

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DESPITE the fact that the German Chancellor has now disclaimed any intention of keeping Belgium in any form, the recent retirement of Herr von Kühlmann from the Foreign Office can only be regarded as another triumph for the pan-Germans. The "Berliner Tageblatt" makes no scruple of saying so. "Kühlmann has been brought down by the pan-German militarist spirit of the Fatherland Party"; and it adds that the victory has been made all the clearer by the appointment of von Hintze as von Kühlmann's successor. It is as well that should be the case, and that Germany should at last have as her visible rulers the militarist caste without any dilution. For four years considerable efforts have been made in Germany to conceal the fact that the strings of power are in the hands of the General Staff by intriguing and lobbying to impart some parliamentary complexion into the Government. We are not at all certain, indeed, whether the deception has not deceived its authors no less than its domestic spectators. But now that there can be no doubt that it is a purely pan-German Government directed from the military General Headquarters and owing respect to nobody but the Chief of the General Staff, whoever he may be, the self-deception hitherto practised will no longer be easily possible. Even Herr Scheidemann, we should think, will now find it difficult to convince himself that the Prussian Government is democratising.

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The unmistakable victory of the pan-Germans must needs involve, moreover, some re-orientations of the professedly democratic parties in Germany and, most of all, of the Majority Socialists. This last-named group has so far been the disappointment of the whole world for its amazing blindness and for a callousness that has gone a long way to discredit international Socialism for a generation or two. And what we have now to learn is whether this blindness and this callousness are incurable. So long as it could be pretended that the Prussian Government was engaged in a war of German defence and had no other wish than to live at peace with its neighbours, so long was it possible for Herr Scheidemann and his friends, with or without other inducements, to associate themselves

with the militarist party. We have seen this association, in fact, in several stages, each of them marked by a special psychology. At the outbreak of the war, as those can testify who have seen the intimate declarations of the Majority Socialist leaders, Herr Scheidemann and his friends believed in nothing less than an overwhelming German victory, the militarist character of which they either concealed from themselves or swallowed whole. The peace that was then to ensue was likewise nothing less than a dictated peace in which the world was to lie contentedly at the feet of Germany. More lately, however, Herr Scheidemann has begun to have his doubts, if not about the first premise, at least about the second; for simultaneously with the clear emergence of the militarist authority in Germany has unaccountably occurred the increasingly effective defence of the Allies, so that at this moment Herr Scheidemann can assure his militarists that they can "perhaps take Paris, perhaps expel the English from France, perhaps reduce Germany's enemies to capitulation," but, even so, that they cannot thus establish a "world-peace." This little doubt marks, we believe, the turning point in the relations of the German Majority Socialists with the pan-Germans; and since it coincides with the political triumph of the latter, it may prove to be important. Two stages now remain for Herr Scheidemann and his party to pass through before they are likely even to try to recover their character as Socialists. The first is to doubt whether even "perhaps" the German militarists will be able to take Paris, expel the English, and force a peace upon the Allies; and the last is to be not only certain that they cannot, but persuaded that the German militarists are about to be utterly defeated. On Herr Scheidemann's entertainment of this final conviction will depend the future not only of German Socialism but of Germany herself. By that time the wheel of fate will have come full circle. From implicit faith in the militarist triumph of Germany, the Majority Socialists will have passed to explicit evidence of the military defeat of Germany. How will they take it? Are they now preparing for it? Have they a programme for such a defeat, as they have had a programme for triumph while triumph seemed possible? Upon their answers to these questions hangs their fate.

While the stages of doubt of victory and certainty of defeat remain to be traversed by the German Socialists, it is perhaps useless to invite them to consider the end. Our confidence, however, that this end is certain explains much that must otherwise be unintelligible in the conduct of the Allies. Why, for instance, is it the simple truth that no influential opinion in any of the Allied countries is prepared to listen to a "negotiated" peace even upon the most apparently favourable terms; or to anything less, in fact, than a dictated peace? Why, again, is there so little interest among us in the manoeuvrings for position which appear to occupy so much of the time of German diplomatists and politicians? The answer is one which we earnestly commend to the consideration of Herr Scheidemann and his friends; it is that the Allies feel themselves to be to-day in the same situation in which the German Socialists felt themselves to be in the early days of the war—only with this world of difference, that whereas the German Socialists could not but have had moral misgivings, the Allies have none. To the German Socialists in the opening stages of the war it could not but have been a moral problem whether, after all, they would be justified in forcing a German peace on the world by means of their militarist caste; but to the Allies in the closing stages of the war there can be no such problem. To force a world's peace upon Germany is a very different moral matter from that of forcing a German peace on the world. The one is right, the other is wrong. But it is with precisely this moral difference that the German Socialists must be prepared to reckon. If they persist in thinking that force is everything, and merely *submit* to the terms of peace that are likely to be imposed on them, their experience will have been of no value. It is necessary that not only should they suffer defeat but come to see that they have deserved it; for only by recognising the justice of their punishment will they derive any benefit from it.

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The reincarnation of Mr. Hughes in British politics is a phenomenon for which there are several explanations, of which the most probable is that the capitalist classes have an immediate use for him. This explanation is supported, in fact, by all the evidence at our disposal. To begin with, like the capitalist interests themselves, Mr. Hughes is concerned with after-war problems, and chiefly with trade and commerce. Assuming the victory of the Allies he is asking the question how we are to safeguard this victory, or, in other words, how we are to exploit it; and his reply to the question is that the responsibility lies principally upon our business-men. In the next place, Mr. Hughes has taught himself the first rudiments (but not the last!) of successful capitalism—the organisation and control, before everything else, of economic power. The formula which we have long sought to impress upon the Labour party that economic power precedes political power Mr. Hughes has learned to apply to the affairs of the Empire. "Political independence and the trappings of greatness," he says, "may remain with us for a season," but unless we organise to safeguard our victory, "the kernel of economic greatness will have passed from our hands." Finally, Mr. Hughes must be much to the taste of our capitalist classes when he impresses upon our Governments the duties of encouraging the commercial development of the resources of the Empire, of retaining those resources in British hands, and, above all, of confining their profits to British private pockets. For Mr. Hughes, it will be noted, though reported to be a Socialist in his own country, appears anything but a Socialist in his addresses to the British Empire Producers' Association. Among our capitalist classes he is an advocate of State-supported capitalism without a qualifying phrase to indicate the milieu of his own political origin.

No wonder, therefore, that his return has been welcomed by the capitalist Press, or that he is being invited to stay with us. Such an apostle of Imperial capitalism must surely have been directed thither by Providence.

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We are not disposed, however, to dismiss Mr. Hughes as a willing or consenting mere tool of Imperial capitalism. He has his own axe to grind, and he makes no concealment of the fact. In the more efficient economic organisation of the Empire, even by means of state-aided capitalism, he sees, we are sure, a means to the increased greatness of his own Australia; and that is certainly not an axe to be ashamed of. His enunciation of a "Monroe doctrine" for the Australian Pacific carries with it the obligation of developing the resources of his island-continent; and this, again, is conditional upon the movement of development elsewhere. What is more natural, therefore, than a reciprocal policy, that of encouraging the Empire to develop itself in return for facilities for developing Australia? What, on the other hand, we are rather disposed to fear is that Mr. Hughes may get the worst of the bargain and in both respects; in other words, our capitalists may prove to be one too many for him. For while it is obvious that nothing can suit them better than a doctrine that urges the State to encourage their private and profitable enterprises in the name of patriotism, it is no less obvious that nothing can suit them worse than that Australia should fulfil Mr. Hughes' dream of it. The question of Labour is really decisive, however much Mr. Hughes may be disposed to avoid it; for it is upon the increased supply of Labour to the Australian continent that its future depends. But whereas our capitalists are willing and indeed anxious to pour capital into Australia or into any other undeveloped area of the Empire, they are most emphatically not willing to pour Labour into it. The reason is plain. It is upon the maintenance of a surplus, a reserve, an unemployed margin, of Labour in this country that capitalism relies for the maintenance of low wages and of Labour discipline. Take away from this country every *alternative* labourer, and at once Capitalism is faced by the prospect of an immediate Labour monopoly whose economic power would equal the power of Capital. Hence the resistance that Capital is likely to make against every attempt to export Labour upon anything like the scale demanded by the Australian policy of Mr. Hughes. It is here, we therefore think, that Mr. Hughes' is likely to come to grief and to lose his bargain. So long as he appeals for more freedom for Capital, more duties for Capital, more State assistance for Capital, he will be listened to and petted by our Press; but only let him whisper his desire for the same facilities for Labour, even for Labour to make Australia capitalistically productive, and his star will begin to wane. Our export is Capital, not Labour; golden eggs, but not the geese that lay them.

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We have said that Mr. Hughes has learned the first rudiments, but not the last, of economics. The last is, indeed, somewhat subtle and requires imagination to grasp. The visible control of economic power resides in the actual possession of the sources of raw material; and it is only natural for the tyro in economics to believe that whoever owns the sources of raw material not only visibly but actually controls them. It is not so, however. There is a higher form of economic power than mere possession; and it is quite conceivable that the Empire may be purged of alien ownership in the ordinary sense of the word and still be under the control of this higher economic power. We mean the power of credit. There has recently been in the "Times" an interesting discussion between Lord Emmott and the "Times" former Berlin correspon-

dent on this very topic. Lord Emmott, much to his own satisfaction, had been observing in the House of Lords that Germany, owing to the war and to the debt caused by it, would find herself bankrupt, and that, in consequence of the fact, her power to compete in foreign trade after the war would be seriously diminished. The "Times" Correspondent, however, who has little to learn in economics, replied with the subtle but decisive objection which we are now employing against Mr. Hughes. Bankruptcy, he said in effect, is nothing nowadays—as many individuals can testify! Even possession is not nine points of the law of economic power. What matters is credit; and, provided that Germany can obtain credit after the war, there is no reason for her to fear the minor consequences of bankruptcy; they will not be ruin, but only discomfort. To this reply it is obvious that there is only one answer—the further inquiry, namely, whether credit cannot be controlled. And Lord Emmott has made it. Can the Allies not restrict Germany's use of the world's credit, he asks? Can they not make good their economic possession of the sources of raw materials by controlling the power of distributing them which is credit? They can, it may be replied; but the question to ask is Will they? Is it to the advantage of the financial classes to restrict the market for their commodity of credit even though a free market should admit an unregenerate Germany? Upon the answer turns the possibility of all that Mr. Hughes means when he speaks of safeguarding the victory of the Allies.

