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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The season is suitable to rejoicing, yet it must be known to all who think that there is a skeleton at the feast. We are not referring at this moment to the apprehensions that some of the Allies may be about to overreach themselves at the coming Peace Conference, or to the condition of things in Russia and Germany which the war has brought about. These, disturbing as they are, weigh on the minds of the masses in our own country much less than the thought that the nation is on the eve of a vast amount of unemployment. It is true that assurances have been given—by Lord Inchcape, for instance—that in the years before us three jobs will be competing for every man, instead of vice versa; and it is also true, or, as we prefer to say, probable, that for a period of a few years the prospect of employment in repair and in re-stocking is sufficiently bright to enable us to dismiss any fear of immediate and wide-spread unemployment. Nevertheless, the certainty of unemployment upon a large scale within a few years or so is so great that to all who are capable of forethought the event is already here. The present calm, as our officials are aware, is altogether illusory; for not only is a great deal of war work still proceeding, but the unemployment pensions for the workers who are being dismissed are still current. In addition, there is no doubt that the savings of the wage-earners during the comparatively fat years of the war will postpone for some time the precipitation of crisis. The spectre of unemployment nevertheless remains as the malign shadow upon the present scene of triumph; and we may take it for granted that the more serious-minded of the governing classes are no less than ourselves constantly pre-occupied with it.

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Side by side with the prospective problem of unemployment is the problem of paying off the enormous war debt. How to pay off this debt without, on the one hand, making the rich poorer, and, on the other hand, without creating unemployment is, we believe, the practical problem now under discussion. And the solution so far offered for consideration is increased production. If only, it is argued, we can produce twice as much as we did before the war, the problem both of repayment and universal employment will prove to be simple. There will be not only work for everybody, but profit on such a scale for our capitalists that a few additional hundreds of millions of taxation per annum will be a mere trifle. As the saying goes, we shall be able to pay our debts off the bat. But what reasons we have for thinking that this is a delusion we have already in previous issues begun to enunciate; and on the present occasion we propose to add to them. One of the three vital questions concerning the problem is plainly the question of selling what we produce; and the challenge may at once be offered to our super-producers to produce, among other things, the evidence of this ability. What is the kind of evidence we require? We ask for evidence, in the first place, that markets of economic consumption, expanding at the same rate as our powers of production, exist or can be brought into existence; and we ask for evidence, in the second place, that the capture, retention and virtual monopoly of these markets will not involve us in war or in the constant preparation for war. That we know we are asking for impossible evidence may be taken for granted; for, indeed, there does not exist nor can there be brought into existence a market capable of absorbing commodities as fast as we can produce them; nor again can any evidence be brought to show that even if such a market existed, we should have the unchallenged monopoly of it. On the contrary, all the evidence of fact and of reason points to the opposite conclusions of those reached by our super-producers. It tends to show that productivity is increasing by leaps and bounds beyond the capacity of the world's consumption to absorb; and it tends to show likewise that in the same market the competition of the super-producing markets must become fiercer, more pitiless and more costly to themselves.

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It is no mere coincidence that makes the cry of super-production contemporary with the observable recrudescence in the super-producing countries of a form of "militarism"; for, in truth, the two phenomena are related as cause and effect. Super-production breeds militarism as an almost necessary consequence of the two motives of fear of unemployment and desire of profit which inspire it. Let us examine the sequence.

Both motives, it is obvious, produce a pressure upon commerce to expand; and, equally obviously, the expansion must take place, if at all, in a world that is relatively inelastic. What is then certain to happen but an explosion either in the form of war or in the form of Bolshevism? The choice between one or the other conclusion appears to us to be inevitable. For if, on the one hand, the expansion is temporarily successful, it must be at the expense of competing nations who will certainly not accept defeat without a struggle, while, on the other hand, if the movement of expansion fails, a problem of unemployment is produced at home which is certain to engender civil disturbances on a large scale. We may go even further in this analysis, and remark that the more "benevolent" the Government of a superproducing country, the more certainly will one or other of these two climaxes be brought about. A Government so situated will have, in fact, every inducement to militarism as an apparently indispensable means to the satisfaction of its two classes of citizens—the desire of the rich to be richer and of the wage-earners for employment. Given these two motives, each powerfully represented in the actual Government, the attempt to superproduce, if necessary at the cost of war, will be irresistible; for the Government, after all, is only the chief commercial traveller of the national industry, and when reason and diplomacy have failed to solve its problem, it will be impelled to open it with its sword. German militarism, as we have often said before, was German capitalism armed. In a slightly varied form, we may define militarism as the desperation of a competitive capitalism.

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In a characteristic speech last week Lord Devonport, one of the "business" failures of the late Government, referred to the "dead hand" of Government control and to the necessity of removing all communal restrictions on individualist trade as quickly as possible. It is unfortunate that the New Unionist Government should be disposed, as it apparently is, to share the burglars' opinion of the duty of the watchmen of the national household, and to concede to men of "private enterprise" like Lord Devonport the demand for the abdication of the duties of government. For the effect will inevitably be to intensify the existing distrust of Parliament and to bring it still further into contempt. Already it is clear that political issues are no longer settled on political but upon economic considerations; that has always been more or less the case. But, worse still, it is becoming daily more apparent that economic issues are tending to ignore even the pretence of political consideration. The coming Parliament will surely be, from the standpoint of economic power, the most negligible of all the Parliaments that have ever met in this country; for its office, as far as we can see, will be to register simply the agreements that are come to by the opposing forces of Capital and Labour. Each of these, it is certain, will endeavour to obtain in the first instance, political authority for its respective acts; failing which, each of them will, in the second instance, endeavour to win its point by a purely economic struggle. The upshot of this, in the last instance, will be solemnly registered in Parliament to be observed or broken as the economic forces themselves determine. What dignity or authority there can be in a body so acting we will leave our readers to discover by experience. But it will be the natural penalty of submission to the claim of Lord Devonport and his like to make millionaires of themselves in their own way, and of submission to the consequent claim of organised Labour to deal with Lord Devonport after its own fashion. The arena of the struggle, in other words, will be industry; Parliament will cease to be even the judge.

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The situation of Labour under a régime of superproduction cannot in any case be regarded with optimism. The outstanding fact of recent industry is its enormous development of machinery and organisation —the plain meaning of which is the introduction into an already over-filled labour-market of a vast amount of additional labour. On a rough calculation we have authority for saying that the new machinery and methods introduced into this country in the course of the war amount to the equivalent of several millions of additional human hands, with whose competition the human hands already in industry must in future compete for the commodity by the sale of which Labour lives, namely, work. Translate this addition into concrete terms, and suppose that, instead of so many machines, so many millions of skilled coolies had been brought into the country—would not the situation of the resident labouring population appear to be menaced? Yet in another form this is exactly what has occurred; and there are at this moment millions more *labourers* in England than there were four or five years ago. It will be replied, however, that the demand for the products of Labour is correspondingly increased, and that work, not merely temporary but constant work, will be easily found for all the former Labour and for all the Labour that has been added to the sum. But it is just that promise which we declare to be absolutely false. It cannot possibly be true. Is it realised that the cotton machinery of Lancashire alone is capable of producing cotton goods for the whole world—that is to say, far in excess of the demand which, in any conceivable circumstances, is likely to be made upon Lancashire? And what, we ask, is to happen when the world's demand of Lancashire falls short of Lancashire's ability to supply? *Machinery* will not be scrapped, though it may be laid idle. Human labour, on the other hand, will most certainly be unemployed.

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We have indicated Bolshevism as one of the alternatives before us, and we may return to the subject. But, in the meanwhile, a way of escape from both Militarism and Bolshevism appears to be suggested in the foregoing note. In the situation now rapidly becoming common to all our industries, in which our powers of production *exceed* the world's effective power of consumption, it would seem that two reasonable courses are open, apart from the unreasonable alternatives already named. One is to increase the world's power of effective consumption by a more equitable distribution of money or purchasing power; the other is to transfer to human Labour the advantages derived from mechanical Labour, and thus with every accession of productivity to ease the lot of the human worker. Nothing, indeed, would appear to be more reasonable or more in keeping with the promises of science to be the handmaid of human welfare. Thanks to science and to human ingenuity, we are now able to produce in a week what our fathers required a year of labour to produce. Thanks, again, to bad political science and to human perversity, the needs of the world which science could satisfy go largely unsatisfied. Very well, it cannot for the present be helped. But what surely can be helped is that the human competitors of the mechanical labour in the producing countries should themselves be in poverty *because* the rest of the world outside is too poor to absorb the products of both our human and our mechanical labour. The remedy is plainly seen to be, as regards our own country, a diminution of human labour concurrently with the diminution of demand abroad. Is the total demand of the world upon England satisfied by so and so many hours of human labour plus machine labour? Then let it be satisfied, and the remainder of the time spent not in unemployment but in *leisure*. In short, by reducing hours of labour and by similar ameliorations of the life of the wage-earning classes, not only are the advantages of mechanical labour distributed, but the nation

is spared the inevitable consequences of attempting to force upon the world outside more goods than that world can effectively consume. The conclusion we arrive at is that the remedial accompaniment (it is, of course, no more) of a policy of super-production is a policy of wage-amelioration. Without being greatly enthusiastic about it, we may say with confidence that the worst effects of super-production would be avoided by the immediate adoption of the following measures: a universal six-hours' day, universal pensions during unemployment and sickness, prohibition of child-labour up to twenty, universal old-age pensions beginning at the age of sixty, and a high minimum wage on a time-basis. In the deplorable absence of any real ideas in the Labour Party, this policy is dictated as the only means of meeting and avoiding the dangers and disaster involved in the policy of super-production.

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Attention has been called before to the kinship between Militarism and Bolshevism. Bolshevism, we have said, is Prussianism upside down. The mistake, however, has been made of confusing the occasion of the outbreak of Bolshevism in Russia with the cause. It is assumed, we observe, that the Bolshevism of Russia was a reaction simply against Militarism; but the truth of the matter is that Militarism and Bolshevism are alike reactions from forced production or super-production. The explanation of the mystery in the case of militarism is obvious; for, as we have already seen, militarism is the effort of a capitalist class to open fresh markets at the point of the sword. Bolshevism, on the other hand, represents the effort of the proletariat to solve the problem of super-production by the direct destruction of Capitalism. The one, in other words, is the desperation of Capital; the other is the desperation of Labour—each of them in face of the same problem. To this may be added a further observation to the effect that each of them affects in its own way the very circumstance that is most oppressive in the problem, namely, the existence of a greater productive than consumptive power. Militarism destroys much that has already been produced, and thus relieves the market, at least temporarily; while Bolshevism more drastically destroys the sources of production, namely, capital, skill and organisation. Both reactions have, therefore, the same immediate effect upon the general situation; for they both give relief to the immediate problem of restoring the balance of production and consumption. But whereas, as we say, the solution of Militarism is only temporary, the solution of Bolshevism is asserted by its advocates to be permanent. But is it?

