

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE annual article in the "Times" on the legal poor of London is one more proof, if proof be needed, that until the wage-system is abolished there can be neither improvement nor progress in the lot of the proletariat. The year 1912 was one of the best years of trade that England has ever experienced, and it was the last of a number of best years; but in the middle of December the number of paupers was practically the same as it was at a corresponding date in 1900. During the twelve years the ratio and the actual number have always been higher than in the years 1900 and 1912; but only once since 1872 has the ratio been lower, and then only by 0.4 per 1,000. About 100,000 paupers seem to be the lowest number that London can do with; old age pensions, feeding of the school-children, sickness and unemployment insurance, "the most glowing year British trade has ever seen," have availed only to reduce the number of paupers by 204, as compared with the year 1900. "In the years 1890 and 1880, the total pauperism was lower by some thousands than it is to-day." Free and compulsory education makes no difference; the decline of the birth-rate, and even the presence of the Labour Party in Parliament, cannot get the number below 100,000; "the comparisons," says the "Times," "lead to the conclusion that the amount of destitution now existing in London is greater than it was at the end of last century, notwithstanding our modern social legislation. In addition to the amount represented by the latest Poor Law statistics, we have a mass of destitution which is being relieved by Old Age Pensions Acts and other Acts, which in the absence of these Acts would have come under the Poor Law. The pauper lists have been lightened, but the result has not been the disappearance of destitution, or even a large part of it. Thousands of people have simply been transferred to other funds created by Parliament." On the other hand, the cost of Poor Law relief has risen, from 1901 to 1912, by over £600,000. It was

actually £37,343 higher than the expenditure in 1910, the year before the great transfer of paupers to the pension fund. The return for the half-year ended September 30, 1912, shows an increase of £34,373 as compared with the corresponding period of 1911. The division of this increase is interesting: out-relief has risen by nearly £5,000, salaries by £9,000, and £20,000 more was spent on buildings. But we need not labour the details; it is clear that no jugglery will effect any alteration in the state of affairs. If the effect of the Old Age Pensions Act has been so disappointing, we cannot reasonably expect any greater improvement from the working of the Mental Deficiency Act. Practically the only result of the Old Age Pensions Act has been an increase in the number of able-bodied paupers.

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The "Times" actually shirked the discussion of the causes involved; but, none the less, it made an admission. "As to our capital and labour system, the question is too wide for discussion here. It has, of course, a distinct bearing upon the amount of pauperism which London has to maintain, and so long as the unskilled labour market in particular remains in its present state so long will it continue to add to our poverty and always keep alive the misery and degradation which result from it. All who have anything to do with the poorer classes know also that the conditions which have brought about a substantial increase in the cost of living without an accompanying rise in wages have lessened the power of a considerable number of families to live entirely by their own efforts." The admission beggars the whole case for Poor Law reform, for it is not unskilled labour alone that finds itself in less demand in a period of good trade. The Director of the Labour Exchanges tells us that one of the most striking features of the experience of his Department has been that the number of claims in a time of prosperity should be so great. The operation of the Workmen's Compensation Act has made it more difficult for workmen over middle-age to get regular work, and is thus a source of poverty to them and their families. The facts probably are that, during a period of unexampled prosperity and a decline in real wages, the unemployed have been using the younger men, and improved machinery, and that increased production and in-

creased profits really only mean an increase in the productivity of the worker with a concomitant increase in some form of State relief.

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We do not know what optimistic conclusions can be based upon these considerations, but except for their contribution to truth, their value is a minus quantity. They prove, indeed, that no means exist of raising wages, be they legislative, charitable, scientific, or private. If we could lift our voice from the house-tops of the world to proclaim the discovery of the past year and to inaugurate the new and set its problem, we should proclaim that *wages cannot be raised* within the circumference of the wage-system. Try as men may in sincerity or in cunning by any means short of abolishing the wage-system itself, every effort to raise wages must result only in bringing in machinery or in increasing the efficiency of the workmen with the same net effect, namely, that the sum total of wages falls to the general subsistence level of the whole proletariat class. Nay, we would go so far as to say, and with the figures before us to prove it, that by just so much as the State contributes to the subsistence of the proletariat, by just so much the wages paid to the workers generally will fall. This fact ought surely to be evident to-day if it has never been evident before; and it is in its own sphere the most significant discovery in economics ever yet made. Nothing of equal importance to the discovery that wages in general cannot be raised by any means whatever has, we repeat, been recorded in our day; and on the appreciation of the fact depends the whole future of Labour.

* * *

Social reform legislation being seen to be futile, the last excuse for the presence in Parliament of our present Labour Party has gone. But what we should do with them outside Parliament is another question. Certainly, their intervention in the Dublin dispute has not been of such a nature that we should ask them in their present state of mind to adopt industrial action. The "Down Larkin" policy, adopted by Mr. Murphy and endorsed by the Trade Union Congress, has failed; and it has failed so ignominiously that even Mr. Henderson is compelled to admit the fact. "We are now as we were before," says Mr. Murphy; "this," says Mr. Henderson, "must inevitably result in a desperate fight to a finish." Everyone but the Trade Union leaders knew that from the beginning; and everyone but the Trade Union leaders was willing to help not only with subscriptions, but in helping to isolate Dublin. They, and they alone, were responsible for this fruitless attempt to settle the dispute by negotiation; and their hatred of Mr. Larkin has done nothing but please Mr. Murphy, and cover themselves with disgrace and ridicule. "We were very pleasant, and passed a vote of thanks to each other," announced Mr. Murphy; but the Joint Board felt that neither party fully appreciated the motive and spirit in which it had interfered, according to Mr. Henderson. He is wrong, of course; the Irish leaders naturally resented the intrusion of people who would not help them in the only possible way, and Mr. Murphy could afford to treat with pleasant contempt a body of men who had done their best to weaken and discredit his enemy. Once again the shameful confession is made that the Joint Board has no plans for dealing with the dispute in future. But surely it could advise the Dublin strikers to elect Labour representatives to the first Irish Parliament, and agitate for compulsory arbitration, the minimum wage, recognition, argle-bargle-gargle and the rest! The resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted; why not send Mr. Philip Snowden to preach Parliamentary representation to the strikers? "Down Larkin" and "Up Murphy" ought to be an inspiration to the English Trade Union leaders; why not call in Mr. H. G. Wells to prove that proportional representation is the only way of settling matters, or Miss Christabel Pankhurst with her "Votes for Women" specific? Without a plan, is really too

large an admission; what Mr. Henderson really meant was that the Joint Board was rather hurt by the failure. "If it were felt by both parties that the Joint Board could render useful services, they would be glad to act again, but they would not intervene on their own initiative." But why not call a prayer meeting, and ask God to soften Mr. Murphy's heart? The more we think of the matter, the more various are the suggestions that we are inclined to make to the English Trade Union leaders; all of these suggestions, we may remark, are within their power to perform, and none of them is contrary to the policy of "Down Larkin." What has happened is that the English Trade Union leaders have wasted over six weeks, and are now as helpless as ever. With the rank and file calling ever more loudly for the isolation of Dublin, the "Daily Citizen" can only suggest that the Dublin workers are probably beginning to see that the sympathetic strike is not a matter for everyday use. It is disposed to make excuses for everybody (except, of course, Mr. Larkin) on the question of reinstatement. Reinstatement is not altogether an easy matter: there is so much unskilled labour that blacklegs are easily trained to replace the strikers, and so on; indeed, it would seem that the strikers of Dublin are almost impertinent in expecting reinstatement. Anyhow, "under these conditions, reinstatement may present problems of the utmost difficulty, requiring on both sides skill and restraint in regard to their solution." The facts that the employers are trying to introduce the principle of non-Union labour in places where such labour has not recently existed, and that the acceptance of the employers' proposals would mean the destruction of numerous agreements already made, are carefully withheld from the readers of the organ of the Labour Party. The Joint Board is without a plan; the "Daily Citizen" asks everyone to be reasonable, and suggests that the employers should be more charitable.

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Meanwhile, Murphyism crops up in Leeds, and the friends of Labour are either sitting on the fence, or have vaulted over it. The "New Statesman," having said too much, now says too little; while Mr. Philip Snowden preaches, in the "Christian Commonwealth," a Christmas sermon to both the municipality and the employers. His assertion that "a strike of public employees is not in the same category as a strike of workmen employed by a private capitalist" does not differ from that of the "Daily Chronicle" or the "Spectator." His attempts to prove the assertion lack nothing of the ridiculous. "The workman in private employment has no means, other than his trade union, of bargaining with his employer. The municipal workman has. He has a vote, and can use his vote to elect the directors of the concern which employs him." The value of this vote may be speedily determined. Last September, the men's representatives applied for a 2s. rise all round, but they eventually agreed to postpone the whole question until after the November elections. The Labour Party gained three seats (making a total of sixteen), but the Council declined to accept this as proof of public opinion, and offered only small increases to certain grades. The strike followed (and, as we write, is still continuing), and not one of the Labour Members was appointed to sit on the Committee appointed to negotiate with the strikers. The municipal vote does not establish a difference between municipal and private employment; nor should it, for Mr. Snowden's suggestion is only the American principle of "graft" applied to English conditions. But the further suggestion that "the municipal service is not to make profit for private persons, but to supply a public need," is a simple denial of the facts. In a profiteering community, every public service is run for profit, if not directly, then indirectly, and is criticised if it fails to do so. The Leeds Corporation makes a profit on its undertakings equivalent to a fourteen-penny rate; the rises asked for are equivalent to less than a twopenny rate. The wage-system persists in

Leeds, and if strikes are anywhere justifiable, the Leeds strike is equally capable of justification. Mr. Snowden with his categories is only paving the way for the "Daily Chronicle" with its suggestions of the provision of uniforms to indicate that these men have not the right to strike.

* * *

The formation of a Trade Union among the Metropolitan Police has revealed an exactly similar type of mind at the head of the force. Sir Edward Henry issued a notice forbidding membership of the union, but, all the same, about 1,000 constables in mufti (the "Daily Citizen," in its new-found zeal for Murphyism, reported the number as 400), attended a meeting in Trafalgar Square; and the organisers of the union are very well satisfied with the response to their appeal. The Union will not be affiliated to the Trade Unions—yet. But as an indication of the rise in working class spirit, the formation of the Union is to be welcomed. Mr. Belloc's fear that we have progressed too far into the Servile State to retrieve our steps is once again made doubtful. Mr. Syme's own experience in the force explains why he should emphasise the fact that the union could protect its members against injustice and tyranny; the wages question is only an addendum to this, and it is significant of the spirit of the men that they feel themselves insulted by the proffered increase of pay. Sir Edward Henry may fulminate as much as he likes, but the men will join the Union, and the Union will eventually be recognised. On the question of recognition, the "New Statesman" publishes the information that Norway, Sweden, Denmark, New Zealand, Western Australia, and the city of Paris have all been compelled to recognise similar organisations of their police. The fact is not likely to influence the official mind. If the policemen's Union is to be recognised, it will only be as the result of its own efforts. Mr. Snowden may interrogate the Home Secretary when Parliament meets, but recognition will not be granted as a result of Mr. Snowden's questions. The organisers of the Union are wiser in relying on the precedent of the postal servants, for recognition will not come until there is something capable of being recognised. Meanwhile, it is noteworthy that the majority of the men who have joined are not the young hotheads with only two or three years' service, but men with from eight to nineteen years' experience of the petty tyranny of the police force.

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At the moment, strangely enough, when the Government is imitating Mr. Murphy and denouncing trade unionism among its own servants, employers of a more far-sighted intelligence are everywhere putting out feelers towards a policy of co-operation with trade unions. On the chief American railways a system has lately been instituted under which the branch secretaries of the Railwaymen's Unions are at the same time entrusted with responsibilities directly by the companies; and in Italy, as we shall shortly describe in some detail, a rapprochement between private and public corporations and trade unions is imminent. Indeed it is the general complaint that such a partnership is delayed rather by the men than by the masters; for while, from one point of view, the latter would appear to be most naturally opposed, the former cannot as yet make up their minds either to accept or reject the proposed offer, and in the meantime, drift helplessly. Certainly there are objections, and serious objections, to partnership between private corporations and trade unions. Though the status of the proletariat would be transformed and raised by this means, the effect on society at large would be little short of disastrous; for instead of having to meet, as we meet to-day, a monopoly of capital only, under the new circumstances we should meet a joint monopoly of both labour and capital. To what height would not prices rise, and what ransom should we not have to pay as consumers? On the American railways,

for example, rates have by no means fallen in consequence of the new status and increased wages given to the Unions. On the contrary, rates are rising, and not all the well-meant warnings of President Wilson will impede the process by more than a week or two. And the same effect is reported from Italy and will, we are certain, be seen in the case of our own Great Western Railway. An obscure paragraph in the "Times" of last Tuesday announced that the directors of this Company have invited the co-operation in a degree of management of their staff and particularly in respect of devices for improving the efficiency (that is, the cheapness) of the administration. Rewards are offered for practical suggestions, and the co-operative goodwill of the staff is thereby invited. From this to open collaboration with the Union as a union is but a step; and the step is with the Union to take. In short, as we have frequently said, the Union, when it is reasonably blackleg-proof, will have the choice of partnership with its present employers or with the State. But while for the Union the choice is for the moment indifferent—partnership being in either case a distinct advance upon wage-slavery—for the public it is vital. Hence the importance to us, at this moment above all moments, of insisting on State recognition of trade unions, since before long these latter will have us in the hollow of their hands.

* * *

The Committee of Six appointed to report on the possibility of amalgamating the unskilled unions whose members total over half a million has undertaken a necessary task. It is obvious that no union can be regarded as blackleg-proof that either has not a complete membership of its own skilled constituents or that can be supplanted in an emergency by unskilled non-unionists. The latter are, in fact, a greater menace at the present moment than any other factor of the situation, for as industry become more mechanised the ease with which for temporary purposes the unskilled can make a shift to blackleg the skilled is increasing. It follows that in order to obtain a monopoly of its labour a union must not only consider its own working members, but also the source of their supply and their possible substitutes. To be blackleg-proof in the full sense is to be able to control both the immediate labour involved and the labour as well that could practically be substituted for it. Hitherto, however, the snobs and prigs of the "skilled" Trade Union world (though they are all slaves together) have made a distinction between themselves and their "unskilled" fellows, and the latter have been left to sink or swim as they could; with the result, in strike after strike, that they have swum into industry as blacklegs and ruined the hopes of the unions that had despised them. The proposed Amalgamation is, we hope, a sign that this wretched impolicy is to be abandoned. There is no hope for Labour, we can certainly say, in sections. Its leaders must not imagine they can pick and choose amongst any classes of the proletariat and attend to one while neglecting the other without experiencing the reaction on themselves of their narrowness. A gain to one is *not* a gain to all!

* * *

There is nothing new to note of the Postal unrest, nor, we fear, will anything worth noting occur until the Union has dismissed a good half of its officials. It is really incredible that men, otherwise normal, should display abnormal stupidity in their selection and judgment of leaders entrusted with the power to make or mar their economic fortune. If in any military army on active service the generals had behaved as the postal servants' leaders have behaved during the last few months, they would have been shot; but, so far as we can gather, the postal leaders are not even to be shot out. The difficulties of the situation, we can well understand, are considerable. The leaders have more facts in their possession than we have; their members are by

no means completely organised; no change can be made during the negotiations with Mr. Samuel; and the present time of the year is unfavourable. But all this is petty by the side of the fact that the leaders quite definitely have their eye on Parliament. This obliquity of vision is enough in itself to distort the judgment of Trade Union leaders even under the most peaceful circumstances. What it results in during stress is plain in the case of the postal affair; and the only remedy that we can see is to abolish the "twicer" in Trade Unionism, and to refuse to allow an official to be so much as a candidate for any other public office than his own. Such a rule, adopted by the Trade Unions at their next Conferences, would cause a stampede in the present ranks of the leaders and purify them of canting bethelites as no mere criticism could. For all the immediate satisfaction, however, to Mr. Samuel and his friends in the Union, the postal grievance remains exactly where it was. A fifteen per cent. fall in real wages is not to be disguised by parliamentary candidatures, nor can the offer of a three per cent. rise in wages be conceived to satisfy the demand for complete recompense. Either the postal servants will permanently reduce their standard of living to fit their lowered wage-rates (in which case the whole proletariat class will have sustained another great defeat) or they will agitate and find men to lead them. If men capable of leading them are not to be found in their own ranks they must look elsewhere. But we refuse to believe that in all the postal service there are not plenty of men of character if only the members would seek them.

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The birthday dinner to Lord Burnham, the chief proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph," was remarkable for the delusion under which its celebrants laboured that the "Daily Telegraph" is a creation for a nation to be proud of. That it requires a good deal of energy and comparatively great business qualities to make a financially successful newspaper is, no doubt, true; but so it does to found any other business on a big scale. The supposition, however, that there is any more necessary relation between "moral force and intellectual power" and financial success in the case of a newspaper than in the case of any other manufacture is obviously baseless. Men have built up and made fortunes out of businesses conducted for the manufacture of shoddy and even of worse stuff than shoddy; the mere existence of a demand is no proof that the provision of the supply is a public spirited act; but on the contrary may be evidence that the provision is work for commercial prostitutes and adulterers. The "Daily Telegraph" compares favourably in only one respect with the rest of the profiteering Press: its news-service is more complete than theirs. But in respect of intelligence in public affairs, political, social, literary or artistic, it is in our unbiased opinion on no higher level than any of the halfpenny Press. We have no recollection of a single occasion on which the "Daily Telegraph" has attempted to lead or educate public opinion against its advertisers—and that, after all, is the test of the "moral force" of a journal.

OUTPUT.

To Heaven the stacks of writing reach
Until the good God wishes
Instead of gifting men with speech
He'd made them mute as fishes.

A blessing on the silent crew
That work and sleep, like cattle;
And have too precious much to do
To pester us with prattle.

A. E. W.

Current Cant.

"The 'Daily Telegraph' set out to be above all things a human newspaper; it was not ashamed to be a very human newspaper."—"The Observer."

"In this era of breathless progress."—"The Referee."

"Mr. Lloyd George is the most wonderful of men."—"Daily Express."

"The women militants are informed by the Christ spirit."—"The Suffragette."

"Lie on your back and prolong your life."—"Daily Mirror."

"The King has granted to Mr. Asquith two prolonged audiences. These audiences must have been of astounding interest."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"London, what a delightful place! Pedestrians pacing the streets as if they really owned them, as they do."—LORD WOLVERTON.

"I am inclined to think no one is worth more than £5,000 a year. Not even the Lord Chancellor."—LORD HALDANE.

"Comfort, hygiene, leisure, and intellectuality, such as constitute the senile idea of the Socialist."—GEORGE SANDEMAN.

"Christabel Pankhurst has the power to write of these things [syphilis and gonorrhoea] as I think no other being has."—CONSTANCE LYTTON.

"Mr. Lloyd George is never so happy as when he is fighting the monsters of monopoly and oppression."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Away with dull and hurtful stuff by all means."—"Evening News."

"It is better to vote in the wrong lobby than not to vote at all."—REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE.

"Church and unrest . . . Bishop of London's proposed special prayer."—"The Standard."

"The year that is closing has been one full of incident and event as far as Church life is concerned."—"Morning Post."

"Politicians are the priests of humanity."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"Demos, content to progress on foot, had popular sympathy . . . but on horseback, and drunk with vanity and ambition, he is a creature requiring proper control . . . interests . . . public safety . . . awakened public."—"The Referee."

"A life-size model of Mr. George Bernard Shaw will appear in Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition for the first time on Boxing Day."—"The Star."

HIS LAST WISH.

"Sir,—We have just lost our father, and two hours before he died he asked for 'Reynolds's Newspaper.' He was a reader of your paper for years, also a great Labour man all his life. He just gained consciousness for five minutes, and he thought he could see something in your paper, which we had to run and get. It was a wonderful sight to see him die with your paper in his hand. My mother gives you the liberty of doing as you like with this letter. I am his eldest daughter. I thought you would like to know how much a dying man could be comforted by your dearly beloved paper.—Wishing you every success, MRS. BURROWS."—"Reynolds's Newspaper."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHAT chiefly appealed to me in connection with the passing of the American Currency Bill was the fact that it was hung up, with small prospects of its passing, until the American Bankers' Association had met and suggested several important amendments, many of which were accepted. As the measure stands it is but another attempt to tinker with the complex American banking system, which has already been tinkered with more than enough. Even in the earlier period of the Republic we had the preliminary disputes over the organisation forced on, rather than recommended by, the Provisional Government, which finally, and only after many squabbles and intrigues, got itself pulled together in such a way that Washington could be chosen President; we had the plans of Alexander Hamilton; we had the great fight between President Jackson and the National Bank of his time; we had President Tyler's useless interference, and so on. Panic after panic has been followed by scheme after scheme; and, whether the schemes put forward were good or bad, the "exigencies" of party politics always prevented them from being properly applied.

* * *

It is right that President Wilson should have credit for getting his Bill through; but not even his most unbalanced admirers, his most lyrical panegyrists, among whom we must reckon the present Washington correspondent of the "Times," will credit him with the contents of a Bill in which the chief share is not by any means his. The Senate Committee's inquiry was long and exhaustive; the amendments were bewildering; and it is questionable whether the measure as now passed is understood by even a dozen professional bankers in the country. Certainly the expert opinions pronounced upon it are diverse and contradictory; and I have no intention of adding to the chaotic number. I confine myself to one point. It has all along been the complaint of European bankers that there was no central authoritative national banking institution in the United States corresponding to, say, the Bank of England or the Bank of France. This was a complaint frequently heard in the United States, and I do not think I shall be contradicted by the best authorities when I say that, in so far as American bankers looked for reform at all, they looked for reform in the shape of a national bank.

* * *

Now, this national bank, this one authoritative centre, is exactly what the Bill does not provide. It creates a minimum of eight and a maximum of twelve central "bankers' banks," which will be supervised and partly controlled by a Federal Board at Washington. If the maximum had been three banks of this character, instead of twelve, there might have been some possibility of the bankers of the country working together under the control of the Federal Board, but with the minimum number established at eight any co-operation is out of the question, just as centralisation in the European sense of the word is out of the question.

