THE

NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE five and a half hours spent by General Smuts last week in defending the South African Government's martial law deportments would have been by no means too long had the tale he had to tell corresponded to the world's expectation of it. People had certainly been led to suppose that unimaginable plots had been discovered against the security of the South African State, and that a whole gang of Catalines had been harbouring and burrowing in the trade unions of the Transvaal. As General Smuts unfolded the mystery, however, the hopes of the sensationalists fell with the relation of each new chapter. The story became flatter and flatter until, by its conclusion, even his most romantic and credulous admirers must have asked themselves what all the bother had been about. What, in fact, was the plot and who, in fact, were the plotters whose "diabolical" machinations had driven the Government to call up a larger force than met the whole British Empire, to declare martial law in four of the five States of the Union, and finally to transport and permanently ostracise nine or ten of the ringleaders? On General Smuts' own showing the plot and the plotters were of the very mildest, tamest and, we may say, orthodox description. He did not, it is true, intend to convey this impression, but, on the contrary, whipped himself into a fury of adjectives designed to stir the imagination of his hearers. But in sum and when the substance was combed out of its rhetoric, what did it all amount to? Only that the July strike had left discontent, resulting in a demand for the reinstatement of a few retrenched men on the railway, and that the so-called plotters were, for the most part, ordinary Trade Union officials, most of whom were of rather a conservative than of a revolutionary character.

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By no efforts of newspaper mendacity is it any longer possible, we should think, for the British or the South African public to mistake what we have just passed through for a grave menace or a purple peril. The sequence of events that is now as clear as daylight is as unmistakably dull as it is monotonously ordinary. Beginning with the disturbances of last July, the grievance of the railwaymen in particular came to a head on about the 15th of October last, on which date the railwaymen's officials first became aware that the threatened retrenchments had actually been authorised. We have, in fact, before us at this moment copies of what is known among the South African trade unionists as the Hoy correspondence. Marked confidential, it contains the secret instructions issued two days previously by the General Manager of the State Railways to the Heads of various Departments for the immediate retrenchment of a considerable number of the staff, totalling, we believe, some two thousand. And these, as the men soon learned, were to be selected by the test technically of inefficiency, but in practice of trade union militancy. What, under the circumstances, could a self-respecting Trade Union do but protest? And what, when its protest was ignored, could it do but threaten to strike? That, in any event, its most active members were marked out for retrenchment was obvious; and the worst that could happen, if the strike should prove unsuccessful, was no more than the same retrenchment. The Union accordingly first threatened a strike, and then proceeded to strike, with the consequence that the Government arrested the railwaymen's leaders. There then followed the General Strike to which the reply of the Government was the institution of martial law, the imprisonment of more of the union officials, and the deportation of nine of the leaders. But where in all this is there any evidence of a plot except on the side of the Government itself? That the Government had, in fact, arranged the whole sequence is a thousand times more rational a deduction from the evidence than that the sequence had been planned by the men. We do, indeed, believe that the plot was the Government's only; and that all the nonsense about Syndicalism and revolution had no other purpose than to throw the onus of the plot on the very people who were actually the victims of it.

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These, far from being the desperadoes of General Smut's Deadwood Dick imagination, are not only to our

personal knowledge, but in the opinion of normal South Africa, men, on the whole, of a thoroughly respectable moderation. The "Rand Daily Mail," for example, in the very midst of the strike, and under strict censorship, referred to them as "reasonable men of excellent character and of just the class of whom South Africa stands most in need." The worst of them, according to General Smuts, and "a revolutionary of the most dangerous character," was a man who had been in South Africa twenty-five years, and who, during the whole of his service as a Trade Union leader, has never been accused of worse treason than that of suggesting the representation of the railwaymen on the Administration Board! Of them all and of the deported leaders in particular our own "Daily Express" can find nothing more damaging to say than that "previous to the incidents of the recent struggle they have been simply inoffensive trade union officials." What characters are these to plot a "State within a State"? It is preposterous to assume that men who all their lives had been guiltless of more than mild trade unionism had suddenly become rabid Syndicalists and anarchists. We venture to say, indeed, that scarcely one of the deported leaders had ever heard of Syndicalism until General Smuts familiarised South Africa with the name; and the evidence will appear in all probability when they reach this country and begin to lecture on their experiences.

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On the supposition, however, that the case made out by the South African Government amply justified their procedure, a much worse condition of affairs than has yet been described must exist. For we are to suppose that things are so bad in that country that the ordinary processes of law are utterly insufficient to preserve order and that a considerable part of the community has been in conspiracy to disestablish the State. But if this be true (and General Smuts' whole apology depends upon it), not a temporary martial law is necessary, nor the deportation of a mere handful of Trade Union leaders, but permanent military occupation with a military dictatorship and the transportation of several thousands of the active members of the Trade Unions. Half and quarter measures such as the Government have adopted are utterly inadequate to the condition of affairs as described by General Smuts. The law must be completely overhauled, the Chief Justice must be dismissed as being in league with the revolution, and every man found holding office in a trade union must be deported instantly without trial. And only after this purgation can the South African State breathe freely. This, we say, is necessitated by the description of South Africa as offered by General Smuts; seething (we think that's the word) with revolt, full of dangerous and diabolical revolutionaries, and only waiting its hour to overthrow its present rulers! But having stopped short of the measures necessary, what else can be the fate of South Africa now but shortly to become again the scene of civil war? It is surely inevitable if a tithe of the Government's account of the situation be true. But, of course, it is not true; but, on the contrary, a ridiculous fiction. We wish, indeed, that South Africa were only half as black as General Smuts has painted it.

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Among the deputations to Ministers (strictly pilgrimages to the shrines of saints) indulged in by the politically devout English trade unions was one last week of some interest. The Miners' Federation, headed by Mr. Brace, waited upon Mr. McKenna to request him to double the existing Government inspectorate but to allow the Unions to nominate half of them. At first sight, the demand would appear to suggest a rather more ambitious proposal than has ever before been made by an English trade union; but a little reflection dispels the hope we might have entertained, and reduces the proposal to the usual level of mean and pitiable mendicancy. The request, it will be noted, implies no demand for the smallest real responsibility in the conduct of the industry of mining. It would trench neither upon rent, interest nor profits; it would leave wages exactly as they are; and, in addition to this, it would transfer from the union a hundred men to the side of the management, whose interests would necessarily in a month or two become theirs. We have the greatest possible objection to the Unions countenancing by any official act the continuance of the existing wage-system. It is not their business to co-operate as a Union either in the industry itself or in the conditions under which it is carried on, unless, at the same time, their right to share in the proceeds is conceded as fully as their willingness to share in the responsibility is made manifest. To nominate a hundred of their members to co-operate with the Government and mining staff for the purpose of ensuring the safety of the mines appears, no doubt, an act of self-preservation and responsible prudence; but it equally undoubtedly, if only tacitly, admits that the present system of mine-ownership is tolerable to the Union or only requires some slight concessions of this kind to be made tolerable. But unless we are much mistaken, this is by no means the admission, tacit or explicit, of the rank and file of the Federation. The mine-owners and the Government can and, indeed, ought to be forced to make and keep the mines as safe as efficient inspection can make them; but the responsibility of this rests upon those who exploit the industry, and not upon the men who are exploited. What would be said, for instance, if horses suggested in an Æsopian fashion that all they needed was more inspectors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? Why, that they were otherwise very well satisfied with their status.

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We do not know either what the State owes to the mine-owners that it should pay the salaries of a hundred inspectors for them. As the mines are run for private profit, the least that the owners might be expected to do would be to ensure their safety at their own expense. Yet they not only tax the ratepayers to superintend their property to the amount of nearly a hundred thousand pounds a year (a sum shortly, according to Mr. McKenna, to be doubled), but in a score of other ways they, and the profiteers generally, throw upon anybody rather than themselves the fair cost of the labour they employ. Let it be once realised that employers pay their wage-slaves only for the hire of their labour for as long as they hire it; and that for the remainder of their time the wage-slaves or the community must be responsible; and it will be seen that actually the community and the workers between them bear the whole cost of keeping labour in a perpetual condition to be hired. Under the conditions of chattel slavery, the slave-owners were at least responsible for their slaves in sickness as well as in health, in childhood and old age as well as in maturity, and in unemployment as well as in employment. But under the wage-system, in return for the liberty of choosing their masters, the wage-slaves have the responsibility of providing for themselves during the periods when they are not actually in hire. That they cannot out of their wages make any such provision necessitates the intervention of the State; but whose properly is the real responsibility if not that of the employers? Nevertheless, we have seen the State, as wages have fallen, rushing in to relieve the profiteers of the duty of raising them by providing free education, assisted insurance, the poor law, old age pensions, an inspectorate and a thousand other supplements to the deficiencies of the employers. To what end save to enable the employers to extract larger and larger profits by paying smaller and smaller wages? The logical conclusion of this process can only be that finally the State will undertake *all* the maintenance of the working classes, while the employers will be free to pick and choose, hire when they like and dismiss when they please, among the groomed, fed and tended proletariat of the State mews.