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Let us look at the matter in the light cast on it by Mr. Penty in his letter to us last week. From the actualities of Bolshevist rule in Russia, as undesignedly revealed in the official Bolshevist admissions, it would appear that the decisive vote of the various Soviets lies not with numbers or even with the Labour qualifications of their members, but with the soldier-members—in a word, with military power. And this shrewd observation of Mr. Penty, pointing, as he remarked, to the establishment under the name of Bolshevism of a New Feudal System, is suggested by the still later news from Russia of the formation of a Bolshevist army of three million troops. The resemblance of Bolshevism to Militarism will be seen to be even closer than we at first supposed; and the alleged origin of Trotsky's army makes the identification even plainer. The new Russian army, we are told, has been formed for a double purpose, that of defence against foreign enemies and to find work for the unemployed. What is more eloquent than this latter admission or claim of the truth of our contention that Militarism is the child of unemployment? Or, again, of our contention that neither Bolshevism nor Militarism is any cure for unemployment? The same problem, in different forms, is presented alike to Prussia and to Russia: the problem of balancing production and consumption. In the case of Prussia, the solution is sought in the creation of an army that shall break open new foreign markets—as a means to the prevention of threatened unemployment. In the case of Russia, the solution is sought in the creation of an army that shall provide work for the unemployed, in the first instance; and afterwards—who knows? Perhaps only the retention of Russian raw materials and markets in Russia's own hands.

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No economist can fail to be sadly amused by the efforts of our popular statesmen to "make Germany pay for the war" by means of indemnities. If we were in reality a single nation, and not two nations hopelessly divided in interest against each other, the payment by Germany of an indemnity would enable us all to take a long holiday from labour at Germany's expense. But, as matters stand, and since the major part of our population lives by selling its work to the other part, any diminution of the demand for work is a trespass upon the only means of living of four out of five of our population. Dumping has always been regarded as a crime against our industry, on account of the fact that it implies the importation of goods at a price below that at which our working-classes are prepared to sell their work to produce. But the only difference between dumping and an indemnity is that in the former case we receive cheap goods while in the latter case we receive goods for nothing. If the former is bad for the labour-market, we can easily conceive the effect of an indemnity. It is the equivalent, according to figures, of the labour of a million men for a period of twenty to fifty years. Conceive what the English workman would say if it were proposed to employ in this country a million German workmen (at their own expense) in competition with English labour—yet that is the proposition which underlies the demand for an indemnity. The circumstances in which alone an indemnity would not create unemployment are naturally unattractive to our capitalist classes who have their eye on paying off the war-debt without loss to themselves. They include, first and foremost, the payment of the indemnity in goods which cannot be produced by labour; and, secondly, goods which in all probable circumstances would not be produced. The range of these is small, and, as we say, goods of this kind are not attractive.

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Nobody has pointed out the omission made by Lord Haldane in his account of the military policy of the Liberal Cabinet during the years before the war. The actual, as distinct from the partisan, charge brought against Lord Haldane's administration is not that he failed to foresee the possibility and even the probability of the German-European War, or that he failed to take all the practical measures which occurred to the Cabinet in view of it. We can set aside the assumption of the "Times" that the other horn of the dilemma would have been preferable to the horn upon which the Liberal Cabinet seized. As between an arrangement with France and the adoption of Lord Roberts' proposal for a continental Army, there can be no question that the former was the lesser of the two difficulties. The error made by Lord Haldane and the Cabinet lay, not in choosing the French alternative, but in failing to ensure that this should be effectively carried out. It is true that to the "careful calculations" of the necessary strength "made by the French General Staff and our own," the Cabinet prudently added on its own account an additional margin of 60 per cent. It is also true that in every respect the accomplishment of the Cabinet was better than its word. We actually dispatched, it is understood, 180,000 men instead of 150,000, and some in less than nine days instead of in less than 15 days. But the test of the value of the calcula-

tions lies in the effectiveness of their realised strength; and from this point of view we have to observe that a margin of double the liberality added to the estimates of the General Staffs would not have been too much for the actual circumstances. The question is: Why the Cabinet, that had reason for adding 60 per cent. to the official estimate, did not discover reason for adding much more? Having thrown over their officials to the extent of 60 per cent., they should have disputed the whole calculation and examined it afresh.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IF a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, a great deal of knowledge without a corresponding degree of judgment is even more dangerous. The writer of the following letter which has been addressed to THE NEW AGE is obviously what is called a well-informed person. I should not be surprised to learn that he has travelled a good deal, met many strange sort of wild revolutionaries, and foregathered, as he would fancy, with men who are really in the know. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to describe his letter as the work of a cultivated ignoramus, and one, moreover, who has scarcely the root of common sense alive in him. Picking up a scrap of information here, and overhearing a whispered conversation there, he has hastily strung the pieces together on a few broken threads of impulsive sentimentality, with the results that are observable in his letter. I doubt, myself, whether any reader can make head or tail of what it is all about; or whether "A. P. L." has one or only a thousand points of view. Such men, I repeat, are dangerous from their combination of information and lack of judgment. Unfortunately, the cafés of Foreign politics are full of them. Here is the letter:—

"FOREIGN AFFAIRS."

Sir,—Since S. Verdad wrote his "super-defence" of the "Secret Treaties" in your issue of August 1, none of your readers seems to have cared to criticise any of his articles. However, I cannot allow his assertions in your issue of November 7 to pass without comment.

I shall start by quoting from his "super-defence" of the Secret Treaties. On page 217 he writes:—

"There is a simple rule for those who would understand the actions of others: it is to put yourself by imagination into their circumstances. . . . Without this 'charity' everything else profiteth nothing."

Quite so. If Grey and Asquith had put themselves "into the circumstances" of the Poles, would these two Ministers have been so ready to join with Tsardom in a war for "Liberty" which meant in the event of success that a further eight million Poles would taste the sweets of Tsarist "freedom"? In such circumstances would Mr. Arnold Bennett (see the "Herald" of May 8, 1915) and dozens of other writers before and since have been so ready to consign a "united Poland" to the insatiable maw of the Russian Bear? Would the Rev. Nikolai Velimirovitch have talked (as he did in one of his propagandist books about Serbia) of Russia's bringing Liberty to the Ruthenes of Galicia? The collapse of the Central Empires before a triumph of Tsarist militarism would have meant the putting back of the cause of freedom for a century or more—the ghastly performances during the early months of the war of the Tsarist armies and the Tsarist administrations in East Prussia and occupied Galicia are known to hundreds of thousands of people on what was the Eastern front, and are as accessible to investigation as any "Hun" crimes in Belgium. It may be an unpleasant thought for our politicians and pamphleteers, but the fact remains that the freedom of Poland is due to the crushing defeat inflicted on Russia by Germany in 1915 and to the two Russian revolutions of 1917—the "autonomy" envisaged by the politicians of the Miliukov school was even more limited than the ridiculous "Home Rule" suggested for Ireland by the egregious Irish Convention.

In your issue of November 7, S. Verdad talks of the "unenviable" position of the Neutrals and Ireland in this war. His writings on this and other occasions (and he is by no means alone) are typical of that narrow point of view which is so prevalent everywhere, but which is the direct negation of his exhortation quoted in the early part of this letter. More than a year ago a "leading" member of one of the "oppressed" nationalities of Europe—which we will call Ruritania—was complaining to me of the difficulties he met with here in British political circles. I replied to him: "My dear sir, the average person thinks, if he thinks at all, with regard to Ruritania, that there can only be a pro-Entente or a pro-German point of view, and he is quite impervious to the idea that possibly there is a Ruritanian point of view which conceivably coincides with neither." My friend had to concede this was so.

This similar unfortunate attitude adopted by S. Verdad (and many other writers) in rigidly dividing all the Neutrals and oppressed nationalities into two camps—pro-Entente and pro-German—is at the root of much misunderstanding of the real position in Europe during the past few years. Let me illustrate this by a comparison of the Irish and Tchekh questions, and thus perhaps show up the fundamental misconception of THE NEW AGE with regard to Ireland. THE NEW AGE and S. Verdad have blamed the Irish for not joining England in the great "crusade" against German militarism, and yet it has approved of the Tchekh agitation for a break-away from Austria. Does not THE NEW AGE realise that an oppressed nationality desires to deal with the Power that is immediately and directly oppressing it—on its own doorstep, so to speak—irrespective of the degree of oppression that is suffered?

In fighting against Tsardom the same arguments as to fighting militarism and autocracy could be put before the Tchekhs, as have been put before the Irish. But the Tchekh nationalists put no trust in the promises of politicians, and went their own way to achieve "self-determination." Why should we blame the Irish for likewise going their own way? Ireland under Germany (if it had come to that) would perhaps have been worse off than under England, but it was not Germany that was actually oppressing her. (The Tchekhs already had a sort of Home Rule of their own, and one certainly quite as "beneficent" as the Constitution formulated by the ridiculous gerrymandered Irish Convention; in Prague tram tickets are printed in Tchekh, in Dublin they are printed in English.) The fate of the Tchekhs as a subject nationality under Tsardom would have been far worse than under Austria, yet they did not hesitate—in defiance of their oath—to desert in whole regiments to, and even to fight for, the Russians, because it happened to be Austria and not Russia that was actually oppressing them; intelligent Tchekhs could have been under no delusions as to what Tsardom signified! Would our Press and politicians have cheered the desertion of Irish regiments to the Germans, as they have applauded the Tchekho-Slovak desertions to the Russians? Is a Cesare Battista (late M.P. for Trent in the defunct Austrian Parliament), who, in spite of his oath to Austria, fought for Italy to be acclaimed an Italian patriot, and a Jim Connolly, who fought for Ireland and took no oath to England, to be refused that honour as an Irish one?

On some of these nationalist questions the public get very little correct information even from people who should make it their business to know better. For instance, on October 25, I heard Mr. R. C. K. Ensor, assistant-editor of the "Daily Chronicle" lecture under the auspices of the Fabian Society, at Covent Garden, on "The War and the Peace." In answer to a question from a member of the audience, the lecturer replied that there was always much sympathy between the Tchekhs and the Poles in regard to their national aspirations. Anything further from the truth could scarcely be imagined, and if this is the sort of stuff that the "Daily Chronicle" has for four years been providing for its readers I am sorry for them. How could one expect Polish nationalists to see eye to eye with Tchekh nationalists, seeing that the latter were looking forward to a Tsarist victory—a victory which meant ruin to the aspirations of generations of Poles. To gratify the aspirations of the "leaders" of four and a half million Tchekhs, the fate of some eight and a half million Poles (in Prussia and Galicia) in the maw of the Russian Bear was to be considered as of no consequence! What the latter were to

expect was amply foreshadowed by the blunders (as they were kindly termed by Prof. Seton Watson at a King's College lecture in the summer of 1916) of the Tsarist administration in occupied Galicia under Count Bobrinsky—one of "The Two Bobs," as I have called him, the other being Bobrikov of evil fame in Finland. Then there is the age-long conflict between Tchekh and Pole in Teschen, and also the recent Tchekho-Slovakian claim to the counties of Zips and Orava at the foot of the Tatra mountains. Besides, was it not the great Professor Masaryk himself, now President of Bohemia, who, in writing in one of our periodicals (the "Nation," I think), a few months before the overthrow of Tsardom, had the effrontery to say that the *only separatist movement in the Russian Empire was in Lithuania!* (Italics mine.)