* * *

There are one or two curious features about this Federal board, by the way. One of the amendments hurriedly passed towards the end of the final debates was one exempting the officials appointed by the Federal Board from the regulations governing the appointment of ordinary civil servants. This brings us to the Federal Board: what is it? It is to consist of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency, and five members appointed by the President. In other words, the Federal Board, which is to be in charge of the banking system of the country, is to be a purely party organisation; and the officials it may appoint, who are to be freed from the ordinary civil service regulations, will inevitably be men who have

helped the party in office to attain to power. It is almost exactly as if the Bank of England and all it represents were to be given over to the alternative caprices of Mr. Lloyd George, with a few of his promoted insurance inspectors, and of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, flanked by some of those bespectacled young Tories who browse over statistics and prove that Tariff Reform means work for all.

* * *

I agree with those American bankers who have expressed fears that the new system may give rise to a vast amount of inflation; but I do not think that inflation will ever proceed so far in the United States as it has done once or twice already. Finance becomes a more delicate matter every year, and in financial affairs the United States, whether the people there like the prospect or not, will become more and more subject to European influence. If this statement is questioned I will venture to set down one or two figures which may properly be called startling.

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Contrast the flourishing United States of America, with her estimated population of 92,000,000, and the Argentine Republic, with a population of 8,000,000. That the United States has an area nearly three times as large as that of Argentina need not concern us for the moment: it is rather of advantage to my argument that the trade which directly affects us is shifting from North to South America. If we were asked what we chiefly depend upon the United States for at the present time, we should have to answer food supplies, above all wheat and meat. We could easily dispense with the shoddy American machinery which is so often dumped upon us, and we might at a pinch dispense also with American tobacco; but our food supply is vital.

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Well, then: in 1911, the last year for which I can find authoritative statistics, we imported from Argentina wheat to the value of £5,736,000, and from the United States wheat to the value of £5,249,000. In the same year the United States sent us cattle worth £3,000,000, bacon and ham worth £7,700,000, and fresh beef worth £397,000; but Argentina sent us fresh beef to the value of £9,200,000 and fresh mutton to the value of nearly £3,000,000. That is to say, we have already begun to get more of our vital food-stuffs from the Argentine Republic alone than from the United States. When it is borne in mind that our financial interests in all the South American Republics are gigantic, and that financiers are powerful people, it will be seen, I think, that there is a lesson here for any man or body of men who would venture to disturb credit or interfere with banking systems to the extent of "undue inflation."

* * *

One more point while we are on the subject of America. This country has definitely agreed with the German Government that neither country shall participate officially in the Panama-Pacific Exhibition. There are several reasons for this decision; one or two of them I may mention. In the first place there is much feeling over the tolls question, and the attempt to relieve American shipping of part of the charges. This remark applies to several European countries, who are greatly dissatisfied with the official attitude of the Washington Government. Secondly, it costs too much to get goods to San Francisco. An English engineering firm estimated that it would take £250 to get £1,000 worth of exhibits erected in the Exhibition grounds. I have heard a well-known public man remark that the Americans really had no need of a special exhibition; they had made one of themselves by arranging for such a display on the Pacific side of the Continent instead of the Atlantic side. Thirdly, there have been too many exhibitions of late. They no longer "pay," and an exhibition in California would mean a heavy loss to almost every European firm taking part in it.

Personality in Guild and State.

WHEN large social reconstruction is adumbrated, the question naturally and inevitably is asked, "How does it affect personality?" The artist, already in the frying-pan and fearing the fire, asks—perhaps too superciliously—if he must forsake his art and become a common working man. The craftsman, long since cast into the flames, fears nothing worse than the existing industrial inferno. Nevertheless, he too thinks wistfully of that sacred essence, the mark of man's high calling, which we vaguely describe as personality. And so it is with all of us. We know both by reason and instinct that futile toil can only be transformed into fruitful work by the magic touch of the genius that is our common heritage—personality. Even our laws, duly enacted by Parliament, distinguish, however blindly, between reality and personality. The question is vital: Will the new system cherish and develop the divine qualities of mankind? If no, then our labour is vain; if yes, then let the change come quickly.

It has been repeatedly charged against us that we have discussed the change from wavery to the fellowship of the guilds with an inhuman disregard for human ambitions and weakness; that our statements are too economically precise to be humanly applicable. As who should say that the doctor in diagnosing his patient's disease does not understand the drama and tragedy that lurk beneath the pain. But the doctor, if he truly understand the healing art, will reply that the patient can never adequately appreciate the possibilities of his own personality until the pain and its predisposing causes have been removed. So it is with the economist. He knows that the most disagreeable yet most insistent question to be answered before any change can be effected is, what does it cost? There are thousands of boards of directors who regard their company's auditors as cold-blooded and unimaginative because they report upon the affairs of an enterprise as they are and deliberately ignore the rosy promises of the prospectus. The economist's task is as thankless as an auditor's; he must fasten upon "value" and the social factors that create value. He may properly point to wasteful methods of production and show that a wasteful economy spells an impoverished life. But he must rigidly confine himself to ascertained facts, of course, giving to each fact its true significance. This has been our method throughout. Nobody knows better than ourselves that it does not lend itself to purple patches, to the rhetoric of the idealist, or to popular appeal. Above all, as a working hypothesis, it can deal with the elusive qualities of personality only so far as they constitute a denominator common to the vast majority of the community. All its propositions must be based upon average. There is a host of clever men who, in a material sense, thrive upon the existing industrial system. They naturally look askance at any change which threatens their position. "Our personalities," we can hear them say, "find ample expression in the social system as it is now arranged; we are reasonably content." We might retort that their qualities would find equal acceptance in the National Guilds; that the richer the life, the greater the opportunities of exceptionally able men. But the true answer is that if average personality is impoverished, an economic change is essential, if the community is to be saved. We can safely leave the exceptionally endowed to take care of themselves. If they can thrive under our present barren economy, they will thrive better under a more fertile system. And the artist (using the word in its widest sense), who to-day ministers to the starved decorative sense of a tiny group of rich vulgarians, must soon perceive that a more effective distribution of wealth makes for his own aggrandisement. If he cannot see, or at the very least feel, this, then ipso facto he is no artist. True art only blossoms out of the life of the commonalty; if it be the product of, or dominated

by, a privileged section, its work is as transitory as the privileges of the class to which it has prostituted itself.

Elusive and disconcerting though its manifestations may be, personality is properly the economist's most important problem. Not to put it any higher, we know with certainty that a machine-controlled proletariat is incapable of qualitative production. Perfection in machine methods may lead to complete quantitative production; qualitative production can only be found in the perfection of personality. It follows that the economist can only disregard personality by assuming that qualitative production has no economic significance. Art, craftsmanship, skill of brain, eye and muscle, imagination, sense of colour and outline—all these qualities are common to personality and qualitative work. They are obviously the stuff and texture of all economic inquiry. Whatever hinders, hurts or poisons these qualities, it is as certainly a disease in the body politic as is cancer in the human body. We now know that the destructive element in our social system to-day, hindering, hurting and poisoning the human personality is the wage system. We know that so long as labour is sold as a commodity that just so long is personality wasted and dissipated. For the purchaser of labour, try how he may, cannot purchase personality with wages. Personality, like salvation, is beyond price; it cannot be a commodity, a thing of exchange value, bought and sold on the market with cotton, coal, iron, cattle and pigs. The problem that confronts us to-day is how to fuse personality with labour from the earliest processes of production to the final distribution of the finished product. This, we now know with mathematical certainty, can never be achieved under wavery, because the wage system divorces personality from labour power. The logic of this is so transparently simple that it cannot be revealed to the wise and prudent. The capitalist scoffs at it. "Tut, tut!" he says, "I expect all my workpeople to put their personality into their work. What do I pay them for?" Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, suffering from the same capitalistic myopia, actually wrote a considerable tract to prove that the pay accruing to an industrial partner is precisely the same thing as the wage paid to an industrial helot. We cannot waste time and space perpetually arguing the fundamental difference between these two methods of industrial remuneration; we are content to await the moment, which cannot be now long delayed, when Mr. and Mrs. Webb, with their little group of satellites and sycophants, will limp into the limelight vociferously shouting that all along their one purpose was to abolish the wage system. In the sphere of economics, as in law, personality expresses itself in property. The terms of the wage system explicitly deny property to the proletariat, allocating it mainly to rent, interest and profits, with trifles contemptuously flung to the salariat. When, therefore, the capitalist demands personality as well as labour power in exchange for wages, the answer is final: Personality, economically considered, demands property; you decline to share property with your workers and, therefore, you get labour minus personality. Inside the wage system there is no escape from this dilemma. And it also follows that if the workers sell their labour and cannot sell their personality, their personality remains unapplied, and is, therefore, wasted. This waste cannot be measured in terms known to economics, philosophy or religion. The myriads of personalities flung barren and incontinent upon the industrial scrap-heap is a vision dreadful and humiliating.

Since the commodity theory of labour condemns the wage slave to the negation and atrophy of his personality, excluding him from the expression of himself in tangible and spiritual property, we may move with certainty from the region of pure economics to essential religion (the eternal factor distilled from ascertained, but transitory economic conditions) and so condemn wavery as degrading and immoral. To destroy personality is to commit sacrilege in the "temples of the

Holy Ghost." And any religious system that defends or tolerates wavery necessarily stands condemned as fundamentally immoral and irreligious. We are rapidly moving towards the practical realisation of this plain truth. Already the wage earner has instinctively grasped the fact that he is in inappropriate company in church and chapel. We need not expect any change in the official church attitude towards wavery, until this instinct is backed by reason. But whilst the economic argument is irrefragable, doubtless it will be the palpable human degradation of wavery that will bring the community, including the churches, to its senses. In our opinion, no more fruitful work can be done at the present stage of the controversy than to stress the horrors and degradation of the wage system. As economists having counted the cost, we now welcome every effort to destroy wavery, whether based upon the economic facts or their ethical implications.

The workers who claim possession of their own personality in the production and distribution of wealth (who understand that this is only possible by securing the monopoly of their labour through the organisation of National Guilds) will find themselves subjected to nagging criticism, if not actual opposition, by the State or bureaucratic Socialists. It is evident that when the Guilds are blackleg proof, it is the Guilds and not the State who will dictate economic policy. This by no means chimes with the intentions of these political busybodies. Their criticism has already assumed two forms. They are worth examination, if only to confirm our own argument.

We must remember that the continuance of wavery is predicated by State Socialism. Rent, interest and profits are in consequence a permanent factor, but by some political jiggery-pokery not yet disclosed, rent, interest and profits are to be repaid to the wage earners after they have been already distributed amongst the existing possessing classes whose property has been purchased at capital value. For the sake of the argument, we must accept this foolish proposition. Now let us see its application to wage abolition and the formation of National Guilds. Mr. Webb, or some disciple, assuming a severely practical air, will say that it would be fatal to the community to permit the existence of any monopoly unless to the State is reserved the power to fix prices. For otherwise, so it is contended, a Guild might aggrandise itself at the expense of the community. And so it would, if the energies of the Guild were diverted from economic production to uneconomic profit-mongering. In such circumstances, we do not doubt that drastic State supervision would become necessary. But we have already provided against any such sectional selfishness, in three different ways: (i) By rendering it nugatory by eliminating the motive for exacting profits by abolishing wavery; (ii) By the representation on the executive of each Guild of every other Guild; (iii) By final reference of all disputed questions to the Guild Congress. It will be observed that the Guilds, acting for their own members, settle their differences without resort to State machinery. It will be found that this course of action is dictated by a fundamental principle, which may briefly be stated as the right of the worker to the possession of his own personality in wealth production free from the intervention of State or bureaucrat. But what, in the circumstances, is meant by "price"? "Pay" has supplanted "wage," rent, interest and profits have been consigned to Limbo. Obviously, the fixing of price means the standard of living insisted upon by the Guild membership, consistent, of course, with economic possibilities. In other words, an assertion of personality. Whether with or without wavery, it is vital to healthy economy and wise policy, that the workers shall retain this right, not conceding it even to the State. We may be certain, however, that the State Socialists will fight this issue, first by pressing forward State purchase and so necessarily continuing wavery; then, by attempting to play off one Guild against another; then, by sham patriotic

yelps in favour of State supremacy (even over men's souls); finally, when all else has failed, by proclaiming that they always favoured Guild organisation and that their detestation of wavery was so fierce that they only prolonged it so that it might be the more effectually killed.

A more specious claim for State supremacy may be summed up thus: Economic personality is communal rather than personal. The security arising from strong government and the mutual interdependence of every unit of the population have given an indefinitely increased productivity to each individual. Therefore, the individual is not entitled to claim sole possession of his own personality: It belongs partly to the State, partly to himself and partly to the other members of the community. Thus one man, being a mason or a clerk or a journalist, disputes the right of the railwaymen to a monopoly of their labour, because, socially considered, he, too, is in part a railwayman. As a citizen he therefore claims that he must have something to say in the governance of the transit workers, and the only way this can be done is through the State. This argument would undoubtedly carry conviction, if the Guilds disavowed all responsibility towards the State. It might apply to the popular conception of Syndicalism, which is supposed (wrongly we think) to deny the existence of the State which has apparently dissolved into the *Ewigkeit* or merged into a vague and shadowy world-power. So far as the case for National Guilds is concerned, however, the argument is inapplicable and irrelevant. For we have throughout strongly emphasised the need for State organisation and have suggested that functions of supreme importance appertain to it. Granting, as we do readily, that the State, as representing the community at large, does undoubtedly enrich the economic and spiritual qualities of individual personality, it is abundantly evident that the State is entitled to make a precept upon the Guilds for the equivalent value bestowed both upon the Guilds and their individual members. But what does the State demand? Nothing more and nothing less than maintenance at the highest possible level of efficiency. In short, the power to levy taxation. We have often argued this but it is worth reiteration. The price of the Charter granted by the State to the Guilds is obviously fixed by the requirements of the State. No Guildsman would dispute the point; as a Guildsman he willingly agrees to it; as a citizen he insists upon it.

It is probable that the final struggle between State Socialism and the claim of the National Guilds to complete economic independence will centre round this very point. The State Socialists will hardly adopt the hard materialism involved in the divorce of personality from labour inherent in wavery; but they will not attach to personality that intimate association with labour, that subtle combination of work with soul, that must be the religious inspiration of the new order of society.

Letters on War.

By "A Rifleman."

III.

At the risk of "damnable iteration" it were well to summarise the points made in our last letters. Tracing the function of warfare—crude physical force—in the evolution of society, we observed that (1) success in war carries with it the potentiality of the highest form of economic development, (2) that such success equally carries with it the potentiality of the highest degree of physical and moral development, (3) that the property instinct, whether as applied to weapons, land, women, or in fact to any object of desire, is created by the instinct to gratify the animal-appetites of mankind, (4) that moral codes, whether applying to sex or property, are themselves a reaction from the sentiment of respect for the superior physical force which in all ages has been upon the side of the property-owners because (5)

property of all descriptions takes its origin in superior physical force as in a community lacking in social organisation, a prey to unrestrained animal instincts, only the physically strong can possess property.

Considering (1) that success in war carries with it the potentiality of the highest form of economic development, we have seen that the peoples successful in war are enabled to seize upon the environments most favourable to economic development and have traced the Saxon colonisation of England as a familiar instance of such a seizure of an environment favourable to economic development by a warlike race. The repeated invasions of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Italy by hardy, vigorous barbarian peoples are similar cases in point of the movements of the warlike races to the most favourable environments. The fertile alluvial plains of Babylonia, the river-belt of the Nile, the well-watered forest-clad slopes of Italy, the rich and varied resources of Greece, have in all ages acted as loadstones to attract successive waves of invasion, and it was ultimately the races most physically powerful, most gifted in the power to develop their environment that finally maintained themselves against the onrush of the later tempests of invasion and developed great and characteristic civilisations.

Returning to our study of the Saxon invasions of Britain as a most convenient example of the seizure of the most favourable environment by a warlike race and its subsequent development we note that at a very early period, in fact whilst yet in their German Fatherland, the invaders had developed a species of loosely organised tribal monarchy analogous to the monarchies developed by the modern Zulus and the people of Uganda ere they succumbed to British influence. These monarchies no doubt took their origin early in the transition period from the semi-nomadic hunting phase to the semi-nomadic semi-agricultural phase. As game became increasingly scarce, causing the hunting-communities to trespass upon one another's hunting grounds there ensued a period of wars and migrations in which the military qualities possessed by bold warriors and skilful leaders would naturally raise them to predominance over their fellows whilst the tie of a common speech and common racial characteristics would naturally create a sentiment of racial solidarity, of clanship, between those hunting tribes of kindred race who wandered, impelled by the necessity of finding new food resources, into the territories of a different race. Thus in the course of generations there would be developed rude tribal monarchies among the invading peoples. The same community of instincts which led to the earliest social groupings of mankind, which set the primitive marsupial type travelling in herds analogous to the herds of the reindeer and other animals, which led to the evolution of the semi-nomadic horde, would, acting on a larger scale lead to the evolution of the tribal monarchy. Impelled by like circumstances, by an irresistible need to find new food resources all over a vast area, the tiny hunting groups, the shaggy, unkempt warriors with their rude bows and spears, the women bowed with burdens, with shrill voices, chattering children and gaunt, savage, wolf-like hounds, would be set travelling they knew not whither. With no more conscious act of volition than has the cloud of locusts which sweeps along to devour the scanty green of the African plain, or which sets the ants sweeping forward in great columns of invasion to overwhelm all opposition by sheer weight of numbers or else to perish utterly; so, long anterior to the dawn of history and down even to modern times, as the peoples of the world have overflowed their economic resources, a community of instincts has set them travelling in great waves of invasion and colonisation. The conquest and colonisation of America, Africa, Australia and New Zealand by English, Spaniards, Dutch, etc., is only part of the same general movement which led to successive invasions and colonisations of England by Celts, Brethons, Saxons, etc., and which set the Aryan peoples travelling far from their earliest centre of evolution to colonise prac-

tically all Europe, the greater part of Asia and America, and even Africa. A movement of economic expansion which when dispassionately analysed resolves itself into the same blind subconscious working of animal instincts as sets the Driver ants marching to ruthlessly overthrow all that crosses their path or perish in the attempt. When the Imperialist rants about "taking up the White Man's Burden" how little he realises that he is all unconsciously obeying the same impulse which sets the locusts travelling upon their devouring, destructive errand!

Driven to expand by the workings of imperious animal appetites, the semi-nomadic hunting tribes would be forced to continually extend the range of their wanderings after game. The same conditions acting over a vast area would create a general movement of the tribes causing them to overlap one another's hunting grounds, and during successive generations, to an accompaniment of furious strife, and the play, naked and unashamed, of animal appetites in savage lust and brutal passions, there would develop a great wave of migration and invasion, a surging tide of unorganised hunting tribes moving over vast tracts of territory in unconscious obedience to a general law, and a confused irregular trek, each little community moving on its own initiative blind to all other considerations than its own immediate necessities. But with this general movement of the tribes there would be an inevitable tendency for groups of the tribal communities to centre around leaders, prominent by reason of prowess and military skill. A community of instinct would set groups of hunting tribes moving towards regions rumoured as being rich in game, the tie of a common speech and common racial characteristics would, as previously remarked, impose a sentiment of racial solidarity upon tribes moving into regions occupied by an alien race, from whom no doubt a stout resistance would be experienced. Thus just as wolves in seasons of scarcity gather together in great packs, led by pack leaders, so the hunting tribes under such circumstances would gather into great groups dominated by the most prominent chieftains, from which temporary groupings brought about by economic necessities, and for militarico-economic purposes would be born the conception of the *nation* or *people* as distinct from the tribe and of the tribal monarchy as distinct from the clan chieftainship.

At first these groupings would be of the most temporary and loosely knit description: the tribes would gather together only on occasions of the most vital importance to the general well-being, to repel an invasion of the general hunting grounds by an alien race, or to conduct an invasion of hostile territory. Apart from such occasions each little tribe would remain a self-governing community, and there would even be inter-tribal war and bickerings. As, however, the tribes became more and more settled down, as from the increasing scarcity of game, agriculture became more and more important, and slowly during the course of ages the base-camp of the semi-nomadic hunting tribe developed first into the temporary semi-agricultural village of races such as the Zulus, who have domesticated animals and a feeble agriculture conducted exclusively by women, and latterly into the settled agricultural village in which agriculture forms the occupation of both sexes alike and the main economic resource of the community, the tribal monarchy came to assume a more and more important part in the social life of the community.

We have seen that in the early semi-nomadic hunting community property can be held only by the physically strong, and that the moral sentiment which condemned theft and adultery or fornication within the limit of the village community is itself a reaction from the dominating physical strength of the caste of property-holders. A little consideration will suffice to make it clear that the same law which applied to the individual within the tribal community must apply to the individual community within the loose confederacy of tribes which

formed the tribal monarchy. Only the physically strong tribes could retain their lands, women or any source of wealth whatever, whilst their possession of these was continually menaced by fresh waves of migration from hindered peoples in rear or by the savage reprisals of the original owners of the soil driven into poor and barren lands, who no doubt would seize every opportunity of carrying fire and sword into the fairer lands from which they had been ousted. The Saxons settled in England were, as we know, continually menaced by Danish invasions, whilst also harried by Welsh and Scots. Under such circumstances the formation of tribal monarchies capable of suppressing inter-tribal warfare and of repelling attacks from subsequent invaders or alien peoples would be a necessary phase of evolution. As we have seen, the community of instinct which led to the general movement of tribes into territory occupied by an alien race carries with it in limited degree a sentiment of racial solidarity as compared with the alien race, and causes the formation of temporary groupings around prominent chieftains. In the more settled period which follows conquest, whilst these loose groupings would tend to fall to pieces, and any authority enjoyed by the descendants of the bold warriors who had led their fellows into the new lands would be more nominal than actual, yet not only would the idea of a tribal monarchy have germinated, but wars between tribes of kindred race would necessarily be waged with less ferocity than warfare against an alien people. There would be truces, parleys and terms of peace. The development of "marriage by purchase" from "marriage by capture" shows us this process at work. The constant kidnapping of girls and women being a cause of continual wars, there developed a series of amicable arrangements by which a purchase price of pelts was paid to the family of the stolen girl. Thus the actual kidnapping in time degenerated into a mere conventional form. Dread of the vengeance of the property-owners, of the physical force wielded by the aggrieved parties would no doubt have much to do in the way of arranging compensations in inter-tribal disputes where the tribes were fairly evenly balanced in physical strength. The weak tribes, however, would necessarily be at the mercy of the stronger, and only by enlisting the sympathy and help of some powerful chieftain could hope to have their wrongs redressed. Thus in the course of a few generations there would develop firmly established tribal monarchies centring around the prowess and wisdom of the tribal kings, who would be elected or, rather, achieve their election by intrigue or hard fighting, from a distinctly "royal" family.