On Monday last Mr. Tillett told a Bow and Bromley audience that "the docility of the British worker is the curse of civilisation." The "Daily News" took up the running (as it always does when there is anything to be hunted) and announced that Labour in this country has always been "too defensive and apologetic." (By the way, the "Daily News" finds us the very contrary—too offensive and aggressive!) Even the "Daily Herald" tootled its advice that the workers must acquire "a sense of mental freedom." But what is the use of these sneers and jeers and exhortations and reproaches unless they are the outcome of an analysis of causes and lead to a synthesis of remedies? The pedantic racialists who see race everywhere and conclude from the present apathy of the proletariat an inferior racial stock to that of the plutocracy are just as foolish as the writers to whom we have referred. All alike appear to be ignorant of the fact that the wage-system of necessity creates passivity in its victims. Novelists have familiarised the public with the possibilities of hypnotism and have, we may safely say, evoked and expressed the national repugnance of men to the abandonment of their will to the control of a stranger; so that the very least among us would shrink from the formal transfer of his power of self-direction to the hypnotist of romance. But unfortunately it is not realised that in the case of hirelings or wage-slaves, this transfer of self-direction is made daily, weekly and yearly. For as long as a man is "employed" under the responsible direction of another—for so long is his own will in abeyance and his power of volition in consequence disused; with the natural and inevitable effect, that in time his will becomes atrophied by disuse and so feeble that all the appeal or reproach in the world moves only his sentiment, but cannot stir his will effectively. One of the torments, indeed, of the living damned is to observe the struggles of the right sentiments of the wage-slaves to feel for their will and to use it like a limb or a sword; and to watch thereafter the subsidence of the frustrate emotion and the fresh access of settled despair. To explain the "docility" of the workers there is necessary no more than the wage-system itself. That, and not the docility produced by it, should be the object of all our hatred.

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The question may fairly be asked whether, after this analysis, we can possibly continue to assume the ability of the proletariat to emancipate themselves. Let us say that we have never assumed it. On the contrary, we have always maintained that unless individuals from other classes, not subjected to a daily drain of will, come to the assistance of the proletariat, the latter will never free themselves. It is for this reason that we deplore the resolution of Mr. MacDonald and others to exclude from active co-operation with the Labour Party anybody belonging unmistakably to another class than that of their rank and file. What suicide, we say; or, worse than that, what murderous treachery! Supposing them to be of the proletariat class themselves (that is, ex hypothesi, of a class whose will is maintained in permanent paralysis), it is suicide to decline the assistance of a counter-magic, that of the same order as the black magic itself. And supposing, on the other hand, that they profess (as, no doubt, they do!) to belong themselves to a class different from that of their rank and file, their treachery in declining the help of others of their own class in the common work of Labour's emancipation is only equalled by their conceit in fancying themselves alone equal to it. To free the wage-slaves to-day as once the chattel slaves were freed requires, as that required, the co-operation with the prisoners themselves of as many free persons as can possibly be moved to assist. But how can they assist if the leaders of the workers refuse their help and even, *sad to say, put every hindrance in their way?* Yet of one thing we are certain, that without the active goodwill and co-operation of some at any rate of the fortunately placed classes, the Labour movement, neither in its trade union nor in its political aspects, will make more than a snail's progress.

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With so much to be done, so few to do it, and with the sands of time running fast out towards the establishment of the Servile State, the "Daily Herald" must needs devote a special week to the propaganda of Votes for Women. THE NEW AGE, we are told, though not simply stupid as other anti-suffragists are, has nevertheless persuaded itself without any good reason that "the possession of the vote would bind our sisters to the wheels of the wage-system." We really do not see that the entrance of women into the wage-system can mean anything else but their entrance into it; nor can we see that, once in, they will find escape easier than the men have found it. Will they not be subjected to all the psychology of the system exactly (and perhaps even more easily) than men have been—with the result that their bondage to its wheels will be as complete as, if not more complete than, that of men? In face of Olive Schreiner's appeal to women to take "all labour for their province" (we should like to see this lady chainmaking for a week or two!), and of several recent particular demands, it is folly of the "Daily Herald" to deny that the economic accompaniment of the movement towards votes for women is the movement of women into the wage-system. Some fiends have obligingly supplied us this very week with a comment of such a character that even women's worst enemies—the male and epicene suffragists—must surely see the drift of things! We refer to the case of the women pit-brow workers of the Yorkshire collieries.

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In 1911 the Yorkshire Miners' Federation endeavoured by political action to make it illegal for women to work on the pit-brow sorting and cleaning coal. The reasons they gave were, it is true, somewhat hypocritical, but not so entirely hypocritical as their critics imagined. The fear of women's cheap labour in competition with their own was undoubtedly the predominant or, at least, the most articulate motive; but beneath that was also men's natural repugnance to women in men's industry. Mr. Masterman, however, replied that his Department's inspectors had reported this particular occupation to be "desirable for women" on both "medical and economic" grounds; and he was supported in this by the women themselves and by *the chief suffrage societies.* The Miners' Federation, having failed by political means to accomplish their end, then turned to their proper economic means; and at this moment in the case of the Sharleston Colliery they appear to be about to be successful. What have the suffrage societies to say, or the "Daily Herald," that accuses us of "persuading ourselves," that women are being dragged off to the wage-dungeons and kept there? The "Daily Herald" says nothing, but *"Votes for Women"* defends once more the right of women to make slaves and blacklegs of themselves on some demented plea of progress and liberty. "The women," says this organ of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, "actually work only eight hours a day, and the pay is said to amount to the sum of seven or eight shillings a week." Quite a respectable sum is the comment implied; and our only reply to it is that *boys would have to be paid more.* For it is the fact that women have been employed only because boys could not be got at the wages! Now is this, or is this not, driving women into the wage-system and keeping them there? Is it, or is it not, importing cheap labour to compete with men's labour? Is it progress for women, or not rather simply profits for mine-owners? The pair of Lawrences retort that men's trade unions should admit women, and assist them to raise their wages. But if wages were raised the women would no longer be employed. Why drag them in to kick them out afterwards?

In the "Daily Mail" of Tuesday last Mr. Snowden replied to some of his recent critics on the subject of Land Reform. To a challenge to name another class than landlords on whom "the brunt of the agricultural depression of the last thirty years had fallen," Mr. Snowden enumerated the two classes of tenant-farmers and urban ratepayers. Not a word about the agricultural labourer! This is the kind of advocacy that properly brings the Labour Members into derision; for even on the supposition that farmers and ratepayers have suffered equally with landlords, the agricultural labourer has not only suffered a good deal more, but he is Mr. Snowden's chosen client. Imagine a counsel retained and paid for the defence of one party in a dispute and actually defending any other party than his own! Yet that is the position of Mr. Snowden. Proceeding to recommend his remedy for the Land trouble Mr. Snowden again advocated nationalisation by purchase, the price to be fixed by a "judicial body." Is he quite unaware that much water has passed under the bridge since the Land Nationalisation Society was first formed? Not only is nationalisation now out of date as a policy applicable to anything, but land nationalisation by purchase is particularly archaic. We know now that it is impossible; and we know in addition of a much better method of reform. Since the whole surplus value of agricultural, as of every other, industry depends upon the wage-system and this, in turn, depends upon the sale of labour in the competitive market, the cure for surplus value is to create a monopoly of labour by means of a blackleg-proof agricultural union and thereafter to dictate terms to the existing owners. If an Agricultural Union is impossible, so also is agricultural reform.