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Before carrying the subject further let us here appear to digress in a note upon the recent bank-amalgamations. The Olympian doings of our high financiers are not without concern, even if they are without interest, for the general public. On the contrary, as we are trying to point out, it is precisely the quasi-spiritual economic powers created by finance that really govern, in the last analysis, all the more material and visible powers. Credit is a spirit, and they that would understand economics must understand credit in this super-sense. From this point of view we can regard the recent bank-amalgamations—and others still to be announced, for we are not at the end of them—as operations designed to increase, to render more mobile, and to bring under more and more unified control, the sum of credit at the disposal of our financial capitalists. But with what object? There is a hope expressed that the object of this concentration of capital may be the cheapening of credit for the "small enterprising man at home"; that it may, therefore, be to the advantage of the small business man in this country that the waste of financial competition be avoided. Little, we fear, is really further from the intention of the men who are bringing these amalgamations about; for their object is not small home-trade but enormous foreign speculation. Experience has already begun to bring the matter home to us. Not only has it been discovered that, in consequence of the recent amalgamations, the facilities for loans in a small way have been reduced, but we can point to the recent financial Committee's recommendation to the Government as indubitable evidence that this contingency was not unexpected but was incurred in pursuit of much larger fish. "In view of the importance of maintaining the financial position of London and of the complicated nature of international trade, it would be impracticable and inexpedient to impose any restrictions or discrimination as regards the use of London credit." So reads the Report. But surely the cat is now out of the bag of mystery in which the recent amalgamations have been enveloped. Plainly, their object is to strip England of financial credit in order to use it abroad; and not only abroad in the Allied world, but abroad in the world that includes Germany. We do

not believe that if questioned in the privacy of their parlours our bank-directors or treasury-officials (in other words, our prospective bank-directors) would venture to deny it. The maintenance of the demand for London credit is too profitable to be jeopardised by restrictions upon its use by any nation. On the other hand, its abundant supply depends upon the extent to which its use at home is curtailed. Thus we have as the calculated effect of the policy of amalgamations the restriction of credit at home for the sake of the cheapening of credit abroad. In the industrial world the operation would be called dumping.

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Having looped the loop we are now in a position to return to Mr. Hughes; but let us first dispose of Mr. Strachey of the "Spectator." We have done it before, but it cannot be done too often. To employ his own naïve phraseology, Mr. Strachey's constant exhortation to Labour at home is to be fruitful and to multiply credit in order that one day two capitalists may be competing for every labourer. What a prospect of high wages there is in that, says Mr. Strachey! What a paradise to aspire to! Certainly it would not be amiss if we could be sure that the capital so created were to be employed in this country and could not possibly leave it. Then, indeed, there might be the chance that in the course of centuries two capitalists might be found competing for the same Labour. But Mr. Strachey must now be aware of the fact that Capital needs no driving out of the country by inefficient or ca' canny Labour; it is always winged for flight; it insists upon going! All the difficulties are not in the way of inducing Capital to remain in the country but to prevent it going out of the country. What, therefore, Mr. Strachey's exhortation amounts to in practice is an appeal to Labour to create Capital for foreign (it may be German) investment. Be fruitful, he says, in order that the labour of other countries may be exploited as English labour has been! Mr. Hughes' situation, however, is one that commands more respect. Having sincerely set about making the Empire self-contained and, to this end, having designed his advocacy of self-possession, self-protection and self-defence, he is now met (whether consciously or not) by the phenomenon of credit which we have been discussing. It is economic power in its highest form, economic power in its most masterful disguise. And by a wave of the wand it can reduce to impotence every one of the natural economic defences which Mr. Hughes would have us set up. All-British ownership of the sources of supply? It can be nullified by international credit. All-British personnel in the conduct and control of businesses? International credit operates on a plane and in a medium that laughs at personnel. Restrictions upon the movements of aliens, declarations of Monroe doctrines, protection, reciprocity, and all the rest of the weapons of the primitive economist? They are shattered at a touch of international credit. And since it is the declared intention of our bankers, supported by the official Treasury, to maintain London as the financial centre of the world—in other words, to sell London credit in the highest market regardless of race, creed, caste, sex or colour—we cannot see that Mr. Hughes' efforts upon any lower plane can be effective. Indeed, it is plain to us that they cannot be.

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Without discussing at this moment the means that exist for dealing with the problem exposed by Mr. Hughes, we may pass on to the kindred political problem involved in the controversy concerning the League of Nations. Economic developments cast their political shadows before them; and it is in no way curious that simultaneously with the decision of international finance to recognise in future no distinctions of nations, there should appear in the political world, most closely related to capitalism, the corresponding poli-

tical phenomenon of a universal sovereignty that likewise recognises no national sovereignty. A League of Nations such as is now being advocated would plainly result in an International financiers' paradise. The week, however, can hardly be said to have advanced the cause; for the division into two warring halves of the English society for promoting the League is not the best advertisement of the practicability of the League of Nations itself. Moreover, we are not inclined to take Mr. Asquith's advocacy of the League without salt. What was it he said at the meeting he has just addressed? In the first place, that the League of Nations is a step that "can and must be taken"—a time-honoured phrase that should send another chill down the back of the Archbishop of York—for who is not familiar with the political steps that can and must be taken and never are! But in the second place, Mr. Asquith clearly revealed his mind in his unconsidered reference to the alliance now existing between this country and France—an alliance, he said, depending upon "a co-operative friendship deeper and stronger than could be created by the pens and parchments of diplomacy." It is so indeed; but upon what, if not upon pens and parchment, would a League of Nations depend? And what, then, would it avail against "the co-operative friendship" of a group of natural Allies? Apart, however, from the absurdity of the notion, apart, moreover, from the sinister character of its economic accomplice, the proposal to form a universal League of Nations appears to us, as it does to Mr. Belloc (in the current "New Witness"), to be dangerous in another respect. To aim at an impossible good is to fall into certain evil. We shall not put an end to the war by trying to form a League of Nations; we shall inevitably add to the occasions of war.

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If it be the case that "the true test of the efficiency of the measures against aliens is that they should make an end, once for all, of a very real state of public uneasiness," it is surely incumbent upon the Government to discover upon what matters the public is uneasy. For ourselves we have no evidence that it lies in any general suspicion of aliens as a whole, even of enemy aliens. It is contrary to the tolerant character of the English people, bred of generations of superiority and security, to harbour suspicion or hatred of domiciled aliens; and except in special instances, usually under direct and indirect provocation, we have come across no extravagant cases of it. The Report of the Parliamentary Committee, moreover, demonstrates with what difficulty any uniform or wholesale charge can be laid against aliens, even by their nearest enemies. "No general charge of treason against such persons is warranted," we are told; and Sir George Cave has now added to this the interesting piece of information that since the early weeks of the war no spies have been discovered of enemy origin. As we have often said, the most dangerous spies are those who are above suspicion. But if it is not the fact that the aliens in our midst are dangerous in this sense, and have never, we believe, been held to be by more than a small section of the community, neither can it be expected that the measures now taken against them will have the effect of allaying the public uneasiness. The remedy, in short, has proceeded upon an incorrect diagnosis. What, we believe, is at the bottom of the trouble, and has been the material upon which the Press has blown, is the popular distrust, in which we share, of the partiality of the ruling cliques. Their favourites and protégés, however alien in origin, are apparently exempt from measures of precaution, while the less influential, and, hence, less potentially dangerous, aliens are delivered over to the Press for judgment. The demand to have aliens interned without exception is, we believe, the natural outcome of this suspicion; for by a universal measure of this kind

it was hoped that these favourites of the favoured would at last be got at.

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Sir George Cave's speech in the debate on the question was distinguished by good sense and justice. As an Englishman, he said, he did not feel very proud of the methods that had been employed in the recent Press agitation. The Press, however, will take the remark rather as a compliment to its zeal than as a reflection upon its character, being usually more pleased to be regarded as a creature to be feared than as a power to be admired. In this respect it must, however, be admitted that the Press is the mirror of the national mood; a distorting mirror, it may be, but a mirror, nevertheless. Every nation is liable to the defects of its qualities; and if it is the case that the qualities of the Prussian degenerate into brutality, the qualities of the Russian into Bolshevism, of the French into frivolity, it is no less the case that the qualities of the Englishman degenerate into bumblerly. What is most to be feared in the course of the present war is that while we are attempting to knock the brutality out of the Prussian, we may, at the same time, be knocking the gentleman out of the Englishman. Much too little attention is paid to the signs that this is already being begun. The tolerance and even approval with which certain speeches in the House of Commons and suggestions in the Press are received—speeches and suggestions which the ordinary Englishman a few years ago would have disclaimed as un-English—are ominous of degeneracy. They are, perhaps, the sign that the latest recruits of the plutocracy, the war-profiteers of all kinds, have been elevated to power before subjection to the influences that have usually affected the older plutocracy for good. In a word, they have become wealthy before having been made "gentle." We can only warn the working-classes of what to expect from these mushroom Rehoboams.

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If the present is a period of calamitous endings, it must be remembered that the period is also one of splendid beginnings. The Russian Revolution is an event to occupy a century; the intervention of America on the side of the Allies and in Europe is an event for many centuries; and a third event of equal, if not greater, magnitude is the promulgation of an official scheme for the self-government of India. The "New Witness" will no doubt remind us that one of the chief authors of the scheme is a Jew; but to this we can only reply that we wish there were more Englishmen like him. For there is not the least doubt that in all essentials the Report of Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford is a momentous and historic document worthy to rank with the Charters and Papers of the catholic ages. Its promulgation at this moment is likewise one of the happiest coincidences of history. While the Western world is fighting for democracy in the West, evidence is proffered to India and to the world that the future is with democracy in the East also. And, again, at a moment when Germany is threatening India at long range with a fresh conquest and a new despotism, her old masters are opening for India a new promise of freedom. The terms of the promise are as generous as the immediate safety of India permits; there can be no quarrel with them on that score. Responsible self-government as an integral part of the British Commonwealth—that is declared to be at once the objective and the criterion of India's progress. And it is to be attained, moreover, within a period measurable in years, by stages defined and calculable, and by means that are within the power of ordinary men of good-will. Above all, if the recommendations of the Report are adopted, as we hope they will be, as a whole and without superfluous re-examination, the first steps towards the constitutional revolution of India can be taken at once.

Foreign Affairs,

By S. Verdad.

IN the "New Witness" of July 5 Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes a witty but very inadequate defence of the Vatican. His points are that the Papacy, as a whole, has never supported a policy of Teutonic Imperialism, and that its longest and most famous struggle was against Teutonic Imperialism; "and these relations have recurred in countless cases from Canossa to the Kulturkampf." Further, he argues that: "Vatican diplomacy has been complicated by countless circumstances. . . . To name but one case out of hundreds: the Pope was actually the ally of William of Orange, who was deposing James II for promoting Popery." I cannot imagine that Mr. Chesterton is less well read in the history of the Papacy, especially its early history, than I am myself; and yet, again, I cannot conceive any writer who is acquainted with the history of the Papacy making such a point as this. The Church often supported rulers whose religious views were the precise opposite of its own, as in the instance quoted, viz., William of Orange; but when it extended such support it did so with the one object of safeguarding its temporal power. As for the Kulturkampf, that was a simple matter. The Falk or May Laws brought about friction immediately between the Government and the Church; the issue was in dispute for three or four years; Leo XIII sought a compromise after his accession in 1878; and strong political pressure was brought to bear on Bismarck. The ensuing compromise was reached largely also because the Government was becoming alarmed over the spread of Social-Democracy; and the Church was looked upon then, as it has been looked upon ever since, as a conservative force. Hence, the growing regard of the most reactionary Government for the most reactionary Church, and vice-versa.