Separatist movements which did not tend directly to assist the "Allied cause" have always been liable to be stigmatised by Mr. Verdad as "pro-German." He has applied this epithet, for instance, to the Ukrainian movement. I do not propose to enter here into a discussion of the various tendencies of this movement under Kostomarov, Holovatsky, Dragomarov, Dudykevitch, Hrushevsky, and Franco, but I shall take the simpler case of the Lithuanian movement of the latter half of last century. There was a considerable revival of this movement, but, owing to the difficulties put in the way of the use of Latin script by the Russian authorities, the printing of Lithuanian papers had to be done in Tilsit, in Prussian Lithuania. Thus "Varpas" (The Bell) was founded in Tilsit in 1889, and likewise "Ukininkas" (The Farmer) in 1890. Mr. Verdad would doubtless call the people behind these papers pro-German, whereas in reality they went to Prussia because the conditions imposed by the Russian autocracy were impossible; it is no argument against the truth of this to state that Prussia would not have permitted these publications on her territory, if they had not (as may conceivably have been the case) suited her ends, for it was only pressure of circumstances that in the first instance forced the Lithuanian movement across and within the Prussian frontiers.

As to Mr. Verdad's statement that the Finnish Socialists have been pro-Ally throughout the war, it is merely ridiculous. How could they be, seeing that for two and three-quarter years of the war they were desiring a Tsarist victory, and that for the following six months we were supporting Provisional Governments which were so fond of small nationalities that, when the Finnish Diet (with a Socialist majority), sick to death of their tergiversation, declared Finland independent, it was promptly suppressed by one of them without a protest from the Western "democracies"! A. P. L.

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I do not propose to try to unwind a ball of a hundred ends; but an outstanding thread or two may be pulled out to its brief length. Let us begin with "A. P. L.'s" obvious dislike (in which we all share) of Tsarist Russia, and with his assumption that our pre-war alliance with Russia was a mistake. That it has proved to be a mistake and that some of us foresaw the error are matters neither here nor there for the present. What I attempted to do in my apologies for the Secret Treaties was to put myself in the place of Grey and the rest, and to inquire what reasons Liberals such as they had for allying this country with a reactionary Power like Russia; and the conclusion I arrived at was that none of the alternatives, now everywhere canvassed—notably by Mr. Shaw, who, in a recent issue of the "Daily News," suggested that the present alliance with America was the true alternative to our pre-war alliance with Russia—was practicable *at that time*. Russia, and Russia alone, appeared to be then the only European Power whose support against Germany was at once indispensable and doubtful; and it was, therefore, a rational policy on England's part to endeavour to win her over. And to those who, because of the sequel, are now alleging that the policy was a greater mistake than it was, I must address the question which every Russian patriot is now asking: What, after all, would the Allies have done if Russia, instead of fighting against Germany, had fought from the first *for* Germany? Let us not underrate the services of Russia to the common cause merely because she failed to run the course. As for the question of Poland, I agree with "A. P. L." that it is vital. The independence of Europe depends upon the re-creation and the future maintenance of the independence of Poland. I set that plain statement, which I have often made before, by the side of the incoherencies of "A. P. L." But was it to sacrifice the possibility of Polish independence to accept the aid of Russia against Germany—seeing that a German victory would have meant the extinction of Polish and of every other national liberty in Europe for ever? No doubt it *seemed* to "A. P. L.," as to other unreflecting and impulsive revolutionaries, that since the immediate enemy of Poland was Tsarist Russia, an alliance of England with Russia was designed to fasten slavery upon Poland more securely than ever. Few revolutionaries can see more than an inch before their noses. But what they failed to see was that immediate as the tyranny of Russia might be, the prospective tyranny of a victorious Prussia was bound to be not only worse but irremediable. Lip-homage as no doubt was the Grand Duke Nicholas' promise of national autonomy to Poland, I have no doubt that, even if Tsarist Russia had survived the war, the triumph of Liberalism would in the end have forced Russia to pass from lip-service to real service. In any event, the alternative of a German victory certainly boded no possible good for Poland.

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"A. P. L.," however, has the absurd notion that to understand is to approve. Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner. He asks whether it was not *natural* that the Poles should suspect the designs of Russia even when in alliance with England; whether it was not *natural* that the Irish people should aim a blow at their nearest oppressor even when that oppressor was engaged with a still greater prospective oppressor; whether it is not *natural* in oppressed peoples everywhere to object to their immediate enemy and to him only and to him always and in all circumstances. Certainly, I reply, it is the most natural thing in a silly world. Revolutionaries being usually, as I have said, near-sighted individuals who cannot see into the middle of next week, it is *natural* that some misguided Poles and some misguided Irish should have assumed that their real enemy during the present war was their old familiar enemy—the oppressor just within their short sight. But if I am asked to believe that because such action was natural it was, therefore, sensible, or even pardonable, in men professing to be intelligent, I reply that impulse, however natural, is usually inferior to intelligence. Impulse, I know, has been made a god of recently; and intelligence has been, in consequence, at a miserable discount. One has nowadays almost to apologise for not going off at the touch of the trigger of any trivial circumstance. We hear of nothing but of the "will" of the people, the self-determination of this, that or the other group of people—always their "will," but never their "idea." The world, in fact, is nowadays all will but no idea. And in claiming for the natural (that is to say, the first unreflectingly impulsive) action the merit of policy, "A. P. L." appears to me to be rattling the chains of the popular slavery. I assert, in opposition to his fragmentary notions, that the "policy," as distinct from the natural impulse of the nations he refers to, was from the first alliance with the Allies against Germany—alliance, if you like, in the very teeth of nature. Such a policy was, in fact, pursued by the real intelligentsia of Poland. Ireland, Tchecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia, with consequences, fortunate, "A. P. L." will observe, *just* to the degree that the intelligentsia prevailed. If Poland and the rest are now to achieve independence, it will not be to the "A. P. Ls." that they will owe it. but to the cold intelligence and second thoughts of people whose impulses were quite as generous but better disciplined.

A Guildsman's Interpretation of History.

By Arthur J. Penty.

IV.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST MEDIÆVALISM.

AN obstacle in the way of a proper appreciation of history is the prejudice which exists to-day against most things Mediæval, and which distorts everything which then existed out of its true perspective. In these circumstances, therefore, it will be necessary to seek to remove this prejudice by explaining its origin, for I hope to show that though this prejudice to-day is little more than a misunderstanding, it did not begin as such, but as a conspiracy.

We need not go far to find evidence in support of this. Consider, for one moment, the utterly irresponsible way in which the word Mediæval is thrown about in the daily Press. It is the custom among a certain class of writers to designate as Mediæval anything which they do not understand or do not approve, quite regardless of the issue as to whether or not it actually existed in the Middle Ages. How often, for instance, did we read during the war of Mediæval Junkerdom, notwithstanding the fact that the Middle Ages was the age of chivalry, and that, as a matter of fact, the spirit of German militarism approximates very nearly to that of the military capitalism of Rome. For the Romans, like the Germans, did not hesitate to destroy the towns and industries of their rivals. It was for commercial reasons that they burnt Carthage and Corinth, and caused the vineyards and olive groves of Gaul to be destroyed in order to avoid a damaging competition with the rich Roman landlords. Or, again, when anything goes wrong in a Government department, the reason for which is not apparent on the surface, we may be sure that in the leading article next morning it will be termed Mediæval, regardless of the fact that bureaucracy is a peculiarly Roman institution, and scarcely existed in the Middle Ages. There is no need to multiply instances, as they are to be met daily in the Press. But the total result is tragic, for it creates mountains of prejudice which militate against all clear thinking on social and political questions; it has created a prejudice against all normal forms of social organisation, a prejudice which may spell Bolshevism in the days to come, for, after all, Bolshevism is nothing more than modern prejudices and historical falsehoods carried to their logical conclusion.

Now, it stands to reason that such gross solecism is not without a cause. Nobody on the Press ever speaks of Greece or Rome in this irresponsible way, and the question needs to be answered: Why are the Middle Ages the only period of history singled out for such thoughtless misrepresentation? The answer is, that this indiscriminate mud-slinging had at one time a motive behind it—a motive that has since disappeared, and Cobbett got at the bottom of it when a hundred years ago he pointed out that Protestant historians had wilfully misrepresented the Middle Ages because there were so many people, living on the plunder of the monasteries and the guilds, who were interested in maintaining a prejudice against the Middle Ages as the easiest way of covering their tracks. It was not for nothing that Cobbett's History of the Reformation* was burnt by the public hangman. It was burnt because it was more than a history, because it exposed a conspiracy. But the prejudice persists. It has other roots which need to be attacked.

While the prejudice against Mediævalism doubtless had its origin in malice and forethought, it is encouraged by the fallacious division of Mediæval history into the Middle Ages and the Dark Ages. By means of this artificial and arbitrary division the popular mind has been led to suppose that after the decline of Roman civilisation mankind was plunged into darkness and ignorance, while it is generally inferred that this was due to the spread of Christianity, which exhibited a spirit hostile to learning and enlightenment rather than to the inroads of the barbarian tribes. A grosser travesty of historical truth was never perpetrated. But the travesty is made plausible by the custom of many historians of detailing the history of a particular geographical area instead of making history continuous with the traditions of thought and action, the geographical centres of which change from time to time. Treating the history of Western Europe according to the former method, the period of Roman occupation is followed by one of barbarism in which almost every trace of civilisation for a time disappears, and, no doubt, the people who lived in this part of Europe did live through a period of darkness. But that was the case only with the Western Empire. The Eastern Empire was never overrun by the barbarians. On the contrary, its capital, Constantinople, maintained during all this period a high state of civilisation, and was the artistic and cultural centre of the world. While the barbarian hordes were overrunning the Western Empire, the Eastern Church preserved the traditions of Greek culture, which, as order was restored in the West, gradually filtered through Venice until the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and the consequent emigration of Greek scholars and artists to Italy broke the last link which separated the cultures of Eastern and Western Europe.