The Saxon colonisation of England gives us a case in point with regard to the formation of the tribal kingdoms and their sociological significance. Arriving in irregular waves of invasion, and in loose temporary organisations the invading peoples settled down in isolated communities, tiny islands of human life and effort amid the vast sea of forest which covered practically the whole of England. Upon the smoke-blackened ruins of some British hamlet or the remains of some stately Roman villa hard by the navigable streams which had formed highways of attack for the ships of the invaders, the new comers built their rude buildings, threw up their feeble fortifications, and delved in their primitive husbandry. The populous cities of Roman days lay silent and deserted, peopled by the imaginations of the hard warriors who had overthrown their ramparts and carried fire and sword through their stately buildings and erstwhile busy market places, with goblins, pixies and all manner of evil spirits, the ghosts of the slain. So they mouldered silent and alone until the fury of the elements and the passage of time completed the work of the furious escalade, and they crumbled to mere heaps of ruins, so many quarries whence later a less scrupulous generation drew a plentiful stock of building materials; and in the baron's castle, the Gothic church, and even the humble cot of the villager were alike incorporated the handiwork of the Roman builder.

But the Saxons dwelt in the forests so like to those they had left behind them in their German Fatherland, beside the broad stream with their wealth of fish, and amid the clearings ready-made for them by the conquered peoples. The broad Roman roads grew grass-grown, the chance meetings of hunting parties, or the passage of rude fishing craft up and down stream formed practically all the communication 'twixt village and village. With the passage, however, of a virile, intelligent people into an environment favourable to economic development there ensues an inevitable movement of evolution by which this people endeavours to exploit its environment. The Saxons placed amid surroundings favourable to progress, thanks to superior military prowess, were urged to exploit this environment by the same imperious animal appetites which had led to their initial movement of migration. The desire for food led them to practise the science of agriculture, fabricate weapons for the chase, and to breed domesticated animals; the instinct for adornment, which is to be found also in animals, led to the fabrication of costly clothes and articles of luxury; the animal instinct for warmth, dainty foods, etc., led to a continual movement of evolution in agricultural and industrial science, whilst the animal instincts of jealousy with regard to the females and property, vide the old, old analogy of the dog and the bone, has led, as previously remarked, to the evolution of our codes of sexual and property-morality.

Urged to exploit their favourable environment by imperious animal instincts, the Saxons rapidly developed from the semi-nomadic, semi-architectural stage to the settled agricultural stage, from the loosely organised tribal confederacy to the firmly established tribal monarchies of the Heptarchy. The rivers which had formed such convenient highways for the initial movement of colonisation of the incoming Saxons formed no less dangerous venues of attack, exposing the newly made settlements to continual danger of spoliation by the stronger, less scrupulous chieftains with their lawless followers seasoned to warfare and rapine by their campaign against the British, the speedy growth of military monarchies capable of affording protection to the tribesmen under their rule was inevitable: and under the wing of that armed power so lightly discarded as an unnecessary relic of barbarism by our modern philosophers there began that process of economic development which has brought us to modern England.

With the course of that process of evolution the reader is familiar. We have all read how the Saxons settled in England were themselves exposed to repeated tempests of invasion from the Norse or kindred people, and how in the effort to beat off these invasions the kingdoms of the Heptarchy coalesced into the single Anglo-Saxon monarchy of Alfred and his successors. We have all read of the Norman Conquest, of the absorption of the invading caste by the Anglo-Saxon people, of the rise of fifteenth-century England, of the growth of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of the economic evolution caused by labour-saving machinery, and the rise of latter-day industrial England.

We may conclude this letter therefore by summarising the sociological function of war.

War throughout history has acted as an agent of union, and has been a constructive, not a destructive, agency. If in our highly organised modern society it is impossible to achieve even the limitation of armaments by mutual consent, how much more impossible would it have been to arrange voluntary stable unions between savage tribes such as the Saxons? Yet such unions are absolutely indispensable to achieve any higher degree of economic production than a bare subsistence level. Where savage tribes live in an unorganised state of wrangle, each confined to its own narrow environment, limited in its range of ideas to an infinity of half-understood customs, progress of any kind becomes impossible. The tribe lingers on in a state of stagnation, waging a perpetual struggle for bare sub-

sistence. And yet a voluntary union is an impossibility, the very idea of such a social organisation has not germinated. War, therefore, remains the sole agent of progress, the sole instrument capable of welding these discordant elements into an homogeneous whole. Physical force guided by animal instinct, finding its highest expression in the great armies and navies of to-day—this in all ages has been the true motive-power of progress: the motive-power by which has been wrought the fusing of the rude savage committees of prehistoric man in the great social organisations of the modern. The fusing of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy into the Anglo-Saxon monarchy was achieved, but by war; the fusing of Germany, France and Italy into homogeneous nations was achieved, but by a similar motive-power; and the economic and social development which has given us modern Europe was achieved, but under the shadow of, and directly as the fruit of, triumphant military power, was the product of the armed strength of nations, the highest expression of that physical force which is the basis of all our moral codes; the product of those same animal appetites, which have produced the whole phenomena of the modern world.

To act as an agency to achieve what no other agency can possibly achieve: that in all ages has been the sociological function of war. A RIFLEMAN.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XVII.

Ottoman v. Cosmopolitan Education.

My friend Mehmed was presented by his parents with a pet "lamb"—which seemed to me a full-grown sheep—an object of solicitude to all the household and especially the gardeners, who would run and extricate it gently with a flow of tender words when, at sight of strangers like myself, it ran in sudden panic round the tree where it was tethered and got hopelessly entangled in its rope. About the same time similar pet lambs appeared in many other of our neighbours' houses. The cause of the phenomenon was in the Muslim calendar. We had arrived at just that interval from a great feast required for the right fattening of lamb. The fact that they would ultimately have to eat their darlings was kept hidden from the children, or, if known to them, appeared as dim and distant as old age. One saw family groups, the father leading a pet sheep, the children fondling it or clutching at its wool, upon the steamers on the Bosphorus and at the railway stations, where before the booking-office there is an affair of barriers intended to control the crowd when buying tickets. The poorer Turks and all the native Christians, men and women, however long a time they have to spare, are invariably panic-stricken at the sight of persons buying tickets and rush madly for the wicket, quite regardless of each other's welfare. In the midst of such a scrimmage at the terminus I once saw an unfortunate pet sheep appertaining to a man who had just bought his ticket and was trying to get out. His children with him kicked and fought at the surrounding legs, protecting their beloved, which escaped at last uninjured.

Pet lambs being thus associated in my mind with families, it was with amazement that I saw one in possession of a bachelor, a young man from a distant province of the Empire, who, I knew, had no relations in Constantinople. It was in the long shed on the floating stage below the bridge, the waiting-room for those who fare towards Haïdar Pasha. Having just come in out of the blinding sunlight I could not trust my eyes at first. At the far end of the shanty stood a figure in the neat dark uniform of the Military School, the

crescent shining on its kalpak of black astrakhan—a figure stationary under difficulties in its struggle with a good-sized sheep which for ever made short rushes to escape but was restrained by force. It seemed familiar. I stared and then drew nearer, staring still. A military salute, with cordial blessings in good Arabic, finally dispelled all doubt. Returning the salute in the civilian manner, I took a seat upon a packing-case hard by the struggler, and complimented him, with reservations as against the evil eye, upon the health and beauty of his pet.

"Amân!" (mercy!) he exclaimed. "It is not mine. Use no precautions! Curse it outright, if you desire to do so, for, Allah be my witness, I detest it. I was asked to hold it by a fellow-traveller, who said that he would not be gone a minute; and here have I been hanging on to it for two whole hours!"

He had no knowledge of the owner of the sheep—a kind of peasant—had never seen him in this world before. The man had come up just like that, with "Jânûm (my soul), for the love of Allah, ease me of this lamb a minute." Besought thus, "for the love of Allah," he could not refuse, although he thought that people used God's name too lightly. I suggested that he should pass the sheep on to someone else good-natured in the same way that it had been foisted on to him. But "No," was his reply, "I promised I would hold the animal until he came again, so I must do it."

I left him holding on to the pet lamb which was not his, still struggling, when I ran on board the steamer, warned by a hoot that it was going to start. My parting words were, "May our Lord relieve thee quickly!"

He was relieved a half hour later, as I heard from him at our next meeting, when he manifested not the least resentment of the incident and yet would not consent to treat it as a joke, as I did. He chose rather to regard it as symbolic of the need of all the Empire for a course of training in responsibility. The owner of the sheep was poor and quite illiterate; he did not recognise the worth of time nor yet the call for strict adherence to a word once uttered; whereas he himself (my Arab friend), having been educated in the government schools and being an officer of sorts inured to discipline, had learnt the great importance of these things. Therefore he kept his word religiously, acknowledging a duty towards the poor man, his tormentor, as representative of all the backward and misguided persons in the realm. It was a duty of forbearance and of education. He had discharged it, first by holding on to that confounded sheep for close upon three hours, and secondly, by reading the delinquent, when he did at last return, a lesson which he would remember to his dying day. All this he told me with the eagerness of an apostle. The incident was nothing banal nor annoying in his memory, since he could attach it to the great ideal of uplifting patriotism which warms the blood and fires the brain of every scion of the revolution.

During the six months I spent in Turkey it was my good fortune to know many of these children of the new regime, or my outlook on the future of that country and of El Islam would not have been so hopeful as it is. Strict Muslims without superstition, they are growing up in love with duty, proud of their burden of responsibility, devoted to their country beyond words, tolerant of all beliefs which do not savour of sedition, thoughtful, self-reliant, trustworthy. They are perhaps a shade pedantic, a thought too serious in their opinions to attract the stranger, but that is but the outcome of the times they live in, by no means times of gaiety for Turkish patriots. No Turk, perhaps, in the same circumstances would have been so literal and so punctilious as was my Arab friend in dealing with so small a problem; the difference of mentality between the races always struck me; but a Turk of the same age and education would have held the same opinions with the same enthusiasm, the same resolve to practise what he preached.

When I hear English people talking of the Turks as hopeless, with no vitality left in them, no enthusiasm and no prospects, I can only think that they have never met with the young men of Turkey, or have met with those only who have been educated among Europeans. In this opinion I am hardened by the fact that all the Ottoman young men, whether Christian or Mohammedan, of my acquaintance, informed me that I was the first European with whom they had ever held much conversation; whereas the other type of youth inclines to seek out Europeans, and adopts their cynical and hopeless standpoint towards the Muslim world. The old Muslim education, mediæval and religious, has ceased to meet the needs of the community. The new Muslim education has but just begun, but already it is running through the land like wildfire, reviving the innumerable old foundations, bringing new ones into life. In the interval, the Turk or Arab, who was brought in contact with the ways of Europe, had to supplement his Muslim education by a sojourn at some mission school, where his faith in El Islam was undermined without impairing his contempt for Christianity; he was imbued with the commercial faith of Europe which derides true patriotism, at any rate, as understood by Turks; and in many cases won to lifelong admiration of some foreign power, whose servant he became in the intrigues of after life. Thus Kiamil Pasha was the friend of England, another Pasha was the friend of France or Germany. No one was especially the friend of Turkey, for Turkey did not appear to them as a beloved country, but as a position which could only be maintained by the favour of this or that great Power of Europe. There was excuse for the secession of these individuals from the Ottoman nation—their "cosmopolitanism" as they would have called it proudly—in the old days when Turkey groaned beneath a cruel despotism. The nation then had really no existence. To-day the land is free and bent on progress; and I see no excuse for their continued scorn of it.

Another day, when coming from Stamboul, I was standing leaning on the rail beside the hut where they sell tickets for the Cadi-keuy steamer, watching the moving swarm of little boats between the floating platform and the quay, so dense that one could see the water only momentarily as a flash or sparkle here and there amid the throng, when someone coming up behind me said in Arabic:

"How is your health, O sage? What tidings from Arabistan?"

It was a young clerk in one of the Ministries whom I knew slightly. He spoke French well and Arabic abominably, but after a conversation in the train one evening, when I had maintained that Turks ought to learn Arabic rather than French, he always, when he met me, aired his store of Arabic (lapsing gradually into Turkish, which was by that time familiar to me), pretending to have been convinced by my remarks on that occasion. He asked if I was going to the boat, and learning that to be the case, called my attention to the fact that it had just come in. We might as well, he thought, repair on board and choose our seats before the crowd arrived. On all previous occasions of our meeting I had been attracted by his jolly, reckless air; but to-day he appeared careworn and exceedingly depressed. His conversation, too, was all despair. When I remarked that things were looking better for the Turks, he answered with a shrug:—

"What does it matter? We are finished! To give us hope is only to prolong our agony. Now here am I! You see me! I have had the best of educations. I speak French and German fluently. I am as intelligent, I dare to think, as any Frank on earth; but it is all useless. I am young, and should, they say, be hopeful, but what hope exists for me? We are all like that—aimless, undirected, unable to apply our knowledge to the work of life. We are inconsequent, uncertain in our actions, having no ideal."

From these remarks I judged my friend to be a

Liberal, for since the failure of their great attempt at revolution they all upon occasion talked like that, and the characteristics which he claimed for the whole Turkish people were not those of the Unionists of my acquaintance.

"What is it that is wrong with us?" he asked rhetorically. And when I interrupted with: "I think it is that you are trying to be something which you can never be, something which nobody with any sense would wish to be—a European," he answered:—

"No, it is not that, O sage! The reason is the dreadful lives we live at home, in private. If you knew our Turkish women—their ignorance, their pride, their narrow minds!"

As it happened I did know about a score of them and had heard, I think it probable, more talk of them than he had. I knew them to be generally charming, trained to submission, yet high-spirited, and far less narrow-minded than the women of the West. But I did not interrupt him by an observation.

"If we enjoyed, as you do," he continued, "the companionship of wives of high intelligence, well-educated, tactful, capable of understanding us and participating in our intellectual cares and interests, we might be men. As it is, what are we? Less than nothing! We go to school, we learn all that there is to know, we work in our employment: of what profit is it? The home life, I assure you, ruins all. With our women there is no pretence at understanding possible. They have no civilisation and no delicacy. We shall never become men till that is altered. And how to alter it, I ask you, with such women as ours, so obstinate and so fanatical?"

He spoke with evident emotion, and I even fancied at one moment that I saw the tear-drop in his eye. As the boat began to fill up with the evening crowd of government employees returning to their country houses, he was hailed on all hands. Usually the most hilarious of gay companions, this evening he appeared morose and, after formal salutations, entrenched himself behind his newspaper and spoke no more. I did the same till we were in the middle of the Bosphorus, when I looked out as usual for the "wind chasers" or "souls of the damned," little sea-birds ever flying up towards Beykos, skimming the sapphire water in an endless train. I saw that my neighbour, the despondent Torghut Bey, was also watching them. Was he thinking of the legend which would make those birds the erring souls of all the fair ones who have been thrown into those waters for their naughtiness; and was he wishing that the pretty Turkish ladies of to-day might all be drowned in sacks immediately, and English suffragists imported to replace them?

At Haïdar Pasha, as I climbed the broad white steps to the railway station, he was once more beside me in the crowd, talking as if there had been no break in our conversation.

"And our religion! How benighted, how behind the times it is! It hampers us on all occasions when we seek improvement. We need a Luther badly. The whole system of our law is antiquated and obstructive. Our government is childish and the scorn of Europe. You are good enough to champion us, O sage, but we are rotten to the core, degraded, finished!"

My saying with a laugh that it was just the same with England in the opinion of a good number of my fellow-countrymen, made him more gloomy, and, I think, prevented him from sitting with me in the train as he had first intended. At all events, he let me enter the first coach alone, where, chancing on some men I knew, I quite forgot poor Torghut Bey and his concerns until, arrived in Misket Hanum's garden, I was greeted by a group of Turkish friends with the inquiry:—

"Well, what adventures have you had to-day?"

No one waited for an answer to the question, which was a mere gibe at my habit of exalting common incidents. The ladies went on with their conversation in-

stantly, while one of the men in company drew near to me. To him I mentioned my despondent friend, his deep disgust with Turkish women, and consequent despair of the whole country.

My hearer laughed: "He must be in some scrape. I take it that home life, the cares of matrimony and the rest of it, amount to much the same in every country of the world. Some are unlucky, and they blame the system, while others, being happy, think it good. Go to Paris or Pekin, and I imagine that you would find the same divergence of opinions in very much the same proportion that you find it here."

He called his wife out from the knot of ladies, asking: "Do you know if Torghut Bey has had a quarrel with his wife or her relations lately?"

"Which Torghut?" was, of course, the answer. The identity of my Torghut having been established in her understanding, she seemed interested; but said no more than that the wife of the Torghut in question was of her acquaintance, a girl extremely well brought up and educated, but a little proud, as was but natural, for she came of a very good family. Her husband asked her to find out if there had been a quarrel lately; and when I protested that she must not go to trouble upon my account, he asked if I had lived to my age in the world without perceiving that a woman's greatest joy was in researches into other women's business. He assured me that the charming lady there beside us, for guileless that she looked, carried in her head the secret history of every Turkish family of any standing, and was always on the watch to add a chapter. The lady, who kept smiling enigmatically, bade me never to believe a word he said, and pointed out, with perfect justice of retort, that occasionally men's curiosity urged women on to such research as in the present case. She asked to know the reason of our curiosity. The substance of the young man's talk with me was then reported by her husband; whereupon she told us all we wished to know, having merely held her story in reserve till she had drawn out ours.

After hearing from her that poor Torghut's wife was proud, I had imagined that he might have serious reasons to be discontented, judging from the matrimonial experience of other Turks of my acquaintance with young ladies "of a very good family." One, a youthful pasha of the old régime, had been married, willy-nilly, by the daughter of a Grand Vizier, who made life hateful to him by her airs and jealousies, treating him like a servant in her house. His feelings towards her, naturally, grew vindictive; and when the Revolution came and her relations lost their power to ruin him, he soon divorced her. Some months after the divorce a bundle came for him by runner. It contained a new-born baby and a sheet of paper with the words:—

"This is yours. Thank God, I am now quit of you."

If Torghut had espoused a tigress of that breed, I should have pitied him and understood his desperation. But his case, it appeared, was very different.

"A pretty youth to sit in judgment on our morals!" said the lady, our enlightener, in tones of rich amusement. "His wife is evidently much too good for him, but then it was a love-match, so she has herself to blame. Some time ago she found out that he was a gambler. He used to lie to her, pretending that it was his business at the Ministry which made him late at nights, when all the while he was frequenting the low haunts of Pera. She scolded him; he promised to amend. Two nights ago he never came at all. She made inquiries in the morning—sent to Stamboul, to his Ministry, and went herself into the town in search of tidings, but got no word of him until last evening, when he came home in a pitiable state. She was very angry, naturally, and ashamed for him. She threatened to sue for a divorce, but in the end forgave him. No doubt the being rated by a woman preyed upon his manly dignity, and that is why he spoke to you so feelingly about us women."

The Machine Problem.

By Arthur J. Penty.

THE reason why the problems of machine production have not received their share of attention at the hands of sociologists and others interested in finding a solution to the social problem is perhaps that it has been everywhere assumed that while the introduction of machinery has on the whole benefited society such objection as there was to its widespread use was of a purely æsthetic nature—the superiority of handicraft over machine-made goods from this point of view having of late been generally conceded. The purpose of this essay is to show that however serious the æsthetic objection to machine production may be it is yet relatively insignificant compared with the social objection, inasmuch as machine production is one of the main factors in the confusion of modern society.

Without doubt this idea will sound somewhat strange to the modern mind which has been taught to believe this confusion to be due entirely to the unequal distribution of wealth. Yet I am persuaded that a little inquiry will reveal the fact that in an industrial society such as ours it is as fundamental and of as much importance as the land problem. Therefore, to ignore it or to suppress discussion upon it (as the Fabian Society invariably does when attempts are made to raise the question) is to place ourselves at the mercy of a force which we do not understand. "Machinery," says the Collectivist, "should be the slave of society and not its master," and when he says this he imagines he says all that is to be said about it. But generalisations like this are not going to aid us. It is only by understanding the problem and having the courage to face all the issues involved that a change may be brought about.

It is easy to understand why Collectivists adopt this attitude. Many causes contribute to produce it. In the first place they are desperately anxious to do something practical and immediate to relieve the sufferings of the poor, and in consequence are apt to be somewhat impatient of objections which they imagine to be entirely æsthetic and which if admitted are subversive to the present order of society. Then the Fabian Society, which hitherto has shaped the theories of Collectivism to practical politics in this country, is for the most part composed of members who are without such technical experience as would give them conviction on the subject. The Fabian Society is composed mainly of members of the legal, literary and medical professions. Therefore the point of view of these professions prevails. Production is almost entirely unrepresented in the society, while its temper being of the "practical" order it is apt to despise tradition and philosophy which help more imaginative minds to divine the truth about things even when they lack the practical experience.

Again, there are the Utopians of the type of Mr. H. G. Wells who by idealising mechanism confirm the modern mind in its prejudice against facing unpleasant facts. These people would lead us to suppose that, though the immediate effect of the introduction of machinery has been to produce a certain amount of confusion into society, somehow or other it will work out all right in the end—that in fact the only remedy for the evils resulting from the abuse of machinery is to increase its use.

It is idle to attempt to reason with people whose minds have become so unbalanced. When they can allow themselves to think like this the very basis of reasoning itself goes—for such ideas are subversive of the reasoning faculty itself. Time and time alone can prove to them their error. Their failure to solve the problems which they are being forced up against must sooner or later bring them into discredit. The articles by Mr. H. G. Wells on the "Labour Unrest" which appeared in the "Daily Mail" prove conclusively that he—the latter-day prophet of machinery—is bankrupt of ideas. He finds himself involved in a mass of contradictions. While on the one hand he traces the

labour unrest to the monotonous nature of work at the present time, he yet demands more and more machinery, entirely failing to see that this could only increase the evil. Mr. Chiozza Money again in a recent article in the "Daily News" attributes the problem of boy labour and the growth of technical incompetence to the development of machinery. But apparently he has not the philosophy to understand or the courage to face the issue which such an admission presents, for he professes to find a remedy in a national system of technical education which, however, he reluctantly admits stands little chance of becoming an established fact. It looks indeed as if we are up against the problem at last and that it will not be possible to close our eyes to its existence much longer.