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The Canossa point will not stand the test, either; for it proves nothing more than that the Papacy was able to utilise material means for material ends. It may be that the earlier Popes sought protection to preserve the Church as a spiritual agent, though this did not prevent them from accumulating property on a wide scale. The fact remains that all the Popes did intrigue, did set one ruler against another, did take part in political disputes, leaning now to this side, now to that. The real temporal power of the Popes dates from 754, when the Frankish Pepin, whose help had been sought by Gregory III, defeated the Lombards and restored to the Papacy the lands they had occupied. When the Frankish Empire was breaking up, the Popes sided with the Gaulish Franks and opposed the German Franks; but, after the lapse of a century or so, we find John XII sending for help to the King of Germany, Otto the Great. Intriguing never ceased. The Popes, when it suited their purpose, incited the Franks against the Lorrainers, the Bavarians against the Swabians, and the Saxons against everybody. The aid rendered by John XII did not count in the scales of gratitude when one of his successors, Frederick I, had a dispute with the Church; for straightway the Papacy formed a League of Lombard Cities against him. Innocent III, one of the most celebrated of the Popes, interfered politically in every direction, and insisted particularly on the temporal sovereignty of the Vatican. Can anybody have forgotten the struggle waged by the Church against Frederick II under two Popes, Gregory IX and Innocent IV; how they sought allies against him in Germany, in Italy, in France; how they extorted money from England until a loud outcry forced a reaction; and how they continued their bitter crusade against Frederick's house until it became extinct? And all

because this unfortunate ruler had disputed the temporal though not the spiritual power of the Papacy! The same story might be told for column after column and page after page of this journal. When Innocent IV made way for a series of Popes, it was seen, after a few years, that power was passing to the French Kings; and forthwith the love and sympathies of the Church were transferred from the Italian cities to France. Finally, Boniface VIII (1294-1303) sought to make himself temporal head of all Europe.

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I have picked out a few notorious facts known to every reader of history; and they show, as the history of the Church has always shown, that the Vatican authorities have always had a sense for temporal power, a gift—may I put it so?—for picking the winner, which cannot be justified by any words of Christ, whose Vicar the Pope is presumed to be. The early Popes were content to hold that the spiritual was above the civil power (a politico-religious doctrine which could not in any case have been tolerated indefinitely), but from the Dark Ages on the Popes insisted not merely that the Papacy should be, and should remain, independent of civic control, but that the civic authorities everywhere should be controlled by the Papacy even in civic matters. It was this that Europe could not tolerate; and the Papal claim to temporal power could have but one ending. That ending logically followed when the Papal States reverted to Italy. Unfortunately, the Vatican could not be shorn of its genius for underground and even open intrigue and bargaining; and it has sought to recover temporal power by supporting various countries in turn. It is economic and not religious differences which now set nations by the ears; but the Vatican has shown remarkable astuteness in utilising religious prejudice to uphold somebody else's economic policy. From a spiritual standpoint, of course, there is no reason why the Papacy should support Germany and Austria; there are no religious persecutions now, and the Pope is safe enough wherever he is. But there are good temporal reasons; and that is why the Vatican is so anxious to get a seat at the Peace Conference. That, too, is why Papal agents are at this moment seeking to bring about an understanding with France and England with the object of re-establishing diplomatic relations.

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To show how sincere Roman Catholics are ill-informed of the story of their Church, I will quote an argument from a letter sent in by Mr. F. H. Drinkwater (now with the B.E.F.), whose other arguments have been dealt with above. Mr. Drinkwater suggests that the Pope (or, I suppose, his representative) "wants to be at the Peace Conference because he has a better right to be there than anyone else. Because he is the family physician of Europe; saw the birth of all the nations, and knows all there is to know of their history; because he would be the only absolutely disinterested person at the Conference." I have given, I hope, adequate instances of Papal disinterestedness in the preceding paragraphs. Never for a moment since the accession of Gregory the Great has the Vatican forgotten its temporal, material interests: let Mr. Chesterton witness that it has not even hesitated to sacrifice rulers professing its own faith for the purpose of securing its hold on those interests with a still tighter grip. For the moment the Central Empires are the Vatican's most powerful secular instrument; but as soon as the Allies have clearly threatened its efficacy the Vatican will drop it, and will turn to the Allies for help. The Papal authorities will be distressed to find, after investigation, that there have been some atrocities in Belgium and France; there will be another Note and a soothing erycyclical. I could almost draw them up myself.

Chapters on Transition.

I.—SIGNS OF CHANGE.—(Continued).

III.—THE POLITICAL FACTOR.

I HAVE already remarked that with wage-abolition all polemics based on the capitalist régime cease and determine. The most important of these is that economic power precedes and dominates political action. But this capitalist aphorism may persist with a new meaning. Its present significance is found in the historic fact that capitalism has directed politics to its own circumscribed purposes. The power it exercises is, strictly considered, only economic in a secondary sense; in military jargon, it is an "operative corner" in a vast army of economic units. The conditions of its success are found, not specifically in its economic power as such, but in its capacity for swift mobility at the point of attack or of danger. It is economic in the sense that organisation is economic, in the sense that Trade Union organisation bears certain economic fruits. But if capitalist or Trade Union organisation merely exploits economic conditions, it may be proved to be uneconomic, or even anti-social. We have found by experience that Trade Unionism tends, in fact, to the increased production of wealth, mainly because it has raised, within certain limits, the standard of life, and, therefore, improved Labour's capacity for production (expressed in the phrase "the economy of high wages"), and partly by its maintenance of the reserve of labour, generally known as the unemployed. That is to say, Labour organisation plays a definite and desirable part in our national economy. On the other hand, capitalist organisation has mainly restricted itself to class aggrandisement. Labour organisation has benefited the community, and is, therefore, national in its scope and purpose; capitalist organisation has strengthened the master-class, and is sectional in its economic and social effects. We must not read motive into this generalisation: the different results that flow from Labour and Capitalist organisation are inherent in the principles that guide them. Labour, if completely organised, brain-workers included, would practically represent the nation; the essence of Capitalism is that it claims for itself all surplus value, and is, therefore, anti-national in the same sense that Labour is national—it seizes for itself the daily heritage of the community. But, being a class, compacted of special interests, it can mobilise quickly and form an "operative corner," both in industry and politics. With wage-abolition comes the dissipation of surplus value, and the capitalist class is undone. Since the origin of the phrase "economic power precedes and dominates political action" is found in the domination of the master-class in the political sphere, it follows that this particular polemic disappears with the disappearance of the class that gave it life and substance. It does not follow that the ensuing diversion of economic power renders it impotent in politics; it means, however, that economic power becomes truly national, and, in consequence, the face of politics is changed beyond knowledge. We pass from a class-struggle to a movement for the recognition and balance of function.

If we look beyond the anomalies and crudities of Labour's political action, we shall find, I think, an explanation of much that seems incomprehensible or tortuous in the fact that it is compelled to take a much broader view of policy than need the capitalists. This view, whatever it may be, must not be narrower than the interests and sentiments of its supporters. It is not the narrow view that handicaps it; it is the essentially wide view that loses depth and intensity. The prevailing misconception that it represents class interests is due to the form of its organisation, and not to the content of the ideas it expresses. But it lives in a perpetual dilemma: it instinctively realises the supreme

value of communal life, because its own life coincides with and touches at every point the borders of the community, whilst in politics it has to work in an atmosphere and psychology, the emanations of the capitalist system and creed. Its instincts lead it to untrammelled function, to free play for every job; politically it is compelled to accept the capitalist assumptions and argue its case, not on the assumption of wage-abolition but of the continuance of wavery. It is the pilgrim in the fable, struggling to pass through the doorway screened by an invisible curtain. Not till it draws its good sword "wage-abolition," can it cut its way through to fresh air and freedom. But the sword must perforce remain in its scabbard until Labour understands—what capitalism enjoins—the priority of economic power in existing circumstances.

The political history of Labour enforces the truth of this. From the early days of Alexander Macdonald and Thomas Burt, the political power of Labour, both in and out of Parliament, has followed, is, in fact, the sequel of, economic power expressed in organisation.

It would, indeed, be a happy issue of all our troubles if this were the whole truth of the matter. Merely to capture Parliament with a Labour majority would obviously not suffice. Although related, the economic and political media are different. It is conceivable, I fear by no means improbable, that the Labour majority might merely carry on the political traditions of its predecessors, as was the case in Australia. The problem is to correlate the political revolution thus accomplished with economic realities: to give legal form and civic consent to the new industrial system. To achieve this, ideas must be added to numbers; the legions will miss their way and be thwarted of victory, without good Staff work.

During the past decade, there can be no doubt that distinctively Labour problems have obtruded into conventional politics, whilst war-pressure has brought those problems into unexampled prominence. Not once nor twice has it become imperative for the Prime Minister himself to intervene in Labour disputes. It has been deemed vital by the governing classes that Labour should be represented in the War Cabinet; that it should also be adequately represented in the Government by Ministers at the heads of various Departments. Government offices are now honeycombed by Labour men and women. The precedents thus created cannot but influence future affairs to an extent not now realised. But the lack of industrial statesmanship has fatally affected Labour, not only in the question of dilution (itself enormously important), but in its failure to evolve a political policy in any sense responsive to the industrial situation. In other words, Labour has been at the mercy of conventional politicians, who do not understand that Labour politics differ in substance and purpose from the politics of the master-class, whose habits and tendencies they ape without bettering. This is due to the mistaken belief that political action takes precedence; it is a failure to relate politics to economics.

Broadly stated, there are two lines of action that Labour must pursue: It must apply to its problems the sovereign principle of wage-abolition—the rejection of the commodity theory; sequentially, it must work out in detail all that is involved in the functional theory, particularly aiming at such a balance of functions in every department of national life that practical equality in status and pay may be secured. Not until this is accomplished can we with truth declare that economic power is the servant and not the master in our national affairs.

IV.—CONVENTIONAL POLITICS.

It is extraordinarily difficult to contrast conventional politics with the silent forces that move the Labour masses to thought and action remote from the formulæ that pass muster in Parliament and the Press

for Labour politics. A striking illustration is found in the life of Sir Charles Dilke. This man, who combined monumental knowledge with delicate apperceptions and inexhaustible enthusiasms, was often spoken of as a possible leader of the Labour party. After having sacrificed the rich maturity of his experience on the altar of British hypocrisy, he steadily maintained his interest in the political issues commonly associated with Labour politics, winning back, in large measure, what he lost in a cause célèbre. In his later years, both before and after his emergence, he acted as friend and counsellor to literally hundreds of Labour leaders, who sought him for the information he possessed, and the sureness of his political touch. His biographer, Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, tells us that "the main purpose of his life was 'to revive true courage in the democracy of his country.' For the protection of toilers from their task-masters at home and abroad, in the slums of industrial England and the dark places of Africa, he effected much directly; but indirectly, through his help and guidance of others, he effected more; and in the recognition of his services by those for whom he worked, and those who worked with him he received his reward."*

All through his political life he believed profoundly that Labour must seek its cures through politics. With this guiding principle it may be asserted that there was no legislative proposal aiming at Labour's easement which he had not thoroughly explored. As Chairman of the Industrial Remuneration Conference (1885), he was converted to the legal limitation of working hours; we find him busy all through his political life on housing and other municipal projects; he was among the first supporters of the taxation of unearned increment; he demanded fixity of tenure and fair rents fixed by judicial courts; he became a collectivist after the heart of Mr. Sidney Webb. It was on this programme that he was elected to Parliament by a mining constituency. Never had political Labour such a powerful and instructed champion. Nor did he boggle at a Labour party independent of Liberalism and Toryism. On the contrary, there seems some evidence that he engineered the way for the I.L.P. Lady Dilke spent time, energy and money on the development of women's Trade Unionism, whilst both of them were assiduous in their attendance at the Trade Union Congress and other Labour conferences. If his great abilities in the end were deprived of their full scope, it is possible that Labour got from him more intense support and effort than would have been the case had his energies been spread over foreign affairs, and a score of other political problems not peculiarly Labour in their tissue. He died in January, 1911. To his family came "messages from every Trade Union and organisation of wage-earners, letters from men and women in every kind of employ, testifying of service done, of infinitely varied knowledge, of devotion that knew no limit, and that had not gone without the one reward acceptable to the man they honoured, their responsive love and gratitude."