It was at Constantinople during the sixth century that Justinian codified the Law. I am no believer in Roman Law, but that the task of extracting a code from the six camel loads of law books was undertaken testifies to the existence of learning. Moreover, it was during this period in Constantinople that the Byzantine school of architecture flourished. The reputation of the cathedral church of Santa Sophia, built in the sixth century, was so great that in the twelfth century William of Malmesbury knew of it as "surpassing every other edifice in the world." Of this architecture Professor Lethaby writes:—

> The debt of universal architecture to the early Christian and Byzantine schools of builders is very great. They evolved the church types; they carried far the exploration of domical construction, and made wonderful balanced compositions of vaults and domes over complex plans. They formed the belfry tower from the Pharos and fortification towers. We owe to them the idea of the vaulted basilican church, which, spreading westward over Europe, made our great vaulted cathedrals possible. They entirely recast the secondary forms of architecture; the column was taught to carry the arch, the capital was reconsidered as a bearing block and became a feature of extraordinary beauty. The art of building was made free from formulæ, and architecture became an adventure in building once more. We owe to them a new type of moulding, the germ of the Gothic system, by the introduction of the roll-moulding and their application of it to "strings" and the margins of doors. The first arch known to me which has a series of roll-mouldings is in the palace of Inshatta. The tendency to cast windows into groups, the ultimate source of tracery and the foiling of arches is to be mentioned. We owe to these Christian artists the introduction of delightfully fresh ornamentation, crisp foliage, and interlaces, and the whole scheme of Christian iconography.*

This is no small achievement. Only an age as indifferent to the claims of architecture as our own could underrate its magnitude. But to the average historian this period of history is a blank because he lacks the kind of knowledge and sympathy necessary to assess its achievements at their proper value. To his mind enlightenment and criticism are synonymous; and find-

* "A History of the Protestant Reformation." By William Cobbett. (Reprint by Washbourne & Co. 1s. 6d.)

* "Architecture." By Professor W. R. Lethaby.

ing no criticism he assumes there was no enlightenment, not understanding that criticism is the mark of the reflective rather than creative epochs. For though at times they appear simultaneously, they have different roots, and the critical spirit soon destroys the creative, as we shall see, when we come to consider the Renaissance. How false such standards of judgment are may be understood by comparing that age with our own. In those days there was plenty of architecture, but little if any architectural literature. To-day, the volume of architectural literature and criticism is prodigious, but there is precious little architecture.

Mr. Mark Starr, the author of "A Worker Looks at History," which is an important book, because of the wide circulation it has among the workers, exaggerates the popular misconception and prejudice. In the chapter called "The Renaissance from the Mediæval Night," when referring to the closing of the schools of Alexandra, he says: "Christianity proscribed philosophy, abolished the schools,* and plunged the world into an abyss of darkness from which it only emerged after twelve hundred years." He is indignant at this. But it never occurs to him to inquire what these schools taught, and this is important. He assumes that they taught what he admires in the Pagan philosophers, for whom I have as much regard as Mr. Starr. But these schools of the Neo-Platonists were degenerate institutions. They taught everything that Mr. Starr would hate. Their teaching was eclectic—a blending of Christian and Platonic ideas with Oriental mysticism. They believed in magic. Their reasoning was audacious and ingenious, but it was intellectual slush without any definite form or structure. Above all, it encouraged a detachment from the practical affairs of life, and thus became an obstruction to real enlightenment. It was well that these schools were suppressed; they needed suppressing, for no good can come from such misdirection of intellectual activities, and I doubt not that if Mr. Starr had been then alive he would have risen in his wrath against their unreality. The Early Church was opposed to these degenerate intellectuals, because, while the Church desired to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth, they were content for it to remain in heaven. But Mr. Starr has been so prejudiced against Mediævalism that he attributes to the Church all the vices which it sought to suppress.

Though the Early Church closed the schools of the Neo-Platonists it did not suppress philosophy. On the contrary, Greek culture, as I have pointed out, was preserved at Constantinople, while much of Greek philosophy was absorbed in the Christian theology. The logos of Plato reappears as the doctrine of the Trinity, which, incidentally, is not an explanation of the universe, but a "fence to guard a mystery."† But it reappears as a concrete reality instead of an intellectual abstraction, and, as such, possesses a dynamic power capable of changing the world. It was this burning desire to change the world which made the Early Christians so impatient with the Neo-Platonists who made speculation an excuse for inaction as it makes the Neo-Marxians to-day rightly impatient with a certain type of Socialist intellectual. And it was this insistence upon practical activity which made Christianity so dogmatic in its theology, for strenuous activity must rest upon dogmas. The weakness of Pagan philosophy, on the other hand, was that it was powerless to influence life. "Cicero, the well-paid advocate of the publicans and bankers, while philosophising on virtue, despoiled with violence the inhabitants of the province he adminstered, realising, *salvis legibus,* two million two hundred thousand sestercia in less than two months. Honest Brutus invested his capital at Cyprus at forty-eight per cent.; Verres in Sicily at twenty-four per cent. Much later, when the economic dissolution of the Republic had led to the establishing of the Empire, Seneca, who, in his philosophical writings, preached contempt of riches, despoiled Britain by his usury."*

While the traditions of culture all through this period were preserved and developed in the Eastern Church with its centre at Constantinople and in Ireland which received Christianity at a very early date direct from the Eastern Church, the task which fell to the Western or Roman Church was of a different order. Upon it was thrust the task of civilising the barbarian races of the West who had overthrown the Roman Empire. And it is to the credit of the Early Church that it succeeded where the Romans had failed, and it succeeded because it employed a different method. Roman civilisation had been imposed by violence and maintained by compulsion: it was always an exotic affair and fell to pieces when at last the force of the barbarians became more powerful than that of the Roman Empire. The success of Christianity in this task was that it effected a change in the spirit of the peoples. This great work was the work of the early mendicant orders whose missionary zeal was destined to carry Christianity over Europe.

The early Christian monks had been characterised by a decided Oriental tendency to self-contemplation and abstraction, and in their missionary enterprises their intercourse with the rude populations was limited to instructing them in the homilies and creeds of their Christ. But Augustine and his forty companions who were sent forth by Gregory the Great to convert Britain (A.D. 596) "acted on a very different principle, for in addition to the orthodox weapons of attack and persuasion which they employed against their opponents, they made use of other, but equally powerful, methods of subjugation, by teaching the people many useful arts that were alike beneficial to their bodies and their minds. As soon as they settled in Kent, and had begun to spread themselves towards the north and west, they built barns and sheds for their cattle side by side with their newly erected churches, and opened schools in the immediate neighbourhood of the house of God, where the youth of the nominally converted population were now for the first time instructed in reading, and in the formulæ of their faith, and where those who were intended for a monastic life, or for the priesthood, received the more advanced instruction necessary to their earnest calling."†

We read that the Benedictines of Abingdon, in Berkshire, were required by their canonised founder to perform a daily portion of field labour in addition to the prescribed services of the Church. "In their mode of cultivating the soil they followed the practices adopted in the warmer and more systematically tilled lands of the south. They soon engaged the services of the natives of the vicinity and repaid their labours with a portion of the fruits of their toil; and in proportion as the woods and thickets were cleared, and the swamps and morasses disappeared, the soil yielded a more plentiful return, while the land, being leased or sub-let, became the means of placing the monastery, which was, in fact, the central point of the entire system, in the position of a rich proprietor. From such centres as these, the beams of a new and hopeful life radiated in every direction."‡

"The requirements of the monks, and the instruction they were able to impart around them, soon led to

* Mr. Starr is very much impressed by the fact that there were 14,000 students at these schools. He does not appear to be aware that in Oxford in the Middle Ages there were at one time 30,000 students. See "Pictures of Old England." By Dr. Reinhold Pauli, page 212.

† "Essays in Orthodoxy." By Oliver Chase Quick.

* A. Deloume. "Les manieurs d'argent à Rome." Quoted in Nitti's "Catholic Socialism."

† "Pictures of Old England." By Dr. Reinhold Pauli. Pp. 27-28.

‡ "Ibid., p. 30.

the establishment in their immediate neighbourhood of the first settlement of artificers and retail dealers, while the excess of their crops, flocks and herds, gave rise to the first markets, which were, as a rule, originally held before the gate of the abbey church. Thus hamlets and towns were formed, which became the centres of trade and general intercourse, and thus originated the market tolls, and the jurisdiction of these spiritual lords. The beneficial influences of the English monasteries in all departments of education and mental culture extended still further, even in the early times of the Anglo-Saxons, for they had already then become conspicuous for the proficiency which many of their members had attained in painting and music, sculpture and architecture. The study of the sciences, which had been greatly advanced through the exertions of Bede, was the means of introducing one of his most celebrated followers Alcuin, of York, to the Court of Charlemagne, for the purpose of establishing schools and learning in the German Empire. And although every monastery did not contribute in an equal degree to all these beneficial results, all aided to the best of their power and opportunities in bringing about that special state of cultivation which characterised the Middle Ages."*

So much for the Dark Ages and the malicious libel which insinuates that the Mediæval world was opposed to learning. So far from this being true every mendicant Order, for whatever purpose originally founded, ended in becoming a learned Order. It was the recognition of this fact that led St. Francis, who was a genuinely practical man, to insist that his followers should not become learned or seek their pleasures in books, "for I am afraid," he says, "that the doctors will be the destruction of my vineyard." And here is found the paradox of the situation. So long as learning was in the hands of men who held it in respect it made little headway, but when the new impulse at length did come, it came, as we shall see, from the Franciscans, from the men who had the courage to renounce learning and to lead a life of poverty, for in the course of time the Franciscans became learned as had done the other Orders. Thus we see that the central idea of Christianity to renounce the world in order to conquer it bears fruit not only in the moral but in the intellectual universe.

Sufficient has now been said to refute the charge that the Mediæval Church was opposed to learning. The case of the Franciscans is the only one known to me, and that, as we shall see in a later article, turned out to be a blessing in disguise. What the Mediæval Church was against was heresy, which was often associated with learning. But the suppression of heresy is fundamentally different from opposition to learning, while there is nothing peculiarly Mediæval about it. The Greeks condemned Socrates to death for seeking to discredit the gods, while Plato himself came finally to the conclusion that in his ideal state to doubt the gods would be punishable by death. The Roman Emperors persecuted the Christians for refusing observances to the gods, Marcus Aurelius himself being no exception to this rule, while we show ourselves equally ready to persecute heresy against the State, as in the case of the pacifist conscientious objectors. And so it will always be where great issues are at stake. A people with a firm grip on fundamental truth attack heresy at its roots in ideas. A people like ourselves that has lost grip on primary truth wait until it begins to influence action. But once the heresy is recognised, all peoples at all times have sought its suppression.

Before going further, let us be clear in our minds what we mean by heresy. At different times it has meant different things, but, in general, it might be defined as the advocacy of ideas which, at a given time in a given place, are considered by those in power as subversive to the social order, and the instinct or self-preservation has impelled all peoples at all times to suppress such ideas. In the Mediæval period such persecutions were associated with religion because in that era all ideas, social and political, were discussed under a theological aspect. The position is simple. It is affirmed that every social system rests finally upon the common acceptance of certain beliefs. Any attempt therefore to alter beliefs will tend in due course to affect the social system. Plato carried this idea much further than the question of religious beliefs. In the Republic he says: "The introduction of a new style of music must be shunned as imperilling the whole State; since styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions. The new style," he goes on, "gradually gaining a lodgement, quietly insinuates itself into manners and customs; and from these it issues in greater force, and makes its way into mutual compacts; and from making compacts it goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impudence until it ends by overturning everything, both in public and in private." Plato here recognises that if communal relations in society are to be maintained and men are to share a common life, it can only be on the assumption that they share common ideas and tastes. From this it follows that the nearer a society approaches to the communal ideal the more it will insist upon unity of faith, because the more conscious it will be of ideas that are subversive of the social order. The heretic was the man who challenged this community of beliefs; and the instinct of self-preservation impelled men to suppress such challenges. But a man in the Middle Ages was not interfered with merely because he held certain unorthodox views and refused to retract them. He was interfered with because he sought by every means in his power to spread such ideas among the poor and ignorant who may be easily led away, or among princes, sovereigns, and others in power, whose protection he sought to secure by flattering and abetting their worst passions. The ideas for which the heretics were persecuted were individualist notions disguised in a communist form. The heretics had "no sense of the large proportions of things." They were not catholic-minded in the widest meaning of the word. They had no sense of reality, and if they had been allowed to have their own way they would have precipitated social chaos by preaching impossible ideals.