Collectivists assumed that it is possible to solve the economic question as a separate and detached problem, and that when a solution is found for this it will then be time to turn their attention to the problems of machinery. Such a method presupposes that the people will be able to assume sovereign power and make their will prevail through their elected representatives. This, however, is impossible because one of the effects of machine production is to concentrate power in the hands of a few while it undermines the power of the individual worker. The independence of the individual rests on his capacity to stand on his own feet, which in practice means that he is able to set up in business on his own account. This possibility the growth of machine production has gradually undermined. The machine-tender may be dissatisfied. He may be courageous, may even strike, but at bottom he knows that it is the capitalist's enterprise which keeps him in employment, and he finds himself finally obliged to prop up the capitalist for the sake of his own job. The capitalist is absolute master of the position. Experience has proved to the worker that if he sends Labour members to Parliament they are incapable of independent action, while if he strikes, the capitalist can always hold out longer than himself, and therefore Labour and not Capital suffers the most. Hence it is that the Collectivist theory that it will be comparatively easy for the workers to secure the control of industry after it has concentrated itself into Trusts is fallacious, for in proportion as the control of industry becomes centralised capital finds it easy to control Parliament by corrupting its individual members. Again, a social revolution is impossible because the workers are parasitic on the capitalists in the immediate sense, and it is the short run rather than the long run which determines such issues. A community of peasants might be successful against their landlords because, being their own employers, the landlord is in the immediate sense parasitic upon them, for all he does is to take away part of their earnings. But it is different under a system of capitalist industry. Abolish capitalists and the result would merely be industrial stagnation. This is the melancholy fact.

Another reason why it is impossible to separate the economic from the machine problem is because the tendency of machine production is to place the control of industry into the hands of a hard and narrow type of man—the financial men who are undoubtedly the least imaginative section of the community, or, to be more correct, are imaginative only on the lower and selfish planes of thought. The control by this type of man is inevitable because only men of such temperament aspire to control under such conditions. The man with broader and more humane sympathies naturally shrinks from the narrow and sordid life which the control of machinery as the administration of finance involves. Though Fabians and such-like people profess to believe in machinery, it is to be observed that they prefer to follow occupations not connected with machine production. And so does everybody else who is in a position to do so, because tending machinery is such monotonous and deadening work. The only interesting work in connection with it lies with the inventor and with such hand-work as still remains to be

done. The actual routine work is another matter. It means putting oneself for life into a narrow groove, and every man with imagination desires to escape from such a fate as from death. (Even Mr. H. G. Wells, strange as it may seem, prefers novel writing to machine tending.) The result is that machine production continues to fall into the control of a less and less imaginative class of men, who corrupt industry while they are making money, and the arts when they are spending it. They become more powerful every day, and the rest of society gets more and more into their power. The anti-climax is reached. The greater the complexity of the machine the more highly imaginative type of mind required to handle it properly. In practice the reverse happens. Can we wonder at the resulting chaos?

Incidentally, it is to be observed that it is because of this tendency of the control of machinery to fall into the hands of unimaginative men that the products of machinery are invariably in such bad taste. We often hear it urged that all that is wrong with machine production could be righted if better models were used for repetition. That sounds very plausible until we proceed to inquire why good models so rarely find their way on to the machines. Then we discover that the difficulty lies in the fact that the choice of selection rests in the hands of the most unimaginative class in the community. And this we cannot change. The imaginative man naturally shrinks from the sordid ways which lead to such positions. When he is found there it is always because he has been put in the position by influence. Such cases will always be rare.

It is to be observed that the promise of machinery to lessen the drudgery of the world and to set people at liberty to pursue culture has not been fulfilled. Indeed, with every advance we see just the opposite result taking place. All labour is being reduced to the level of drudgery while its volume is being increased. If it does lessen drudgery in one direction it is always to increase it in some other. It often brings convenience to one class, but it is always at the cost of the degradation of another. Machinery is ever the enemy of culture. In this connection Dr. Coomaraswamy says: "Not merely is the workman through division of labour no longer able to make any whole thing, but it is impossible for him to improve his position or to win reward for excellence in the craft itself. Under guild conditions it was possible and usual for the apprentice to rise through all grades of knowledge and experience to the position of a master-craftsman. But take any such trade as carpet-making under modern conditions by power-loom. The operator has no longer to design or weave in and out the threads with his own fingers or to throw the shuttle with his own hand. He is employed, in reality, not as a weaver but as the tender of a machine. . . . That craft is for him destroyed as a means of culture, and the community has lost one more man's intelligence, for it is obviously futile to attempt to build up by evening classes and free libraries what the whole of a man's work is for ever breaking down. It is no longer possible for culture and refinement to come to the craftsman through his work; they must be won, if won at all, in spite of his work; he must seek them in a brief hour snatched from rest and sleep, at the expense of life itself. . . . There can be no quality of leisure in his work. In short, commercial production absolutely forbids a union of art with labour."*

The reason why we do not readily recognise this is because we have come to connect the idea of culture with book learning. But craft culture is a far better base to build upon. The evils of which we have been speaking are, we are told, to be remedied by education. Oh, that word education! It is like that blessed word Mesopotamia. It is at once the refuge and the comfort of social reformers when they get themselves into a hopeless muddle. What they mean by it they have not the remotest idea; nor, judged by the standards

* "Medieval Sinhalese Art." By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy.

of culture in the past, are they ever likely to have. I must not, however, digress on this subject. It is sufficient here to say that when it is proved against the average person that no education which accepts machine production can be of any use for the purposes of reform he invariably falls back upon the population question and affirms that it is vain to entertain any idea of limiting the use of machinery, because it would be impossible for us to maintain our population apart from machine production.

The obvious answer is that if everybody does his share of work in the work it matters not how large the population may be the relative number of hands to mouths remains the same. The only sense in which such an objection can have any force is that machine production is imperative if England is to remain as densely populated as at present. I do not know whether this is true or not, for some authorities affirm that if the possibilities of agriculture were exploited there is no reason why England should not supply its own food. But granted that this is impossible, then the remedy is clearly emigration, for it means that the balance of population between town and country has been destroyed, and so stands in need of readjustment just as much in other countries as here. For in those countries which produce more food than they require there is obviously a shortage of urban population. But such facts we refuse to recognise. We prefer to seek temporary escape from our own problems by complicating the economic problems of other countries. Thus, the machinery of Lancashire has for a century been creating economic problems for India and elsewhere. It is impossible that machinery be universally employed for it can only be kept going on the assumption that a constant supply of new markets can be found to absorb the surpluses. When there are no new markets to be found the day of reckoning will be at hand.

That there would be plenty for all, apart from machine production, if each man worked and got the reward of his labour is apparent when we consider society as it existed in the past. In the Middle Ages there was an eight-hours day and yet there was sufficient leisure to build our cathedrals and to decorate the most utilitarian objects. Sir Thomas More in his "Utopia," estimates that if all did their share of work a six-hours day would suffice to do all the work which needed doing, and this estimate I imagine would take for granted a certain amount of elaborate craft work which, strictly speaking, is a luxury. It would appear from this that if the aim of social reform is solely to reduce the hours of labour, then without machinery only a four or five hours day would be necessary. If reformers would only make up their minds what they really wanted and not dodge about from one position to another all this muddled thinking would cease.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to trace the economic effect which has followed the introduction of machinery, and to note the parallel which it bears to the introduction of slavery into Italy under the auspices of the Roman Empire.

As the Roman legions subjected the antique world to the dominion of Rome they made slaves of those taken in battle. These slaves were taken possession of by the Patrician families, who employed them as labourers on their estates. The immediate result was the accession of great wealth to these families, following which came a great boom in building, which we read about as taking place in the Age of Augustus. That boom eventually came to an end and then came the unemployed problem which Rome failed to solve and which was the immediate cause of its downfall. For when the freeman was divorced from the soil there was no place for him in the social scheme. Let us substitute machinery for slaves and we can see the same thing taking place here. The immediate result of the introduction of machinery was a great boom in building which lasted into the beginning of this century. It has come to an end and the unemployed problem is with us, for though statistics may attempt to prove the

contrary, everybody knows the difficulty of getting a new job. It is the beginning of the end.

Of course things might be different if people could be made to see and understand what is taking place in modern society. But somehow or other they cannot. Their minds have become as mechanical as the machinery itself and so there seems nothing for it. The canker will have to run its course until finally it breaks up society itself. There will be no social revolution, as I have already said, we shall simply decay as Rome did, and perhaps like Rome be destroyed by wars. So great is our confusion becoming and so rapid is the growth of technical incompetence that it seems not improbable that the end of machine production will be that there will finally not be in society sufficient competence left to control the machinery. This is no idle thought. Mr. Chiozza Money, in the article already referred to, recognises that as machinery becomes more and more complex it needs a greater and greater intelligence to control it, while there is no denying the fact that its employment operates to destroy the intelligence of the workers. Signs are not wanting that this is taking place. I recently read an article on the difficulty of finding men to control in America. Is there any wonder when we remember that machinery is cutting off the supply at its source. The man of the large and varied experience necessary for co-ordinating the branches of a highly specialised machine industry can only be trained in the small workshop under conditions of hand labour. It is from among men trained under such conditions that the controllers of machinery are recruited to-day. It will not be long before the supply is exhausted and we shall be powerless to create a new supply.*

In an interesting article in the "Fortnightly Review,"† Mr. Edward Spencer drew attention to the abuses which had followed the unregulated use of machinery, and insisted upon the error which society has made in not regulating it from the first. He points out how different it might have been if the Guilds had been in existence to undertake the control. While I agree with Mr. Spencer so far as he goes, I feel he yet does not get to the bottom of the question. There are some problems which can only be solved by the soul of a people and the machine problem is one of them. Before society can deal with this problem it will need to possess a common philosophy—it will need to make up its mind about the final aims of life. Otherwise, no basis of discussion is available, much less are practical measures.

When I have said this I feel I have said all that is to be said, and it would appear to be somewhat futile to make practical suggestions. Yet I will attempt to state what appears to me to be the place of machinery in a society which had the wisdom to control it.

The initial difficulty lies of course in defining what machinery is—in differentiating between a machine and a tool. In this connection I would avail myself of Mr. Spencer's definition: "A tool ceases to be a tool and becomes a machine when it becomes a barrier to expression in work." Thus, small machines capable of being worked by hand would generally be classed as tools. Large ones which necessitated power invariably constitute such barriers. When large machinery is employed a man tends to think less about what he is making and more about ways and means of keeping his machinery going. That evil is inherent in machinery when used on a large scale. If you employ machinery you must feed it; and to feed it a man must sacrifice himself mentally and morally to it. Hence it happens

* From inquiries I have made the Textile trades appear to be an exception from this general rule. Technical School there apparently can supply the need. I think it is to be explained on the basis that weaving is a matter of doing the same thing over and over again, and there is not the same need of the co-ordinating mind. However, the textile trades have problems of their own.

† "The Use and Abuse of Machinery." By Edward Spencer. "Fortnightly Review." November, 1911.

that among all connected with machine production there is an indifference to the interests of everything except the one all-absorbing interest and aim of keeping going.

Had this necessity or development been foreseen, doubtless machinery would have been regulated from the very beginning, and the lines I imagine on which regulations would have proceeded would have been the limiting the size of the machines used, either by direct regulations or by the taxation of machines. Indeed, the imposition of taxes to-day would be a very good way of getting machine production under control. We must always remember that a small machine may be a servant; a large one is necessarily a master.

Neo-Realism

By Charles Ginner.

ALL great painters by direct intercourse with Nature have extracted from her facts which others have not observed before, and interpreted them by methods which are personal and expressive of themselves—this is the great tradition of Realism. It can be traced in Europe down from Van Eyck and the early French primitives of the Ecole d'Avignon. It is carried through the dark period of the Poussins and Lebruns by Les Frères le Nain; in the eighteenth century by Chardin; in the nineteenth by Courbet and the Impressionists, and unbroken to this day by Cézanne and Van Gogh. Realism has produced the "Pieta" of the Ecole d'Avignon, the "Flemish Merchant and Lady" of Van Eyck, the old man and child of Ghirlandajo at the Louvre, "La Parole des Aveugles" of Breughel (Le Vieux), the "Repos de Paysans" of Les Frères le Nain. Greco, Rembrandt, Millet, Courbet, Cézanne—all the great painters of the world have known that great art can only be created out of continued intercourse with nature.

It should be our endeavour to maintain this tradition through this present dark period of bad "Academism"—the result, as ever, of the adoption by weak or commercial painters of the creative artist's personal methods of interpreting nature and the consequent creation of a formula; it is this which constitutes Academism. The further they go the more they see only this formula, and, losing all sight of nature, become Formula-machines. Art goes then from bad to worse; through the history of Art we see this continually. It has resulted in the decadence of every Art movement. We have the downfall of Egypt, the downfall of Greece, and the bad art of Rome. The Italian Renaissance going to Rome and not to nature ended in the quagmire of Giulio Romano, Carraeci, etc. Poussin, Lebrun, and others, going to the Italian Renaissance, stultified French Art for hundreds of years until it finally ended in the "débacle" of Bouguereau, Gérôme, of the British Royal Academy, and of those of all the nations.

It is this shrinking from the Life around them, this hunting after a something as remote from life as possible, this race for Formula-Illusions, which destroys Art.

The creative power has always been realist. We can take as examples the early Egyptians, the early Greeks, the early Italians, the early French, the early Flemish.

The Academic painters merely adopt the visions which the creative artists drew from the source of nature itself. They adopt these mannerisms, which is all they are capable of seeing in the work of the creative artist, and make formulas out of them.

They are copyists. They are the poor of mind.

But in this article I wish to deal with our own times, with the Art of to-day.

The old Academic movement which reigned at Burlington House and the Paris Salon counts no more. In these precincts it has been replaced by a Naturalism just as bad, but which I will speak of anon.

There is a new Academic movement full of dangers. Full of dangers because it is disguised under a false cloak. It cries that it is going to save Art, while in reality it will destroy it. What in England is known as Post-Impressionism—Voilà l'ennemi! It is all the more dangerous since it is enveloped in a kind of rose-pink halo of interest. Take away the rose-pink and you find the Academic skeleton. There are several forms of painting which I understand to be included under the journalistic term "Post-Impressionism." One is the adoption of a formula founded on the special interpretation of nature we find in Cézanne the Realist. He felt nature simply and interpreted it accordingly by dividing the object into separate simplified planes of colour which strengthened the feeling of solidity and depth and gave in certain cases a cubistic appearance to the depicted objects. His words that the forms of nature "peuvent se ramener au cône, au cylindre et à la sphère," was simply his mode of expressing his feelings of simplified nature.

The Post-Cézannes adopted this superficial aspect of his work without searching into the depth of his emotions and his mind, and created a formula.

Cubism is a development of Post-Cézannism.

Besides Cézannism and Cubism there is another form of Post-Impressionism of which exactly the same may be said: that of Matisse and his followers. Matisse hunts up formulas in Egypt, in Africa, in the South Seas, like a dog hunting out truffles. The formula once found ready made, the work is easy. The smaller Matisse fry find it even easier, as they have not the trouble of hunting.

The Matisse movement is a misconception of Gauguin as the rest of this Post-Impressionist movement is a misconception of Cézanne. Gauguin, who had a strong romantic touch, went to the South Seas and painted the South Sea islanders. Out of this a Post-Gauguin school arose, of which Matisse would seem to be the most important development. Out of Gauguin's Romantic Realism and his personal interpretation Matisse and Co. created a formula to be worked quietly at home in some snug Paris studio, as far away as possible from the South Seas or any other exotic country.

And so we come to my point that Cézannism and Gauguinism, i.e., Post-Impressionism, are academic movements as preached in England, being Art based on formula.

To Art, Academism means Death.

Every new Post-Cézanne, Post-Gauguin, or Post-Cubist will get worse than his predecessor as he gets further and further away from the light. The brain ceases to act as it ceases to search out its own personal expression of Nature, its only true and healthy source. Lying with ease on a bed of formulas the brain becomes dull and the Art becomes bad.

To this new Academism, which will eventually destroy Art, already so sorely tried by a recent bad Academic movement, we must oppose a young and healthy realistic movement, a New Realism, i.e., "Neo-Realism."

But that the conception of Realism, more especially that of Neo-Realism, may not be confounded with the Naturalism of Burlington House, I will say a few words about this dying naturalistic movement.

Naturalism is a kind of poor relation of Realism. It is the production of a Realist with a poor mind. A mind that goes to search out and reveal the secrets of Life and Nature, but has not the power to find. Naturalism is the photography of Nature. The Naturalist, with infinite care, goes out to her and copies the superficial

aspect of the object before him. He only sees Nature with a dull and common eye, and has nothing to reveal. He has no personal vision, no individual temperament to express, no power of research. Nature remains a mystery to him in spite of all his work. Plastic Art then ceases, the decorative interpretation and intimate research of Nature, i.e., Life, are no more. It is in the R.A. that the last embers of this short-lived Naturalism are burning out.

Having given a summary of the place Realism holds with regard to Academism and Naturalism, I will try and develop the ideals that must guide Neo-Realism, the New Realism that is to oppose the headlong destructive flow of the New Academism, i.e., Post-Impressionism.

The aim of Neo-Realism is the plastic interpretation of Life through the intimate research into Nature. Life and Nature are the sources of the greatest variety. The artist who, with his personal ideal, his personal vision of nature and attitude towards life, makes an intimate study of what is round him is bound, even if he has not a strong individuality, to reveal an interesting work. Formula, on the other hand, being especially destructive to the smaller minds.

When this method of intimate research has been followed we find that the infinite variety of colour, pattern and line which is to be found in Nature and the arrangements evinced by them under the artist's personality "create a whole which is a decorative composition." This resulting decorative composition is an unconscious creation produced by the collaboration of Nature and the Artist Mind. A striking example of this unconscious decoration is to be seen in the works of the most intense of modern Realists, Vincent Van Gogh. A room at Bernheim's private house in Paris hung only by works of this great realist (who confessed to Gauguin that he could not work from imagination) makes one of the finest decorative wall-spaces I have ever seen.

A decorative formula tends to fall into monotony. The individual relying on his imagination and his formula finds himself very limited in comparison with the infinite variety of Life.

It is a common opinion of the day, especially in Paris (even Paris can make mistakes at times), that Decoration is the unique aim of Art. Neo-Realism, based on its tradition of Realism, has another aim of equal importance, a message deeper than the simple decorative Ideal, and on which it relies for its greatest strength. It must interpret that which, to us who are of this earth, ought to lie nearest our hearts, i.e., Life in all its effects, moods and developments. Each age has its landscape, its atmosphere, its cities, its people. Realism, loving Life, loving its Age, interprets its Epoch by extracting from it the very essence of all it contains of great or of weak, of beautiful or of sordid, according to the individual temperament. Realism is thus not only a present intimate revelation of its own time, but becomes a document for future ages. It attaches itself to history.

Neo-Realism must be a deliberate and objective transposition of the object (man, woman, tree, apple, light, shade, movement, etc.) under observation, which has for certain specific reasons appealed to the artist's ideal or mood, for self-expression. When the artist is carried away by an intense desire to interpret an object or an agglomeration of objects, the only sure means at his disposal to find and express that unknown quantity in the object which raised his desire, mood, or ideal, and which united his inner self with the aforesaid unknown quantity, is a deliberate research, concise study and transposition. It is only this intimate relation between the artist and the object which can produce original and great work. Away from this we fall into unoriginal and monotonous Formula.

Now let us consider Neo-Realism from a technical standpoint.

Which is the latest and most important realistic movement? It is unquestionably the impressionist movement in France.

The Impressionists, by their searching study of light, purified the muddy palettes by exchanging colour values for tone values, and thus strangely brought modern painting nearer to the great works of the Primitives; and they further revealed what till then seemed an unknown quantity: Light in Nature. This was an important discovery that no modern painter could afford to neglect, and the Neo-Impressionists pushed their study further and succeeded in relating Impressionist painting to Science. But with their eyes entirely fixed on this scientific study of colour and neglecting to keep themselves in relationship with Nature they began gradually to sink into the Formula Pit. On the other hand, we find Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, all three children of Impressionism, learning from it, as a wholesome source, all that it had to teach, but keeping their minds and ideals open and independent, and with their eyes fixed on the only true spring of Art: Life itself. By this direct intercourse with Nature they brought out of Impressionism a new development by creating a personal Art and self-expression. So much so, that we have had learned, but short-sighted, men in France, Germany, and England demonstrating, amidst much noise, that these three painters were a reaction against impressionistic realism.

Far from being a reaction they were the very outcome, as stated above, the very development of it. They knew and that is what they have taught us, that great Art can be generated by the artist only through continued renewal with Life.

No masters could be further apart from each other than Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and yet all their teaching is the same. Neo-Realism must take to heart the lesson so strikingly demonstrated by the comparison between the failure of the Neo-Impressionists, who created a formula out of Impressionism, and the success of the three French modern masters. Let those who are making a formula out of Cézanne or Van Gogh get entangled in the formulas and fall, only he who takes from Cézanne or Van Gogh that which he finds in them relating to Nature and not that which is merely personal to themselves will ever produce an original and great work of Art.

This deliberate research by the artist into Nature, this collaboration, this objective transposition must necessarily bring with it good and sound craftsmanship, a thing sorely lacking in these days. Of whatever interest a sketch may be as expressing a fleeting note, a mood, an "état d'âme," it can only be a small part of what the artist has in him to say. A pictorial work of Art must be a complete expression of the artist in relation to Nature, and must result in a strong and solidly built up work to be of any lasting purpose. Good craftsmanship must be the natural result of a strong, forcible, and deliberate self-expression. An artist who cannot go beyond a sketch is but a poor artist. Neo-Realism by its very ideals finds itself opposed to the slap-dash, careless, and slick painting which has been and is still so much in vogue.

The good craftsman loves the medium and the tools he uses. The real painter loves his paint as the sculptor his marble, for it is through these mediums that he reveals himself, is himself, and finds all his joy. In the great artist one must feel revealed, his love and passion for the medium with whose help he works to create the Art resulting from his desire to express those emotions awakened in him by Nature and Life around him.

