have all," with an apologetic smile, "said hard things about the Cossacks, thinking them an ignorant and cruel race of horsemen. I have found that these misrepresented people are the most cultured, most patriotic people in Russia. I will go so far as to say that they are the hope of Russia. (Applause.) The Russians were gentle, biddable creatures, easily led, and England must step in, and not let it be too late, as in the case of Belgium, Roumania, Servia, and Italy. The time has come" (and this is the gem of the speech) "when Britain must send an armed force to Russia to restore order and discipline and assist the right elements to reorganise the country, so that it would not be conquered by Germany, which it certainly would be if left to herself. And then we should have to fight the Russians, for the Germans would make them fight against us." The gentle, biddable creatures!

One is tempted to ask (with the cocksure Christabel) "where the money comes from" to send a "Women's Mission" from enlightened England to retrograde Russia, or to wildest Wales, from whence "General" Flora Drummond, who can be dismissed as an ignoramus, has just returned, after agitating in favour of the Government proposals for a comb-out among the miners. Mrs. Drummond, by the way, coolly claimed for the W.S.P.U. agents the credit for the four to one majority in favour of the scheme. The rest of her speech was made up of "ranting" reasons why the community should be put on rations; example, because "the Army and Navy is rationed."

It was grotesque enough when this group of women claimed to speak for the political aspirations of their sex, but it is mouthing madness when they bleat about national policies and welfare. W. CURTIS ATKINSON.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

"John Bull" has been sold a pup.

If the Allied Governments do not wish to discover the means of democratising Germany, they will continue to say that no means exist.

Where there is no will there is usually said to be no way.

Without the democratisation of Germany peace will depend upon a scrap of paper.

To buy the brains of force is to leave force primitive. —"Notes of the Week."

There can be no disarmament without the establishment of a democracy in Germany.—S. VERDAD.

Refugees from Mr. Wells' Selenite State might be attracted by the liberties of the wage-system.

The defect of capitalism is that you have a ruling class, and no security that it will rule except in its own interests.—O. LATHAM.

Men despise women, but they don't want them different.—H. M. T.

What the camera can represent the artist must not paint; what the cinema can reproduce the theatre must not produce.—R. H. C.

The conscientious objectors treat their conscience as though it were a form of lunacy, an idée fixe which is not amenable to reason.

If man ever had any natural right to disobey the law, it was the very first right that he lost.

Chinese vengeance can only be successful when the other man's conscience agrees with that of the sufferer. —A. E. R.

Laws do not always correspond to political forces, any more than a man's conscious ideas of himself correspond to the forces that really move him.

It may be that the Trade Unions will not be junior partners in industry when they recognise that credit itself is the creation of labour and not of the banking system.—"Reviews."

PRESS CUTTINGS.

I am sorry to say we have great organisations which exist to encourage waste. That is not the ostensible reason for their existence, but it is their effect. Look at the advertisement pages of almost any newspaper, and see the waste that is urged upon the women of the country. Page after page of advertisements announcing wonderful bargains in clothes, from war seal coats, whatever they may be, to vanity bags—I am not sure what they are, but I imagine from their name that they are not necessary to life. Think of the waste of human energy that lies behind those advertisements. I know nothing in the whole scale of our national life more unworthy of a great people at war than the advertisement pages of some of our daily papers.

In the leading article we may read of the need for national effort and economy while the advertisement columns advocate much more coaxingly, with all the art of dexterous publicity, the cult of national extravagance. I am told "the papers cannot help it; they must contain advertisements or go under." I know their position is difficult. Newspapers are an essential part of our war organisation, but that does not modify the fact that their advertisement pages contain matter for which the advertisers are responsible, but which in its intention and result encourages waste of money, waste of human energy—just waste.—SIR A. GEDDES.

To the Editor of the "Times."