The position will be better understood if we translate the problem into the terms of the present day. Suppose that Socialists succeeded in abolishing capitalism and established their ideal State, and then suppose some man came along preaching individualist ideas, suppose he were attempting to bring back capitalism in some underhand way by the popularisation of a theory, the implications of which the average man did not clearly understand. At first, I imagine, he would not be troubled. But if he began to make converts, a time would come when Socialists would either have to consent to the overthrow of their society in the interests of capitalism or would need to take measures against him. If ever they were faced with this dilemma there can be little doubt as to how they would act. The Mediævalist attitude towards the heretic was precisely what the Socialist attitude would be towards such a man. The controversies over the Manichean, Arian and Nestorian heresies raged for centuries, and no action was taken against them until it became clear what were the issues involved when the Church through its Councils made definite pronouncements and the heresies were suppressed. They were suppressed because men had instinctively come to feel that they not only imperilled the unity of the faith, but of the social order in addition.

* Ibid., p. 31.

Drama,

By John Francis Hope.

If we are to judge by the first play produced since the armistice was signed, the West End theatres have no surprises for us. "Scandal," at the Strand Theatre, might have been, and probably was, written before the war; the triviality of its subject and treatment is excusable only on that assumption. Its strong scene (third act, of course) is a bed-room scene; and the feebleness of its handling, the irrelevance of it, mark "Scandal" as a typical example of rustic humour. In default of wit, the legendary rustic puts his head through a horse-collar and grins; the actress who cannot act shows her lingerie; the dramatist who cannot write exhibits a bed, and accepts the sniggers and guffaws as a tribute to his dramatic skill. Certainly, it is the only example of dramatic skill offered by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, and it is a triumph for the furnisher and the costumier.

I suppose that no one, except the Bishop of London, will pretend to be shocked by the play; but those of us whose memories of bed-room scenes run back to "The Gay Lord Quex," at least, may confess to being bored. That there is real comedy, satirical comedy, to be made of scandal, comedy which exhibits character, Sheridan showed once for all in his "School for Scandal." What people say, and the manner in which they say it, and the developments that follow from their gossiping, are legitimate subjects for the dramatist. But all those possibilities of the creation of character (which would have given the actors something to do), and of its expression in speech of some import and style, are thrown away by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, because he has a bed in the background. Instead of showing us the scandal-mongers at work, he calls a family council which informs the delinquent that her behaviour is causing scandal, that "people are talking," and that she is bringing the family name into disrepute—but what they are saying, we are never told. The play goes drivelling on until Mr. Hamilton himself, I suppose, wonders how the bed can be dragged in; and then the delinquent faces her accusers with the lie that her midnight visits had not been paid to the disreputable artist but to the reputable millionaire to whom, she alleged, she had been secretly married. He, being a "sport," plays up to her; and by making her play up to the situation she has created, the bed can be shown in the third act.

This much may be said in praise of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's conception of Beatrix; he does not ask us to credit her with a heart of gold, or any nonsense of that kind. He tactfully describes this fool who does not know her own mind as a little imp of mischief, and disposes of her by giving her to the Colonial millionaire who wants her to remain just as she is. Perhaps at the Antipodes her contradictions will seem correct; there they may understand that a woman found in a compromising situation is obviously above suspicion, has, indeed, proved her physical chastity and purity of mind by being found amid circumstances that imply the opposite. Perhaps there "No" means "Yes," and "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," connotes the meaning, "I love you." There, perhaps, the manners of the courtesan are the correct deportment of the virgin; certainly, it is only in some such topsy-turvy world that Beatrix would seem natural. Here, she is simply the fool whose folly does not make merry; she has not even what Shaw called the "bar-maidenly repartees" of her namesake in "Much Ado." She exhibits nothing but her back. and her calf, and her nightgown; and might as well be dumb as talk such drivel as Mr. Cosmo Hamilton puts into her mouth.

The waste of acting ability is appalling. Miss Esmé Beringer, for example, has nothing to do but nurse a puppy, and babble; Mr. William Stack, as the disreputable artist, has about six lines of cliché and an interruption; Mr. Fred Lewis does his best with a Major who has a second drink, and, later, wears a costume like that of "a musical-comedy pirate," as he says. It is not until the last act that Miss Gladys Ffolliott has anything more to do than state the facts of the case, and then it is only the old joke of sea-sickness that she renders with a surprising dignity. Miss Clare Greet, after dancing attendance on Beatrix, gives us a few minutes of excellent fooling with a life-buoy in the last act; and that is all. We might tolerate this poverty of relief if the main subject of the play were interesting; but neither Mr. Arthur Bourchier nor Miss Kyrle Bellew can make anything of it but the dreary waste of time it is.

It is the indecisiveness of the author's handling that is so irritating. He seems to have been unable to make up his mind what to do. There are hints, for example, of an intention to imitate "The Taming of the Shrew"; but that is abandoned when Beatrix, having at last been bullied into her nightgown by her putative husband, is left by him to sleep alone as a reward for her "pluck." The bedroom scene itself is first farce, then drama, then farce again, then drama, and ends as farce with Mr. Bourchier bolting for his own bed. But the dramatic interludes do not convince, because all the conventions, social and dramatic, combine to make the situation unreal; the visible bed is a guarantee of good conduct. But the farcical passages have no ridiculous content; the subterfuge by which Beatrix's friend enters the bedroom in time to save Beatrix's "honour" is no humorous device; the maid leaves the room, ostensibly for her supper, and sends the friend back in her stead. Thus chopping and changing from one mood to the other, neither of which is satisfactorily rendered, the strong scene staggers in its futility.

It simply will not do. You cannot make a drama of a farce by forgetting to be funny, nor make a farce of a drama by everlastingly leading up to conclusions that never happen. It has just occurred to me that, perhaps, Beatrix is intended to be "charming"; that half-acre of bare back, that furlong of stocking, must surely mean something, and what can it mean but "charm"? Charm, we know, is always defined negatively, it is what a woman must have if she has nothing else. Beatrix has no intelligence, apparently no accomplishments, no beauty, no muscular development worth speaking of, and very little clothing. She only dresses when she goes to bed, and for the rest, apparently walks about emulating the natives of Tierra del Fuego. She must be "charming," for she is certainly nothing else.

HONEYMOON.

Here we are squabbling—and only last night. . . .
Clicketty-clacketting,
Beak and claw, once, twice and again,
Like strident cock and querulous hen.
Such foolish racketing.
Passion's art-for-art, love's perverse delight.

Me you'd be spurning?
Industriously turning,
You make your mole-hill,
Think your indignation's burning.
Well, well, Mahomet will
Not come to your mole-mount.
A kiss, we know, would put it out of count,
And yet—it's very rum—
We sit here glum.

H. R. BARBOR.

Glamour and Indigo.

(*From the Provençal of* EN ARNAUT DANIEL.)

By Ezra Pound.

GLAMOUR AND INDIGO.

Sweet cries and cracks
and lays and chants inflected
By auzels who, in their Latin belikes,
Chirme each to each, even as you and I
Pipe toward those girls on whom our thoughts attract;
Are but more cause that I, whose overweening
Search is toward the Noblest, set in cluster
Lines where no word pulls wry, no rhyme breaks gauges.

No culs de sacs
nor false ways me diflected
When first I pierced her fort within its dykes,
Hers, for whom my hungry insistency
Passes the gnaw whereby was Vivien wracked;[1]
Day-long I stretch, all times, like a bird preening,
And yawn for her, who hath o'er others thrust her
As high as true joy is o'er ire and rages.

Welcome not lax,
and my words were protected
Not blabbed to other, when I set my likes
On her. Not brass but gold was 'neath the die.
That day we kissed, and after it she flacked
O'er me her cloak of indigo, for screening
Me from all culvertz' eyes, whose blathered bluster
Can set such spites abroad; win jibes for wages.

God who did tax
not Longus' sin,[2] respected
That blind centurion beneath the spikes
And him forgave, grant that we two shall lie
Within one room, and seal therein our pact,
Yes, that she kiss me in the half-light, leaning
To me, and laugh and strip and stand forth in the lustre
Where lamp-light with light limb but half engages.

The flowers wax
with buds but half perfected;
Tremble on twig that shakes when the bird strikes—
But not more fresh than she! No empery,
Though Rome and Palestine were one compact,
Would lure me from her; and with hands convening
I give me to her. But if kings could muster
In homage similar, you'd count them sages.

Mouth, now what knacks!
What folly hath infected
Thee? Gifts, that th' Emperor of the Salonikes
Or 'Lord of Rome were greatly honoured by,
Or Syria's lord, thou dost from me distract;
O fool I am! to hope for intervening
From Love that shields not love! Yea, it were juster
To call him mad, who 'gainst his joy engages.

POLITICAL POSTSCRIPT.

The slimy jacks
with adders' tongues bisected,
I fear no whit, nor have; and if these tykes
Have led Gallicia's king to villeiny——[3]
His cousin in pilgrimage hath he attacked—
We know—Raimon the Count's son—my meaning
Stands without screen. The royal filibuster
Redeems not honour till he unbar the cages.

[1] Vivien, strophe 2, nebotz Sain Guillem, an allusion to the romance "Enfances Vivien."

[2] Longus, centurion in the crucifixion legend.

[3] King of the Gallicians, Ferdinand II, King of Gallicia, 1157-88, son of Berangere, sister of Raimon Berenger IV ("quattro figlie ebbe," etc.) of Aragon, Count of Barcelona. His second son, Lieutenant of Provence, 1168.

CODA.

I should have seen it, but I was on such affair,
Seeing the true king crown'd, here in Estampa.[4]

IX.

L'AURA AMARA.

[Dante, in the Second Book De Vulgari Eloquio, concerning subject-matter for canzoni, selects *armorun probitas, amoris accensio,* and *directio voluntatis* as subjects treated by illustrious men in the common tongue. He cites De Born's

"Nom puesc mudar q'un chantar non esparja";

this poem, "L'Aura Amara," of Arnaut's; Bornelh's

"Per solatz revelhar
Que s'es trop endormitz."

Cino Pistoija's

"Degno son io, che mora"

his own

"Doglia mi reca nello core ardire,"

mentioning himself as "Amicus eius," the friend of Cino.]