Furthermore, in this matter of medium, it is only out of a sound and solid pigment that good surface and variety can be got, and durability in the ages to come.

Neo-Realism means intimate study of Nature, deliberate objective transposition, good craftsmanship, and a love of the medium. These, with a continued renewal with Life, i.e., collaboration of the Artist and Nature, must result in a strong, individual, and interesting interpretation of Life.

Neo-Realism must oppose itself to slave-ridden formula and be creative.



PORTRAIT OF MISS ENID BAGNOLD.

By WALTER SICKERT.

Readers and Writers.

SOME fresh Strindberg letters have come to light. They are addressed to his publisher, and deal with the volume of short stories, translated in English under the title "Married." Writing from Ouchy in 1884 Strindberg remarks that he will "... of course, avoid everything that might offend against decency," and later, "I may say, that I will cancel all ugly words as far as they do not prove necessary in the course of the work." (It is clear, from subsequent events, that this cancelling did not proceed very far.) These stories appear to have been written with great speed. The collection was begun on May 25, and by July 4 it was finished. This was quicker than Strindberg had expected, for August 1 was the date he had settled on for the completion, producing at the rate of 16 printed pages per day. In the same letter he hints at a rise in the cost of living and suggests a small payment in advance. One other detail seems worth mentioning. The title of the book was to be in the infinitive mood ("Giftas"—literally, "to marry") "for," says Strindberg, "some unmarried ones are there as well." It is a little unfortunate that the English edition has the title in the past participle, although an alternative would be difficult to find.

* * *

Then there are some letters written by Zola to Cézanne in the years 1859 and 1860. At this very early stage in his career, Zola seems to have despaired of ever attaining anything. "I think of the future and it appears so black that I recoil in horror. No fortune, no calling, nothing but discouragement. . . Everywhere indifference or disdain. . . I despair of everything, especially of myself. I have not completed my studies, I cannot even speak good French, I know absolutely nothing." And in the same letter, "The world is nothing to me, I shall cut a sorry figure if ever I come into contact with it. Money is not my element. I only want peace and a modest competence."

* * *

This reference to money reminds me of a passage in the journal of the Goncourts, under the date of October 20, 1881. It runs, "Zola is by nature a despiser of money. He told us to-day, that as a child, with the first 20 sous he got, he bought a purse for 19 sous and put the other sou in it." There is a certain similarity between this proceeding and the methods he employed in his novels—19 sous of detail to 1 sou of narrative.

* * *

If these letters have no other value, they show us Zola as a friend writing to another friend. "... I see myself surrounded by such insignificant and prosaic people, that it is my delight to know you—you, who do not belong to our century, you, who would invent love, if it were not an old invention—although it still needs revision and improvement." Later he speculates on what kind of marriage is in store for him. "Every woman contains the material for a good wife; it is the man's part to employ this material to the best advantage." Altogether, we get some definite notion of Zola's character at the age of 20, and on me it makes a more sympathetic impression than the Zola of later years who handled his brother novelists with resentment.

* * *

Among some fresh correspondence of Tolstoi, which is now being published in Russia, there is a letter written to him on the subject of Dostoyevski, by N. N. Strachov, Dostoyevski's biographer. As the English papers seem to have ignored this interesting document, I give some extracts from it:—"I cannot put Dostoyevski down either as a good man or a happy one. He was malicious, jealous, licentious, and he

spent his whole life in such a state of unrest that it made him wretched and even ridiculous. . . In writing his biography, I recall everything most vividly. In Switzerland he treated the servant in my presence so badly that the latter took offence and protested, 'You know, I am a human being, too!' . . . Such occurrences were frequent with him. . . Several times I said nothing at these outbursts, which came about unexpectedly and indirectly, but it sometimes happened that even I rebuked him for objectionable behaviour." (Follows an episode which may be omitted.) This is more important:—"The persons who most resemble Dostoyevski are the hero of 'Memoirs of a Dead House,' Svidrigailov in 'Transgression and Punishment,' and Stavrogin in 'The Possessed.'"

* * *

But all this does not justify Gorki in protesting, as he recently has done, against the staging of Dostoyevski, on the ground that he was a buffoon.

* * *

Last year N. Gussev, a former secretary of Tolstoi, published a book entitled, "Two Years with Tolstoi," in which, after his fashion, he performed the duties of a Boswell (many of Tolstoi's sayings in his later years are not unlike the opinions of Dr. Johnson.) Like Boswell too, Gussev produced quite a thick book. As, in addition, it is in Russian, any attempt to make it accessible to Western Europe must be commended for valour. This attempt has been made by the German firm of Reclam in their Universal Bibliothek (No. 5,573), and I feel quite safe in balancing my former strictures of this series with a word of praise for this particular addition to it. Besides a useful introduction by the translator, Heinrich Stümcke, it contains those extracts from Gussev's volume, which are of more general interest. With his contemporaries Tolstoi seems to have been fairly discontented. Fairly, in both senses, for I have spoken of Messrs. Andreyev and Kuprin before. Thus, on January 5, 1909, occurs the entry. "At table to-day we spoke of the latest Russian writers, Gorki, Andreyev and others. 'I endeavour,' said Tolstoi, 'to discover the good that there is in their writings, but I cannot praise them. And I am offended by their literary unrestraint and disorder. They have all read nothing and learnt nothing. . .'" And on an earlier occasion he spoke of one of Kuprin's stories, "The Emerald":—"When I heard Kuprin's story yesterday, I was once again convinced that these quibbling and superfluous narratives have become quite indifferent to me. . ."

* * *

Other comments worth quoting are: "The idea that a Pobyedonossev could hinder the progress of mankind would be as absurd as to imagine that a swimming duck could stop the Niagara Falls." "Architecture has never made any impression on me; a cottage in the forest pleases me far more than all the cathedrals." Questioned as to whether he rated Dostoyevski highly, Tolstoi replied in the affirmative, adding, "His books suffer only from the fault that he tells too much at once, and involves himself in too lengthy descriptions. Perhaps he wished to swell the size of his books from monetary considerations." Of Tchechov, "What a great talent, and a very charming man; it is a pity that the outlook he affects is so wrong, and so excessively materialistic." "Chopin occupies in music the same position as Pushkin in poetry."

* * *

Of Nietzsche we are told that Tolstoi had a low opinion. In fact he seems to have shown little sympathy for any modern literature. "Our civilisation is moving towards its decay, as did that of antiquity, and that leads to a degeneration of literature, which is always on the search for new forms, because it contains no matter." Again, "The decay of art is the surest

sign of a falling-off in civilisation. If there are ideals, artistic products will arise in the name of these ideals; but if there are no ideals, as with us at present, there are no real artistic products, but mere playing with words and sounds, a mere trifling with shapes and forms." Not all of Tolstoi's opinions are as impartial as this. Sometimes he appears to have been simply blunt, as when he remarked of Turgenev, "... his writings are not worth much; there is practically nothing in them."

* * *

One other detail is amusing. A lady told Tolstoi that a certain Bishop Anastasius was examining the pupils of a girls' school in Moscow, and amongst other questions he asked them, "Do you know which of the present-day writers does not believe in God?" The answer came readily enough: "Tolstoi," to which the Bishop agreed, adding "But with Gorki and Andreyev the search for the godly is beginning." Truly, as the hymn says, "God moves in a mysterious way," but never more mysteriously than by turning up in the pages of Andreyev!

* * *

As a final note to these "Conversations with Tolstoi," I merely add that this remarkable selection costs 20 Pf. (2½d.). We cannot all be expected to learn Russian, but we all ought to be compelled to learn German. Here is an argument in favour of a language which is, at present, treated by the Board of Education on the same terms as Latin. And among the other recent additions to Reclam's Universal-Bibliothek I notice the selected speeches of Lysias. Would any English publisher bring out these speeches at the price of 2½d? And if not, why not?

* * *

There are threatening signs that we are in for a Schnitzler boom. The dull rumbling has begun. We have had some of his plays, and now in the course of a couple of weeks two of his novels have been announced by English publishers. Let us hope that the matter will stop there. For Schnitzler has written so much that it is not good for man to read. A German critic has justly and mildly called him "The writer of libido." His latest work of fiction, "Frau Beate und ihr Sohn," for example, is perhaps a leaf from the case-book which Schnitzler keeps, in his professional capacity as medical man. It is true, there is no technical jargon, no offensive phrase even. There is an abominable story of morbid precocity, and of the period we heard so much about in that savoury little yarn by Karin Michaelis. The story winds up with an episode which Sophocles treated in a somewhat different manner! But the whole thing is devilishly told, with that Viennese suavity which may be described as German coarseness tempered with Gallic lubricity. And Schnitzler has done it so openly that I should be very surprised if, even during the loudest of booms, this particular tale will ever assume English garb.

* * *

Georg Brandes and Anatole France. The fact that these two literary planetoids have lately been in conjunction in the heaven of the Savoy deserves some notice. For has not Georg Brandes written a monograph on Anatole France? And has not Anatole France expressed his opinion of Georg Brandes? In a letter dated June 19, 1905, he writes, "... I regard Georg Brandes as one of the greatest minds, and one of the loftiest spirits of this age. He has flattered nobody, not even the crowd. ..."

* * *

The Austrian censor has always been a busy person, but J. S. Machar must frequently have made him work overtime. In a small volume of selections from his writings which I have before me, twenty different pieces

have been suppressed on publication. Among these is the sketch which appeared in THE NEW AGE three weeks ago. It was first printed in 1908 and expunged in its entirety. In 1912 a successful appeal in the Austrian Parliament was made on behalf of this and other articles by no less a person than T. G. Masaryk, the Czech historian. I understand that not a dog barked at its appearance in this journal. Quite a testimonial!

* * *

J. S. Machar, who will celebrate his fiftieth birthday next year, has been the object of as much abuse as the clericalism which he himself has so frequently assailed. It would be quite wrong, however, to label him merely as an anti-clerical satirist. Apart from his literary criticisms—one of which, by the way, involved him in a quarrel with Vrchlicky—I am inclined to attach more importance to his historical studies. He has issued a series of volumes, beginning in 1906 with "In the Glow of the Hellenic Sun," and continuing under such titles as "The Poison from Judæa," "The Barbarians," and "The Pagan Flames," in which the most prominent historical personalities and the leading historical events are made the subject of poems, largely in blank verse, but sometimes cast into the ballad form. The plan, which undoubtedly owes much to Vrchlicky (and hence, through him, to Victor Hugo) is well carried out in the first two or three volumes. But the "Pagan Flames," devoted to the Renaissance period, and "The Apostles," dealing with the Reformation, show signs of fatigue. I know a secondary school-teacher in Bohemia who reads extracts from these volumes to his history class—when the authorities are not about.

* * *

I hope to return to Machar later, for there is much that might be said about him. In Bohemia he is a personality. Petr Bezruc, whom nobody would accuse of having a fawning disposition, has written a poem in praise of him. There is, too, a certain similarity between Machar and Multatuli. I do not know, for example, whether it is more than mere coincidence that both have written a poem entitled "Golgotha." But while Multatuli has treated the subject in burlesque, Machar is dramatic throughout.

* * *

I have come across a detailed study of Multatuli in a recently published book of essays—"Von Menschen, von Bildern, und Büchern," by Hermann Oeser (Eugen Salzer, Heilbronn). Oeser is not exactly enchanted with Multatuli, and perhaps for that very reason I am tempted to quote from his final summing up. "All efforts that endure, all that brings revelation and powerful conviction can only originate in a deep and wholesome personality. But Dekker is, as a personality, without edifying traits; he is interesting, lamentable, attractive and repulsive. ... As a positive thinker he has not contributed a single thought to the mental storehouse of the age. ... In the manipulation of an argument he is the greatest casuist of the 19th century. In spite of all appearance to the contrary, the number of subjects he deals with is small. ... His epigrammatic manner of thought stood him in good stead as a writer" (I should think so, indeed!).

* * *

Oeser concludes thus: "Nobody can doubt the greatness, the power and alertness of his mind, the splendour of his rhetoric, the thoroughness of his ideal of human happiness, the sincerity of his quixotic readiness to help others, the passionate sensitiveness of his soul, his deep longing for happiness, and the depths of the actual misery in his life, even where he did not realise it." Unless I am a very slovenly reader, there is a certain amount of contradiction in this criticism. It looks to me as if Oeser, as an orthodox Christian, felt in honour bound to pull Multatuli about, but that in the end he let his real feelings triumph over a mere artificial and

sentimental code of dogma. I do not assert that he came to scoff, but he certainly seems to have remained to pray.

My colleague, R. H. C., has pointed out some examples of English critics who, after frenziedly lavishing praise, have come to their senses, with some damage to their temper. I have noticed similar phenomena elsewhere—in Germany, for instance. Just lately there has been much ado about a novel called "The Tunnel" by a certain Kellermann. It concerns the doings of an energetic engineer who plans and produces a tunnel to America. This little scheme has put much wealth into the pockets of Kellermann and his publisher, and many laudatory adjectives into the articles of the journalists. But now that the boring of the tunnel is complete, or shall we say, has only just begun, some of the more venturesome are beginning to pick holes in the structure, and a few are even condemning the whole concern. "This is a lamentable exhibition," remarks one fretful gentleman "to find a mediocre novel cracked-up as the unique artistic product of to-day, and we shudder to experience it. Bernhard Kellermann's 'Tunnel' has become the war-cry of our age. Here, at last, something has been created, for which we so long have yearned and hoped—now our salvation on earth is assured. Never before has such an excited chorus of sensation-mongering panegyrists been raised over a work of fiction. We have seen feeble plays boomed for a short time by more or less solvent publishers with a deafening racket; we have seen similar proceedings, with boots, hats, sword-swallowers, fire-eaters, ladies without abdomens—in short, among the hucksters' booths and gaffs at a fair. But never has a middle-class novel found so mendacious an echo among the newspapers as this one of Kellermann." Here are all the symptoms of journalistic Katzenjammer.

P. SELVER.

Views and Reviews.

THE publication under the title, "The Religious Aspect of the Women's Movement,"* of a series of addresses delivered at Queen's Hall about eighteen months ago, reminds us of the perpetual necessity of challenging the authority of the New Testament, when quoted in support of any social movement whatsoever. Socialists sans phrase have long been obliged to curse the Christian Socialists, whose Christianity has always been so much more marked than their Socialism. We know, as every fair-minded man knows, that the New Testament may be quoted for and against any question that may be mooted; and "A Rifleman," after demonstrating, in "The Gathering Storm," the absurdity of Christian Socialism, was compelled to add in a footnote: "It is the special beauty of the New Testament that one text can always be found to contradict another." The attempt to find Scriptural authority for any cause whatsoever is characteristic, I believe, only of the English and American nations; certainly, Emerson (who, having been a Unitarian parson, should be an authority on cant) said that it was; other nations find it possible to discuss their difficulties without these "polite bows to God" that Emerson felt were so odious. Indeed, intelligent people are now inclined to assume that a cause is dead as soon as the Church has proved that it is derived from the example and teaching of Jesus Christ; for the blessing of the Church excommunicates the supporters of a cause from the company of honest people. "The Church at this moment is much to be pitied," wrote Emerson in 1856. "She has nothing left but possession. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman, and reads fatal interrogation in his eyes, he has no re-

source but to take wine with him. False position introduces cant, perjury, simony, and ever a lower class of mind and character into the clergy; and when the hierarchy is afraid of science and education, afraid of piety, afraid of tradition, and afraid of theology, there is nothing left but to quit the Church which is no longer one." It is no answer to this reproach that the clergy are now declaring that the Women's Movement is in agreement with the principles of Christianity, and that St. Paul ("that fellow Paul, the parvenu," as Byron makes St. Peter say) would have approved the movement had he lived to see it. We know that a movement has stopped as soon as the Church bestows its blessing upon it.

I am the more interested in these discourses because the method of interpretation is exactly the same as that used by me in an article written last summer, and for which I was fiercely denounced by some Christians. "By a judicious selection of facts, you can prove anything," said Cardinal Newman; and the Bishop of Hull has judiciously selected his facts. We are told, for example, that "our Lord's respect for the intellectual and spiritual capacity of women is shown by the wonderful revelations of truth which he made to them. To the woman of Samaria He declared the true character of worship: to Martha He revealed Himself as the Resurrection and the Life: Mary of Magdala was the first to see Him after He had risen from the dead. With the one exception of the centurion of Capernaum, the highest praise of victorious faith was gained by the woman who was cured of her twelve years' sickness and the Syrophenician mother whose humility and perseverance in intercession won deliverance for her daughter." I did some judicious selecting of facts when I wrote my article, but nothing like this; but let us examine these facts.

The incident of the woman of Samaria is a doubtful one to quote in support of the assertion that Christ respected "the spiritual and intellectual capacity of women." If he did, he was mistaken; for what impressed her was not the declaration of the true character of worship, but the fact that he had told her that she had had five husbands, and that the man with whom she was living was not her husband. This it was that impressed her, for she went into the city and said: "Come, see a man, which told me all the things I ever did: is not this the Christ? . . . And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman, which testified, 'He told me all that ever I did.'" There is no evidence of the "spiritual and intellectual capacity of women" in this incident; indeed, in the opening passage of paronomasia about the water, she is shown as being as dull of comprehension of the hidden meaning as, in a subsequent passage, the disciples are concerning the meaning of the word "meat." It would be more legitimate to argue that Christ, having proved her to be a fool, had no hesitation in saying incomprehensible things to her.

The Martha incident is no less dubious proof of the main proposition, for, although she replied: "Yea, Lord; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world": she apparently accepted this communication as a reproof. She straightway went and called her sister Mary, saying: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee": although there is no evidence to support her statement. That she only expressed her belief in the declaration to pacify him is proven by the fact that when he commanded the stone to be taken away, she replied: "Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days": and met with the reproof: "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" If Christ really believed in the intellectual and spiritual capacity of women, the effect of these two revelations on the women must have disappointed Him. The Resurrection story proves nothing in this connection, nor do the two miracles.

But there are recorded incidents that suggest the

* "The Religious Aspect of the Women's Movement." (The Collegium. 4d. net.)

exact opposite of the Bishop's contention. When, at the age of twelve, Jesus required intellectual conversation, he did not turn to his mother; he "tarried behind in Jerusalem," and spent three days talking with the doctors in the temple. When his mother reproved him, saying, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing"; he retorted: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not," etc. We know that it required forty days of fasting and praying in the wilderness to enable him to shake off the influences of domesticity; we know that his kinsmen "went out to lay hold on him, for they said, 'He is beside himself'"; and the fact that we are told subsequently in the same chapter that his mother accompanied his brethren, presumably on a similar errand, and that Christ refused to go to them, suggests that she shared the opinion of his kinsmen, and probably instigated them to the attempt at capture. I need not elaborate this side of the argument.

St. Paul's teaching on the subject is much more emphatic, but is waived aside as being applicable only to his own times, and determined by considerations that are no longer valid. When he said: "Let the women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but let them be under subjection, as also saith the law," that exclamation was due mainly to "expediency," in the opinion of the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett. The law allowed, and the apostle awarded, this judgment; but it would not square with all those predilections of the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, with his assumption of sex-equality, so it must be set aside as being dictated by expediency. It was necessary at that time not to shock the pagans, I suppose; anyhow, St. Paul thought that the end of the world was coming very quickly, and, therefore, one must not bother too much about his applications of his principles. His principle of sex-equality, of course, is eternal; it is only his principle of sex-subjection that is not applicable to these times. St. Paul meant just whatever you like, and so the Women's Movement, as well as every other movement, has a right to his authority.

The spiritual and intellectual capacity of women was well exemplified at these meetings. The Bishop of Hull said that "the woman's movement is a larger matter than a claim to the suffrage"; but when Mrs. Willey got on her feet to talk twaddle about "The World-Wide Significance of the Women's Movement" (what has significance to do with the width of the world?) we were told that "as the stone falls to the earth, as rivers run to the sea, as knowledge overflows the boundaries of apparent contradiction to become one whole, as the heart of friendship leaps to the heart of friend, such is the irresistible force behind the movement for the enfranchisement of women. Nothing can stop it, for it is the great uprising of the larger half of humanity to form a free part of the whole and so to fulfil its life." And all this mental confusion is behind the demand for the vote! Miss Maude Royden said: "The franchise that we ask is the franchise of the Kingdom of God. We ask for the freedom of all the virtues." But St. Paul said that "against such there is no law"; this franchise has never been refused, and cannot be refused. It is the demand for the parliamentary franchise, accompanied by the threat of more Criminal Law Amendment Acts, and similar legislation, that is being refused; and the vindictive virtue of this lady, demanding, as Christians have always demanded, the freedom to enslave others to her will, is one of the most powerful arguments against the enfranchisement of women. The simple fact of the situation is that women are socially in a superior position to men; Mr. Choate said years ago, when proposing the toast of "The Ladies"; "To women, once our superiors, now our equals"; but forgot that the claim to equality was added to the fact of social and legal superiority. But there is no need to discuss the woman's movement now; the Church has blessed it, and it will not survive the operation of black-coat magic.

A. E. R.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IF one wanted a proof that the National Theatre is an absurdity, and that no theatre in London could possibly be national, the recent production of Mr. Jerome's "Robina in Search of a Husband" would afford that proof. London, where the best and the worst of everything comes, is not national, is not even local in spirit; it is cosmopolitan. It has no tradition of a national drama, or, rather, the tradition has been forgotten in London; and the playwrights who have plays produced in London write according to no tradition, but according to the predilection of one or other of the actor-managers. There is nothing resembling the Darwinian idea of evolution to be seen in the development of London drama; if *Natura non facit saltum*, Philistine art makes mighty big jumps, and new species of plays arise from sports. There is no Weissmannian continuity of the germ-plasm to be observed; the neo-Lamarckians would be unable to discover any intelligent striving for development; the Mutation theory alone can explain the extraordinary diversity that is manifest on the stages of London theatres. Things change their apparent natures at such a rate that an observer of their metamorphoses can only say, with drunken Dick Phenyl: "Perfect conjuring trick."