The difficulty which we foresee, and which is causing the greatest anxiety in the minds of most manufacturers, is how they are to find the working capital that will be necessary to enable them after the war to resume their pre-war sphere of operations and even to extend these for the advantage of the many who will be requiring employment. The working capital, i.e., the sums required for stocks of raw materials and goods, and also for credits to customers, for the same turnout as before the war will, so long as present values hold—and I have no doubt they will for a considerable time—be at least double after the war. The problem is where this working capital is to come from. There will be enormous demands upon the banks, and it is doubtful if they will have funds sufficient for the purpose. It will not be temporary loans that will be required, but loans probably for some years until values fall. Our banking system does not lend itself to providing funds upon such a basis. Business men in the United States and Germany, we know, have accumulated large sums for after-the-war trade. It would be impossible for a British manufacturer to compete with them if his working capital is taken either in the form of excess profits or of conscription of wealth. If the State takes the capital now, it will have to provide other capital later on, or our industries will be compelled to limit their operations very largely, and the business and employment will go to the foreigner.—ALGERNON F. FIRTH, President of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom.

When the National Union of Railwaymen was established, with wise forethought the drafters of the constitution arranged that any person of any degree employed on the railway system should be eligible for membership. The salaried man or the wage man, from the newest boy to general manager. Thus paving the way for the expression of our legitimate desire to take our responsibility in the control of the railway system on behalf of the community, which is the State. Our ambition is to abolish the wage system in national transport production and to guarantee security of tenure and life to those whose energy, whether manual or mental, is applied to transport production. In pursuit of this ambition we must accept no system of profit-sharing, no system of part ownership by shares, but demand that the State shall retain possession, and that the National Union of Railwaymen with a complete roll of members shall be endowed with its lawful and moral responsibility for the continuance of the transport system. In this ambition there is neither

room for non-unionism nor for sectionalism. As we develop our desire each of these reactions will die its natural death, and industrial slavery in a servile State can find no entry.—"Railway Review."

To the Editor of the "Times."

... The relative failure of the Morley-Minto reforms is due to the fact that whereas they professed to secure for Indians a larger share in the conduct of public affairs, they actually gave them little more than increased opportunities of criticising and obstructing the Executive without any increase of responsibility. There are great differences of opinion amongst Europeans and also amongst Indians as to the limits within which Indians are ripe for self-government, but within such limits they must have real responsibility. Their fitness for such responsibility will then be the test for every successive extension of power, until they ultimately reach the appointed goal of full self-government within the Empire which to many Englishmen, like myself, seemed beyond the range of possibilities before the war.—VALENTINE CHIROL.

Unable to obtain the money by bona fide borrowing, Mr. Bonar Law continues and extends the practice of financing the war by inflating the currency, a practice which forces up prices and thus increases the cost of the war, while intensifying labour troubles. At the same time, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has not even the courage to suppress the pacifist organisation which is deliberately doing its best to discourage the public from investing in war bonds.

Mr. Bonar Law himself has called attention to the malevolent activities of this little group. Yet not only does he refrain from prosecuting these enemies of their country, but by the vagueness of his own utterances he gives fresh ground for their attack upon national solvency. Instead of frankly repudiating the Socialist demand for a levy on capital, he appears to toy with the idea, apparently not realising that any levy on capital must fall with greater severity upon people who had invested their money in Government stock than upon any other class of capitalist, because the investor in Government stock would have less opportunity of evading taxation.—MR. HAROLD COX, in "Sunday Times."

The General Federation of Trade Unions opposed the Stockholm and Berne Conferences because, having experience and being without political ambitions, it was able to foresee the futility of gatherings, the component parts of which had reached no clear idea of what was wanted or what was possible, and who would necessarily be antagonistic. Every day has brought new justification for its attitude and new condemnation of those who, lacking knowledge of the mentalities (in some cases oriental and semi-oriental mentalities) of peoples in other countries, have presumed to advise and guide. The General Federation of Trade Unions has warned its members (and through them other people) of the danger which would follow any imitation of the impracticability which has endangered the Russian revolution, and it has insisted upon the need of affording British industry the fullest post-war opportunities for readjustment and expansion. It has insisted, also, that in any peace settlement the colonies and dependencies who have fought shall also negotiate. Because the Federation has done these things it is called reactionary. It is quite content to be judged by its record. It only asks that its record may be considered.—W. A. APPLETON.

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