The last five years of his life, when political Labour seemed triumphant, scoring one political victory after another, was a period of unprecedented prosperity. Rent, interest and profits rose 22½ per cent.; British capital went in hungry millions to every quarter of the globe—to South Africa and South America, to Canada's great land boom. Issues were applied for many times over, new industries grew, gourd-like, in a night. There was but little unemployment, and that was not acute. Yet, in these particular years of mounting profits, the Board of Trade, a few months after Sir Charles Dilke's death, informed an incredulous world that real wages had fallen from 7 to 10 per cent., prices

and rent advancing from 10 to 16 per cent. Nor is that all: the period culminated in a series of strikes amongst the miners, railwaymen, and transport workers that seemed to portend a veritable revolution.

The curious thing about these strikes was that the political Labour party frowned upon them: averred that they were bringing it into disrepute; sought a settlement on disadvantageous terms.

An analysis of the anomalous position here indicated is not difficult. The politicians, immersed in purely political affairs, breathing the political atmosphere, thought only of reconciliation, of terms aiming at agreement between Labour and Capital, necessarily based on the continuance of wagery. Labour was hurt and protested by industrial methods; the politicians were liberal in their admonitions and sedatives—"strove with anodynes to assuage the smart, and mildly thus their medicine did impart." Sir Charles and his Labour coadjutors had put the political cart before the economic horse; neither then nor now had they grasped the vital truths that spring from wage-abolition and the functional principle that relates it to practical affairs. The story of those delusive years is the epitaph of conventional politics.

S. G. H.

An "Equivalent" for the Classics.

"NEITHER the higher instruction of the few, nor the broader instruction of the many, nor the dissemination of sound views in the multitude, can safely be neglected in a democratic country. In this field Modern Studies are not a mere source of profit, not only a means of obtaining knowledge, nor an instrument of culture; they are a national necessity." The Committee appointed to inquire into the position of modern languages in the Educational System of Great Britain has now delivered its Report. The main argument which binds together this most scholarly and able exposition is the necessity of supplying the public with motives sufficiently ardent and convincing to make it appreciate, accept, and even demand an education based upon modern languages and learning. The last five words of my quotation from the Report (p. 11) seem to have supplied the motive inspiring the Modern Language Committee to produce one of the most cogent and persuasive advertisements of a national policy which have appeared since August, 1914. "There can," we are told (p. 8), "be no adequate motives, there can be no effective demand, unless the public is convinced. Employers must be convinced that Modern Studies are necessary to their business. The clerical classes must be convinced that Modern Studies lead to professional advancement. The working classes must be convinced that Modern Studies are necessary to the restoration and increase of that national wealth on which the improvement of the conditions of their life is dependent." Almost do we seem to catch the refrain of the missing argument—missing but furtively implied—"Classical scholars must be convinced that modern studies supersede the so-called Humanities as supplying the finest culture and discipline of a liberal education!" Indeed, the very composition of the Committee suggests that the concealed argument is one of the first to have prevailed.

That the study of modern languages has been disproportionately neglected in this country is beyond dispute. That the methods employed in teaching them have been haphazard, ill-considered, and unscientific is equally true. A knowledge of modern languages is essential to commercial enterprise and indispensable to polite learning. The pressure of events is rousing us none too soon from the intellectual apathy which had allowed us to become satisfied with, and even proud of, our linguistic limitations as an English-speaking race. The Modern Language Committee lays very just and detailed emphasis upon these several points. Unfortunately, though, for the prospects of fair argument, the chief

*"The Life of Sir Charles W. Dilke." By Gwyn and Tuckwell. (London: John Murray.)

difficulties which our modern language propagandists had to combat arise neither from indifference nor ignorance. Ignorance may always be enlightened; indifference can be converted into zeal by well-grounded threats. The chief enemy, so it seemed, of progress in modern language studies was the time-honoured monopoly of a classical education. Against a monopoly so firmly entrenched and so lavishly endowed arguments and propaganda alone were of no avail. The only course seemed to be that of capturing the enemy's strongholds.

The potent influence of protection upon the study of the Classics is indicated in nearly every page of the Report. It is shown (p. 7) that "boys became classical scholars by the influence of system and tradition" . . . that "for the Classical boys were reserved a chief part of the scholarships, prizes, and distinctions at school and at the University"; furthermore, that the ancient system (p. 3) by which "Classical, and to a less degree mathematical, distinction led to bishoprics, headmaster-ships, and deaneries, and gave hope of distinction at the bar and on the bench," has been contested but never overthrown.

This system of protection, in itself, is viewed with no disfavour by the Modern Language Committee; rather do they seek to enlist in the service of their cause a weapon so effective for forcible conversion. "We do not suggest," they say (p. 17), "that present opportunities and encouragement for Classics are excessive; but we submit that similar opportunities and encouragement would not be excessive for Modern Studies." But, as it is manifestly impossible for an exclusive monopoly of opportunities, rewards, and preferments to be exercised by more than one educational system at a time, the conclusion is obvious that the ancient prerogatives of a classical education should be discreetly transferred, for the time being, in the national interest! "It is often questioned," runs the Report (p. 16) "whether Modern Studies can afford an education equivalent to the best Classical education. To these questionings it may be replied that the experiment has not yet been tried. The discipline obviously cannot be identical, but it may, nevertheless, be equivalent; and the equivalence cannot be denied by the wise until the experiment has had a full trial with all favourable conditions throughout at least a whole generation. It must be tried, since Modern Studies are needed for the enlightenment of the nation no less than for practical purposes."

Thus the Report of the Modern Language Committee is seen to be only in part a plea for a sincere and impartial treatment of a neglected branch of study in the cause of educational reform. The prevailing motive is political, and the determination is clear to urge an emergency measure (of reform) for the immediate safeguarding of national power, prestige, and prosperity.

Now this measure may be wise or expedient in the public interest—or it may not. Most certainly if the experiment of an intensive cultivation of modern languages "throughout at least a whole generation" is desirable for our national well-being, no prejudice of tradition, or of classical exclusiveness, should be allowed to stand in the way. At the same time, if it be expedient for the moment to disestablish our Classics as a political measure, let us do so in the name of national expediency, and not of educational progress. An interregnum may be permitted without detriment to constitutional succession, but history offers no precedent for trials extending over a whole generation, unless they are expressly limited beforehand in respect of time and scope.

"The wise," we are told, "cannot deny" that the discipline of Modern Studies may be "equivalent to that of a classical education" until the experiment has had a full trial. No: they can no more deny it than they can assert it. But there are many who will continue to doubt. It is no arbitrary choice which has

accepted the study of Greek and Latin as the foundation of true culture in every European country. The study of the Classics is the one ground on which all European nations meet. The literature and art of Europe have been directly inspired and reinforced in every generation, as they were originally derived, from the ideals and standards of Greece and Rome. The Classics remain and must remain both roots and soil from which the modern world draws life and inspiration through all the fibres of its being. The peoples of modern Europe claim kinship with one another through their common parentage: they can build up their future growth and progress upon no other foundation. A knowledge of the Classics gives us the only key to the understanding of the principles and guiding motives of our common civilisation: lacking it, we stray upon the shifting paths of relativity without the guidance of milestone, of landmark, or of signpost.

The theory of "equivalence" between modern and ancient studies would ignore the fundamental distinction between the two; would weigh in the scales against each other things which are essentially different. Such a "comparison of unlikes" is impracticable—even in the sacred cause of conversion; and it is well to recognise as a plain matter of fact, and not of opinion, that neither study can replace the other, whether for purposes of education or of practical utility. The history of modern European nations, with their literatures and artistic development, is the history of separate units, with wills and interests in constant conflict and antagonism, now with one, now with another member of the larger group: the one point of fellowship and understanding is a common heritage of culture and of faith.

The plea of the Modern Language Committee for better conditions, improved methods, and a higher standard of excellence in modern language instruction is a manifestly just plea. They are right to insist upon the stimulus of rewards, recognition, and public sanction. The average of attainment in modern languages in this country is miserably inadequate, and the national estimate of the importance or non-importance of these subjects needs to be totally revised. At the same time, there seems to be no reason why the demands of the Committee cannot be substantially achieved without the sacrifice of our ideal of a classical education. Must we necessarily fall behind the greater European countries in respect of classics—countries in some of which Greek, at least, is more widely distributed, and is upheld by a stronger tradition than it is in England—in order to come up to their level of linguistic proficiency?

This must inevitably happen if the public is converted by this Report to putting a classical education beyond the reach of the great majority of pupils.* The classical literature of all civilised peoples forms the basis of their culture; and it has always been expected that well-educated persons in any civilised country should have a familiar acquaintance with its classics. This has not so far been found incompatible with proficiency in modern tongues in countries other than our own. Shall we then deliberately adopt a lower standard in education than that which the countries of the Continent and the peoples of the East are able to achieve? It is no uncommon thing for children of the upper or middle classes in many Continental countries to speak two or more modern languages with fluency—and this without detriment to their Classics. The Indian Hindu or Moslem of the great Indian culture-centres may speak three, four, or five modern vernaculars with equal facility; probably English as well; but his Classics remain the one indispensable part of his education. No doubt the peoples of a large Continent are vastly better

* Cf. Report, p. 34.

situated for acquiring modern tongues than are islanders. But that is another argument. The question of opportunity may offer difficulties, but the problem is not insoluble. It can and will be solved when the necessity for its solution is generally admitted. The contention, meanwhile, is assumed to be that of rival claimants. The Modern Language Committee would apparently limit the study of the Classics to professed scholars and antiquaries—a wholly unrepresentative class of the community—and deny it to those who have the greatest need of it, the vast body of active citizens and men of affairs. Their reason is not that of prejudice—not at all—or of disbelief in the efficacy of a classical training: it is nothing more or less than a difficulty with the school time-table. Hence, the need to idealise the value of modern studies in order to secure them a recognition as against vested interests.

"There is no contest at all between the claims of different departments of true education, but only between the wider and narrower views of what education means and what it can do for a nation." These words of Lord Bryce* present an aspect of the different branches of study which is all too rarely seen at learned societies. Yet I think there is a growing tendency among the best educationists to regard separate studies as allies rather than as rivals, reinforcing each other's values, not contesting each other's claims. From this humaner conception arises the disposition towards securing a wiser economy of school time.