Let me try to be intelligible, which means that I shall be dull. Drama in London is divisible into two categories: commercial and repertory drama. Mr. Granville Barker is the patron of both (he got the idea from one of Shaw's prefaces). He produced "The Great Adventure" at the Kingsway, and has left it to run on for over three hundred performances; while at the St. James' and the Savoy, to which he is returning, he has been preparing the repertory for the National Theatre for which, at last, a site has been found. That the commercial play, "The Great Adventure," differs fundamentally in type from the plays of the repertory, no one will doubt; and that Mr. Barker is a sort of inartistic Siamese twins all by himself is equally plain. But the line of division between the other London managers was, until recently, plainly marked. The debating play, or the "sociological" play, was excluded from the stage of the commercial theatre; managers like Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Martin Harvey, Arthur Bouchier, had personalities and techniques to exploit, and the repertory form of play afforded them no opportunity of doing so. Miss Marie Tempest was a manager of this class, while Mr. Norman McKinnel has become identified with the repertory theatre. Yet less than a year ago Miss Marie Tempest produced an absurd "sociological" play by Jerome K. Jerome called "Esther Castways"; and now Mr. McKinnel has produced what Mr. Jerome calls "an absurd play," which is really an old-fashioned farce.

This is, as Chesterton would say, advance in all directions. Miss Marie Tempest was induced to "advance" to a "sociological" play, and Mr. McKinnel is induced to retreat to farce. Indeed, Mr. McKinnel's experiment at the Vaudeville affords further proof of the fact that there is no dramatic tradition observed in London. If I remember rightly, he began his season with the production of Schnitzler's "Green Cockatoo," and a play called "From Sunset to Dawn," or something like that, by Hermon Ould, who has since been distinguished by being quoted in "Current Cant." Schnitzler's play was a sort of Futurist representation of the past, of the French Revolution, to be exact; Hermon Ould's play dealt with the tragedy of love in a lodging house. Then Schnitzler's play was withdrawn, and Shaw's "Great Catherine" replaced it. This play is remarkable only for a misdescription and a misquotation. It is advertised with the motto:

Great Catherine, whom the world still adores.

Byron.

Byron never wrote that meaningless and unrhythmical line. This is what Byron wrote :

[He] then withdrew to hear about the Russians,
Whose victories had recently increased
In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores
As greatest of all sovereigns and w—s.

The play is called a "thumbnail sketch of Russian life in the eighteenth century"; and is really no more than an ordinary farce with a bedroom scene. But Mr. McKinnel is evidently in the mood for farce, for he has now withdrawn the lodging-house tragedy, and produced a farce so conventional that Mr. H. G. Wells, who was present at the first performance, nearly clapped his hands off with admiration of its novelty.

The idea of a lady becoming a chambermaid is at least as old as Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer"; and the mere complication of three couples to be repaired adds nothing to the original idea. There is the usual comic policeman, of the type seen on the posters in the Tube refusing to direct an old woman. But I am not going to talk about "Robina in Search of a Husband"; its production is, as I said in opening, a proof that there is no tradition of drama observed in London. Play succeeds play, playwright succeeds playwright (for example, where is Hubert Henry Davies now, or Somerset Maugham?), that anything that has not been played for five years, or is of a type that has not been played recently, is a novelty. Barrie revives "Quality Street," Sardou's "Diplomacy" is still running, "Charley's Aunt" has come to life again at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and Mr. Jerome writes a play that would have bored people five years ago.

In the face of these facts, it is futile to talk of the future of the English theatre, of a national drama. I remember seeing a one-act play some years ago, in which one of the characters (supposed to be a great actress) said that her "future was buried in the ashes of the past." There, in every sense of the phrase, lies the future of English drama. If the "advanced" people, the "repertory" crowd, are returning to the senilities of their youth, we can estimate exactly the real value of the repertory idea as manipulated by these people. The repertory idea is artistically applicable only to classics; what has really happened is that the idea of a "short run" theatre has been added to the idea of a "long run" theatre. The "advanced" people had, and have, no objection to making money by a "long run"; their difficulty at first was that they could not afford to pay the fees of a successful dramatist. Like the self-made millionaires, they began their dramatic life by selling matches and newspapers; small profits and quick returns was the motto, and as unknown men are cheap and plentiful, and the "short run," coupled with inexpensive staging and dressing, is economical, they could kill several birds with one stone. The unknown and cheap dramatist was flattered by being produced, that section of the public that is always on the lookout for "novelties" was flattered by being called "advanced"; and there was always the chance that a really successful dramatist might be found. Advertising was easy and inexpensive; one had only to write plays or passages that the Censor could not pass to start a controversy about "Art" which had nothing whatever to do with Art, publish the play, and produce it privately, and thus acquaint the general public with the existence of this enterprise.

The only consequence is that we have a few new managers and playwrights (the old ones are nearly all knighted). The melodrama of misery has been divorced from the mechanical sensation; no longer is the hero tied to the railway lines, or the heroine placed under the Nasmyth hammer; but, minus the mechanical sensation, melodrama revives in the repertory theatre. Farce, so long excluded by the exponents of the dismal drama, returns practically unchanged. The revolution has become a habit of going round—but never getting any further. Repertory has become repetitive; it repeats not only its own clichés, but the clichés of the com-

mercial theatre of twenty or thirty years ago; and the so-called National Theatre will show us, I suppose, what a crew of sedulous apes has undertaken the provision of what the London public wants. Shakespeare will be played, of course; he is the National Bard, and all that sort of thing; and Molière, and Maeterlinck, and Aristophanes, and Brioux and Masefield, and Shaw, and any other novelty of the day. The repertory, let us hope, will be comprehensive, that is, selected without taste; and if it disgusts the provinces with London, and inspires them to create their own local drama, instead of depending on touring companies for their entertainment, it will do some good. London is not a city, it is a disease; and the first sign of a national drama will be a reaction against the National Theatre.

Art.

An Open Letter to My Friends.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

Insects sting, not from malice, but because they, too, want to live. It is the same with our critics—they desire our blood, not our pain.—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

GENTLEMEN,—

To judge from the above words, it would seem that one of the profoundest intellects the world has ever possessed held but a poor opinion of the function of the critic. And, indeed, when one attempts to consider the question seriously, in all its aspects, one is driven to the conclusion that, in comparison with the man who produces and who does something, the critic enjoys but a minor and notoriously less dignified position. He simply talks, the other man acts.

On the face of it, the thing seems so easy and so plausible. The critic comes on the scene when all the toil is over, when all the heart-searchings, doubts and struggles of the artist have been survived, and there stands nothing save what is very often—even to the artist himself—but an inadequate approximation to his original conception. It is then that the critic begins to talk, and frequently he has a much better understanding of words than of art and of artists. He is in a sense a neuter person who is incessantly nagging other people concerning their children. Nor does he always possess the necessary knowledge of his limitations to approach these parents among his fellow-men even with the respect and care due to those who have added to the youth and the life of the world.

There is, however, one way in which the critic can add a little dignity, if not prestige, to his calling, there is one way in which his talking may amount to an act as valuable as the producer's, more particularly in an age like the present, when a sign of interrogation is placed against almost every doctrine or attitude for which a man can stand. He can endeavour as far as possible to be clear, consistent and unswerving as the representative of a definite standard of taste, in order to help that standard of taste to prevail. He can avoid the charge of promiscuous biting by trying to understand and to grasp thoroughly what his standard exacts, how far it extends, and what is the utmost it can include, without embracing its antithesis and its contradiction. In fact he must not only be conscientious—because there is such a thing as a conscientious ass—he must be well-informed, he must, in short, have had a training in his subject, and he must be quite certain of his terms. This equipment of the critic is more than ever essential at present, seeing that, every day, new angles of vision claim attention and challenge opinion; and there is no task more difficult than this, to judge and place the new and that which departs from the traditional.

It is precisely here, on this ground, that the unwary, the foolish and the arrogant, above all, are caught. In the first place because nearly all men are consciously or unconsciously offended by the unfamiliar; and secondly because the old criteria very often fail and become utterly useless when one attempts to apply them to genuine novelties and innovations.

Artists are the most sensitive men in a community. They are prophetic in this, that tendencies are frequently revealed in their work long years before the mass of mankind are even aware that these tendencies exist. In the presence of the artist's work, then, the critic is not unusually in the presence of a piece of prophecy, a forecast of what to-morrow will be. It is the most difficult thing on earth to take this forecast, to analyse it, and to estimate its worth. I defy anybody constantly to be occupied in this work and not to avoid an occasional slip; but, above all, I defy anybody even to take his first steps in this work without a very definite standard of his own to guide him. And, even so, for fear lest there might be something he had overlooked, he should mingle with the artists themselves, try to understand their point of view, try for a moment to place himself in their position—if only to grasp it more accurately; and then, only, proceed to lay down his view of their work.

This has not been my view of criticism during the last twenty-four hours; it has been my view of criticism since I first began to write on the subject of art. And though this view did not preclude the possibility of my being in error, it precluded the possibility of my being merely one of those who sting promiscuously, without either rhyme or reason, simply in order to live.

Now, if a man takes his function as a critic seriously, there is one thing he must loathe to do—and that is to condemn, to reject. Why? Because, unless he has considered the position carefully—unless, that is to say, he has acted with more than ordinary caution, he may be perpetrating an act of the most unwarrantable injustice against a new and promising form of life, the mere novelty of which has upset all his standards. He will therefore go up to all sorts of shifts before he finally utters the "No" which he dislikes. He will approach the artist with sympathy. He will dwell for some time on his work, he will try to find out what lies behind it.

With the group calling themselves the Futurists, among whom, I believe, Mr. Jacob Epstein is *une sommité*, I tried to proceed in this way. I cannot claim the honour of Mr. Epstein's acquaintance; but I have known several of his friends, I have also met Severini, and discussed his work at length with him. Above all, I have listened to Marinetti.

When I wrote upon Mr. Epstein's show, I did not therefore set down sweeping conclusions arrived at hastily and couched in wantonly offensive language—on the contrary, I endeavoured to condense into a paragraph not only my opinion, but my reasons for it—reasons which I shall show are consistent with my standards. One can oppose ideas only by ideas. If Mr. Epstein's standards seem to lead the wrong way, I can oppose them only by means of other standards.

On this principle alone, I think, the Futurists and Mr. Epstein have found in Mr. Hulme an advocate whose methods are a little mistaken. The controversy is an important one. These questions need open discussion. Futurism and the ideas associated with it represent a modern phase. It is only natural that they should require to be sifted; it is only natural, too, that those who stand for them should defend themselves, find out how strong their opponents' position is, and state their own position to their opponents. But Mr. Hulme in advancing as Mr. Epstein's champion makes discussion impossible. It is the most difficult thing imaginable to know what to do when one is attacked as Mr. Hulme attacked me. Because, as you will observe if you read his article with care, he disarmed me before striking me. If I replied to him as a controversialist he could retort that he was not concerned with me as a con-

troversialist at all, but only in so far as he was exposing me as a charlatan. In this way I was disarmed. It is not seemly for a man to meet certain personal charges. I could therefore only remain dumb in the face of the charge itself—or else in replying to it run the risk of committing the same errors as Mr. Hulme himself has committed—again I was disarmed. My best course seemed to be to write a letter to my friends, to substantiate my position against the Futurists and to show even Mr. Epstein himself and my own acquaintances among the Futurists that a man may have reasons for disagreeing with them. And I was guided in this course principally by the thought that far from standing as an isolated backbiter I am essentially fighting for a cause.

Before finally dismissing Mr. Hulme's article, though, let me point to this feature of it. It did not oppose my doctrine as a whole; it did not even discuss it. Mr. Hulme did not set out his own doctrine side by side with mine and attempt to show the flaw in the latter. The only shred of my doctrine that he seized upon, although it is a very essential shred, he is forced to agree with, but attempts to belittle the consequence of this by saying that it is old, and accusing me of claiming it as original. In the first place Mr. Hulme should know that there is scarcely any doctrine on earth with any truth in it, some element of which can avoid being old, and secondly that I have never once claimed the particular shred he seized upon as original. If I claim it as my own, in the sense of a possession, let me remind Mr. Hulme that it is not unusual or extraordinary for a man to speak in this way of his faith.

So much for his only attack on my doctrine. With this I take my leave of Mr. Hulme's article on Mr. Epstein and his Critics, and turn to my own standards and their relation to the Futuristic painters and sculptors.

When a critic's conclusions are questioned or aspersed, more particularly on a matter of such vital importance as art, the utmost he can be expected to do is to come forward with his standards, and to make perfectly clear the principle on which he has assumed the hostile attitude against which a complaint has been raised. This is literally all he can do. And he owes this duty not so much to his opponents, who can appear to snap their fingers at his standards, as to his friends.

If my standards are absurd, then my criticism is absurd. If they have no confirmation either in fact or in reason, then my criticisms can claim no such confirmation. But, before I start, let me make this one claim in regard to my criticisms in art—a claim which I feel sure that most of my readers will support, namely, that of all art-critics at present engaged in the Press, I am not one of those who has sinned most in the direction of not giving his reasons for what he says, and that therefore this statement of my standards will constitute a re-statement, a reiteration, rather than a first declaration of my general principles. Still, it is not a bad thing occasionally to review one's position; nor does it seem at all out of place that I should start the year with this manifesto dated the first of January, 1914.

What is art? It is the expression of life itself. But all expression is self-revelatory. Pictorial art, then, is the self-revelation of life herself looking into herself and upon her forms. It is life pronouncing judgment on herself. Life may be sick, life may be sound. Where she is impoverished her voice speaking through the inferior man condemns herself. Where she is sound and exuberant, her voice speaking through the sound man expresses joy and pride over herself.

How does life grow sick, or keep sound? Sound life may be regarded as a process of choosing and discarding correctly. To choose and discard correctly leads to a permanence of sound and flourishing life. To choose and discard wrongly leads to death.

How do the mass of men choose and reject correctly?

They are guided in this by men of taste. Men of taste, men who know, are, comparatively speaking, rare occurrences.

They are so rare, indeed, that all the great religions may be regarded as sacerdotal attempts at perpetuating and preserving the important utterances concerning Taste of a few great men. All great orders of society are thus established systems guided by the selectings and rejectings of a few founders. The members of such great orders of society see in this their hope of permanence; and where these selectings and rejectings, which constitute a scheme of life, have through the centuries proved their value as preservers of sound life, there is naturally a tendency in the people observing them to be intensely and obstinately conservative. When, on the other hand, the selectings and rejectings of a founder have through the centuries failed to prove their value as preservers of sound life, there is naturally a tendency in the people who have observed them to be intensely and fiercely subversive and revolutionary.

What relation does the merely graphic artist bear to a great order or scheme of life? Of one thing, at least, concerning him we are certain, and that is that he is not, and never has been, responsible for its foundation. He is essentially a dependent—a dependent upon the superior man who is the artist or poet-legislator. This is the greatest fundamental fact concerning the graphic artist. If, therefore, he is anything at all, he is an order of society, or a civic arrangement, or a grand scheme of life become or becoming self-conscious. He simply expresses the will behind it, he is not the will behind it. The state of affairs, the established order must be there, before its spirit can be expressed, i.e., *before facts and things can be interpreted in its spirit*, and they who express it, or who interpret facts and things in its spirit, are not those who have established it. All such minor artists, then, as the architect, the painter, the sculptor and the musician, are dependent people. They are in every respect "hangers-on." They are inspired by the superior artist, the greatest of all, the poet-legislator—or by the superior will of a whole people handed down by its traditions and customs, from the poet-legislator.

It is this order or scheme of life which gives these minor artists their direction—that is to say, which gives their canon for selection, and which also furnishes them with the spirit of their interpretations of the life about them. The substance or content of their work consists of two things: (1) The portion and kind of life chosen, and (2) its interpretation in the terms of the great order to which the artist belongs.

What remains to complete the elements in a work of art? There remain the means of expression, the excellence of which can be judged by the adequacy with which they convey the substance or content. What is the essential condition of adequacy in the means of expression? That the mere alphabet, terms and grammar of the means of expression should not be a matter of individual choice or of arbitrary invention, but of general convention.

What happens when, as has occurred to-day, all great orders, all great schemes of life seem to be at an end? Guidance and direction are lacking, and the individuals of a community, more particularly its most sensitive individuals—the artists—are bound to be at cross purposes—that is to say, that, in so far as a general direction and the terms for an interpretation are concerned, a state of anarchy prevails. How can a critic find his way amid such anarchy? Just as in a hustling crowd at cross purposes he can watch the direction of individuals as apart from the general chaotic movement of the whole, and determine whether they are going North, South, East, or West, so in a group of artists at cross purposes he can divorce individuals from the general chaos and determine to what order or scheme of existence their path leads them. At the present day, all of us are suffering from this tangle of paths—this anarchy in matters of purpose and direction—but all of us should be aware of a certain goal to which we wish to attain and know, as travellers on the road, who is travelling with us, who is leaving us at our right, our left or our back. In this way, amid the chaos of

cross-purposes in matters of direction and in spite of the death of all great orders, if we are sure of our own direction, we can arrive at an approximate estimate of our neighbour's. Is he going toward a great order, is he still in the tradition of a great order, is he pining away for the lack of a great order, or is he perhaps groping in the direction of further disorder?

Does he scout all such things as orders, and wish to bring about a state of individual independence? Is he for instance in pursuit of the hierarchical idea, or in pursuit of the Protestant? Does he deny that the minor artist is dependent on a greater order for the content of his work, and does he claim the independence of the minor artist, and his ability to interpret things in his own isolated way—in short, his right to "express himself," as the saying goes? If that is so then he is true to the Protestant spirit, which makes the individual conscience supreme, and his direction is not towards any order or towards any hope of order, but towards greater chaos. Does he, on the other hand, feel the dependence of the minor arts upon the art of ruling? Does he, therefore, suffer from the present chaos and anarchy, and try in his work to be faithful to some great order, or to lead back to it, or to select and extol only the type which he feels would recreate it? If that is so he is in the hierarchical tradition and is going in precisely the opposite direction to the Protestant.

Thus along these lines, as also the lines of health and ill health, culture and savagery, it is possible to some extent to determine the direction of individuals even in a state of anarchy of direction. And this anarchy of direction may be a state not unfraught with happy anticipation, provided there be in it a preponderance of those who, while suffering under it, keep themselves pure in expectation of the Messiah, of the Saviour, of him who will again establish a great order. What do I mean by the words "keep themselves pure"? I mean that in an age like the present there are on all sides the most terrific temptations to anarchy both of thought and of deed: and that a man can keep himself pure only by absolutely resisting these temptations, and endeavouring to stand so far above them, as no longer to be charmed by the glamour of their appeal. So much then for the anarchy of direction, which may be fruitful.

But is there not another kind of anarchy? Of course there is. There is an anarchy which is one of form, and the most important thing to remember about it is that it should not be confounded as it constantly is with the anarchy of direction which may be fruitful. The anarchy of form is a lesser, altogether inferior, kind of anarchy, because obviously it is not concerned with such vital things as directions, but with the means of expressing directions. This is important enough, but not nearly so important as the other. In this way, apart from its occasionally forcing traditional and general forms to greater severity, it is almost always sterile. And what renders anarchy in matters of form so particularly futile is, that when the individual conscience, or the Protestant supreme tribunal, is acknowledged the final judge in these matters, you are forcibly driven to a state of Babel on a universal scale; owing to the fact that everybody is proceeding to twist about the orthography and the grammar of a language in his own way, and swings a tomahawk about your head if you refuse to understand him. Anarchy in form alone, too, ultimately leads to the death of all form; because even the most daring innovator can be outdone by some one who declares that the greatest art is the blank sheet of paper, and that to turn print into smudge or speech into dumbness is after all the highest triumph of artistic achievement.

Stated as briefly as possible, this has been the basis of my judgments in the graphic arts. To anyone who knows, the complicated superstructure will now loom as if completed by my own hands, but I have neither the space nor the time to complete it myself here. Since, however, the best test of principles is to apply them, let

me apply my own standards to the Futurists and discover why I am necessarily hostile to them.

One of the first things that the spectator like the critic must put out of his mind, is the modern and utterly vulgar tendency to doubt the Futurists' sincerity. That is absurd. Five minutes' talk with Severini or with Marinetti, or with many another I could name, would immediately dispel any such suspicion. The one thing about the Futurists that I have always maintained since I first began thinking about them at the Sackville Gallery, is the fact of their sincerity.

Having made this very necessary protest about the kind of critic who suspects red-ink and humbug wherever he sees a spot of strange blood, let me state why I am hostile to the Futurists as a body of artists. In the first place, like most of us nowadays, they are all suffering from the anarchy of direction; but like artists they are suffering far more cruelly and more hopelessly than we are. In the chaos of cross-purposes what direction do I see them take? I hear and see only the Protestant doctrine of self-expression among them: the right, that is to say, of each individual to interpret facts and things in his own spirit, independently of any superior order common both to himself and his fellow-men. They are essentially the sons of the age in this, that they neither have nor seem to desire any great order. And this Protestant spirit descends even to their means of expression, to which they attach tremendous importance. What they select, the portion of life which, apart from their insistence upon self-expression, might help to reveal their direction is so utterly confused by the idiosyncrasy of their individually invented means of expression, that the great error in judging them all along has been, I believe, to confound them, as anarchists mainly of form, with the anarchists mainly of direction. A man may have a great and new idea and express it perfectly, but his idea may be misunderstood, not because it is badly expressed, but because it is too novel or too great for immediate comprehension. His misfortune, however, is quite different from that of the man who expresses his ideas unintelligibly. As anarchists mainly of form, the Futurists are less obviously subversive and anti-social than the anarchists mainly of direction, because from the start their chief battle seems to be about a less vital issue. But the very species of their anarchy makes it a difficult subject to deal with. When you declare that you fail to understand them owing to their form they can and do reply that you misunderstand their direction. When you declare that you fail to understand them owing to their direction, they can and do reply, "Get used to our form!" It is the highly subjective element alone in the Futurists which may represent a new manifestation of the recent increase in the attention paid to the soul of every one of God's creatures, though even that is merely another phase of Protestantism. For instance, in "The Memory of a Night" (No. 23 of the Sackville Gallery), "Travelling Impressions" (No. 28), "The Jolting Cat," etc., etc.—these are obviously purely subjective states, and when they are expressed in an arbitrary way in arbitrarily chosen terms, while all the time we know that the most lucid and most careful description even in common and general terms often fails to make a purely subjective state clear to one who has not actually experienced it—then a degree of individualistic pretension is made which not only defies intelligibility, but defies everything that humanity has ever understood as constituting a means of expression.