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One of the worst consequences of the failure of Trade Unions to keep abreast with their responsibilities is that work, properly belonging to them and only to be satisfactorily accomplished by them, is being undertaken by their capitalist masters. The recent campaign in favour of day and evening continuation and technical schools is a case in point. In consequence of the breakdown of the old apprenticeship system under which the profiteers paid for the instruction of their workmen, the State is once more obsequiously stepping into the breach to provide out of the general rates the training once a charge upon private industry. Of the evening continuation schools as hitherto conducted by local education authorities the most favourable report that can be made is that they are blatantly useless; the worst we could truthfully say of them would simply not be believed. But under the pressure of the Department leagued with the employers these and similar schools are now to be reorganised with the explicit object of training youths for wage-earning efficiency. Several large employers, notably Lever and Rowntree, have set an example by establishing schools on their own works, attendance at which is a condition of employment. But various county authorities are now proposing to do the work for employers, and in some instances have already begun it. The Committees of Kent and Devonshire, for instance, have provided residential agricultural courses out of the rates, for the supply to local farmers of trained agricultural labourers. The Surrey Committee is actually providing a class in engineering; and the York Committee is thinking of starting an apprenticeship school (out of the rates, of course) for training in some local industry, possibly chocolate manufacture! On all sides, therefore, we are seeing a movement towards closer union between the profiteers and the public authorities, with the predictable consequence that, when they wake up to it, the Trade Unions will discover that instead of one enemy they have two. We renew our appeal to the Trade Unions to stake out and to prepare to defend their exclusive claim to control and administer craft education. Unless this is done, we foresee that the technical staffs of industry will be for ever alienated from the staff composed of the proletariat.

Current Cant.

"We are a great nation."—WILL CROOKS.

"My Lady Kinema—the eleventh Muse."—ARTHUR COLES ARMSTRONG.

"Dickens knew very little of the London of his time."—EDWIN PUGH.

"A journalist must have his facts."—"Daily Mail."

"The Unionist Party is now almost clean."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Miss Pankhurst's bodyguard strikes terror into the hearts of the police and Government."—"Mackirdy's Weekly."

"The disestablishment of the Welsh Church is a sin."—BOB SIEVIER.

"Do you think women should wear trouser skirts?"—"Daily Sketch."

"Nothing is left out of the 'Evening News,' yet nothing appears that should not be there."—Advertisement in the "Evening News."

"General Botha is a man. Such men are wanted in the United Kingdom."—LORD CLAUD HAMILTON.

"It would be no exaggeration to call the Duchess of Albany the 'Costers' Princess.'"—"Modern Society.

"The behind-the-scenes work of the Monarch never ceases, but when Parliament is sitting, and the work of government is in full swing, then, apart from the work which he carves out for himself, the King's diary is the diary of one of the busiest men in the country."—OLIVER GWYNNE, in the "Sunday Chronicle."

"I rather fancy that Mr. Frank Harris will enjoy his leisure in Brixton Prison, and I hear he is going to put it to profitable account by doing some new literary work."—"Daily Mirror."

"The doctors have already good reason to admit that the Insurance Act is working well for them."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The photo-playwriting art is the hardest one in existence, for in no other literary profession is such a high standard of originality insisted on."—ERNEST A. DENCH.

"May I, as a man who has managed woman labour for some twenty years, be allowed a word? Through all my experience of factory management I have found that the 'silence of parents' towards youths and maidens on the question of sex knowledge has led to the waste, misery, and wreckage of many lives, which I feel confident, if knowledge had been imparted at the right time, would have been saved to the nation."—J. J. JOHNSON.

"The Labour leaders have kept their heads with admirable steadiness throughout the Dublin crisis."—"The Commonwealth."

"The poor almost worship a black nauseous drug."—ARCHDEACON MADDEN.

"It is a very old failing of our race, the love of idleness."—A. C. BENSON, in the "Church Family Newspaper."

"The fact is that the possession of the franchise in the modern State is the fundamental expression of the right to live. . . . Without it there is no liberty . . . women have still to catch up."—F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

JUST as President Wilson announced, apropos of Mexico, that the United States would recognise no more forms of government in Central and South America unless they were "constitutional," a slight revolution broke out in Peru. It was not much of an affair. The Prime Minister, who also acted as War Minister, was unfortunately killed; but beyond this no great harm was done. President Billinghurst (who, if the newspapers will permit me to say so, is not an Englishman, but a Peruvian) was forced to abdicate; Colonel Oscar Benavides has been appointed (by Congress) Provisional President; and arrangements are being made for holding regular elections.

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It is nearly eight years since I was in Lima; but Peru is a country of so distinctive a character that one does not easily forget it. The ruling families there are immensely proud of their Castilian descent: the aristocratic province of Spain, in which the purest Spanish (Castilian) is spoken, confronts the visitor thousands of miles away. The Peruvians—that is to say, the higher classes of them—will tell you with great pride that their Castilian has suffered less from intermixture with native words than the Spanish of any other part of Central and South America; and this I believe to be true. Peru, again, was the country where Spanish power was strongest; it was, I think, the last country to throw off the yoke of the Madrid sovereigns, and it "freed" itself with some reluctance.

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At Lima, Pizarro's "City of the Kings," the traveller will find the oldest cultural institution in the New World, viz., the University of San Marcos, founded by the Dominicans, under the patronage of Charles V, in 1551. He will learn, incidentally, that the conquerors adopted a method of dealing with the local nobility which, with suitable modifications, might have helped us a great deal in India. Schools were established for the training of the sons of the native "noblemen," and, in spite of the Spaniard's crusading proclivities, no serious attempt was made to foist a strange culture on a population not adapted for it. That the conduct of the invaders met with approval is shown by the fact that the city of Lima brought forth two saints: the Archbishop St. Toribio, who "flourished" some time between 1580 and 1600, and Santa Rosa, of a slightly later date.

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The Spanish aristocracy of Peru, generally speaking, hold aloof from trade and let foreigners manage their business. The Church is powerful, and has been so ever since the archbishopric was founded so far back as 1545. The State subsidises the Church, and the exercise of any other religion than the Roman Catholic is forbidden. Although, in practice, there is a certain amount of toleration, it will be seen from this short sketch that Peru differs from the other South American countries to some little extent, and more closely resembles Spain. Financially, Peru has always been in a deplorable state, not least because of foreign mismanagement as well as revolutions, and the Peruvian Corporation, a foreign company with its headquarters in London, has made itself responsible for a large proportion of the public debt in return for concessions.

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I am curious to know what President Wilson will say to the new state of affairs at Lima. The change of government does not matter very much to him except in theory; but a revolution has nevertheless been carried out, however mildly. It is useless trying to apply idealistic theories of constitutional government, as we understand it, to South American countries. These countries, chiefly owing to the influence of the foreign investor and business man, and the consequent necessity of keeping quiet, do not rush so recklessly into revolutions as they did at one time; but the old spirit of revolt is there. The Latin races value law and order just as we do; but they sometimes seek law and order in ways that seem strange to us. This is what the Americans have not yet realised. They fancy that the writing down of clauses is sufficient for the government of a country, never remarking that the South Americans have to deal with a large native Indian population, which is, in its turn, composed of several different elements, and varies from country to country. Many of the South American constitutions are based on the constitution of the United States; but if the ruling classes endeavoured to carry them into literal effect the result would be disastrous. The constitution of Peru, for instance, like the constitution of Chile, is largely modelled on the constitution of the United States; and yet these two countries, from our point of view, have hardly ever been governed "constitutionally."

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I emphasise Peru this week because the question of Panama tolls has again become a prominent one. Dr. Wilson has promised to use every legitimate effort to get the obnoxious clause of the Panama Act repealed, so that no special preference shall be shown to American vessels. Any such preference, of course, would be in direct contradiction to the letter and spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Even if Dr. Wilson is successful, however, I feel bound to point out that the question of the tolls is not ended. The American shipping companies which are likely to run services through the Panama Canal are, in many cases, owned or controlled by railways which are in turn controlled—and not only by means of interlocking directorates—by other Trusts, such as the Standard Oil Company and the Steel Trust. Does an easy-going world imagine that if these Trusts feel the competition of English firms for the trade of South America, they will let the matter of the tolls rest? They will not. We shall have fervid appeals to American patriotism; grave Senators will remind the public that "We built the Canal and we'll do what we like with it," in spite of Treaties; and the Eagle will scream once more.

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The effect of the Panama Canal on the trade of Western South America will be particularly well seen with reference to Peru. The distance from New York to Lima viâ Cape Horn is roughly 9,000 miles; the distance from Liverpool by the same route is about 9,500 miles. Viâ Panama the journey from New York is reduced to 4,200 miles, and from Liverpool to 6,800 miles. The saving from such ports as New Orleans and Galveston is proportionately greater. At present, it will be seen, New York competes with Liverpool on fairly equal terms. When the Canal is in working order New York will have an advantage of 2,600 miles—an enormous saving in freight and time. If, however, our cheaper labour still enables us to compete with the American manufacturer, the remedy is at hand. What is easier than to give American ships preferential treatment as they pass through the Canal? Nothing; except perhaps the ingenious proposal put forward in Congress to give American shipping firms (i.e., the agents of the Trusts) a substantial refund at stated intervals, presumably every quarter or half-year. This is the reason why we have heard so much about the tolls question recently; and this is the reason, too, why the Monroe Doctrine has become prominent again.