1.

The bitter air
Strips panoply
From trees
Where softer winds set leaves,
And glad
Beaks
Now in brakes are coy,
Scarce peep the wee
Mates
And un-mates.
What gaud 's the work?
What good the glees?
What curse
I strive to shake!
Me hath she cast from high,
In fell disease
I lie, and deathly fearing.

2.

So clear the flare
That first lit me
To seize
Her whom my soul believes;
If cad
Sneaks,
Blabs, slanders, my joy
Counts little fee
Baits
And their hates.
I scorn their perk
And preen, at ease.
Disburse
Can she, and wake
Such firm delights, that I
Am hers, froth, lees
Bigod! from toe to earring.

3.

Amor, look yare!
Know certainly
The keys:
How she thy suit receives;
Nor add
Piques,
'Twere folly to annoy.
I'm true, so dree
Fates;
No debates
Shake me, nor jerk.
My verities
Turn terse,
And yet I ache;

[4] King crowned at Etampe, Phillipe August, crowned May 29, 1180, at age of 16. This poem might date Arnaut's birth as early as 1150.

Her lips, not snows that fly
Have potencies
To slake, to cool my searing.

4.

Behold my prayer,
(Or company
Of these)
Seeks whom such height achieves;
Well clad
Seeks
Her, and would not cloy.
Heart apertly
States
Thought. Hope waits
'Gainst death to irk:
False brevities
And worse!
To her I raik,
Sole her; all others' dry
Felicities
I count not worth the leering.

5.

Ah visage, where
Each quality
But frees
One pride-shaft more, that cleaves
Me; mad frieks
(O' thy beck) destroy,
And mockery
Baits
Me, and rates.
Yet I not shirk
Thy velleities,
Averse
Me not, nor slake
Desire. God draws not nigh
To Dome,[5] with pleas
Wherein 's so little veering.

6.

Now chant prepare,
And melody
To please
The king, who will judge thy sheaves.
Worth, sad,
Sneaks
Here; double employ
Hath there. Get thee
Plates
Full, and cates,
Gifts, go! Nor lurk
Here till decrees
Reverse,
And ring thou take.
Straight t' Arago I'd ply
Cross the wide seas
But "Rome" disturbs my hearing.

CODA.

At midnight mirk,
In secrecies
I nurse
My served make
In heart; nor try
My melodies
At other's door nor mearing.

raik = haste precipitate.
make = mate, fere, companion.

XVII.

[In De Vulgari Eloquio II, 13, Dante calls for freedom in the rhyme order within the strophe, and cites this canzo of Arnaut's as an example of poem where there is no rhyme within the single strophe. Dante's "Rithimorum quoque relationi vacemus" implies no carelessness concerning the blending of rhyme sounds, for we find him at the end of the chapter "et tertio rithimorum asperitas, nisi forte sit lenitati permista: nam lenium asperorumque rithimorum mixtura ipsa tragoedia nitescit," as he had before demanded a mixture of shaggy and harsh words with the softer words of a poem. "Nimio scilicet eiusdem rithimi repercussio, nisi forte novum aliquid atque intentatum artis hoc sibi praeroget." The De Eloquio is ever excellent testimony of the way in which a great artist approaches the detail of métier.]

"Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit."
Propertius II, 1.

Had Love as little need to be exhorted
To give me joy, as I to keep a frank
And ready heart toward her, never he'd blast
My hope, whose very height hath high exalted,
And cast me down . . . to think on my default,
And her great worth; yet thinking what I dare,
More love myself, and know my heart and sense
Shall lead me to high conquest, unmolested.

I am, spite long delay, pooled and contorted
And whirled with all my streams 'neath such a bank
Of promise, that her fair words hold me fast
In joy, and will, until in tomb I am halted.
As I'm not one to change hard gold for spalt,
And no alloy's in her, that debonaire
Shall hold my faith and mine obedience
Till, by her accolade, I am invested.

Long waiting hath brought in and hath extorted
The fragrance of desire; throat and flank
The longing takes me . . . and with pain surpassed
By her great beauty. Seemeth it hath vaulted
O'er all the rest . . . them doth it set in fault
So that whoever sees her anywhere
Must see how charm and every excellence
Hold sway in her, untaint, and uncontested.

Since she is such; longing no wise detorted
Is in me . . . and plays not the mountebank,
For all my sense is her, and is compassed
Solely in her; and no man is assaulted
(By God his dove!) by such desires as vault
In me, to have great excellence. My care
On her so stark, I can show tolerance
To jacks whose joy 's to see fine loves uncrested.

Miels-de-Ben, have not your heart distorted
Against me now; your love has left me blank,
Void, empty of power or will to turn or cast
Desire from me . . . not brittle,[6] nor defaulted.
Asleep, awake, to thee do I exalt
And offer me. No less, when I lie bare
Or wake, my will to thee, think not turns thence,
For breast and throat and head hath it attested.

Pouch-mouthed blubberers, culrouns and aborted,
May flame bite in your gullets, sore eyes and rank
T' the lot of you, you've got my horse, my last
Shilling, too; and you'd see love dried and salted.
God blast you all that you can't call a halt!
God's itch to you, chit-cracks that overbear
And spoil good men, ill luck your impotence!!
More told, the more you've wits smeared and congested.

CODA.

Arnaut has borne delay and long defence
And will wait long to see his hopes well nested.

XI.

The eleventh canzo is mainly interesting for the opening bass onomatopoeia of the wind rowting in the autumn branches. Arnaut may have caught his alliteration from the joglar engles, a possible hrimm-hramm-hruffer, though the device dates at least from Naevius.

Briefly bursteth season brisk,
Blasty north breeze racketh branch,

[5] The phrase *cils de Doma* not yet satisfactorily explained. By some conjectured to mean Our Lady of Pui de Dome.

* "Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is, brittle." The comparisons to glass went out of poetry when glass ceased to be a rare, precious substance. (Cf. Passionate Pilgrim, III.)

Branches rasp each branch on each
Tearing twig and tearing leafage,
Chirmes now no bird nor cries querulous;
So Love demands I make outright
A song that no song shall surpass
For freeing the heart of sorrow.

Love is glory's garden close.
And is a pool of prowess staunch
Whence get ye many a goodly fruit
If true man come but to gather.
Dies none frost bit nor yet snowily,
For true sap keepeth off the blight
Unless knave or dolt there pass. . . . .

The second point of interest is the lengthening out of the rhyme in *piula, niula,* etc. In the fourth strophe we find:

The gracious thinking and the frank
Clear and quick perceiving heart
Have led me to the fort of love.
Finer she is, and I more loyal
Than were Atlanta and Meleager.

Then the quiet conclusion, after the noise of the opening.

To think of her is my rest
And both of my eyes are strained wry
When she stands not in their sight,
Believe not the heart turns from her,
For nor prayers nor games nor violing
Can move me from her a reed's-breadth.

Some Reflections on Professor Leuba's Census.

THE result of Professor Leuba's probing into the religious beliefs of American scientists has occasioned in various coteries not a little surprise. As "R. H. C." recently pointed out in these pages that belief in personal survival after death was entertained by forty per cent. of the physicists, but by only nine per cent. of the psychologists. It is easy enough to divide, according to our temperaments, the sheep from the goats which we are like to take upon ourselves to regard as asses. If we cannot count upon a majority for our beliefs it is always possible to call to our side the best brains. But controversy of this kind is generally tedious and is always vain; for one learns nothing but details of the ethnic peculiarities or cerebral categories of the disputants.

It may be, however, of some interest to set forth a few of the reasons that make a clerical turn of mind more possible among physicists than in the ranks of the psychologists.

I think there can be no question that modern psychology makes a belief in the truth of religion a very difficult matter. The Darwinian Theory pretty effectively forced the door behind which our fathers were fond of sheltering themselves when they felt a need to keep what they were pleased to term the humbler creation at its proper distance. But Darwin, after all, only flung the bodies of mankind among the animals. The mind was still the darling of the gods. But the psychologists have changed all that. One by one our most exalted feelings are analysed, and one by one they are shown to be the psychological reactions of a few elemental appetites we share with the brutes, such as hunger and sex. The Œdipus Complex, the Electra Complex, Anal-erotic character traits, Autistic Thinking, such are a few of the strings that set mankind, like marionettes, dancing on the Stage of Life. The general attitude of psychologists towards religion is one of painstaking explanation. It is not surprising that the psychologist is a little disdainful of religion when, to use the exquisite phrase of Jules de Gaultier, he finds the veil of Vesta conceals a burning Venus.

The physicists are in a somewhat different case. Above all things they are worshippers of Truth. Now Truth, considered as a description of the working of the mental apparatus as it appears in sensation, is a term susceptible of a precise meaning. Outside these very narrow limits the word has no real meaning. There is no such thing as Truth. As Remy de Gourmont says there are only points of view. "What," asks Anatole France, "is the Knowledge of Nature, but the fantasy of our senses." "A scientist shows his understanding when he regards the indefinite progress of science not as the discovery of Truth but as a more direct view and as a more intense sensation of the mystery." Unfortunately there are few scientists who have read the pages of Jules de Gaultier; and Henri Poincaré's dictum that science is a structure built upon a foundation of carefully chosen conventions is not generally accepted. In spite of the physicists science does not deal with reality at all. Reality, in fact, is a fatuous term in the mouth of humanity. Science is an invention of man for dealing with his environment. What is called the Truth of Science is no more than a description of that environment viewed in the light of that invention. The Laws of Nature are as much a contrivance of man as is the aeroplane. Whatever may be the subject matter of science (and just what it is is a difficult problem) emphatically it is not reality. And this is becoming increasingly obvious.

Let us take a simple illustration. The world is a body moving in space. But it is not self-supporting. It is part of a greater system whose most important member is the Sun. The earth swings round the Sun, and the laws of motion make it possible to represent any state of that system at any time by a series of differential equations. But the solar system is not a closed system. It is poised in space and forms part of that vast swirling star stream we call the Universe. But neither is the known Universe self-supporting. It must be part of a vaster structure, utterly unknown to science but postulated, like the ether, to explain the observed phenomena. There is therefore an element of unreality in modern physics in that it deals with the Universe as though it were a closed system which the Universe is not; and modifications which may take place in the known system owing to possible perturbations in the unknown system are necessarily ignored. The Truth of Astronomy is a very artificial affair; and as "A. E. R." pointed out, its real value resides in its utility.

The Truth of Physics disappears into the ether which is an almost pure metaphysical conception. Originally it was invented to fill the interstices between the chemist's atoms. But if its structure is atomic neither one nor a million ethers can do that; and no finite number would serve.

This leads one to the interesting question of infinity; and there have not been wanting mathematicians, like Georg Cantor and our own Bertrand Russell, who have invented a method of dealing with what they do not scruple to call actual infinity. But the new mathematics like Mr. Chesterton's prose seems only fruitful in paradox.