There can be little doubt that the popular antagonism to a classical training, which the Modern Language Report is well calculated to intensify, is due both directly and indirectly to the events of a hundred years ago. Directly, because the industrial revolution called into existence a vast population which knew nothing of our hereditary culture and therefore despised it: indirectly, because the study of the Classics, being no longer truly representative of the nation's education, lost touch with its representative needs. The value of the Classics to any modern culture lies not in the fact that they are dead languages but that they are immortal. A generation or so ago the influence of the grammarian was doing much to dehumanise the Humanities: nowadays, the predilections of the excavator tend to turn them into interesting antiques.

If modern languages have suffered from too much neglect in the past, the Classics have suffered no less from a too academic tradition and interpretation. A revision of the time-table is as much in the interests of the one as of the other branch of study. Such a revision would necessitate a conference of expert educational authorities, but a few practical suggestions may commend themselves to the consideration of a larger body of opinion. These suggestions are designed to relieve a crowded curriculum of some unnecessary baggage, and to create the leisure needful for the cultivation of other branches of study.

There are, as it seems to me, two main practical objections to the current method of teaching Classics in schools: the first, that it monopolises too much time, to the detriment of other subjects; the second, that the average pupil tends to lose interest and the exceptional pupil tends to become "stale," before the end of his schooldays. The chief cause of waning interest in the average, and subsequent precocity in the exceptional, pupil is the extravagant insistence upon the mere grammatical side of classical learning. The amount of time devoted to syntactical rules and theories, variant readings, annotations, commentaries, and similar non-essential by-products of these literatures, would depress the vitality of any study, and constitutes a discipline of doubtful advantage even when self-imposed. Moreover, the study of inferior Greek and Latin works of the

classical period (on which their associations are perhaps assumed to confer some sacramental value) seems a waste of time for any but a few specialists, and is wholly out of place in the ordinary school curriculum. One more suggestion—and this I have already heard advocated by classical scholars in the interests of Classics themselves—it seems not only possible but probable that the same standard of excellence can be attained by the time a boy leaves school, and the same unique discipline of a classical education achieved, if the study of Latin and Greek is begun a couple of years later than is the present custom. A boy at the age of, say, twelve can apply himself to the Classics with better prospects of an "increasing return" than a boy of nine; the more so if his ear and mind have become attuned to the fugitive transitions of sound and meaning which an experience of living tongues can alone confer. Thus, the remedy for the one defect may prove at the same time to be the specific for the other. Economy may affect a more harmonious adjustment than any system of preferred interests.

Since the purposes of modern languages and classical studies are manifestly different in kind, it would seem best to expect different results from the teaching of them. To the Classics we have always looked to provide sound discipline of mind, true accuracy and precision of thought, and an intellectual standard of permanent value. If we are to retain them at all we must retain them for these essential purposes, as the type to guide us in our other studies, and to regulate our appreciation of them. This discipline and training can be most bountifully amplified if the teaching of modern languages during school years is mainly directed to linguistic proficiency. The gift of tongues is one of the most happy endowments of a scholar, as it is the most useful asset to men in the public life either of the Services or of commerce. With a taste firmly grounded upon classic models, and sustained by classical traditions, the student of modern languages can well be trusted to discover for himself all those things in a country's life, manners, literature, and history to which the spoken language introduces him. Thus mentally established at the outset, he can adventure for himself without a pilot, and he will neither drift nor run aground. The brilliancy and ease with which so many a classical scholar, of linguistic tastes or training, can explore the true essentials of a modern language and culture is well known to us all—the Modern Language Committee itself can furnish the best of evidence! But I can call to mind no instance of a modern language scholar, who, lacking the classical foundation, did not lack also the equipment for such a faculty: few are those who do not consciously lament the lack.

It is not enough for the Committee to assert that "modern studies may become a means of complete culture and enlightenment."* It is not enough for them to challenge the public to deny it. They must offer us some reasonable grounds of conviction, and, failing to convince, they must fall back upon the argument of expediency.

The Classics, be it understood, are in no danger. Their excellence protects them. It is not Greek or Latin which is threatened, but English education. If we are deluded into thinking that an alternative can be offered to the classical Humanities, a substitute of equal value as a training and of greater profit as an investment, there is little hope of the Classics surviving in our national education. As we are cut off geographically from the rest of Europe by the sea, so, in this event, should we be cut off from it intellectually.

* Referring to the "high ideal" which they set forth for modern language instruction, the Committee say: "So regarded, and only when so regarded, Modern Studies may be a means of complete culture and enlightenment." (Report, p. 16.)

* "Proceedings of the Classical Association," Vol. XIV, January, 1917, p. 39.

and spiritually by our departure from the sources and inspiration of our common culture. Now, as never before, do we need to plead the cause of the Humanities, not for the sake of professional scholarship, or of learning, or of tradition; but of preserving to our use the most potent instrument of civilisation, a knowledge which begets in equal measure the spirit of freedom and the instincts of restraint.

E. AGNES R. HAIGH.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

MR. LEON M. LION began his career as actor-manager at the New Theatre under the happiest auspices. Part author of the play, "The Chinese Puzzle," he did everything to make it appeal to the public; and if the enthusiasm of the first-night audience is any guide to public opinion, he succeeded. He did more; at one bound he passed from the ranks of comparatively unnoticed players to the select company of popular favourites, and I expect that in six months' time we shall be discussing the "art" of Mr. Leon M. Lion—no unworthy subject of discussion, I may add. A man who takes the trouble to appeal to popular taste as effectively as Mr. Leon M. Lion has done deserves a popular success; the stage settings are very effective and well planned, and the audience did not applaud them without justification. The actors are both popular and proficient (no necessary combination), and the enthusiasm aroused by their entrance was at times embarrassing; it kept the stage waiting. I record the fact that, with the exception of Mr. Eille Norwood, it was the women who pleased the audience at first sight. Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Ellen O'Malley (when will she get a real part worthy of her powers?), Miss Lillian Braithwaite, Miss Ruth Mackay, these had only to say "Good-afternoon" to be welcomed with a roar. The dresses had something to do with it, of course, but their reputations had more; and the contrast between their reception and that of the men was vivid. Mr. G. de Warfaz had no welcome on his entrance; Mr. Leon M. Lion walked on, and his reception suggested that the public had never heard of him. The case was altered before the end of the first act; it became obvious that the women had done, and were only going to do, what was expected of them; but Mr. Leon M. Lion and Mr. G. de Warfaz had made their reputations. The classification is not final, of course; but Mr. Leon M. Lion rose in one evening from the ranks of the unnoticed to a position equivalent to that of Mr. Matheson Lang in public regard; and Mr. G. de Warfaz established a connection with the public that will serve him in good stead when he begins management.

The play, of course, contains no new dramatic material, no new technique; actors do not make innovations in drama—and I retain such a distressing remembrance of the previous performance of Mr. Lion in a play not of his authorship, "The Earlier Works of Sir Roderick Athelstane," that I am glad to get back to the more agreeable clichés of "The Chinese Puzzle." If we must make allowances for dramatic clichés (and it seems that we must), it is not only easier, it is more profitable to drama itself, to do so when the clichés are competently rendered and given a new costume. In how many plays the criminal carelessness of diplomatists has been exposed, I do not know; but it is one of the most effective of stage situations. There is, first of all, all the heightening of interest caused by the elaborate precautions taken to ensure secrecy; then there is the assured confidence that the precautions have been so effective that no further care need be taken, and at that point, of course, the crime is committed. It does not do to

ask why important diplomatic business should be negotiated in private houses, why, when secrecy is so necessary that strategy has to be employed to bring the diplomats together without exciting suspicion, they should meet in a room with locked doors, certainly, but still visible through curtains to people in the next room, and audible, also, I should imagine. That people who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds is a lesson that the diplomatists of the stage will never learn; and that they should tell the watchers behind the screen that the signed agreement has been left on the desk is, of course, their usual practice. If a diplomatist cannot rely absolutely on his precautions, what is the use of his invention of them? Stage diplomacy only requires precaution, not post-caution; and the risk is always taken, on the stage, with the actual documents. It is not until the fourth act that anybody remembers that it is possible to photograph documents, although the spy thought of it in the first act.

Melodrama, of course, always requires an injured innocent; because it is always concerned with casuistry, it usually requires that someone should do evil that good may come. Women, on the stage, are peculiarly representative of this problem; "the speckled hen" has passed into a proverb, but there is no association of male delinquents with poultry, for to be "a fighting cock" is to be virtuous. It is as certain as that Sunday is a dull day that a moral problem arises so soon as a woman falls in love—that is, very seldom, except in drama. The necessity under which such a woman labours is that of marrying the man, and the difficulties of accomplishing this purpose do not diminish with time. If love, like Tartuffe's God, were all, the pathway to the altar would be easy of descent; the slide into matrimony would be greased, and drama would begin only at the stool of repentance. But there is the necessity of living up to the illusions we create; in friendship, we demand only fidelity, but in love we demand satisfaction—and a love-affair always resembles a duel for this reason. A woman in love, on the stage, always creates the illusion of perfection; her trouble begins when the reality threatens to disagree with the illusion. An artistic necessity becomes operative at this point; the problem is how to preserve the illusion without destroying its essential truth, and the usual method of solution is the suppression of facts that are not immediately and obviously relevant. A mother whose technical ability with playing-cards has brought her within reach of the law is irrelevant to the illusion of perfection; and if the price of her suppression is a photograph of the document around which the problem of Love v. Honour circles, then the photograph must be taken. Let matrimony be committed, though the heavens fall.

I think that it was in Somerset Maugham's "Grace" that the theory of "never sin : never repent : never confess" was last enunciated; and the rest of "The Chinese Puzzle" is only a development of this theory disguised in chop suey. The speckled hen discovers that love is no compensation for loss of honour; the injured innocent suspects everyone but the culprit, his wife; and Miss Irving's famous "nerve-storms" are called into play again—and bromide is scarce, and the psycho-analytic insistence on truth is hardly ideal. The wisdom of the East recognises that all is illusion, and that illusion is truth so long as it is consistently maintained. The Chinaman has the opportunity of paying a debt of gratitude, of preventing a woman from speaking the truth, and of maintaining an illusion by telling a lie about himself: the combination is irresistible; and although the last curtain falls on a feeble situation, the play is so well acted, so well staged, and so familiar in its situations, that it will probably join the array of permanent plays now running in London. Mr. Leon M. Lion has arrived.

Readers and Writers.

THE July issue of the "Quest" is interesting for an article by the editor, entitled "Life's Seeming Confines," in which he suggests—and, perhaps, rather more than suggests—an affinity, if not an identity, between the "laws" of nature and the "laws" of mind. Ever since I discovered the following sentence in Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria": "The highest perfection of natural philosophy would consist in the perfect spiritualisation of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect"—it has been at the back of my mind as an aim to keep before philosophy. And whether or not there is a drummer in every age with whom the active thinkers keep in step even without being aware of the fact, I can only say that more and more evidence of this tendency of thought is now coming to light. Boutroux's "Contingency of the Laws of Nature," which I noted here when it was translated into English, may be said to have most explicitly attempted the sublimation—or, dare I say, the humanisation?—of the natural laws; but Boutroux is only one of many philosophers working in the same direction. Other areas of study than that of "pure" philosophy seem to have yielded, or to be yielding, the same result. Mr. Mead quotes, for instance, some recent studies of Animism to show that Animism, which, together with Anthropomorphism, we used to dismiss as merely a primitive mode of thought, may, after all, prove to contain a truth, the truth, namely, that Nature is living and intelligent, and, on that account, not so far from human nature as we had come to imagine. "The more we penetrate Matter," says Mr. Mead, "the more akin to Mind we find it to be." The world is a creation of mind; and the more either of the world or of mind we understand the more we understand of both. It is a thrilling idea, the conception of the world of nature as being the externalisation of an intelligence akin to our own. At the same time, it is, like all thrilling ideas, associated with considerable danger. The "superstitions" connected with it are perhaps best left under the shadow that has been cast upon them.