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A last word on this matter for the present week: the mines of Peru (gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, coal, salt, etc.) are mostly in the hands of Americans; but the banks, railways, and cotton factories are not yet in their possession. Still, with the opening of the Canal, what a rush there will be to develop countries such as Chile and Peru to their greatest possible extent! And nowadays the merchant summons the soldier to his aid.

The Fate of Turkey and Islam.

By Ali Fahmy Mohamed.

III.

The Proclamation of the Constitution

Up till that time there was most cordial co-operation between Turkey and England; but it was rumoured that Italy was going to undertake her Tripolitan adventure and that England, that was understood not to do any work on behalf of Turkey without wages, was to declare a protectorate over Egypt. We Nationalists in Egypt became hostile to the Young Turks for their alliance with England. We demanded that Turkey should mediate between us and England in favour of an Egyptian Constitution; but the Young Turks intimated that Turkey was not in a position to do anything on behalf or in favour of Egypt. Thus the new Anglo-Turkish entente was so much resented in Egypt that there was panic caused by fear of protectorate or annexation. It was then rumoured that there was a secret arrangement between Kiamel Pasha and the English Government to the effect that Turkey should recognise the Entente Cordial in the fashion of France, namely, she would pledge herself not to demand of England the evacuation of the Nile Valley, and she would recognise a British Protectorate over Egypt, in favour of compensation of a loan ranging from £20,000,000 to £50,000,000, by means of which Turkey could introduce reforms. Disappointment was painted on every face. Shortly before that time, I sent my "Proposals for the Solution of the Egyptian Question" to H.E. Ghazi Mokhtar Pasha, in his capacity as "Ottoman High Commissioner for the Settlement of the Egyptian Question," which post he retained for over twenty years. He was virtually an exile in Egypt and could not go to Constantinople until the Constitution was proclaimed. My proposals aimed at the gradual development of self-government in Egypt, and its gradual neutralisation by means of internationalisation.

I went several times to see Nuri Bey, first secretary of Al-Ghazi Mokhtar Pasha, but could not find him! I sent to him the following telegram: "I do not know till now what has become of my proposals which I had the honour of sending to H.E. the Ghazi, nor could we grasp at the definite fate of your Egypt which shall be so sacrificed on the altar of your Constitution." But no reply came. At last I found a way out of my difficulty. For to me, in those heated days of youth and patriotic enthusiasm, not to receive a single reply to many messages, was something unbearable. The first time I saw Mahmud Bey Salem, the prominent barrister-at-law, and eminent editor of the French-Islamic magazine called "Arafat," I found that he shared my complaint. It was arranged that I should carry to Nuri Bey a copy of "Al-Lewa," the most widely spread paper in Egypt, containing an article in eight columns as hot as fire and entitled, "The Ill-Fate of the Egyptians Caused by the Negligence of the Sultan." I left the copy with the porter, with the heading marked in thick blue pencil. The following day I called again and lo! I was admitted into the waiting room. I sat, lonely, nearly for an hour, until I was about to sleep. At last I heard a voice like the roaring of a lion, and saw before me a man of a middle height. I was taken by surprise, but I did not even move from my chair; and the gentleman was amazed. I could not recognise a single word of what he said at first, but he changed his tone and became more amiable; only reprimanding me for giving the newspaper, with such a "bad title of an article marked" to an ignorant porter whose eyes it might open!!! But to this I said calmly: "I have not come here for that; I want to know the amount of truth in the rumours about which I wrote to your Excellency." He then became more conciliatory, and proceeded to dismiss my uneasiness by saying that Turkey would give anything in the world, but not Egypt.

After hearing that, I departed, bearing the happy tidings to my compatriots; but they would not believe, and the curse of the Turk was on every lip. The following day I gave the following message to Farid Bey, the leader of the Party, to be sent by him to Kiamel Pasha: "Whereas Turkey is now in harmony with England whom history teaches us to take by the right hand as twice they give by the left hand, and whereas we do not intend to make Turkey's position more critical but only desire to be assured of our future according to these considerations and in compliance with the words of God (in the Koran):—Abraham said: 'Oh my Creator; show me how you regenerate the dead.' Thereupon God said: 'Do you not believe that?' 'Yes,' said Abraham, 'but only to satisfy my heart'—accordingly we respectfully demand that Turkey would announce that there is no arrangement of the nature rumoured." I showed this message to Farid Bey and Sh. Shawish, but they refused to send it, saying it was useless; so I sent it myself to Kiamel Pasha, but with no result. I leave it to the readers to gauge the favourable impression which Sir E. Gorst's declaration and denial of those rumours made on the public, as he declared the truth in the course of an interview in "Al-Mokhattam," and, simultaneously, Sir E. Grey declared in Parliament that Sir E. Gorst's statements were made on behalf of the British Government.

But we were not satisfied, we wanted more. We could not bear to see the Turks, who were far behind us, enjoying a full Constitution while we, who had been so hardly struggling in favour of a Constitution for the last thirty years, had to live without a Constitution. To believing patriots the Constitution would walk—march!—had it only legs to stand on. And so we had to make legs to it!

"With the reproclamation of the Mashrotiat (Constitution) in Turkey, the reasonable and logical mind naturally expected some fundamental change in the hierarchy of the Egyptian administration towards self-governing institutions. It was not only this new factor that gave an impulse to the Nationalist movement, but England had resumed her old friendship in Constantinople and become once more the champion, not only of liberty in the East, but the declared friend and supporter of Mahomedan emancipation. To maintain this new and important influence, it was absolutely necessary that England should have displayed more encouragement to Liberal institutions in Egypt as well."

I firmly believe that if England had adopted this not unnatural policy she would have maintained up till this day, and in the long future, the friendship of the Turks and of the Caliphate. But unfortunately for all, the British Government, and Sir E. Gorst in particular, seemed to have been quite unprepared to seize the invaluable opportunity offered to them The Pro-Consul was satisfied with his really unworkmanlike alliance with the Court and its favourite. On the other hand, Farid Bey, who has no stuff of statesmanship, merely went on exciting and agitating, not realising that physical force could yield only to physical force. The occupation having every force at its disposal, Egypt was powerless, without any prospect of foreign assistance; our sentiment could not do anything to compel English obstinacy to yield to our desires, although a feeling of Anglophobia was spreading throughout the country. Yet the British Government, having of its own choice (perhaps not without ulterior reasons) rejected every demand for enlarging self-governing institutions in Egypt, might have "bluffed" to oblige them to do something. A few days after the Ottoman Constitution was proclaimed, I wrote a brief article in "Al-Ahram," under the heading, "Either the smoke or the fire," in which I stated that England was obliged, by the logic of facts, to allow a moderate Egyptian Constitution. Otherwise Egypt should, by right, demand admission into the Ottoman Chamber. I talked

the matter over with many people, but could not secure many adherents. Then, Sheikh Ali Yousif, editor of "Al-Moayyad" and leader of what was called the Constitutional Reform League, gave a lecture on the subject; in which he ably proved that Egypt has had the right to be represented in the Ottoman Chamber of Deputies, according to phrases he carefully cited from the Imperial Firmans. It was, indeed, ridiculous, that it should be Sh. Ali Yousif, and not the Nationalist Party, who adopted this line of policy, despite the fact that "Al-Moayyad" is the mouthpiece of the Khedivial Court. The Nationalists, however, unscrupulously opposed the suggestion because it did not come from them, and more especially because the Young Turks were then friendly to England. My own reasons for adopting the plan—as published in my article in "Misr-el-Fatat"—were as follows:—

(1) The Sultan has bestowed the legislative power on the Ottoman Chamber. The Khedive, being the Sultan's viceroy (vassal), ought to bestow his share of the same power on the same body.

(2) By political International considerations of the Imperial Firmans and other international laws relating to Egypt, the Khedive is, at least in theory, the Sultan's nominee, representing his supremacy and sovereignty over Egypt, and does not, as some suppose, stand on the same legal footing as the Prince of Bulgaria before declaring his independence.

(3) The Egyptian army, with its rank and file, constitutes a portion of the Ottoman army.

(4) The foreign Consuls-General and agents are not confirmed unless they are approved by the Sultan.

(5) The Legislative Councils and General Assembly are purely Egyptian bodies; and the Grand Cadi of Egypt (like the Lord Chief Justice), who is directly appointed by the Sultan, has his seat on those bodies.