Why then am I hostile to the Futurists, among whom I include Mr. Epstein because in his later work I detect similar tendencies? Because their direction as well as their attitude towards form is utterly opposed to the direction and attitude towards form of all those who, like myself, stand for the hierarchical principle with the best at the head, and who believe that this is the only means of attaining to any permanence of sound flourishing life; because sound flourishing life is a process of selecting and rejecting correctly, and only the very few can set the canons for this process. The

anarchy of the Futurists, because it is an anarchy of art, may seem to some less noxious and less threatening than that which finds its vent in the open streets, by means of dynamite and nitro-glycerine. But let me remind all those who think in this way that art is always prophetic, and that this anarchy in painting and sculpture is only a forecast of what the most disintegrating and most dissolvent influences of modern times are accomplishing and will ultimately try to achieve in every other department of life. Let me warn them, therefore, that it behoves all those who, like myself, realise this condition as a danger, to do everything in their power to stand firm, and to resist the attack, which one day will be general, upon all the most valued institutions of orderly life; and to be prepared to survive that attack not only with strength, but with that quality which always wards off every other kind of disease or infection—I speak of health. Examine my criticism of Mr. Epstein and his work in *THE NEW AGE* of December 18, 1913, and you will find it is consistent with the views given above. The reasons may be unacceptable to the Futurists; but they are reasons. They are neither tags nor wanton jibes.

Pastiche.

MR. LANSBURY TO MR. LAPWORTH.

Although it gives me the utmost pain, I must ask you to resign,
For it's plain your way of looking at things is not the same as mine.
You've upset a lot of our backers who hold the £ s. d.,
And it's come to the psychological moment, it's either you or me.
You know the only important thing is the poor dear women's vote,
And yet you footle about with Dublin and generally act the goat.
Couldn't you mention the ducal crowd without slinging mud at the duke?
And being rude to a duchess—well, that was a silly fluke.
And saucing a real live bishop, making game of the Anglican Church;
Letting your brother-director down, and leaving him in the lurch.
Then you let that fellow Dyson publish a blackguardly low cartoon
Disrespectful to a Labour M.P.; he'd be getting at me pretty soon.
We are getting in with a high-class lot, and swimming along quite nicely;
And you try to queer our blessed pitch: what is your game, precisely?
I threw up my seat in Parliament for the good of the women's cause;
And haven't had justice given me for it, let alone my due applause.
I'll make the "Herald" a paper such as England has never seen—
A cross between "Votes for Women" and the "Bow Church Magazine."
You were making it simply filthy, a revolutionary rag
That flaunted the skull and cross-bones, instead of a Red Cross flag.
And to give you an object-lesson in the art of editing,
I'm going across the Atlantic; I'll be back before the spring.
But although I strongly disapprove of the way you were playing the game,
For the reassurance of all concerned, I tell you, I'll play it the same.
But whereas you raised your hefty boot to kick the pillars of State,
I shall kick as hard, but only at the conditions they create.
And don't you think you're going to poison our readers with spite and spleen.
I'm going to keep the "Herald's" pages remarkably sweet and clean.
And to make quite sure there will be no ructions unworthy of our fair fame,
I shall just refuse to print your letters, and squash your little game.
VECTIS.

A POST-IMPRESSIONIST PARABOL.

Long, long ago mankind was rich in having a language for the expression of feeling and thought. Gradually, letter by letter, word by word, this spoken and written speech had been built to satisfy the growing needs of the race. At last, the artists among men were able to use a noble alphabet, with letters finely shaped, graceful yet dignified, standing well together, but of charming variety. In addition, pleasant colours were used for further enhancing the written page.

As time passed there arose word artists who declared that they would give an instantaneous impression of a whole idea instead of piecemeal impression. This they did as follows. Instead of writing in the old way, "Art shows the marriage of matter and manner," they wrote, "Art marriage matter manner." Some of them even left it at "Art—matter manner." These artists were called Impressionists.

Many of their fellows, not being "artistic," were really puzzled by the new ways. Others spoke of the "economy of means," and applauded vigorously. But some of the younger writers were dissatisfied with Impressionism, which, they argued, was intelligible or generally so, and accordingly was not radically different from the older methods. "We will form," they cried, "new symbols, and we will apply meanings to them. Thus shall we make a noise in the world, proving ourselves to be artists of absolute originality!"

Then they proceeded to inscribe strange characters on their pages, triangles and squares, and a host of other polygon shapes. They were named Cubists.

When this work was shown to the people there was loud laughter from many. But the Cubists and the Cubically-inclined looked scornful, crying out, "Philistines!"

Others, of more æsthetic taste, would peer solemnly at the Euclidean pages, occasionally tracing out some resemblance to letters or words of their everyday language. Then they would hug the new-glimpsed meaning to their souls, exclaiming in wonder at the greatness of the new art, its deep mysticism and spirituality. Incidentally, they were proud of their own taste and penetration, exceeding that of the multitude. If the meaning were only remote enough, little or no account was taken of the ugliness of the newly-invented characters. Art was re-christened, in these circles, as the marriage between incomprehensibility and inconsequentiality.

Again, it was felt by some artists that another change was due, still further, of course, in the direction of the meaningless. So they scrawled yet more strangely on their pages. "Look!" they said, "here are many meanings expressed in new words. On one page the orthodox cram one page of meanings, where we cram a whole six-shilling novel's worth!"

This latter feat may not seem impossible even to the users of the ordinary language, but it was intended to imply a great deal. Once more the public were roused to mirth, in some cases even to anger, while the small band of æsthetics were agreeably mystified. As no one except the originator knew the meaning of the new symbols, it was necessary (Oh! irony!) to entitle the pages in the old stupid meaningful language. By such means the sublime intentions of the master were made apparent to his disciples. Thus, after reading the title, the apostles would ecstatically declare, "This represents a polka, see! Wonderful! It is the very abstract idea of the polka. Those queer wavy lines, what action they show! He has transcended himself; he has torn out the very soul of the polka!"

These artists were labelled Futurists, from the fact that they were pessimistic enough to regard themselves as the wardens of the art of the future.

As more and more groups were formed, it was seen that they could readily be divided into two classes. One held that only the subject mattered, that language and expression were nothing. They strove hard to express their subjects without using any means of expression, but finding it impossible, reluctantly took pen and brush, and made strange marks. The second class held that meaning was unnecessary in art, where manner was everything. Accordingly, they invented queer form and colour combinations. "Lo!" they called, loudly, "the new language. Never mind meaning! Language for language's sake!"

In course of time these two groups fell into controversy. But in order to win the public ear each wrote in the public language. So busy were they in mutual destruction that they had neither time nor energy for their peculiar practices. Thus they cancelled one another out, and mankind was restored to sanity.

T. W. PATEMAN.

Synge Played in French.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—Synge performed in French! And "The Playboy of the Western World" at that! How would Parisian critics, nurtured on the cut-and-dried psychology of Porto-Riche, Donnay, Courteline, the superficialities of Bernstein, the tiresome adulteries of Hervieu, the morbidity of Bataille, the mechanism of Kistemaekers, the salacious satire of de Flers and Caillavet, the flatulent propaganda of Brioux, the cinematography of Tristan Bernard—in a word, French drama to-day, receive the masterpiece of the Irish Theatre? What would they think of the piece that met with garbage and interruption in New York, empty meat-cans and interruption in Chicago—the piece that no true "broth of a boy" of an Irishman can hear mentioned without that righteous indignation which expresses itself in abuse and shouting?

The query smote me with perplexity at the dress-rehearsal in the Théâtre Antoine, in Paris, the other afternoon, as Lugné-Poe drawled forth in funereal tones a dreary translation of Synge's preface. To look at, Lugné-Poe is a middle-aged stale mummer, doubtless "resting"; really, he, through his society L'Œuvre, and André Antoine have given the French stage whatever qualities lie behind its degenerate manifestations. It is he, too, who produced in French Ibsen, Bjornson, Strindberg, Hauptmann, von Hoffmannsthal, Schnitzler, and Oscar Wilde.

Clinging to a "strapontin" in the very shadow of the stage, I surveyed the auditorium. Sprinkled with a few British, it was a houseful of critics and dramatists, and they were all jabbering learnedly their usual nonsense. Out of this human olla-podrida had wise appraisal and true judgment to come!

Next day and the ones after I was to marvel at the understanding they mostly had in print. Casting away their habitual adulatory style, they dealt with a dead man, with a foreigner, to the best of their usually hidden powers, the opposite to our own worthy theatrical samplers.

The curtain rose on "Le Baladin du Monde Occidental"—that is the strange-sounding title of M. Maurice Bourgeois, Synge's admirer and translator. Perhaps you have read his newly published addition to the pile of Synge bibliography: "John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre" (London: Constable and Co.; New York: The Macmillan Company)?

The scene *did* have an Irish look: if not Mayo, at least it suggested Mayo.

And the translation was very faithful. Irish peasant expressions came to one in a rich, varied, unfamiliar French. My countrymen pricked up puzzled ears at a dialogue warmly coloured and poetic. Of course, the players had a Frenchy Irishness, but I am enthusiastic at their successful attempts. M. Virot did not look Christy Mahon, but he acted the simple-minded, easily pleased, easily frightened, easily cowed. When poetical, he was unconsciously so. The other actors he left below him. But the girls that flocked in and out in the second and third acts had contrived the true bright eyes, black hair, and rose-and-cream complexions that bloom under Erin's skies. Mme. Mulot managed to be, in turn, a cunning or an abandoned Widow Quin. And Mlle. Renée Le Flers acted. A little too undulating, too transparently amorous, at times, for Maggy Flaherty: she really sighted perfection towards the finish. And she's a novice! You know, not one of these people had ever seen the Irish Players, probably never been to Ireland. But why, oh why, did they call the enamoured, spell-bound Peggion Mike, "Piggy"?

The red-haired Philistine beside me was outraged at the first act, bored at the second, and loudly mocking at the third. As the last scene was ending, titters and jeers spread epidemically and gathered sound with co-operative courage. The performers' voices were dimmed by the din, but there were repeated recalls in a moment by the insistent applause of an appreciative minority, while most were fighting for coats in cloak-rooms, their struggles punctuated with, "Ah, cet esprit irlandais!" "Ah, je vous crois!" . . . "I prefer a picture-palace," said the red-haired one.

And now lend an ear for a moment to the critics. Harken unto M. G. de Pawlowski, editor of the theatrical daily, "Comœdia." The play has one defect, in his estimate, in being a little too spontaneous, a little too primitive, and the author, says he, "does not appear to be conscious very exactly of the value of what he writes. Nevertheless, this play is one

of the most coloured, one of the most novel, and one of the most human that we have seen for a long time. It will amuse the crowd, it will offer, in embryo, all possible social ideas; all problems for those who wish to think and who willingly go back for that to the very springs of the human mind, that is to instinctive and popular works."

Then M. Robert de Flers, in the "Figaro," is meddlesome, but only with M. Bourgeois. The piece should have been adapted, he declares. It is spoilt by an excess of farce and satire, is his verdict. But he qualifies: "Perhaps we in France are ill-made to admit this kind of bitter and excessive humour, which occasionally recalls Swift. But Mr. Synge's work remains a piece in which the symbolism is fairly clear, a piece which often carries a strange and original zest. In showing the prestige that an insignificant youth acquires by the murder of his father, the author has wanted to scoff cruelly at that need of the simple-minded to admire, which crowds and women equally have, that unrestrained and blind taste for the romantic and unknown, that mania to create for oneself heroes, to go and seek them everywhere, even in crime. Women and crowds, too, are prompt at sudden changes. They burn very easily what they have just worshipped, and that is a trait which Mr. Synge has noted in a very amusing fashion. There is also in the play a picturesque drawing of the Irish peasants. But however great may be our indulgence on the stage for criminals, Mr. Synge has perhaps been mistaken in taking for a hero a youth who has killed his father. . . ." The bourgeois mind inevitably reveals itself!

Evidently M. Léon Blum, in the "Matin," wishes to apologise for having rushed away to a "tango-tea" or something, for although he says that the feeling of the audience was not admiration, he proceeds: "They perceived, all the same, a bitter and sardonic humour, which arises from the action rather than from the words, and in a love-scene real lyrical power."

And the upshot of all this comment is that Lugné-Poe will give a series of matinées of the play at New Year.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. LAPWORTH AND THE "DAILY HERALD."

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—Until Mr. Lansbury's return from America we have no intention of dealing in detail with Mr. Lapworth's statements in his letter printed in your issue of December 18, entitled "Why I Left the 'Daily Herald.' " We ask you to publish the following letter which we sent to Mr. Lapworth in acknowledgment of his communications.—Yours faithfully,

THE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE OF THE

December 20, 1913.

"DAILY HERALD."

Dear Mr. Lapworth,—I return your letter, which the Management Committee has carefully considered. They desire me to say that they cannot accept either your facts as accurate or your interpretation of them as fair. The publication of your letter would therefore entail the publication of a counter-statement, and a consequent discussion of a demoralising nature, which would do no good to the movement or to anybody concerned. It is therefore impossible for the letter to be published in the columns of the paper.—Yours faithfully,

THE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE OF THE

December 13, 1913.

"DAILY HERALD."

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—Mr. Lapworth has made a statement grossly inaccurate in fact and in suggestion. He has chosen his time well. Mr. Lansbury is away and unable to reply; but as he is obviously the chief protagonist, I must leave the matter to him. I have no fear that your readers will accept an ex parte statement until they have heard the other side of the case. I am extremely sorry that they should have to wait for it.

FRANCIS MEYNELL.

December 20.

Sir,—I hope you will publish the enclosed, which I think needs no comment.

MARGT. JACKSON.

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your letter of December 10, the Management Committee wish to draw your attention to the statement they have published in the "Daily Herald," on the subject of editorship of the paper and Mr. Lapworth.

The "Herald" is the property of "The Limit Printing and Publishing Company" — a private company. "Herald" League members, therefore, are not shareholders.

F. R. SWAN, Secretary.

December 13.

Sir,—In view of the publication of Mr. Lapworth's letter in your issue of December 18, the following communication sent to the "Daily Herald" may be of interest.

JOSEPH NELSON.

COPY.

To the Editor of the "Daily Herald."

Sir,—At a meeting of the Hull Branch of the "Daily Herald" League, held on December 16, a full discussion took place upon the recent change in the editorship of the "Daily Herald" and other matters connected with the same, as a result of which I was instructed to write to you in order to lay before you the views of our members as expressed at that meeting.

The discussion was founded not merely upon the absence of information supplied by the "Herald" itself, but upon actual information and knowledge of facts known to some of us for some time past.

We are aware that the notice in the "Daily Herald"—inserted under pressure—announcing the resignation of Mr. Lapworth and the appointment of Mr. Lansbury as editor was disingenuous, and by no means contained the real truth of what took place. The publication of Lapworth's letter in this week's issue of THE NEW AGE, confirming and adding to what some of us knew and others suspected, renders it unnecessary for me to detail the information upon which we arrived at our conclusions as a branch.

We members of the Hull Branch are so, purely because we are "rebels," and because we considered that—apart from its specific views on every detailed question—the "Herald" was a rebel paper, conducted in the interests of the working classes, democratically managed and controlled, standing for the rights of the rank and file, as opposed to those of any set of leaders, directors, or bosses of any sort. In this view, we are now rather afraid that we may have been mistaken. We find the "authorities" on the "Daily Herald" acting autocratically, dismissing some officers, weeding out others, obviously—in spite of all they say to the contrary—purposing certain changes in the policy of the paper, all without in any way consulting the League branches or others of their supporters, or informing them in any way of what was going on. To this we entirely object; against this we protest most strongly, and with our protest we wish to combine a note of warning.

We believe that the success of the "Herald" during the present year, evidenced by its increased circulation, has been largely due to the personal efforts of Charles Lapworth, and the policy which as editor he has consistently carried out. We believe in the existence of the Class War; we believe that all the workers must recognise its existence before they can win their economic freedom; we recognise that it is impossible to carry on the fight for that freedom without sometimes attacking individuals as well as the system. We believe that any deviation from the policy which has characterised the "Herald" so far, any attempt—slow and subtle though it may be—to give predominance to any other cause or movement, such as the Suffragette movement, at the expense of the industrial and economic issues which concern the entire proletariat will be fatal to the continued success of the paper. In these opinions we are not alone, and by no means the least suspicious item in this matter is, to our minds, the way in which the letters of protest and inquiry from branches and individuals have been ignored. This is not democratic. This is not taking the rank and file into your confidence. This is not fulfilling the expressed intentions of the paper in the earlier days.

It is true that, since its liquidation, the "Herald" is no longer partially owned by the workers themselves. It is doubtless also true that those who pay the piper have the right to call the tune. But it behoves them to be very careful what tune they call if they desire to retain the confidence and support of the workers, or at least that rebel section of them who constitute the branches of the "Daily Herald" League.

Whilst granting in advance that you may deny to your supporters the right to interfere with the management of the paper—even as capitalist directors deny similar rights to their workmen—and whilst for the moment not arguing upon the wisdom and rightness of that position,

we are bound to state that the method by which Mr. Lapworth was deposed from the editorship, and the same assumed by Mr. Lansbury, would be a most ludicrous farce, were it not that it may bear within it the elements of tragedy with regard to the future of the paper. Not more than three directors appointed; two of them beforehand as certain to be always on one side; and the chairman of the three electing himself as editor by his own casting vote! And most of us used to think that George Lansbury was a democrat!

I believe that I have fairly well expressed the views uttered at our branch meeting, although I may not have done so in the same picturesquely forcible language employed by our members. I repeat that we view what has happened with grave suspicion and regret, and desire to enter a vehement protest against not only what has taken place but even more strongly against the methods adopted. And we do this solely because we have been loyal supporters of the "Herald"; we have worked for it; we have believed in it; we have loved it. We cannot endure to have its reputation smirched; we would have it as Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. Once it becomes suspect, then, unless it can clear itself, and does so openly and frankly, it must lose our confidence and with it our support, which we believe also to be the position of many other branches throughout the country.

And whatever harm it may seem might accrue as a result of a plain and free discussion, we believe truth to be always the best policy. A devious policy is ever a bad one.

"Fiat justitia, ruat cælum."

On behalf of the Hull Branch,

* * * JOSEPH NELSON.

Sir,—I was very much interested in the letter from Mr. Charles Lapworth in the current number of THE NEW AGE. As the first occupant of the editorial chair of the "Daily Herald," I was the founder, as it were, of an ever-extending and distinguished line, every one of whom has left his post against his will. I congratulate Mr. Lapworth because he was allowed to resign, at however short a notice. I never resigned, and never received any notice of dismissal even. All that happened was that the then chairman and business manager walked into the office and announced to the staff, without taking any notice of me, that So-and-so was editor. I had started the paper myself, so far as the whole of the editorial arrangements were concerned, and edited it under conditions of such apparent impossibility that I doubt if anyone else, not even Mr. Lapworth, would have tried to. No one will deny that, had it not been for me, there would have been no "Herald," and that was my reward.

However, at the present moment, while I naturally sympathise with Mr. Lapworth to some extent, my regret at his fall is modified by several considerations. In the first place, he has had a better chance to do something with the "Herald" than any previous editor, and I find myself, willy-nilly, agreeing with the criticisms passed upon his conduct of the paper by those who, apparently quite legally, though somewhat summarily, have required him to relinquish his control. As one of those who made the paper possible, I hoped that it would be a means of unifying the Labour movement and promoting real solidarity. In his hands it has, on the contrary, been the organ of a single section, and has not tended by its attitude to convert those sections of the Labour movement who are not as advanced as we would like them to be. It has been more of an antagonist than a solidifier, whereas it surely should have kept its ammunition for the enemy, and not for other sections of the working-class movement. Moreover, I can never forget that Mr. Lapworth was responsible for that extraordinary indulgence in slangy vulgarity which at one time characterised it, and from which it has not even yet quite rid itself.

The new arrangements, however, are not very promising, and do not seem to me to spell permanence. Mr. Lansbury, already one of the most occupied men on earth, cannot possibly add the editing of a daily paper to his existing duties, even if he had any journalistic experience. To have a figure-head for an editor, while someone else does the work, is neither democratic nor fair. It has not a single thing to be said for it, and I fancy that, if the opinion of the staff were taken, Mr. Lansbury—good fellow that he is, in intention at any rate—would be a little shocked. I wonder what will happen with the next turn of the kaleidoscope.

WILLIAM H. SEED.

Sir,—The "Herald" management have themselves to blame that Lapworth's simple and restrained statement commends itself more than their own secretive efforts to avoid any illumination of their recent actions. Disgraceful as it sounds, I can now even credit the rumour that they have tried to bribe him with a large sum of money to leave the country until his name and reputation have been discreetly buried!

It is a test property of coin that all gold clicks the same note, so if money is to do all the talking in future it matters little whether the pockets are those of Lansbury's friends or of Cadbury's. Let us, therefore, waste no more space on the "Herald" management, but prepare to witness as philosophically as possible the spectacle of the Friends of the "Fat" Woman splashing about, unrestrained at last, in a "plute" press of their very own.

After all, it was the "Herald" staff that had until recently sustained a measure of respect, and it was the "Herald" staff, therefore, that had just that much to lose by failing to act as they had preached. Has no one reminded them that "until the workers have the sense to demand a share in the management, and in the appointment of their officials . . . , etc." (see "Daily Herald," *passim*)?

Of course, you always maintained that they did not understand NEW AGE theory, even though they did snatch their catch phrases from it.

"An injury to one is an injury to all" (*ibid.*). I am told some of the staff have been heard saying hot words in safe places, but "many words, no deeds," seems to be as much their motto as that of the rest of leaders. Damn them all!

After all, it is probably only a cleverly chosen test. No doubt, the management felt that only those who could be relied on to witness passively the sandbagging of a comrade were fit mouthpieces for the "ideas" of Mr. Lansbury.

R. E. BESWICK.

* * *

AN OTTOMAN ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—It has been thought desirable by a number of representative men of various political parties that an "Ottoman Association" should be formed. The objects of such an association would be, in general, as follows:—

1. To resist encroachments upon the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.
2. To emphasise the strategical and commercial importance of that integrity to the British Empire.
3. To maintain the friendship of Great Britain with the Ottoman Empire and to promote a cordial understanding between Turks and Britons.

It is felt that in the future fate of Asia Minor may be involved not only the interests of the Sultan's Asiatic subjects, but also indirectly those of Egypt and of our Indian Empire.

It is not suggested that the proposed association should necessarily engage in any violent and sustained propaganda for the time being, but rather that a watchful eye should be kept on the complex questions of the Nearer East, and that every effort should be made to counteract the mischievous use of the British and Continental Press for the dissemination, without reasonable cause, of anti-Turkish views and sentiments.