But the astronomers with their unknown universe, the physicists with their chameleon called the ether, and the neo-realist mathematicians with their Transfinite numbers are following in the path of Isaiah who, after laughing at a person for worshipping the work of his hands, fell down and worshipped with great gravity the work of his brains. The mind has added to its legitimate function of describing, and perhaps of regulating, appearance, the wholly illusory one of creating being.

In so far as the physicists pretend they are the high priests of reality, so long will their mental points of

view be fundamentally identical with those of the worshippers of the only true God. The conflict between science and religion has always been amusing, and it is none the less amusing for being, like Life itself, a pure illusion. W. H.

Views and Reviews.

MRS. WARD REMEMBERS.*

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has, in her time, played a considerable part in the intellectual life of England; indeed, her "Robert Elsmere" may be said to have exerted an international influence. America "pirated" it; in Canada, Goldwin Smith declared that the antidote to it was "Ben Hur"; and fifteen years after its publication, M. Brunetière tried to arrange for a French translation of it to appear in the Revue des deux Mondes—but the book was too long. Mrs. Ward was, I suppose, the most formidable of the popular novelists of the latter part of the Victorian era; anti-Feminist to the backbone, she created type after type of highly educated woman, each one worse than the last. When Stevenson wrote to William Archer about Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession," he made only one remark concerning the women in that story; it was this: "My God, Archer, what women!" Shaw, at least, had the excuse of youth and masculine ignorance (or was it knowledge?) of the sex; but Mrs. Ward was of mature age when she began her creation of types of women whose only real rivals in fiction are the heroines of Augusta Evans Wilson. Of perhaps the most memorable of Mrs. Ward's heroines, memorable because her name has been perpetuated by the maker of a cheap cigar, Bishop Mandell Creighton wrote: "So far Marcella, though I know her quite well, does not in the least awaken my sympathy. She is an intolerable girl—but there are many of them. . . . I only hope that she may be made to pay for it. . . It would serve her right to marry her to Wharton; he would beat her." But the condemnation is not limited to Marcella; I can at the moment recall no one of Mrs. Ward's characters of whom I did not hope that Heaven would love him or her so well that we could expect his or her early demise.

I may confess that Mrs. Ward's predilection for fiction has been occasionally a puzzle to me; she so obviously had no vocation for it, lacked the esprit as well as the style that is essential to imaginative creation, that my usual conclusion has been that she adopted the form of the novel as a discipline, or, perhaps, a penance. Huxley (a relative of Mrs. Ward, by the way) compared her reply to Gladstone to the work "of a strong housemaid brushing away cobwebs," and she confesses in these "Recollections" that the comparison gave her "a fearful joy." The comparison is practically a perfect one; she had the bias, and, to a large extent, the training, of an historian. Her contribution to the discussion of the authenticity of Christianity was that it depended, first and last, on the value of evidence; the evidence was, of course, documentary evidence, and the value of it could be determined only by scholars. The view was natural to her, born of a scholarly family, maintaining, to this day, a profound admiration for exact scholarship, and, as I have said, trained to a large extent in the methods of historical research. If the training of a scholar were a guarantee of artistic power, Ben Jonson would be a better dramatist than Shakespeare, Mrs. Humphry Ward a better novelist than, say, Mr. H. G. Wells, whom she disdains in her last chapter—and bad as Wells can be when he tries, at his worst he has what Mrs. Ward never had, the creative impulse. And he is at his worst, curiously enough, when he does what Mrs. Ward has done, that is, when he writes a novel for the propagation of a "view," tries to make imagination do the work of reason, and instead of creating an ideal world tries to reform a real world. Wells sometimes manifests affinity with the spirit of Ballyhooly, but Mrs. Ward is Balliol incarnate; and whatever may have been the value of Balliol's contribution to culture, it made none to creative art.

Mrs. Ward's "Recollections" of Balliol and the "Master" are as worshipful as could be expected. Carlyle once described Jowett as "a poor, little, good-humoured owlet of a body, Oxford-Liberal, and very conscious of being so, not knowing his right hand from left otherwise." Against that, we may set Mrs. Ward's memory of the Master. "On a high chair against the wall, sat a small boy of ten—we will call him Arthur—oppressed by his surroundings. The talk languished and dropped. From one side of the large room, the Master, raising his voice, addressed the small boy on the other side.

"'Well, Arthur, so I hear you've begun Greek. How are you getting on?'

"To the small boy looking round the room it seemed as though twenty awful grown-ups were waiting in a dead silence to eat him up. He rushed upon his answer.

"'I—I'm reading the Anabāsis,' he said desperately.

"The false quantity sent a shock through the room. Nobody laughed, out of sympathy with the boy, who already knew that something dreadful had happened. The boy's miserable parents, Londoners, who were among the twenty, wished themselves under the floor. The Master smiled.

"'Anábasis, Arthur,' he said, cheerfully. 'You'll get it right next time.'

"And he went across to the boy, evidently feeling for him, and wishing to put him at his ease. But after thirty years, the boy and his parents still remember the incident with a shiver. It could not have produced such an effect, except in an atmosphere of tension; and that, alas! too often, was the atmosphere which surrounded the Master."

That Mrs. Ward should cherish such a memory of such a man is a fact more instructive concerning her limitations than much criticism would be: the creative artist would have remarked the schoolmasterly tactlessness of Jowett's question, Mrs. Ward only observes the effect of the false quantity on a most appalling company of scholastic prigs.

I find myself at last fishing for words to describe the impression produced by these "Recollections." To dismiss them as "Victorian" will not do, for the Victorian age occupied two-thirds of "the wonderful century"—and there is nothing wonderful in Mrs. Ward. She was representative of some of the achievements of that age in the limited area of literary culture, but she was not interpretative of its promise. She had the Victorian power to toil terribly (she took three years to write "Robert Elsmere," nearly as long as I took to read it), labouring with all her might to catch up with her forefathers; and had also the Victorian respect for convention and love of success. She seems never to have known a bad scholar, or a politician below Cabinet rank; yet her memory, which ranges from Arnold of Rugby, her grandfather, to Henry James, her friend, and between those limits includes most of the considerable people, retains not one constructive idea, not even one bon mot of excellence. She remembers that Lord Dufferin asked her daughter, aged seventeen, to dance, and that she commemorated his kindness in a passage in "Eleanor"; she remembers that Lord Wemyss prescribed aconite for her boy when he had a temperature; she remembers even, as an example of Henry James' skill in phrasing, that he expressed their desire for "a really nice pudding" in

* "A Writer's Recollections." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins. 12s. 6d. net.)

the phrase, "un dolce come si deve!" Yet she was the contemporary of Stevenson, Hardy, Meredith, Kipling, Barrie; she lived through the whole period of mental upheaval that followed Darwin's enunciation of the origin of species; she has seen (or perhaps she has not seen) the democratic movement of this country rise from the mere atheism and republicanism of Bradlaugh to the dignity of a new political party and a new industrial order, with the definite intention not only of providing an alternative Government but an alternative philosophy of politics—but to literature she has contributed nothing but a few tracts on the higher education of women, with awful examples, to science, nothing, and the Passmore Edwards Settlement is her only contribution to the solution of the social problem. Balliol has fallen with Mr. Asquith, and Mrs. Ward will not survive the ruin. A. E. R.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

JEAN DE BOSSCHERE, AND THE LESS FORTUNATE.

ART, as exposed in the shows opened during the past month, has been almost wholly lugubrious. M. de Bosschère is the best of it, but even his exposition at the Leicester Gallery must be viewed with mingled feelings of pleasure and bitterness. This artist is an excellent draughtsman, a draughtsman of unusual endowment; he has all sorts of technical skill: there is keen intellect in his eliminations in drawing *when* he is doing his own particular work, as in the black and white drawings and frontispiece portrait for "The Closed Door." We note the admirable Cubing and analysis in the portrait of himself, the mastery of line and of composition.

But for the rest, the drawings appear as if made to order and in commerce's most shameful livery. They are an Albert Hall masked carnival with a job lot of costumes, à la Dulac, à la Rackham, à la Persia, à la China; with, perhaps, a trace of old Flemish influence almost wholly obfuscated. It is as if the artist had concealed his own honestly ironic and macabre countenance under the sloppily amiable mask, barber-pink cheeks and white wool whiskers of Father Christmas. Fortunately, the disguise does not wholly cover the actor beneath it. There are shown alternately an understanding of character, a perception of the ludicrous, deliberate slop, damned prettiness, technical skill, sometimes beauty. There is invention, a pot pourri, sometimes translatable into the bald English literality of the phrase. In "The Singer" there is excellent execution in the upper figures, and a memory of Stefano da Verona; "Two Friends," excels in the macabre. In the "War God," we feel that the artist might have taken long enough to eliminate the Mestrovic figure; 49-50-51 show him in his nudity; in the portrait we note the coffin-lid hat; all through the tragic-ludicrous presentations we feel what a fine book De Bosschère really could make if he were given a masterpiece, a great classic, to illustrate, and if he were set loose without some presumable publisher demanding the vendable.

The Etchings are still on show at the "Leicester" (vide my note of some weeks ago). I noticed, again, Belcher's "Mrs. Harris"; Besnard's "La Femme"; a pair of gaudy stockings, by Gaston Latouche; and a curious phase of Whistler in "La Marchandise de Moutarde."

The "Camouflaged Ships" pictures at the Goupil have no æsthetic value whatever. It is apparent that the camouflagers applied vorticism to the ships; vorticism being apparently the only art-theory in England which is based on the actual effect of form and colour on the human eye. Had the war come in the days of Manet, they would have used, or have tried to use, impressionism, and spotted the ships in small dabs. The stripe system must be easier to inculcate in port-painters and labourers. When dealing with actualities and necessities only these non-metaphysical systems of æsthetics are of any use. The metaphysics of the mangel-wurzel post-impressionist, Kandinskysts, Fryites, etc., have not availed during the war. Mr. Everett, however, confines his vorto-cubism to the representation of the ships. Backgrounds, etc., are filled in on the old "Pears' Annual" chromo system. It is difficult to focus Piccabia and Poynter simultaneously. Some of the later "dazzle" designs, as shown in photographs and the manual of dazzle, are of æsthetic interest; Mr. Everett's paintings of none.

There is some sense of distortion in 24. 29 is à la Nevinson; 36 is simple oleo, and the ships are so far in the distance that their designs do not affect the splotch of the whole. 48 is pretty. 9 illustrates faintly the supposition that the design on the ship might confuse the man under the periscope.

F. Sancha's exhibit at the Twenty-one Gallery is plain and flat. There is no reason why he shouldn't exhibit with his contemporaries at Heals. Bevan, Gilman, Ginner, on the other hand, might exhibit at the Twenty-one Gallery. One wonders that several of their group do not try to demonstrate their scope (if extant) by one-man shows in the smaller galleries.

The statuettes at the Fine Arts Society rooms in Bond Street are just academy stuff, boudoir and parlour-ware. There is a trace of ability in one thing by Bertram Mackenna. But they have the crust to show a small bronze of Watts' "Physical Energy," as if the minds of the citizens had not been sufficiently galled by the chryselephantine abortion of this composition which disfigures Kensington Gardens. Certainly, it proves that England suffered no metal famine during the war; but we are no longer in need of that stimulus.