(6) In the State ceremony held annually, in honour of the Nile Flood reaching an average, to make the levy of taxes legal, the Grand Cadi—the nominee of the Sultan—decides that the Egyptian Government is legally entitled to collect the taxes.

(7) The Ottoman Chamber has supreme control of the relations of the Empire with foreign powers, which necessarily and greatly affects the destiny of Europe; as it constitutes a part of the Ottoman Dominion. Therefore it is only reasonable and logical that Egypt should be represented in the Ottoman Chamber.

It will thus be realised that however independent Egypt may be of Turkey, the Khedive derives his authority directly from the Sultan, which is renewed and confirmed or even modified, on the accession of each fresh Khedive. Yet, in all probability, the plan was, in itself, quite unworkable. Egypt was quite independent of Turkey; but, should physical force require it, it can be incorporated in Turkey without any modification in the recognised international law. The Party of the People who expressed, from the commencement, their avowed desire to become absolutely independent of Turkey, strongly opposed the suggestion, and made a counter-statement in a lecture given by Ahmed Bey Abdul Latif, Chief Advocate, that Egypt was quite independent of Turkey in fact as well as in theory. However, my arguments for the advantages of the suggestion may be summarised as follows: The Young Turks were not prepared to add an Anglo-Egyptian question to the many questions which they had to solve. Besides, it may be that they had no intention of strengthening the Arab influence in the Empire by adding to it the weight of Europe, and thus increasing the votes of the Arab deputies in the Chamber; for matters would have been complicated in diplomatic English and Turkish quarters when the Egyptian delegates were seen in Constantinople. Granting the more than probable result that the Turkish Government would have rejected them, it might have been obliged to declare that Egypt had had already her own legislature, or might have made friendly representations to the Anglo-Egyptian authorities to allow Egypt a moderate Constitution.

The Cabinet Again.

By Conclavist.

"He had read explanations of why he did not turn up—all of them authentic—for as they would realise, the Tory papers had reporters at all the Cabinet meetings. The Liberal Press were, of course, excluded. There were at least three explanations—that the Cabinet table was cleared out of the way and the Cabinet formed a ring while Mr. Churchill and he fought a duel to the death for the number of Dreadnoughts and the 60 per cent. standard."

The above, employed by Mr. Lloyd George at Glasgow is a good example of his method of getting out of a nasty situation. He selects for ridicule the incoherent ravings of the political hermaphrodite, half Orangeman, half Fenian, who inflicts his megrims upon the unfortunate readers of the "Pale-Male-Gasser." In my authentic report there is not a word about "the table being cleared out of the way while he and Mr. Churchill fought a duel"—but the duel was fought for all that—that is, if one may characterise as a duel a contest which on one side was sheer blackguardism, and, on the other, supreme contempt. In this combat Mr. Lloyd George (let him try to dissemble his feelings as he may) was both defeated and disgraced.

And then notice the quip:—"The Liberal Press were, of course, excluded." Of what consequence is it if they were? Have we not seen, for the past five or six years, on the morning following a Cabinet Council, Mr. P. W. Wilson, in the columns of the "Daily News," rolling forth reams of stuff "on the highest authority," retailing every incident, every idea, aye—and every intention of the Chancellor? Who was the "highest authority" that supplied Mr. Wilson with the secrets of the Cabinet?

And, again, here we have Mr. Nicholson, who has not yet been in the pay of Nonconformity for three weeks, supplying us with the details of an Education Bill which has never been before the public or Parliament, and doing it, too, with an orthodox snuffle that would not disgrace the great Pee-Wee himself. Who is the high authority that's packing Nicholson's lug? Ah, Mr. Chancellor, you think that no one should tell tales out of school but yourself! Well, most of your colleagues have hitherto preserved the traditions of their office. But when they have seen to what base purposes you can turn yours, they conclude it is high time they put a spoke in your wheel. In future, pending the happy day when you will be finally driven from public life, I shall on every notable occasion publish a faithful record of what transpires at the Cabinet Councils.

As I intimated in my last, the Council at which the "duel" between the First Lord and the Chancellor was fought, was left inconclusive by the Premier, Mr. Asquith, promising to call the Cabinet together again to give his decision on the matters in dispute. This he did last week and decided entirely in favour of the First Lord. But between the two meetings many important events had occurred, the South African upheaval and the call of Mr. Redmond at 10, Downing Street, in particular.

At this Cabinet Council again it was noticeable that the Premier took the lead as head of the Government, and assumed authority to regulate the matters for discussion. Addressing his colleagues, he remarked:

Gentlemen, I know you are anxious to learn the reason why I summoned Mr. John Redmond to a private conference on Monday last. In the past, I admit, it has been customary to negotiate Irish affairs with Redmond, T. P. O'Connor, and John Dillon. But really the latter person, a dismal, depressing creature, "a melancholy humbug," as Tim Healy called him, is impossible to deal with. As regards "T.P.," well—you all know what the result of consulting him would have been. (The Cabinet sighed its acquiescence.) Regarding Redmond, as you all know, he is a capital fellow, shrewd, but pliant, straight and yet reasonable. We

reached a complete understanding on all debatable points connected with the Irish Situation. What those agreements are you will learn in good time. That is to say, when they are revealed to the House during the discussion on the Home Rule Bill.

I come now to a much more serious matter, namely, the deportation of the Labour leaders from South Africa. In this connection I have expressly invited to our Council to-day our venerable colleague Lord Morley. I felt that his ripe wisdom, his long connection with affairs, and his sound judgment should be requisitioned to guide us through this unwonted business. Let us then listen attentively to the words of Lord Morley, and let our attitude be in accordance with the conclusion to which he may have arrived on the subject.

Lord Morley: Mr. Premier and Gentlemen, I had hoped that in my declining days my activities, like my interest in public affairs, would be confined to the passage of the Home Rule Bill. Never for a moment did I anticipate that the Imperial Power would be confronted with such a problem as is now presented for our consideration by the action of the Union Authorities of South Africa. Disguise it as we may, nothing of equal importance to the unity of the Empire and nothing so likely to disrupt it, has occurred since the day when the tea was thrown into Boston Harbour.

The right and proper thing for the Imperial Power to do would be to send a "Dreadnought" to meet the "Umgeni" as far away from our shores as possible, tranship the deportees, carry them back to Cape Town and insist upon them having a fair trial under the protection of her guns.

That, gentlemen, is what we should do. Ah—but dare we do it? I am afraid not. Remember when these Boers had only the control of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, it took us three years' fighting and the wastage of lives and treasure of a thousand millions, merely to reach a compromise with them.

To-day they have the whole of South Africa, with all its resources, under their direction—and as we have seen, to our utter astonishment, all are armed, whilst our own people are, in reality, what they were only falsely said to be before the war—helots.

It is an ignominious conclusion, I sorrowfully admit; but, under the circumstances, my advice is—do nothing. The response to any action on our part would be for the Africanders to proclaim South Africa from Table Bay to the Zambesi a Republic. Canada would then immediately begin to deport her undesirable quota of Englishmen, when to interfere would be to throw her into the arms of America. Further, the difficulties they are experiencing in Australia in enforcing the defence laws, would be easily solved if they began to deport all those who object to enrol for union defence. So you see, Gentlemen, my advice, though I admit, unheroic, is that of age and experience.

Fortunately for us, the proletariat here is unarmed, and, therefore, powerless. They of course will clamour. Well—let them clamour. Our concern is to keep the Empire bound together as long as possible for the mutual benefit of those who own and control it. This can only be secured by authority supporting authority. Rightly or wrongly sustain authority and the masses shall be kept in due subjection.

Mr. Asquith: Now, Gentlemen, you have heard the voice of wisdom speaking through our venerable colleague, Lord Morley. I hope his suggestions will find acceptance with you all. However, I do not wish to place any restrictions upon you, or force you to a course of action contrary to your consciences. So we will hear your personal opinions upon the matter. The Postmaster, I observe, is anxious to address us—Mr. Samuel.

Mr. Samuel: Mr. Premier and Gentlemen, I am in entire agreement with the views and conclusions of our venerable colleague Lord Morley. Our policy should certainly be to do nothing. You may be aware, Gentlemen, that a Commission has lately reported that the Rand Gold Mines will be exhausted in a few years. That being the case, Gentlemen, it is absolutely necessary for the benefit of the mine owners that white men should be retrenched, discharged, and, if necessary, deported, or, got rid of by some means or other. We desire, of course, that their places should be taken by natives. We see how admirably this arrangement works in the case of the Kimberley diamond mines, the natives, being "compounded" under strict supervision, have no nonsensical notions about rights. We kill them off by thousands—but who is the wiser? The world never hears of it and none return home to tell the tale. This system we must establish on the Rand, and it will enable us to obtain from them all that we desire—Gold. As for South Africa, it is not a white man's country. When we have extracted the precious metal, let us abandon it to the beastly Boers and natives.