A useful influence, it is thought, might be exercised on behalf of British and Turkish interests alike if a strong organisation existed capable of bringing its considered views to the notice of the Foreign Secretary and his colleagues.

The unreasonable attitude taken up by the Balkan Committee during the inception and progress of the recent war has outraged the feelings of many millions of our loyal Moslem fellow-subjects in India and elsewhere. The proposed association might do much to counteract the partial and prejudiced work of this Committee.

At the same time, it is obviously useless to establish an Ottoman Association unless it is a strong and influential one. We venture, therefore, to ask whether, if you are satisfied as to the adequate quality and quantity of the proposed association, you would agree, provisionally, to join it?

Amongst those who have already indicated their desire to become members of such a body are Lord Lamington, Mr. Harold Cox, Mr. George Lloyd, M.P., Hon. Montagu Parker, Lord Brooke, George Raffalovich, Marmaduke Pickthall, etc., etc.

E. W. BENNETT,
WILLIAM H. SEED,
Joint Hon. Secretaries.

34, Dover Street, W.

THE FIRST STEP.

Sir,—Mr. P. Bastow asks me what line of action the clerks should take, pending the transformation of the Trade Unions into Guilds. The reply is obvious. They must assist in the conversion. How, though? There is only one way, in my opinion, and that is by gaining the confidence of the manual workers. The sooner some understanding exists between the Salariat and the producers, the sooner wagery will disappear. Until the various combinations of craftsmen are willing to admit the clerks into their organisations, I am afraid little progress will be made by any association of clerks, however large. A great obstacle has to be removed first of all. And that is the mutual distrust which appears to exist between the two classes. This, I believe, is quite unnatural, and has been created by the capitalist. In his own interests it has pleased him to set the mental worker against the manual, and his efforts are devoted to the perpetuation of two distinct classes of employees, the merging of which he views with dismay. He is by no means distressed at the idea of a union of clerks pure and simple. All that they can hope to attain is a minimum wage, which, after all, is a very dubious achievement, since with the granting of it the entrepreneur will advise schemes of economy which will effectually frustrate any excursion into his profits. This is precisely his attitude to the workmen. It surely must be apparent, then, that a coalition of the administrator and administrator in any trade is revolutionary. To visualise such a thing must terrorise any captain of industry, be he ever so puissant. Mutiny and nothing else is the union of office and workshop. The average master reposes more confidence in his office-boy than he does in his foremen. In the office he holds his court. Outside in the factory are toiling his subjects. My experience has been that the clerical worker, on account of the trust which the capitalist is compelled to place in him, receives ever so much more consideration than the manual labourer. If a master thinks once before sacking a mechanic, he thinks twice before dismissing a clerk; further, he will not pay the one for holidays; but it is quite a common practice for the other to set out for a fortnight's vacation with two weeks' wages in his pocket; moreover, not infrequently is the clerk paid when he is ill. And all this because the office staff is engaged in nothing else but the direction and superintendence of production. It was a bad day for the capitalist when he started to speed the speeders-up. In many offices now time-clocks are to be seen. The clerk rings on and rings off. I know of instances where correspondents have the number of letters they write each day recorded, and typists the number of lines written estimated. And wherever the capitalist is idiot enough to introduce such methods, and destroy the distinction between office and factory which is generally so carefully preserved, there will be found smouldering rebellion. Once an entente cordiale is created between black-coat and overall, wagery disappears. The only thing I can urge clerks to do in the meantime is to exert every endeavour to bring this about. Through the draperies of officialdom in which they are perforce enwrapped, they must reveal their manhood. There is always the language difficulty, no matter how cordial the sympathy. To clerks, I say, drop the "h" and converse with your brother-workmen! Let them know you with their heart and soul. And to those who labour with their hands, I would say that poverty in metaphor is not necessarily an indication of poorness of spirit. Neither is one less a man if circumstances compel him to dine in a palace off bread and cheese. Notwithstanding, what workman, Mr. Bastow, would be inspired to confide in the clerk class after witnessing the masked promenade? It might well have been an advertisement for "Cachez ça."

As a member of the N.U.C. I should have thought Mr. Bastow would have been a believer in democracy, and that his interests being similar to the producers', he would have had sufficient faith in the democratic control of industry to cease to worry about his treatment at the hands of Labour. Apparently he is still undecided where to pin his allegiance. He hesitates between plutocracy and democracy; for clerks will still continue in the minority, even though they all be amalgamated. If the clerks never acquire the Guild spirit, and continue in snobbish professional organisations outside the Guilds, then they must not complain if they are tyrannised over inside.

To "Remus" I would like to mention that in my connection with the N.U.C. I suffered no delusion. I never

expected the millennium to arrive through that channel. I wanted to do something, and found I could do nothing except talk of Utopia, Earl's Court clerks, and the 35s. minimum wage, which, by the way, cannot be enforced. What a victory when it is!

R. CLOAKE.

MR. A. C. BENSON AND EDUCATION.

Sir,—Mr. A. C. Benson, C.V.O., M.A., President and Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, formerly Assistant Master at Eton College, contributes to the current "Daily Mail Year Book" an article on "What the Average Public Schoolboy Ought to Learn." The article is written in the spirit of the publication in which it appears, the commercial spirit; and the writer most definitely gives his support to that view of secondary education, familiar in the parents' demand that a boy should be taught at school how to earn his living, against which it is the chief duty of present-day schoolmasters to fight.

Of course, there is nothing new in this antagonism, and one cannot hope ever to win over a Philistine to culture, or by argument to infuse taste into a body born without any. But out of consideration for Mr. Benson's position as a don and an ex-schoolmaster, and because he has a reputation with a certain section of the public, it is worth while once more to oppose these points of view. I quote a few sentences (with his own emphasis):

"The aim before the public-school teacher is, or ought to be, to develop efficient, public-spirited, wage-earning citizens, who can take a place in life and realise their responsibilities."

I leave "wage-earning citizens" to you, sirs; and for the rest, it is so vague as to mean no more than (a phrase I am in the habit of using to sum up all such pronouncements) "Education is a good thing for the young." As the rest of the sentence is meaningless by itself, efficient—for what? public-spirited—to what end? I think we may reasonably assume that the end of education, according to Mr. Benson, is the creation of a body of wage-slaves who at their highest shall aspire to become business men. What an ideal for the senior fellow of a Cambridge college! The paragraph quoted continues: "But the effect in too many cases is that the boys have to be specially prepared, after their school-time is over, for practical life. . . ." Of course they have. It is not the business of either primary or secondary schools to train boys for specific callings. I can only hope that such school-teachers as take the part for the whole, and prostitute their own high calling to dabble in "vocational training," may one day get their reward in a class entirely made up of specialist students in every known variety of trade and profession: tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, merchant, moneylender, lawyer, and the other kinds of thief. But seriously, as much as it behoves schoolmasters to hold a high ideal ever before them, so much does it behove them to give the prosperous commercial boulder a slap in the face and stop once and for all his meddling with the secondary schools. Such work as he demands is the province of "commercial colleges," the which may God help when man shall realise them. The teachers of English are chiefly to be seduced into this iniquity. I appeal to the teachers of English especially, you who have the poets of past ages at your back and the poets of this present at your feet, not to be diverted by any argument, however cunning, nor to waver for any fear of your own fitness, from striving earnestly and ever in pursuit of that one ideal which assures us all that education is the fostering of a soul.

I leave the teachers of geography, one of the finest humanist subjects now in the curriculum, to answer this part of Mr. Benson's "*curriculum of admittedly essential subjects*."

"Geography should be taught so that the boys can have a real knowledge of the political and national conditions of the modern world as it is, and its social and commercial relations." The earth as it has been through the ages and the world as it should be now and in the future do not enter into the "*curriculum of admittedly essential subjects*" as sketched by the ex-assistant master of Eton.

His view of history is not so narrow: "The aim should be not to emphasise origins but to interpret the conditions of the modern world in the light of the past." But the classics, the higher mathematics, and more detailed sciences are all relegated to "a margin of time for abler boys who are specialising."

In the present overcrowded state of the curriculum there is, I personally think, a fair case to be made for

restricting the classics to the place of special studies, to give growing room for more *natural* studies. But so long as their place is to be taken by subjects and treatment designed to "fit the pupils for practical life" I for one shall not sanction the sacrifice of one hour of Latin or Greek. They are such a stronghold of culture, which is the true end of education.

After sketching this mean conception of a "*curriculum of admittedly essential subjects*," the President of Magdalene thus commends it twice in the same words. "The advantage of such a system of instruction would be that it would equip all boys to a considerable extent for practical life. . . . The great advantage of such a curriculum would be that both parents and boys would have an active belief in its practical usefulness, which is not the case with the classical curriculum." It is not, indeed.

We beg to acknowledge in continuance of these kind favours an esteemed reference in the ultimate paragraph to the culture solicited supra: "If it be alleged that such a curriculum forfeits the intellectual elements of culture and proceeds on too practical a basis, the answer is that, if culture cannot be communicated through the masterpieces of English, French, and possibly German literature, it cannot be communicated at all." But in reply to this esteemed favour we beg to respectfully intimate that the masterpieces of European literature aforementioned, having no practical usefulness, except as a necessary asset for aspirants to the unprofitable employment of assistant schoolmasters are not O.K. to the instant discussion, and, as they are not in this line of goods, we must beg to therefore deferentially decline same with regrets. In other words, you can't have it both ways.

I once heard tell of "commercial French," and we are all familiar with at least the accent of commercial German: but the word "language" and the word "literature" have each more than one meaning. There is the "language" of a trooper and the "literature" of a hand-laundry. Once more Mr. Benson says: "The weakest point about the classical curriculum, which is based upon a high ideal of culture, is that there seems no more certain method of extinguishing all belief in the possibilities of intellectual pleasure than by teaching classics rigidly to boys who never arrive at any real mastery of them; because, whatever the average classically educated boy may know, it is not Latin or Greek, while the idea that he could derive pleasure from the classics by independent study of them is simply too absurd to be mentioned in his presence."

In reply to this I will simply ask Mr. Benson why he refuses to visit a school which is only ten minutes' walk from Magdalene, where even boys of twelve and thirteen speak Latin (and the older boys Greek) so fluently that they hold extempore trials and debates in these languages, and even attend tea-parties where no English is spoken, and find such pleasure in this that they have to be thrown out after seven o'clock, "garrulous to the very last." Mr. Benson is actually a governor of this school, but he does not visit it. He prefers to talk through his hat.

"The conclusion," says the President of Magdalene, "is that *the world has modernised itself*, and that education must be adapted to modern conditions."

"The conclusion," say many schoolmasters of the present day, "is that *the world has vulgarised itself*, and that education must adapt modern conditions for the securing of a better future."

I have not had room to offer any constructive suggestions, but if these have not been implicit in my negations I will write again. H. CALDWELL COOK.

* * *

CIVILISATION AND THE CINEMA.

Sir,—The increasing popularity of the cinematograph is parallel with the decreasing value of personality as a social factor in civilisation.

The majority of playgoers will not agree with me when I state that the performance of a bad play by bad actors is a more important contribution to life than a great play presented photographically upon the screen by a company of excellent actors. But I am justified in making this statement because personality cannot be photographed. The living organism is more vital than its reproduction by mechanical means. Personal magnetism is inseparable from the man himself and cannot radiate from a photograph.

It is personality alone that can be of service to Art

and to the highest interests of humanity; an invention like the cinematograph which presents "plays" photographically, that is, without the element of personality, is of no service either to Art or to mankind.

It is depressing to observe how, during the last five or six years, the quality of personality has slowly been eliminated from the drama. How, side by side with this process of elimination, has developed the cinema as a popular form of entertainment, and scoring a final triumph over the theatre, inasmuch as it succeeds in banishing personality altogether. When we consider the fact that more than two-thirds of our population visit the cinema regularly every week, and enjoy the vitiated fare which it provides for them, we must realise that civilisation is in grave danger of success.

The struggle between the Theatre and the Cinema has been one for gramophonic and photographic supremacy. The first effect of this competition in the Theatre is the cinematographic quality both of the play and of its interpretation. It indicates the trend of civilisation, which is towards a state of anti-personality.

The next phase in this evolution is clearly that the Theatre shall become more closely related to the Cinema. "Actors" must submit to commercial exploitation by the Cinema, and in nine cases out of ten this has happened, with the result that for about one-fifth of the price demanded at the Theatre box-office it is possible to see all the "Stars" "featuring" upon the film at the various Cinemas. The distinction between these "Artists" performances upon the screen, and upon the boards of their own theatres is negligible. How, then, can the public be blamed for choosing the cheapest, and, at the same time, most convenient method of being "entertained"?

From a financial, as well as from an artistic standpoint, the Cinema is going to prove deadly. Modern actors, having no imagination, cannot perceive this even when they themselves are the victims.

A Cinema company can hire an unknown, but efficient actor, to play a part for about five pounds (and less), but he receives nothing afterwards in the form of royalties while the film is making enormous profits!

I know an actor, who, after three months of enforced "resting," was walking about the West-End practically destitute. At length, tired of tramping in a vain search for employment, he called upon a friend, the manager of a Picture Palace, who allowed him to go inside and rest. To his amazement he discovered that he was "featuring" upon the bill. His photograph was "acting" to a large audience, while he, the living man, was sitting among them destitute! He had played for the Film company nine months previously, and during that time the "Picture" had made thousands of pounds in profits. This is a remarkable illustration of the combined inhumanity of wagery and profiteering.

The Cinema to-day is the microcosm of every evil with which our civilisation is threatened. It will rob us not only of our souls, but also of our daily bread.

AN ACTOR.

* * *

"THE FRAUD OF FEMINISM."

Sir,—Your reviewer, Mr. Archibald Gibbs, in his review of a book written by Belfort Bax, makes certain statements about me which are simply not true, and I ask you at once to obtain from him an unqualified withdrawal.

First, he accuses me of never seeking to obtain the same rights for men in connection with property as women enjoy. I simply reply that Mr. Gibbs is either wilfully lying or knows nothing of my propaganda in the East End.

Second, he says I did nothing in the case of the lad Beal. I did all one man could on behalf of this lad.

Third, he says I never raise my voice when men are tortured, or have been tortured, in prison. This is also simply a lie. I fought Mr. McKenna and Mr. Churchill again and again on such cases, and within the past few weeks I have been almost alone in my protest against the torture of a docker in Dublin who went on hunger strike.

Fourth, he says I voted for flogging in the House of Commons and supported the White Slave Bill in all its stages. This is an inexcusable lie on any ground, as the votes of members of the House of Commons can always be obtained. I voted against the flogging clauses and waited over five hours with never a chance to speak against flogging.

It is quite true that I said *if* anyone was to be flogged it was the brutes who wished to exercise their passion on children, and I repeat it here. It is also true that, at

the same meeting, I protested against flogging of any kind for any offence.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not at all thin-skinned. My opinions and my public utterances, of course, are open to be challenged; but even so distinguished and brilliant a person as your reviewer cannot be allowed to make his articles effective with sheer inventions instead of facts.

Being away from London, I have been unable to get this note to you earlier.

GEORGE LANSBURY.

* * *

THE FREEDOM OF TWENTY.

Sir,—The state of the class of twenty is unique. Really it exists: and the psychology of it is apart from ordinary elementary educational study. I know the discipline of the sixties and the nineties: I know the benumbing effects on both the "teacher" and the "taught." These are mere euphemisms; for their application is impossible with a sixty class. The work with a class of twenty is a revelation. Naturally, the class is in a rural district under a kindly County Council. It is composed of the upper "standards," but really it is a unity with a grouped course extending over three years. In it servility is impossible!

The master is enthusiastic, and studies the children first. They are not picked; they are not even of a good class. The parents are driven labourers, sweating to earn twenty-four shillings per week. They live in three-roomed "huts" or cottages, built of wood and corrugated iron. Some of the families are nearly a dozen strong. Yes, strong. There are no societies for debates; there is no library; there is not a church. Most of the parents are illiterate. The boys of the school help their fathers with the "piece-work" on a heap of whinstone. Seven-year-olds peck at the blocks, and at that early age are proficient in the art of hammering. Horny-handed sons of toil! Yes, at seven years of age!

The conditions under which the men work do not concern us here, except the fact that they are essentially servile. There is one law: Thou shalt obey the most degrading orders or quit. The best have quitted! The children of the residue are in the free class in the public primary school. I venture to say that if these children were in a sixty class they would be termed dullards. Hardly one would be able to break through and show natural aptitude. In the twenty class there is not one dullard. John may be slow at arithmetic; but in tracking birds and animals he is supreme. Annie is curiously deficient in spelling; but her elocution is a treat, and her English is sound! The class of twenty is a unity of diverse elements. Make the questioning as wide as possible, and the better they like it. I have heard of one Inspector who kept to the narrow lines, and was treated contemptuously by the scholars. No, they are not afraid of such visitations. Albert and Bobby were overheard discussing him. "He doesn't seem to know very much," was their verdict. On a second visit H.M.I. tried the same game and refused to enter into the subjects. He tried for mere memory of scattered facts; and the children would not deign to notice him! I know these are facts.

My intention is not to praise this class of twenty; but merely to indicate the psychology of those trained in a newer atmosphere. For the edification of Bartholomew Helvellyn I will say that there is a time-table on the wall, and a scheme of work lies in the desk. Both are "codically" correct and exemplary; but they are only a framework. Do you imagine that "Study of great events and men" covers the three-year course of all the movements religious, popular, and economic? Hayward says that such a scheme will not find its way into a school for the next thirty years. It was, I understand, in operation before Hayward wrote his book.

Perhaps Bartholomew Helvellyn will listen to the Inspector's reports. The school does not get good ones. The master, who is a NEW AGE student, would think his system were at fault if he were praised by H.M.I. Of the latter it can only be said that they are guessing the underlying motives. The master is training free men!

Yes, they criticise his discipline: it must be made almost cast-ironlike. The children talk too much (for they discuss their lessons freely), and the scheme of work is too academic. God only knows what that means other than the proletariat must not be really educated. Visitors say that it is like going into a nice house when they enter the school: the children at play are high-spirited and keen. These are the offspring of wage-slaves! It would be useless outlining the full scheme; even yet it is not complete. I know the master has a stiff battle to fight, for profiteers hate his contempt of their practices. He may be unwise; for his outspoken criticisms have gained him many enemies. But he was near the mark in saying that he tried to train children to be men, and not to be stone-breakers. In this brief and yet prolix sketch does not Bartholomew Helvellyn see the freedom of the psychology of twenty? "C."

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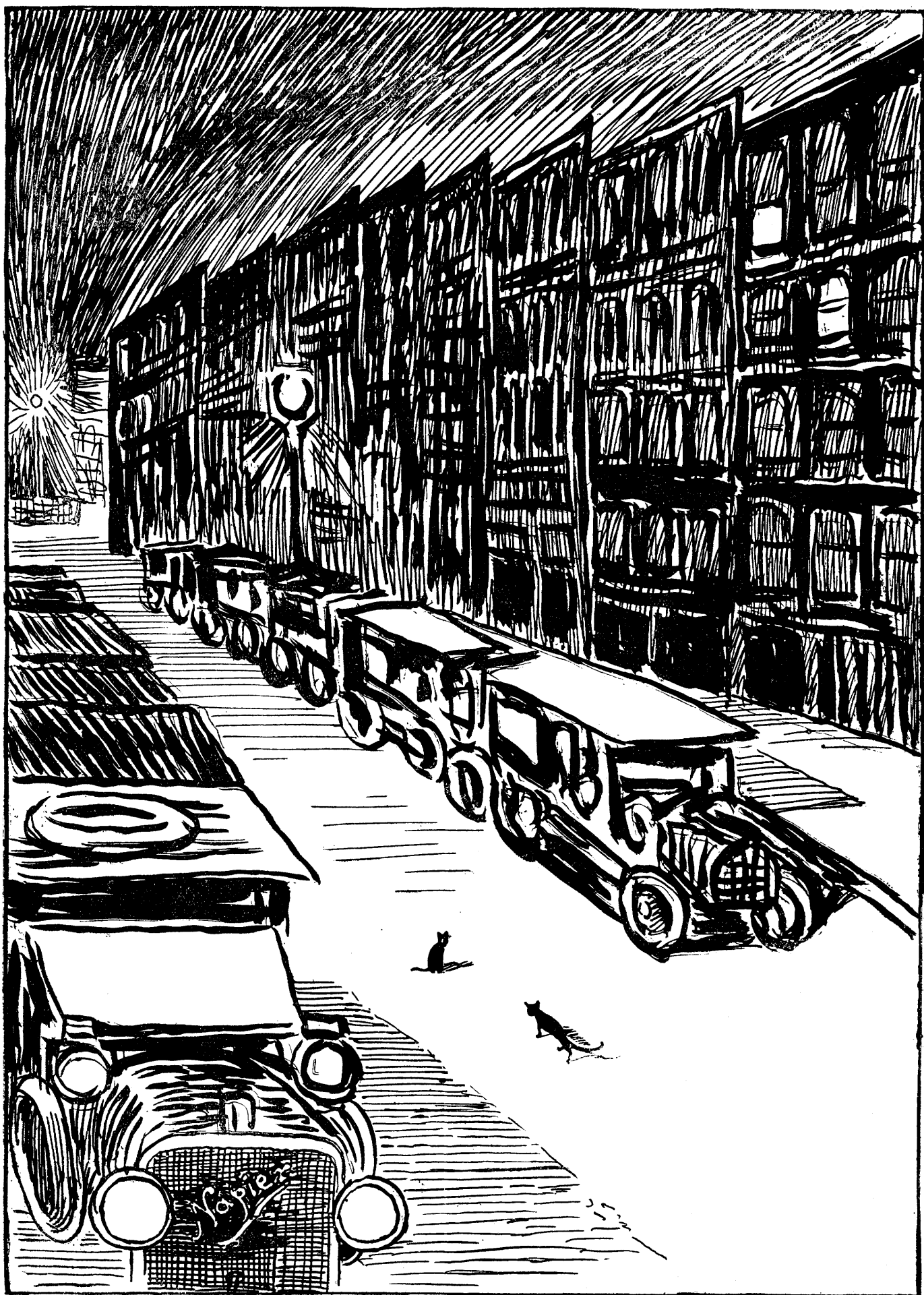


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