Raemakers' work is so important as political documentation that one does not wish to insult this great pamphleteer of drawing by discussing the ninth-rate draughtsman. As a man who has done fine political work against Germany Heer Raemakers is worthy of every respect. The cartoons—there must be over a hundred—are on show at the Fine Arts Society.

The fine Canalettos, noted in these columns some months ago, are still to be seen in another Bond Street Gallery.

The "Author-Artists Exhibition" at the Little Art Rooms, Duke Street, shows that the Adelphi is swarming with small "galleries"; it also shows that a certain group of people who are, in writing, for the most part, unserious, have determined to be wholly unserious in the use of pencils and brushes. The exhibit is a tribute to the jolly English belief that it is better to be a duffer at several things than to do anything really well. It is the lovely amateur spirit that likes to think of the arts (or anything else that one can't excel in) as a species of joke. We believe from hearsay, and we, at any rate, hope that a novelist who enjoys so wide a popularity as Mr. Arnold Bennett, is more efficient with his pen than he appears to be with his brush. The bold Belloc exhibits one modest and neatly-drawn sketch of "Palace of the Hague and the Hotel de Ville, Louvain." The sketch is so small that probably only half the title belongs to it. Mr. Chesterton rollicks through a couple of book illustrations worthy of the worst Crystal-Palace period of illustration. Cora Gordon has some little pen jokes of babies and cats, Haldane Macfall shows some fuzz. Commander Dion Clayton Calthrop follows Conder at an almost incalculable distance in 48. Mr. Bennett's "Garden Cammarges" has really no merits whatever. Mr. Guthrie's "gesso" and oleos are uncalled-for. Calthrop is neat, almost gaudy in 39.

The proprietor of the Gallery assures me that he is

going in for living artists of all save the most modern schools, and that he will have books on art for sale.

The Fine Arts Society should be thanked for the Raemakers' exhibit, and also for an exhibit of Persian art, which, if I remember rightly, I had no space to mention at the time.

Reviews.

The Iron Ration: The Economic and Social Effects of the Allied Blockade on Germany and the German People. By George Abel Schreiner. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Schreiner spent three years in Germany, Austria, and Turkey as war and general correspondent for the Associated Press of America. He has an almost perfect command of the German language, and an intimate acquaintance with German literature, tradition, and thought; and he went everywhere, and saw everything and everybody. His book does little more than record the impressions of a skilled observer in a series of illuminating anecdotes; he does not attempt to use the more cumbrous apparatus of tabulated data, logic, and theory that the historical student has invented, he writes rather as a man of affairs would talk, with much personal reminiscence and an occasional judgment. If we can trust "the man on the spot," we shall have to revise our judgment of many matters; for example, Mr. Schreiner concludes that our blockade of Germany was premature. If the ideal purpose of military action is to effect the maximum injury to the enemy in the minimum of time and with a minimum expenditure of means, the command "Do it now" is valid only at the right moment. Mr. Schreiner argues: "The British blockade, if applied in the winter of 1915-16, would have had effects it could not hope to attain in the winter of 1914-15, when almost any rational being knew that to starve out the Central States was not to be thought of. The Central States would have continued to live very much as before, and by the end of 1915 the Governments would have been obliged to shut down on imports of food for the civilian population if the gold reserve was not to be exhausted completely, as would have been the case if exports could not balance imports to any extent. Production and consumption would then not have been as well organised as they were under the auspices of the premature blockade, and the downfall for which the Entente has until now vainly hoped, and which will remain the greatest *spes fallax* of all time, would then have surely come. That bolt was shot too soon by Great Britain." That the Germans should have been permitted to import, but not to export, is the argument of a man who does not limit war to the military forces; the Central States would have been bankrupt long ago in that case, and unable to organise their economic system as efficiently as they have done, when their financial strength for internal purposes is undiminished. Mr. Schreiner asserts that "the financial condition of the Central European States to-day is as sound as that of the Entente States. That would not be true if any great share of the Central European war loans had been raised in foreign countries. But, as I have shown, this was not done." Grant that the war debt is heavy, the money and the creditors are in the country; the money has been used in the reorganisation of old industries, and the development of new and substitute industries, with the consequence that the Central States are more nearly self-supporting now than they were before the war, and have, in addition, a larger mercantile marine. "Capital and government became a co-operative organisation, and both of them exploited the produce-consumer by giving him as little for his labour as he would take and charging him as much for the necessities of life as he would stand for—and that was much."

Mr. Schreiner is particularly interesting when he shows the effect of food-rationing on the economic system. The Austrians, for example, began rationing under the pressure of an instant necessity, and that necessity compelled them to create a new socio-economic system which abolished the middleman, or put him in gaol if he would not be abolished. "The profit system of distribution manages to overlook the actual time-and-place values of commodities. Under it things are not sold where and when they are most needed, but where and when they will give the largest profit. That the two conditions referred to are closely related must be admitted, since supply and demand are involved. But the profit-maker is ever more interested in promoting demand than he is in easing supply. He must see to it that the consumer is as eager to buy as the farmer is anxious to sell, if business is to be good. This state of affairs has its shortcomings even in peace." The system adopted empowered the Food Commissions and Controls to establish short-cuts from farm to kitchen that were entirely in the hands of the authorities. It became as great a crime to obtain rationed food by any means other than those permitted by the scheme as it is to obtain money other than that issued by the Government. "The grain was bought from the farmer and turned over to the mills, where it was converted into flour at a fixed price. . . . The miller was given the grain and had to account for every pound of it to the Food Commissioners. . . . The Food Controls held the flour and gave it directly to the bakers, who meanwhile had been licensed to act as distributors of bread. From so many bags of flour they had to produce so many loaves of bread, . . . and the Food Commissions assigned to each bakeshop so many consumers." The bread-cards entitled the consumer to the ration, and the baker was responsible for the distribution of the ration, and he had no excuse before the law if a consumer had cause for complaint. It was his duty to deliver the goods, or go to gaol and lose his licence. Under the pressure of military necessity, the Austrians adopted a system of production and distribution for use, and not for profit, of essential articles of food, and "everybody wondered why it had not been done before." A similar system of "zonification" is now in operation in Germany, and Mr. Schreiner argues that it must persist after the war. Apart from the necessity of stealing the thunder of the Social Democrats (and, incidentally, of shelving the capitalist for the militarist system of production and distribution), the transport difficulties alone will make it imperative to prevent all unnecessary carriage of commodities. He estimates that it will take ten years for Austria, for example, to restore her permanent ways and rolling stock to their previous level of efficiency; and obviously if they are obliged to reduce the average speed of their trains to, say, one-third, they will require either three times the amount of rolling-stock or treble the time to transport the same quantity of goods. Mr. Schreiner does not estimate the probability of an enormous development of motor road traffic; but, in either case, it is obvious that the Central States will not permit more transport of food than is absolutely necessary. The "key" industry is agriculture, and that will remain the chief concern of the Government. The book, we may say, corrects many impressions, and is a valuable addition to the literature produced during the war.

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All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.* (4.)

Pastiche.

OLD ELLEN OF THE HILLS.

The heart of man finds rest and ease
  Up where the amber streamlets fall;
Sighs there with him the sighing breeze,
  And comforts him the curlew's call.

The Man of Sorrows loves to dwell
  Out on the mountains as of old;
Lord of the Hills, His ancient spell
  Transforms the silver eve to gold.

At dayli'gone the sunset turns
  The dark bog water into wine;
The silent pools are sacred urns
  That vintage hold of bright sunshine.

At morning there the crowing grouse
  Calls his defiance to the sun;
In peace at eve the hare may browse
  Contented that the day is done.

Yes! Beauty there has found a home
  Amid sweet Nature, wild and free;
And there I found a living poem,
  A kind old heart that mothered me.

Old Ellen of the Hills her name;
  Her home a straw-clad cosy nest.
All living things, both wild and tame,
  Were Ellen's friends and shared her best.

At morn a vestal virgin she
  Piles high the fire that never dies,
And new blue incense curling free
  From Ellen's side rose to the skies.

Now to the mossy well she goes
  For water from the lucent spring;
Though only Spartan fare she knows,
  We soon shall hear the kettle sing—

Bright leader of an indoor choir,
  Around the hearth she ever sweeps,
Her purring puss enjoys the fire;
  The kettle sings: the cricket cheeps.

She twice a day the kettle fills
  With morn and evening tides of cheer,
And twice the singing water spills
  To brew the cup that brings no tear.

Her only book the window pane
  That frames the page of vale and hill,
There joy and gloom, in sun and rain,
  Come peeping at her window sill.

Her garden, "lovesome thing God wot,"
  Potatoes held and old-time flowers,
Replenishing her little pot,
  Or brightening the darksome hours.

The fuchsia bells, the hollyhock,
  And southernwood—the poor man's myrrh,
Herb mallow, and the fragrant stock
  Danced round her door with floral stir.

Eden would fain have come again
  To that old heart so free from sin;
But Sorrow sighed his old refrain
  O'er God's own glory of the whin.

Old Ellen lived, day after day,
  With ample time to sew and sew,
Or kneel and tell her beads, and pray,
  And watch the 'broidered beauty grow.

Close by the hearth her quilted bed,
  Bediamonded with fashion's spoils,
Pillowed each night her dreamless head,
  And rested her from all her toils.

For seventy years she fought her fate
  With just a needle for a sword,
Till God in mercy moved the State
  To grant a pension and reward.

Now, richer than the kings of earth,
  Old Ellen draws her weekly dole,
Her wants are few, she knows no dearth,
  And lays up treasure for her soul.

True-hearted, simple, kind and sweet
  Is dear old Ellen of the Hills,
The finest sifted heart of wheat
  In God's sure, slowly-grinding mills.

Her lease is past, few years will roll
  Until her blanket is the sod,
And her devout and dove-like soul
  Fly, homing, back again to God.

S. H.

THE TWO OLD BEGGARS OF BAYSWATER ROAD.

THE MAN SPEAKS.

She's blind and old;
I'm older still—
Too old to die.
Death saw me once,
But passed me by.

Too old to die,
Too tired to sleep,
Too poor to live
Without the pence
The ladies give.

She's blind, they say;
But what's the odds
Since I can see?
And that's enough
For her and me.

I see the pavements,
See the feet
Of those that pass;
Across the road
There's grass.

The people move
So quick, you'd think
They like to walk;
I hear them laugh
And talk.

If they are real,
If they're alive,
Then what are we?
Like insects
Crawling painfully.

We do our beat
Quite regular
From Notting Hill
To Marble Arch,
And then stand still.

At Marble Arch
We have to stop;
The road's so wide,
I'd never cross
With her to guide.

So when we get
To Marble Arch
We both stand still,
Then crawl again
To Notting Hill.

Too old to die,
Too tired to sleep,
Too poor to live
Without the pence
The ladies give.

HELEN ROOTHAM.

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