Mr. Burns: Spoken like a true Jew.

Mr. Samuel: And why not? Did you expect me to speak like an English mechanic? Every man to his trade. When you were a fitter, you acted as a fitter. I am a money maker and I am still following my calling, you have abandoned yours. But having joined the society of gentlemen and drawn the salary of one, do, for heaven's sake, try to adapt yourself to their ideas.

Mr. Asquith: I now call upon the Chancellor.

Mr. Lloyd George: Mr. Premier, I am in complete agreement with the Postmaster. All the world knows that I never cared the value of a farthing dip about South Africa. I am still of opinion that the sooner we scoot out of it the better. It would, of course, be a loss to my Jewish friends; but they would soon discover other countries in which to make their investments. As to the fears expressed by Lord Morley, it is possible that Colonial Governments may deport all undesirable Englishmen—well—let them, and we will re-deport them.

Mr. Churchill: Where to?

Mr. Lloyd George: Where did we deport Napoleon to? Where did we deport Dinizulu to? Surely a country that is good enough for the Emperor of the French and the King of the Zulus is good enough for undesirable Englishmen.

Mr. Churchill: Country be damned, you are speaking about a barren rock.

Mr. Lloyd George: Indeed! You astound me. I thought St. Helena was a vast country off the coast of South America.

Mr. Churchill: Suffering Agatha! And this bleater is entrusted with the government of Empire!

Mr. Lloyd George: I must confess they do not teach geography in Wales. We consider there is only one country in the world worth knowing—our own. Having a knowledge of that we are satisfied.

Mr. Churchill: Then where do you get your infernal impudence from, to tell other people what they should do in and with their countries?

Mr. Asquith: Now, Gentlemen, please. Calm yourselves. Don't let us have a repetition of last week.

Mr. Burns: That is all very good, Mr. Premier, but are we to sit and listen to the cant and ignorance of this Welshman while he coolly proposes to deport English working men beyond the seas? I would remind you, Sir, that I have carried the Red Flag and fought in Trafalgar Square to uphold the same rights for which these men are being deported from South Africa.

Mr. Samuel: 'Tis a pity you ever left your class!

Mr. Burns: 'Tis a damned pity we in England have been so tolerant of yours.

Mr. Harcourt: Mr. Premier, I heartily agree with the attitude and sentiments of the President. It is truly painful and humiliating to me—considering the blood which courses through my veins—to sit and listen while two Cabinet Ministers quite airily contemplate the abandonment of a portion of the Empire. I always, Sir, had my doubts about the wisdom of admitting Jews and Nonconformists, at the same time, into the Cabinet. One or other, at a time, it might be possible to control. But together, as we have unfortunately

seen, the whole tone of our public life has degenerated to such an extent, that the name of member of Parliament has become a mark of contempt. I cannot imagine what my late father would have thought of the present state of affairs. To hear it suggested that Englishmen should be abandoned by the Imperial Authority for any cause whatever would have brought the blush of shame to his face. I should much like to hear the view of the Foreign Secretary upon the situation.

Sir Edward Grey: Mr. Premier, I had no intention of speaking here to-day; but, having been directly appealed to, I will offer a few remarks and make my position perfectly clear. The talk of the Chancellor and the Postmaster regarding the abandonment of South Africa is utter rubbish. The possession of South Africa is essential to the Empire, and I would willingly undertake another three years' war to retain it. With regard to the deported Labour men, I advise caution. There are issues at stake in this question which will force us to handle the matter with the utmost delicacy. Organised labour is watching every move, and if it conceives the idea that the home and colonial authorities are in league to suppress it, we shall witness an upheaval here such as England has not experienced for centuries. My word is—go slow.

Mr. Asquith: Now, Gentlemen, I think we have discussed the matter sufficiently for one day. I think it will be best to wait till the deportees arrive. And then we can arrest them again or otherwise as will suit us best.

The Genesis of French Syndicalism—and Some Unspoken Morals.

By G. D. H. Cole.

II.

THE vision of the coming Society which inspired the "militants" of the Bourses du Travail was the natural outcome of their environment. Like the Herald Leaguers of to-day, they had to base their hopes on the revolutionary enthusiasm of a few; the possibility of the "Great Change" depended on the power of these few to draw after them "the recalcitrant mass." The theory of the "conscious minority" naturally appealed with peculiar force to men so circumstanced: it appeared as the right, even as the duty, of the few that they should assert themselves on behalf of the unconscious many. In their embryonic organisations, weak and unstable as these were, they saw the germ of the new Society. Face to face with a social structure which denied them their most elementary rights, they were prepared to sweep everything away, and to put in its place the institutions they had themselves created.

The theory of Guild Socialism, with the system of *national* Guilds which it implies, could only arise in a society where Labour was organised in strong *national* Trade Unions. Syndicalism, at least in its early forms of which the later are, as we shall see, only readjustments, was based throughout upon the small, independent *local* Trade Union. The foundation of the Bourses du Travail with municipal subsidies afforded an opportunity for the linking up of these Unions, but still on a *local* basis. Trade Unionism, instead of developing a system of national craft Unions, as in Great Britain, developed a complicated network of Trades' Councils, covering all the big industrial centres.

Anarchist Communism, we have seen, had always been strong in France. It had looked to a great political revolution in which the State and all its dependencies would be overthrown, and to the substitution of a new Society of free groups or Communes, which were to be the units of production and social organisation in the future. Under the guidance of Pelloutier and others like him, the Bourses whole-heartedly accepted this type of Communism, only modifying it by making the local Trade Unions the future units of production and the Bourses the co-ordinating forces and the units of social organisation. The Society to which they looked forward was essentially still Bakunin's federation of free Communes, and the workers were to be linked up nationally and internationally, not on the basis of their particular industry, but solely by a system of local federation, having the free and independent Commune as its foundation and its dynamic conception.

Such a theory, as it is set forth in the reports of the congresses of the Bourses du Travail and in Pelloutier's famous history, was obviously not open to many popular objections to modern Syndicalism. There was no question of a great National Union of Miners or Railwaymen holding up or exploiting the community as a whole. Indeed, the whole question of the rights of the consumer, on which the Collectivist criticism of Syndicalism is mainly based, has no application to this earlier form. The Bourse du Travail, which is to determine the amount and character of production, is the free local community, reconciling the interests of the various sections; the national Federation of Bourses is the national community, co-ordinating the various local interests. In Pelloutier's book, and in the reports prepared by the various Bourses, ultimate control over production is claimed, not for the individual Trade Union, but for the Bourse itself, which is in effect the municipality of the future. The essential features of Syndicalism are present: the control of industrial processes is demanded for the sections of producers, and Communism has been transformed by taking Trade Unionism as its basis; but the theory is still purely *local* in character. It looks, for the overthrow of Capitalism, not to the economic power of great national industrial Unions enjoying a monopoly of labour, but to the local organisation of a conscious and militant minority; and, while it sees in the Bourses the germ of the future Society, it still contemplates a political and catastrophic revolution, less a general strike than a general insurrection similar in type to the revolutions of 1789, 1848 and 1871.

There is doubtless in this statement some artificial simplification; but I believe it fairly represents the point of view of the leaders of the Bourses du Travail in the earlier period of their existence. Out of this germ grew by gradual stages the developed theory of the leaders of the C.G.T., an evolution which proceeded simultaneously with the changes in industrial conditions and in Trade Unionism itself.

The first, and the most important, of these changes was the gradual growth of national Trade Unions and Federations in the various industries. The old General Federation of Labour failed, as we saw, because it attempted a general national grouping of the workers without the intermediate link of national Trade Unions. The new Confédération Générale du Travail was enabled to keep alive because, under the influence of the Fédération des Bourses, Trade Unionism had begun to develop on national lines. Founded in 1895, the C.G.T. remained very weak until its fusion with the Bourses in 1902; its own reports freely confess its weakness and acknowledge the superior efficiency of the Bourses. But the change was coming surely, if slowly; and the fusion of 1902 ushered in the final period in the growth of French Syndicalism.

From 1895 to 1902 the Federation of Bourses and the C.G.T. were continually at variance, and it can hardly be doubted that, in the minds of some of the leaders at least, the conflict was between two rival methods of organisation. Two theories, alike of the proper conduct of the class struggle in the present and of the constitution of the future Society, were really contending for the mastery. Syndicalism was passing from Anarchist-Communism, with its essentially local basis, to a theory founded on Trade Unionism in its national form.