* * *

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are not to be congratulated on the publication in book-form of the earlier essays and reviews of Mr. Clive Bell; nor can Mr. Clive Bell escape the charge of literary insolence by giving to his collection the deprecatory name of "Pot-Boilers" (6s. net). That the reviews and essays here reprinted were designed to boil Mr. Clive Bell's pot may be true enough; and no doubt they did, for the "Athenæum," in which most of them appeared, was an eclectic journal with a surprising taste for the bad as well as for the good. Mr. Clive Bell's modesty, however, you soon perceive is titular only; for not merely has he republished these ashes of his yesterday's fire, but he imagines them to be still ablaze. "It charms me," he says, "to notice as I read these essays with what care and conscience they are done. . . . I seem consistently to have cared much for four things—Art, Truth, Liberty, and Peace." These are things which a more modest man, I think, would have left his biographer and eulogist to say of him; and even then not even friendship would have made them true. To Art and Truth, and so on, there are, no doubt, a good many references in the course of Mr. Clive Bell's essays; but the mere mention of these names ought not to be regarded as an evidence of care for the things themselves. Cannot the names of Art and Truth be also taken in vain? In the two concluding essays of the book are to be found most clearly Mr. Clive Bell's conception of Art. It is indistinguishable from what may be called the Bohemian conception. Art is not moral, art is not useful, art is not a relative fact: it is an absolute to which, on the contrary, all these other things are relative. The artist, again, is not a "prac-

tical" person; and it is no use expecting of him an interest in the non-artistic affairs of the world. The war, for instance? It is only a means to art, and what should be said of artists who abandon the end to occupy themselves with the means?

* * *

But this Bohemian and superior attitude is, nevertheless, consistent apparently with some very mundane bitterness. Mr. Clive Bell does not appreciate the war, which appears, indeed, in spite of his Kensington Olympianism, to have put him considerably out. He is shocked at hearing that "this is no time for art." But, on the other hand, he does not appear to be able to escape from the war. The penultimate essay is about "Art and the War," and the first essay is a palinode for the state of affairs to which the war put an end. According to Mr. Clive Bell the world before the war was in a most promising condition of renaissance—of æsthetic renaissance. "Our governing classes," he says, "were drifting out of barbarism . . . 'Society' was becoming open-minded, tired of being merely decent, and was beginning to prefer the 'clever' to the 'good.'" But with the war all this was interrupted—probably never to be resumed; for what is the use of attempting to establish an æsthetic culture upon the state of poverty which will certainly ensue after the war? Poverty and art, he as nearly as possible says, are incompatible; it is only by means of wealth, wealth in superabundance, that art is possible. And since war is destructive of wealth, "war has ruined our little patch of civility" without bringing us anything in exchange for it. The Bohemian view of art is, you see, own brother to the Sardanapalian view of culture in general; it always presupposes great wealth, while, nevertheless, denying that art is a luxury. Art is not a luxury or an elegant amenity added to life, says Mr. Clive Bell. At the same time, he tells us that it is only when Society is wealthy, as it was before the war, that art can flourish. The contradiction is obvious; and it pervades Mr. Clive Bell's work. It is not worth dwelling on a moment longer.

* * *

The "French Literary Studies," by Professor T. B. Rudmose-Brown, published by the Talbot Press, Dublin (3s. 6d. net), contains essays on Ronsard, Verlaine, Leconte de Lisle, Stuart Merrill, Viele-Griffin, and other French poets, with whose names and works the readers of THE NEW AGE have in days gone by been made familiar. They are serious studies and well illustrated by excellent translations made by the author himself. But I cannot say that they contribute much to our English understanding of French poetry for all that. Professor Rudmose-Brown is under the fatal illusion that it is necessary (or, at any rate, proper) to write about poetry *poetically*; and his comments are too often in this style: "The illimitable night of his obscurity is strewn with innumerable stars." But it is a style which, to my mind, is not only repellent in itself, but doubly repellent from its association with an exposition of poetry. Dr. Johnson appears to me to have written about poetry in the proper style. He was respectful in the very distance his prose kept from poetic imagery. Cold and detached he may have seemed to be; but criticism, comment, and even appreciation labour of necessity under this charge. What would he said of a judge who demonstrated the emotions of the persons before him; or, equally, of a judge who did not feel them? To be a critic or judge of poetry, or of any art, requires, in the first instance, an intense sympathetic power; but, in the second instance, a powerful self-restraint in expression, manifested in poetical criticism, I should say, by a prose style free from the smallest suggestion of poetry. That Professor Rudmose-Brown writes poetically of his poetic subjects proves him to be susceptible to poetical impressions; but, on the same evidence, he is no critic of poetry.

R. H. C.

Production and Creation.

By Janko Lavrin.

ONE of the typical marks of our age is the fact that it has entirely substituted creation by mere production.

The watchword of real work ought to be: "Production in the name of Creation. . . ." But the great Moloch, called Capitalism, has imposed on mankind another gospel: "Production in the name of production. . . ." And this gospel has changed the creator into a pitiful creature; it has changed the man into a means. It has entirely substituted vocation by the principle of a mere mechanical profession, and by this fact alone it has destroyed creative work and the great joy of it. Instead of a blessing, work has become a curse for most people.

In no age has there existed a greater abyss between production and creation. Our social and political systems, as well as our education, endeavour to make this abyss still wider and deeper. Production is the aim, and man is only the means. He becomes enslaved to work and to the machine. Hence he is obliged to eliminate his soul from his work, to eliminate it even from himself—in order to endure and to become a perfect machine or an appendage of the machine. And the dictatorship of the machine is growing more and more over the whole of life which bleeds and dies in its iron claws with so few prospects of resurrection. The mechanical principle of the machine has crippled not only the body, but also the soul and spirit of mankind. In all branches we see a mechanisation of life, an absolutism of all that is ready-made and commonplace. Manufactured, ready-made opinions, schemes and ideas—they alone are in demand; and they are abundantly supplied (on the cheapest terms) by contemporary journalistic factories. All originality is under suspicion. Without the stamp or trade-mark of one or other officially recognised "ideological" factory no new idea can reckon on credit or success.

In science the same mechanical principle has been expressed in an exaggerated differentiation and specialisation. Thanks to these, contemporary science has attained an incredible quantity, but it has lost in quality and in the synthetic spirit. The great creative Science has been displaced by self-satisfied science for science's sake which is productive, but not creative. . . . Real knowledge has been lost in petty and one-sided specialisation. Instead of becoming cultured we become only "learned"; and it often happens that the more of erudition and learning the less of real culture.

Worse than all the ideological and scientific machines, however, is our clumsy "social machine." Under its wheels millions of souls are crushed daily, and this no longer surprises us because we are too much accustomed to it. Daily we are compelled to sacrifice to it our strength, our intelligence, our souls, without receiving any reward. We cannot grow individually, for our work is not creative and cannot be creative as long as it remains only work for the work's sake.

This method of work, which we see more or less in all civilised countries, leads to the result that the more we are "productive" the less creative we become (for the more mankind works, the poorer, the more exhausted it becomes spiritually). It is very favourable to civilisation, but it is hostile to the creation of culture.

This divergence between production and creation is one of the causes of our "nerves," of our pessimism, of our growing spiritual indifferencism, as well as of our idleness. For many people nowadays become inactive and idle simply because they cannot realise their vocation in the dominating social machine. They are rebellious against mechanical professions because they consider

immoral any work that grows at the cost of the man; and since they cannot grow together with their work, they prefer not to work at all. Thus, idleness, caused by the conflict between profession and vocation, may be sometimes the mark of individual profundity and of spiritual independence.

The psychology of the European nations is interesting from this standpoint. As antipodes may be taken the Germans and the Slavs. The German is a typical representative of the "productive" method. Work for work's sake, profession for profession's sake is his gospel. He is narrow enough to limit himself to a small, but extremely conscientious and self-satisfied, part of a machine. But this very narrowness is his greatest strength. "Machine"—that is his magic watchword, and he is really strong only as a machine.* In this respect he is entirely opposed to the Slav who cannot understand mechanical or compulsory work for work's sake, and always seeks (consciously or unconsciously) for a personal, for an intimate connection between his individuality and his work. A profession without vocation is to him a burden. In all imposed, only "productive," work he is usually very idle, but as soon as he finds an inner connection with his work, he may work with fanaticism, almost with a religious zeal and inspiration which are incomprehensible to sober and methodical Europeans.

This psychological feature is one of the reasons why Russians adapt themselves so badly to the European capitalistic mentality with its too "productive" politics. While each of the European nations in the general struggle for life has tried to find its most "productive" practical "profession" (so to speak), the greatest Russian thinkers and writers have been seeking for the creative vocation of the Russian people for the sake of mankind. On this craving was based the Russian Idea of the Slavophiles. The chaotic eruption of a similar craving can be seen even in the last Russian revolution which has so terribly degenerated, thanks chiefly to a complete lack of understanding of its psychology by practical, too practical, Europe.

The time is perhaps not far off when the Russian tragedy will be understood more objectively and more profoundly. Moreover, there is a hope that it may finally begin to be realised even in Europe that each nation ought to seek and to find its own creative "idea," its higher vocation, by which its existence before humanity can be justified. Such a transvaluation might change the senseless politics for politics' sake into politics for the sake of creative Culture. It would abolish the "zoological" imperialistic nationalism in the name of a new pan-human, almost religious, conception of the national idea, based not on racial pride and egotism, but on the idea of the racial vocation for the sake of mankind as a whole.

In any case, contemporary nations must choose between such vocations and mechanical, only productive, "professions." If there is not a radical change in this respect, if the ideas and spiritual values remain in the future only beautiful decorations, then the present war will have been nothing but a bloody danse macabre. . . . After this war humanity has two ways: to remain "productive," or to make production creative; either to arrive through inner regeneration at a new basis, at a new order of Mankind, or to produce a new Tower of Babel crowned with the Golden Calf.

* It may be of interest to note that even German bravery is not individual, but only collective—i.e., bravery of the machine. Many Serbian soldiers—who are well known for personal bravery—have told me that the Germans were far more cowardly than the Austrians in all those engagements in which individual bravery was demanded.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

NASH, NICHOLSON, ORPEN.