Into the amalgamation of 1902 the Federation of Bourses entered as still overwhelmingly the predominant partner. Both in membership and in prestige it was far ahead of the C.G.T., which consisted at this time of

national Trade Unions, local Trade Unions, national Federations, and Bourses du Travail. The fusion at once made a more systematic arrangement possible: the new C.G.T. was divided into two sections, the one a Federation of Bourses with its national Executive, the other a Federation of national Federations (de métier ou d'industrie), and national Unions, with its separate Executive. The Executive Committee of the whole C.G.T. was formed by joint session of the two sectional Executives. According to the rules of the new organisation, every local Trade Union must join both its Bourse du Travail and its national Craft or Industrial Federation.

The adoption of this double basis of affiliation shows that the leaders of the working-class movement had already realised the inadequacy of the purely local bond and had seen the importance of linking up nationally the local Unions in each distinct industry. But they did not at all anticipate the disappearance, or even the weakening, of the local bond, which they still regarded as the more fundamental of the two. Yet, in fact, the whole history of the C.G.T. since 1902 is the history of the decline of the Bourses and the rise of the national Federations. This has been the outcome partly of essential and partly of purely accidental causes: its general result has been a far-reaching modification of Syndicalist practice and theory alike. From the ideal of local solidarity such as Mr. Larkin seems to have had in mind in forming the Irish Transport Workers' Union, the C.G.T. passed to the ideal of national solidarity of Labour such as the more advanced Trade Unionists of Great Britain have set before themselves the task of achieving.

One cause of this transformation was external and accidental. The Bourses had grown to greatness by means of municipal subsidies granted them in their capacity as Labour Exchanges. As they became centres of revolutionary activity, these subsidies were gradually withdrawn, and the widening breach between the C.G.T. and the Socialist Party caused them to be discontinued even where the Socialists had conquered the municipal councils. Thus compelled to rely upon their own resources, the Bourses failed to rise to the occasion. One great weakness of Trade Unionism in France, even more than in Great Britain, has always been the workers' unwillingness to pay for reasonably efficient organisation. Compelled either to demand higher dues from their members, or else to give up their most valuable activities, the Bourses were compelled in many cases to take the latter course. Many were ejected from the buildings which the municipalities had placed at their disposal, and, as few were in a position to erect buildings of their own, most of them lost their character of general workmen's clubs, and became mere Trades' Councils of delegates, with all the weaknesses we have learnt to associate with Trades' Councils in England. In their migration, the Bourses lost their function of Labour Exchanges and lost also their name: they became local Unions de Syndicats, alongside of which the old Bourse often persisted merely as a municipal Labour Exchange.

The Bourses would have been better able to survive the withdrawal of municipal assistance had not the natural development of the C.G.T. itself also tended to undermine their position. The national Federations were all the time steadily gaining in power and influence; they were developing national policies of their own, and coming to be the centres of Trade Union action and organisation. National movements of a single industry were seen to be as a rule more effective than local movements of all industries, and the old ideal of the local general strike began to give way before the ideal of a national strike organised by the various Federations—the general strike on a national, instead of a local, basis. Probably the full importance of this change was not realised by the leaders of the C.G.T. itself—in fact, it may be doubted if they quite understood what was happening; but undoubtedly the general effect has necessitated a very considerable revision of Syndicalist theory and practice. The breakdown of the local bond has been a grave cause of weakness which the growth of the national Federations has failed to counteract: the period of the greatest strength of the C.G.T. included the few years after 1902 when both systems were in full action; then, as the Bourses began to decline, the C.G.T. became less efficient, and the rapid progress of the earlier years sustained a check. This has been clearly seen by the leaders themselves, and they are now attempting to meet the want by means of Unions Departmentales, linking up the Unions on a local basis, but covering a wider area. It is too early to judge the new scheme; but clearly some such method must be adopted. The local bond is still of the greatest importance, and, as long as it is neglected, the movement will make no progress. The weakness of our own Trade Councils is largely responsible for the failure of Trade Unionism in Great Britain (where the national Unions are really strong) to penetrate sooner into the unorganised trades.

With the growth of the national industrial Federation and the decline of the Bourse du Travail, the simplicity of the older Syndicalist theory was bound to give place to a more complex doctrine. Syndicalism could no longer leave the national organisation out of account and build solely on a local basis; for the inadequacy of the local bond of union, taken by itself, had been clearly manifested. If Syndicalism was to maintain itself as a theory tenable under modern conditions of production and working-class organisation, it had to find a place in its scheme for the great national Unions. But as soon as it came to be proposed to vest control in the national Union or Federation, the Bourse ceased to be an adequate owning and co-ordinating force. The old facile reconciliation of producer and consumer in the Bourses no longer met the need: the new reconciliation must be national instead of local. Syndicalists therefore came to anticipate the vesting of ownership, partly at least, in some such body as the C.G.T. itself, the Trade Union Congress of the future, the legitimate successor of the Capitalist State, but organised still on the basis of production.

In French theory this transformation is by no means complete, just because the national organisations in the various industries are nearly all Federations, and not Unions. The local Union has still, in most cases, most of the funds and most of the power, and the whole bias of the French mind is still in the direction of preserving, as much as possible, local independence, and local initiative. But, willing or unwilling, the Unions are clearly tending to greater centralisation; and, as they grow in numbers and in power, the central control, which was originally forced on them largely by the breakdown of the Bourses, will inevitably become stronger.

Syndicalists and their critics very often talk at cross-purposes because the Syndicalist is dreaming of a mainly local form of organisation, while his critic is assuming a developed system of national Trade Unions. I know of no ostensibly Syndicalist work which faces, or seems fully to realise, the importance of this point. Some British Syndicalists, with more consistency than common sense, have advocated the absolute ownership and control, by the national Union, of the means and methods of production in its particular occupation: French Syndicalists have, as a rule, omitted to face the difficulty. Yet Syndicalism can only stand by its power to adjust itself to this new situation, and to develop, out of a theory based on Anarchist Communism and the local Trade Union, a new theory grounded on the acceptance of the national Union as the necessary unit of industrial action and organisation. But this new theory, whether it be called Syndicalism or by some other name, can only arise in some country which is industrially more developed than France. It will be evolved wherever strong national Unions, confronted with important problems of industrial action, can be brought to re-examine their fundamental dogmas, and to confront in earnest the question of the control of industry in the society of the future.

A Duel in Dialogue

Between the Soiled Eagle and the Smirched Lion.

By Arbitrator.

It was publicly declared yesterday by Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss that "graft" permeated all American society in general, but especially in New York.
—Daily Paper.

AMERICAN:
Still I dispute it—for the charge aggrieves—
Your charge that *all* Americans are thieves,
For I, though small my circle, know a few
Honest Americans and one or two
Who have held office cleanly, and for aught
I know, are honest, or at least—uncaught.

BRITON:
Such is your nasty creed of wrong and right—
Be rascal, rogue or thief—but out of sight.

AMERICAN:
They're "out of sight," indeed—and I opine
You'll find no finer artists in their line.

BRITON:
I do not speak your slanguage, but 'tis certain
I've had a peep or two behind the curtain—
And where the great majority are stealing,
What danger or what shame in the revealing—?

AMERICAN:
O, none—unless it be the shame of "squealing."

BRITON:
In every poisoned limb of legislature
Your office-holders loot by second nature;
Your rats of politicians, filching gold,
Are bought and bribed so oft the cry grows old.
Town, city, state or nation—all is one—
Big thieves or little thieves—an ounce or ton—
From vermin pilfering in a district small,
Postal or pension thieves to Congress Haul.
Your papers lay one stew's corruption bare
Or smoke a single jackal from his lair—
Happy to heap, since maladroit the fool,
Upon one bungling knave their ridicule;
And so with cankered tongue and ulcerous heart,
Because not "smart" enough, they make him smart,
Whilst thousands—fancy totters when it thinks
Of thousands thieving in their hidden sinks.
To them its sheltering shield the law extends—
Rotten police and "pull"-exerting friends.
So much for public honour. As for Trade,
We know how your bloat millionaires are made.

AMERICAN:
True, we have many Trusts whereat to laugh
In cartoon, column and in paragraph.

BRITON:
A leper laughing at his scales—a dread
Laugh from a carcase something more than dead.
But Trusts are scarce the worst—they but exceed
Their envious victims both in size and greed—
How many ample proofs to my belief
Most patent—each American's a thief!