It has been suggested to me that the Nash exhibit deserves more attention than I have given it. I had, previously, received some such idea from myself. I have investigated it further. My first impression of the show was that it was a Nevinson show and that Nevinson had taken a decided turn for the better; was using more care in execution. No. 4 was an interesting composition of circle and wave. No. 8 suggested reminiscence of a Wadsworth wood-cut. No. 12, good use of perpendiculars; 17, rather Nevinson; 26, good diagonals; 28, Nevinson; 29, not Innes; 34, typical effect of broken trees, interesting; 43, wave lines; 47, zig-zags and trees; 49, variation of waves and circles; 51, simple colour scheme, commendable; 52 or 53, colonnade; and 53 or 52, inverted V's. Net result: Nash is not endowed with any great formal inventiveness; he has made a show with variations on a few motifs; but, on the other hand, he has illustrated the war most creditably. The pictures look like war; they are not merely sketches, in peace time, of destroyed places, and they are not in peace mood. People returned from the front say that that is what the front is like.

The show was not a landmark in art history, but it was probably the best show of war art—that is, of pictures painted to Government order—that we have had.

NICHOLSON.

William Nicholson has really pulled himself together again. His show demonstrates a good deal of thought in arrangement; it contains several distinct and different pictures; it is not simply a series of variants on an identical composition, or on five or six habitual themes. It is curiously uneven, but it has style. That is Nicholson's gift. He has had a conception of style all along, even when doing his worst work. By "style" I do not mean a uniform personal manner. I mean that in practically every canvas something has been done to the subject, some idiom of translation has been created, or moulded, or developed. Important or not, the artist has evolved a *way of saying*, or rather a way of painting, what he had to paint about his subject.

2, "Retour de La Joconde"; old impressionism, can't see its merit. There are curious blurs in some of the pictures (Henley's Hat, Air Raid Night); possibly they would come right in some lightings. There is a good deal of real Academy red in No. 7.

"Silver" is quiet, unassuming, skilfully and evenly painted. "Lustre Mug" is perhaps a shade too chaste for a world given over to evil. I, personally, happen to loathe the way the paint is put on "Ursula," but this is a matter of taste, not a matter of dogma. One does not, or should not, disapprove of things merely because they happen to be antipathetic to oneself. "Poet's Cottage" is a blob. No. 4 appears to me simply bad. The white blurr in 5 may need special lighting, but I doubt if one should paint in such a manner that the canvas must have an electric light just under the frame. The "Air Raid Night" does visibly improve if one gets into the opposite corner (north-west) of the room. No. 11 is superficially, if not fundamentally, Academy.

But there is the gift of style, and Mr. Nicholson, in contradistinction to practically all his contemporaries, has not "lain down." Here is a man past middle age who is still putting energy into his work; a man with a very considerable reputation who still *tries*, who still tries to make *each* canvas the best possible job he can make it. Mr. Nicholson is, therefore, very nearly in a class by himself.

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN.

The Orpen show need not detain one—Slade, Slade Sketch Club, Society tinted-photos. Are the generals in tents or in Mayfair? In short, Sir William's message is that the war is very like peace-life in Belgravia—bright cheery tints, lemonish egg-yolk yellow. Any tone of war, any feeling of war, wholly absent—the usual pre-war Orpen drawings rather more hastily done. Ease, comfort, complexion soap, a little stage decoration. A pale cast of prettiness.

TOOTH'S GALLERY, BOND STREET.

Exhibit of old masters: Two excellent Canalettos, showing synthesis within bounds of strict representation; clear, broad, though apparently close brush work; convention of water, stylisation in sun on houseboats. Dark water, finer perhaps in the less charming "Salute," good grouping of three figures in lower left-hand corner. Jansen's Portrait of a Lady, of interest. Intelligent breadth in the Raeburn. The F. Cotes (1726-76) remarkable for its Goyaesque quality. Distinct pleasure to be got from this small exhibit.

Lamorna Birch (Fine Art Society) might study Murray Smith to advantage. Sutton Palmer, old-fashioned bright water-colour. Clear, careful, dating possibly to Messonier; just a faint touch of originality in clouds; 35 and 28 successful.

J. D. Fergusson has simplicity, a cellular construction visible in No. 10. (The Connell Gallery.) "Still Life" good. Bronze "Head of Painter," fine, simple representation, no nonsense, grasp of form. In the terra-cotta coloured substance he attempts a Botticellian uglified and convoluted. There is some distinction of character between one portrait and another; there is also hang-over from Futurist shows, from Matissean bulbous females disported in lush mangel-wurzels. The extent of Mr. Fergusson's misfortunes can, however, only be gleaned from his catalogue. One blames no artist wholly for his introducers, but such sentences as the following exclude sympathy:—

"Art is everything or nothing, and the art whose effort is not wholly devoted to being everything is of no account. Just as there is a false and a true art, so there is a false . . ." etc.

"Our universe of hopes and fears is but one changing facet of the great clear-shining jewel which the artist alone sees face to face, and we in his mirror."

An artist desiring public courtesy should not have his catalogue adorned with these festoons of twaddle. Space in THE NEW AGE is too valuable to quote further from this "Blue Review" entail. The country has had enough of it.

THE MISSAL.

It is as though some babe, that loveth hues

Gay as a tincture here may be,
Took the strong noon unto the early dews
And fashioned wisdom fair and faithfully;
So, how above their gemmy vesture glances
The august look of steadfast countenances.

Like the pearled flower that opens on the prime,

Like a high city seen from far
Through leagues of virgin air, so they through time,
Pensively as through even looks the star,
Remote and wan; and every shining tress
Lieth in grave and ordered loveliness.

The entrailèd thorn, the dolphin and the pard,

The rose and royal unicorn,
Life and his labour, valour and his reward,
Plain in the venerable page are borne;
But that fair aspect most delighteth, when
Man may not see that innocence again.

RUTH PITTER.

Views and Reviews.

LOT'S WIFE.

WHENEVER I read anything like Miss Maude Royden's pamphlet,* I am conscious not only of the injustice done to the Church but also of the injustice done to the intelligence of the writer. Carlyle urged as a sufficient apology for "Barebone's Parliament" that it broke down and failed, trying to reform the Court of Chancery; but the intellectual error of wasting so much effort fruitlessly cannot be approved. It is characteristic of the new type of religious thought that it is most affected by the spirit of Christ, that it accepts Christianity as a way of life and not as a mode of ceremonial worship. But instead of accepting the implications of the experience of living in and by the spirit, these same people look to the Church for revelation, and are disappointed when they fail to observe it. But the expectation is, I think, illegitimate, and the disappointment inevitable. For what, after all, is the Church? We may, if we like, call it the Bride of Christ, but the number of Christian Churches, Free and Fettered, introduces a very Oriental conception of marriage. It is truer, and more germane to the present discussion, to call it the national organisation of worship. It is a moot point whether worship is a religious activity; personally, I cannot imagine the Archangel Gabriel wasting his time in adoration instead of getting on with his work. The cherubim know most, the seraphim love most: so runs the old definition; but the assumption that the seraphim love God, instead of being loved by Him, seems to me to run counter to the description of God as Love and also to the analogical process of the universe. Nature, we know, abhors a vacuum, and nervous, like electrical, energy flows from centres of high potential to centres of low potential. If the spiritual energy which is sentimentalised as Love has any correlation with other forms, the direction of Love will be from the centre to the circumference, from the centre of high potential to the centres of low potential, from God to man. When the communication is complete, we probably transmit the energy by radiation, and deeper and deeper still, from the Heavens to the Hells, passes the original impulse. But if, at any point, worship intervenes, the transmission is interrupted, if, indeed, it be not an obvious proof that the transmission is already interrupted and that worship is, therefore, an attempt to re-establish communication. The organisation of worship, from my point of view, is a wholesale confession that the spirit has not listed to move in the direction of the worshippers, and that they are trying to attract it by using worship as a lightning conductor of Love.

The Church, therefore, must always contain those of little faith, "the weaker brethren" of St. Paul. Just as a vote is so small a fragment of political power that it is useless to the possessor until it is combined with many others, when it is embodied in a representative, so the quantity of spiritual energy possessed by each worshipper is so small as to be unnoticed as well as useless until it is combined with other zero quantities to enable it to get "in touch with the infinite." All the usual jibes about Sunday religion and week-day infidelity are really as unfair as expecting a one-candle power lamp to show a hundred-candle-power light. "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick"; and it has passed into a proverb that it is the Devil, and not the saint, who is the most constant attendant at Church. Rowland Hill, I believe, sought to exclude the Devil by building round chapels, but as one of the most famous is now used for boxing exhibitions, he probably failed.

* "The Hour and the Church." By A. Maude Royden. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.)

The fact is that the Church, like every other institution, is not a channel of the spirit, but a repository of history. Miss Maude Royden herself has to quote Anselm, Thomas à Becket, Lanfranc, and Stephen Langton, to prove that the Church need not be timid; but none of these men is mentioned in "Who's Who." A Church, by its very nature, must be behind the times; its first and most powerful instinct is the instinct of self-preservation, and it cannot dally with schism. Schismatics may have no new ideas; they seldom have; but they always have fresh and more powerful impulses which are not sufficiently controlled to find systematic expression. They express light as heat; and the weaker brethren who combine to worship once a week, and by the grace of God enjoy a glimmering of truth not more than once a year, are mortally afraid of fire. Besides, the schismatic cannot escape his spiritual destiny; "then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil"; and the only place for the Church member who has temporarily exhausted the formal interpretation is outside.

Miss Royden regrets that the heritage of the Church should be so wasted; personally, I begrudge the Church nothing but its organs. If Mr. Lloyd George would create a Ministry of Music, with power to commandeer all Church organs and use them for musical instead of devotional purposes, our national Church would have rendered, under compulsion, one service to this generation other than its permanent service to spiritual valetudinarians. A concert hall in every town, equipped with a good orchestra and a Church organ furnished with some new stops, instead of the four-rank mixture that is so persistently used, might not induce so much devotion but would certainly make inspiration much more easy and powerful, and revelation much more possible, than the Church can encourage. The language of its liturgy is a common possession, and the only monopoly of it that the Church possesses is its power of rendering it unintelligibly. The liturgy, like the Bible or Shakespeare, is a thing to be enjoyed; and a Church performance of the liturgy is not even so satisfactory as a stage performance of Shakespeare.

But to expect the Church to reform, to become a vehicle of the spirit instead of the custodian of one of its formal expressions, is to indulge an illegitimate longing. We have a right to pity the Church; as Emerson said sixty years ago, "she has nothing left but possession" (think of those wasted organs); but we have no right to expect any new impulse from her. "If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman, and reads fatal interrogations in his eyes, he has no resource but to take wine with him. False position introduces cant, perjury, simony, and ever a lower class of mind and character into the clergy; and when the hierarchy is afraid of science and education, afraid of piety, afraid of tradition, and afraid of theology, there is nothing left but to quit a Church which is no longer one." Thus wrote Emerson in 1856; recently it has been reported that a working man, asked why he did not go to church, replied, "Because I have been." Nothing is expected of the national Church, the spirit of Christ least of all; and Miss Royden's attempt to rouse the Church is wasted effort.

A. E. R.

CLEAR EVE.

Splendid shines the even,
And her lamp in heaven,
Where the broad light showeth,
Like a blossom bloweth;

In the zenith chilly
Smileth like a lily,
While the slow star traces
Clear and tranquil spaces.

RUTH PITTER.

Reviews.

Gold in the Wood and The Race. Two New Plays of Life. By Marie Carmichael Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S.Litt, etc. (Fifield. 2s. net.)

Dr. Marie Carmichael Stopes is what you may call a dramatist with a purpose—you may also call her many other things which would be more true. We suppose that she has noticed, in the studies wherein she qualified for the degree "etc.," which a cruel publisher has appended to her list of dignities, that most great (and many small) dramatic works have sex for their subject. The equation, sex = drama, would instantly occur to a D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S.Litt., etc.; a dramatist would, therefore, be a writer about sex, and as all great works are individual in treatment if not original in substance, Dr. Stopes only had to write about sex in her own way to be a great dramatist. We can safely say that nothing like these plays has ever been produced on a public stage; that is a testimony of singularity. We do not mean to say that girls in breeches have not appeared on the stage before; Shakespeare knew what he was doing when he put Rosalind in breeches in "As You Like It," or to come nearer to our own time, Pinero's "Amazons" wore breeches, and "The Adventures of Lady Ursula" shocked her brother into the declaration that he had seen her "before God, sir, in breeches, sir, in breeches!" Patriots wear them, so why should not "Thekla Lovell, a Girl Lecturer at College" wear them—in the woods? Breeches are becoming—tedious; and we wish that Thekla Lovell had lectured the girls at college instead of lecturing "Robin Merivale, a young University Don," on her freedom from convention, after assuring herself that he was "safe." "She is entirely unself-conscious," so we expect a continuous emphasis of the fact that she is a woman; "the jolly things have been reserved for boys hitherto; now I have all the fun of discovering for myself that girls can live a free and lovely life, too," is one example of her "unself-consciousness." She will talk of nothing but the conventions except to show her womanly tact in evading a flirtation; and when she comes down to poetry, she invents this:—

Incandescent with love the air trembles,
Wafting onward each infinite spark
That floats on the wings of a firefly
And sings to its love in the dark.

Touchstone did better than this in the "butter-woman's rank to market":—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.

Quite unself-conscious! But Thekla Lovell slept alone, unvisited, under the greenwood tree; she had unself-consciously reminded Robin that he "must catch the ten-six train." Here is her good-night to Nature: "Good-night, little tent! Good-night, magician moon; good-night, dear whispering winds! Sweet stars, let me come and dance with you in my dreams. Who, but you and God, can find me here?" We hope that the keeper will.

"The Race" is a three-act play dealing with a "war-baby" in the same frank, drivelling manner. The War Office suddenly ordered the young officer abroad at three days' notice, and although he held "collateral" no one, not even his bank, would advance him the price of a special licence. The girl's father emphatically refused to sanction a hasty marriage, or to advance the fees; he was a solicitor who was misappropriating funds. But the girl was so pure in heart and so patriotic that she gave herself to her lover; and when her lover was killed, she seemed to have forgotten that she was entitled to a pension as an unmarried wife and mother. She was being pestered at this time to marry her father's partner, a former clerk who had discovered daddy's defalcations—and, at the same time, a confirmed bachelor baronet was becoming

convinced that she was the woman of his dreams, the woman who could face reality. But the proposals were rejected or adjourned sine die; expectant mothers ought not to be worried; and this one had "discovered such wonders in life this year. Soul and body, I have travelled so far, how dare I say that I have experienced all life's possibilities of beauty?" that she was less worth worrying than most. The baronet could at least hope, and no baronet can be allowed to do more in the new world that women are going to vote into existence. This may be "life" as Dr. Stopes knows it; but it is not drama, it is drivel.

Damn! A Book of Calumny. By H. I. Mencken. (Philip Goodman Co., New York.)

If this title is Mr. Mencken's last word, he will be handicapped in the American Army; the sergeant will just look at him, and advise him to buy himself a lemonade. Even English journalism has done better with "Blast," and "really strong" writers have used the word "bloody" in a sense not Shakespearean. Frankly, we cannot be shocked by a word that every clergyman, and every heroine in a pet, is privileged to use; indeed, for really good curses, we have to turn to the works of clergymen like Sterne, and enjoy the full-blooded commination of Ernulphus—and a Jew ought not to be outdone in cursing by an Irish-born Yorkshireman who was a member of the Anglican clergy. The particular thing that has made Mr. Mencken talk like a tea-drunkard on his title-page is American Puritanism, that curiously inverted public opinion that is determined not only to know, but to suspect, the worst that can be said or done. It is a body of opinion that is chiefly informed, in this country, by the Sunday newspapers, which do their best to keep alive a tradition of original sin that poets like Swinburne have recognised as fallacious. For there is no original sin, there is only conventional sin with, like all conventions, changes of fashion; the way of the transgressor is worse than hard, it is wearisome, boring, and to Swinburne's despairing invocation to "Dolores": "What new sins wilt thou teach to thy lover?" there is no reply. The invention of a new sin would require the originality of an Old Master, and the Old Masters discovered that originality found more scope for expression in virtue. Mr. Mencken's attempts to show that sin is really attractive, and that the Comstock crew are really jealous of the sinner's happiness, serve only to prove that he is as much beglamoured by bar-tenders and brothels as are the members of what Cobbett called, in this country, the "Vice Society." Even his objection to what he calls the "sex-show" in concert-rooms and opera-houses betrays the same spirit of Comstockery; if "his favourite soprano, in the opera-house" really "is the fat, middle-aged lady who can actually sing," why should he bother about the undeniable fact that, to the majority of the audience, it is "the girl with the bare back and translucent drawers" who is the favourite? He is as downright as any Puritan in his insistence on the complete divisibility of things; "sex is sex," "art is art," are definitions that exactly miss the real truth. For sex is primarily energy, and its expression through art forms is a diversion of that energy from physiological processes, is, in the language of psycho-analysis, an attempt to "sublimate" that energy and utilise it for other purposes. Divorce "sex" from "art," and what remains will be as expressive of human nature as the higher mathematics—and no more. Naturally, Mr. Mencken insists on mechanical music and marionettes for actors, and Comstock and all his crew could not manifest a greater contempt for artistic culture than this proposal implies. If he really wants to hear mechanical music, let him learn "the music of the spheres," and prove his own contention that the Jews are a race of poets.

Pastiche.

A DRINKING SONG.

The waters roll around the earth
That once rolled o'er the land,
When floods fell from the heavens
And washed up hills like sand.
The beasts that roam the earth to-day
Were saved us for a sign,
For all the beasts drink water
And man alone drinks wine.
The storm came rushing from the skies
Like rivers from the sun,
The mountains sank like pebbles
Tossed o'er the brink for fun,
Till all the earth's a foaming cup
From Tuscany to Tyne;
But only beasts drink water
And man alone drinks wine.

The years have flown and deserts grown
Where once the water tossed,
And many men have held their faith
Where many men were lost.
By this sign shall ye know them
When they go out to dine,
That all the beasts drink water
And man alone drinks wine.
The Golden Rule in Paradise
Is carved upon the Gate:
That "Time may be eternity,
But meals must not be late."
The Saints may lay the banquet hall,
But Angels tend the vine,
For though the beasts drink water,
It's man alone drinks wine.

J. D. GLEESON.

A PSALM OF MOTHERHOOD.

Pride sings loud as love in my swelling heart!
Soft mother-crooning never was my part. . . .
I was a rebel born; and on the rack
That yawns for souls who spurn the beaten track
Have paid my rebel's toll in woman's tears,
In faith destroyed, in anguish-laden years. . . .
Now it is all behind me—all the pain;
And I have come into my own again.
Joy—fiercest joy is mine; and to my breast
I clasp my treasure close—my loveliest!
O Love that's mirrored here!—the guarded flame
That warmed my starving soul before she came. . . .
My wonder-child! It seems so long ago
My eyes were turned in tragedy of woe
From him whose name I bear, when I had guessed
His savage will had triumphed, and confessed
I loved another. . . . Was this angel born
Of grief and my frail body—tempest-torn!
His child? . . . Ah! No! Love wrought—in cleansing
fire—
A miracle of spirit-winged desire!

CLAIRE DE SEVRES.

CAPRICCIO.

My window peers with a spinsterly primness
At the rollicking lurches of Brixton trams;
My room is fittingly mantled with grimness
As the birth-place of spikiest epigrams.
The stunted trees like staggering cripples
Gauntly waggle their arms askew
Across the street that is vocal with ripples
Of laughter from wallowing urchins. While you
Daintily gowned with sibilant flounces,
Girt with a delicate halo of scent,
Dwell where the flower of England denounces
Rascals who snarl at the rise in rent;
Dwell where our cohorts of gallant gentry
Guard their Code as a Thing Divine—
Yet you achieved a nocturne entry
Into this menial room of mine.

Your voice was shed as a luring glitter
Into the sullenest, fustiest nooks;
Your smile enkindled the grimy litter
Of headlong-scattered and stacked-up books:—
(There's a Casanova in yellowy wrapper,
Eight rich volumes—I've dredged 'em all;
There's a calf-bound Horace, perky and dapper,
Garnered from off a fourpenny stall.
There's a—) Well, never mind, you were loftily
heedless
Of all my bibliophile parade;
And, truth to tell, it was downright needless
As touching the crux of your escapade.
So while my virtuous next-room neighbour
Strummed away at "The Maiden's Prayer,"
Capital settled a truce with Labour—
And it lasted an hour at the least, I declare!
P. SELVER.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

There are three issues at present before the world:
The first is a universal State to the advantage, I fear,
of the strongest or the most un-national. The second is
the acceptance of Prussian war and Prussian example,
which means the rapid decline of our civilisation into
a sort of Dark Ages wherein men will happily lose those
mechanical powers which permitted Prussian war in
its modern form to arise. The third issue is exactly
what you have had in the defeat of barbarism before:
the breaking up of its organisation, the making of an
example of its leaders, the revival of a common con-
science forbidding the repetition of barbaric things.

Those who advise a "League of Nations" are—as
they will see if they will examine their consciences and
face first principles—accepting Prussian war as a neces-
sity and desire (since this necessity would destroy our
civilisation) to get rid of existing nations and form one
new State. They despair of the third result, victory
and execution, but for our hope in which no one would
continue the War. They despair (or hate) Christendom.
—H. BELLOC in the "New Witness."

When Kerensky drew his tragic picture of a Russia
"abandoned by all," there was only one possible re-
sponse. By whatever means we achieve it, Russia must
be liberated from German pressure and from the crush-
ing treaty of Brest-Litovsk. There we are at variance
only with those Imperialists who hope, by flinging
Russia to the enemy, to purchase gains for ourselves
in the West or over-seas. By what means are we to
save Russia? Firstly, by the stout resistance of our
armies in France, but chiefly by the full use of our
economic stranglehold. We, who still hold the com-
mand of the seas, will not concede to the enemy access
to the world's markets and raw materials until he has
met our essential claims. Among them is the restora-
tion of Russia. If then we reject proposals for sending
Allied armies into Russia, it is not because we mean
to ignore her needs. It is because we believe that we
can best use our power for Russia's benefit by military
concentration and economic pressure. It is either
childish or dishonest to argue that we can fight for
Russia only on Russian soil.—H. N. BRAILSFORD in
"The Herald."

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ing rates:—

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