AMERICAN:
Softly, my British friend, for much I fear
Your words may kindle in some tindery ear;
For though American, I thieve not. You
Are reckless—they may hear you, they who do.

BRITON:
Through all your land corruption's rivers crawl;
Their mud is not in one heart, but in all.
In every corner of the land 'tis hid,
And only needs a hand to lift the lid.
It needed but a glance o'er ledger leaves
And lo! Insurance titans turned to thieves,
Whilst vainly honest Cleveland lent his light
To bleach dishonest corporations white,
Your Lawson flays the frenzied gaming crew,
And Steffens stirs the nauseous civic stew;
Jerome still hounds the myrmidons of spoil,
And Tarbell paints the devil selling oil,
Roosevelt with gleaming teeth and champing jaws,
Went down in shouting for the people's cause,
And gentle Wilson from his White House seat,
Entreats you not to swindle, bribe and cheat;
But what avail their yells and thunder-tones
To stir a sense of honesty in stones?

AMERICAN:
And yet what mighty qualms, what sturdy throes
Our sense of public righteousness still knows!
Did not our pulpits and approving pews
The tainted money of John D. refuse?

BRITON:
Your cant of tainted money makes me spew—
The money is not tainted—it is you.
You are the sole begetters of your shame,
You and your people—why evade the blame?
Fruit has its root—and if law-makers swerve,
You have as good a lot as you deserve.

AMERICAN:
We hold that boodlers are a special race,
And pure and stainless is the populace——

BRITON:
From which the boodlers come——

AMERICAN:
To this we cling;
We'll stand the boodlers, but we hate a king.

BRITON:
Yet two—the glutted tyrants Graft and Trust,
Squat on your necks and jam you in the dust.
Your "sense of honour"—for you mouth it well—
That pretty phrase!—offends my sense of smell.
Boldly your rogues American outface
The "public scorn" and laugh at their "disgrace."
Unwhipped they go, unbranded from the chair
Of "Justice," and are welcomed everywhere
With open hand by every worthy brother—
(Some pocket very likely claims the other)—
And thinks the varlet: "I'm as good as you
Or any of my fellows." It is true—
True by the potent "pull's" protective scope
Which pulls against the law and not the rope.
The devil gives them ethics and their text
Is : "None can ever know who may be next."

AMERICAN:
Pardon me just a moment while I knead
The contents of my anxious purse. Proceed.

BRITON:
Your purse is safe from me, my friend. Your nose
Were far unsafer—should we come to blows.

AMERICAN:
What! this from you, John Bull? Did we not lick
The British Lion till we made him sick?
And send George Third a-skipping o'er the wave,
And raise this Commonwealth so free and brave?
Into a tiny and three-cornered hat,
Did we not knock your athletes?—tell me that!

BRITON:
Your freedom's made in Russia; if you doubt it
Ask Marie Lloyd or Gorky all about it.
Land of the brave and free—Ha! Commonweal
Brave to defy the laws and free to steal!
Where black is white as green, where good is bad,
Where men are "in it" for what may be had.
O Land of Whitewash where the fakir thrives,
And men change consciences as they change wives,
Where women rule like despots, and the men
Ramp like a lot of wolves within a den.

AMERICAN:
Harshly those names assail my ears, and yet,
What were you English doing in Thibet?
Despite your preaching cant and righteous tone,
Do not your army scandals match our own?
Into your all-red ear, my virtuous crony,
Your own miluds have dinned one word: Marconi.
And as for Canada—you'll find no check
Placed on the game of bribery in Quebec.
You call these Yankee methods 'neath your mask;
Why need you then adopt them, may I ask?
And call them importations?

BRITON:

I'd as lief
Turn thief as ever to defend a thief.
Our theme's America; let us confine
Our tongues unto your country, not to mine.

AMERICAN:

Thicker than water do we boast our blood,
But surely there is something thicker—mud?

BRITON:

Across your country's face from west to east,
Five flaming crimson letters shine released;
Blazing to brightness by the earth's huge draught,
They spell your foul damnocracy of GRAFT!
Signals to other worlds to fly our own
And blushing Mars to leave the earth alone.
My theme is big with blackness; you shall hear
What I foresee—I grant you leave to sneer.
Here shall another State like Sparta spring,
Where every man may steal and none need swing,
And though the Spartan vice your souls corrode,
Think not a Spartan strength shall ease your load.
Let Hail Columbia from her perch be thrown,
And Hermes, god of thieves, be god alone—
That "God" upon the dollar you adore,
In whom you "trust" and thieve—what would you more?
I like your pretty banner when it flies,
But are its stripes still pleasant to your eyes?
Upon their backs your nigger-slaves once bore them,
And I have seen your gaols where convicts wore them.

AMERICAN:

God damn your hide, this is a bit too strong,
Too crude, too rude, too insolent, too long!
I scorn the lying charges that you bring,
And flout your nightmare of the reckoning.
Your power to paint in lurid tones infernal
Would make your fortune on a yellow journal.
The English mind is iron-proofed to sense,
And so I'm weary of the vain defence.
These charges—let my countrymen confute them,
For though I can't disprove, I shall dispute them,
And though I can't defend, I shall defy them,—
Arise! compatriots, arise! deny them!
No! better still, you bone-head Briton, drat you!
I'll set the women of my country at you!

Hygienic Jinks.

By Andre B.

[Debate between Miss Margaret Douglas and Sir Victor Horsley (under the auspices of the Women's Tax-Resistance League), held at the Caxton Hall on January 19, at 8 p.m., the former proposing and the latter opposing the resolution that, "This meeting declares the Insurance Act to be undemocratic in character, unjust in operation, and that its greatest hardships press most heavily on women." Sir Edward Busk, LL.D. (?), Z.Y.X.**!, in the chair.]

Unknown to the audience, a slight difference of opinion between the three principals (behind the scenes) has resulted in the two male performers stepping on to the platform in very bad tempers. Sir Edward Busk steps on first. Nothing more like a consumptive goat can be imagined than this prominent citizen, of whom no one has heard. In a vacuous voice he proclaims his intention of remaining impartial throughout the debate, and calls upon Miss Douglas, who, rising amidst cheers, at once commences to attack the Act. In brief, her arguments are that compulsion applied to a section of the community and the degradation of the card are undemocratic in nature; that the card is merely a licence to work; that under the Act bureaucracy takes the place of self-government; and that the Truck Acts have never been repealed. She then shows that an employer is, with the help of this organisation, enabled to trace men coming from a strike district, and that this can and will bring about a systematic victimisation of strikers. Several instances are also given to show that it sometimes presses hardly on women, statements which are, of course, greeted by loud cheers by the women present. Sir Victor Horsley is then called upon to reply. Before the debate he had attempted to side-track the issue by proposing to add an amendment to the resolution, that as women had no voice in the passing of the Act, its operation should be held over until women were granted the vote, or something to that effect. To his great surprise the women saw through the shuffle and refused to allow it; all of which may account for the following:—

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY: After careful consideration I have decided that the Act is in accord with the best principles of democracy. (Loud laughter.) How dare you laugh at me! I'm the only one in the hall who knows anything about the subject. The Act is in accord with the finest Liberal principles. (Laughter and loud cheers.) I am a democrat. (Derisive yells.) I am a suffragist. (Pandemonium.) I am a much keener suffragist than Miss Douglas and a much stronger democrat. (Here the whole hall lies back and bays to the roof helplessly. Sir Victor has lost his temper.) If you don't believe me, here's the Poor Law Report to prove it. . . . Thousands of deear, pooor, children used not to be fed at the County Council schools—now they are! (Shouts of "Stick to the subject.") How can we work the Act when women haven't got the Vote? I admit there are defects in the Act—("Go on!" "You don't say!")—but they can be overcome. The Act is the greatest financial measure ever passed on behalf of the poor. (Loud shrieks.) It is the result of Lloyd George's extraordinary constructive capacity and financial ability. (Cries of "Marconi.") We cannot go back to the old system: there is not a single man in the medical profession who would like to go back to the old method. (Loud cheers and roars of laughter, during which Sir Victor's eye-glasses fall off and his moustache quivers with emotion.) If you had seen the awful sights and misery among the poor—("We have") —if you knew anything about the conditions of the poor, you would agree with me. But you none of you know—I know. (Roars of laughter.) Yes—(dramatically)—yes, I know—Ha! ha!—I know! . . . The Act makes for the redistribution of wealth. (Cries of "Rot," "Idiot," etc.) The recent increase in the membership of Friendly Societies and Trade Union is due solely to the Act. ("No! No." "What about the Prudential?") Anyhow, none of you know anything. (Sits down.) Cries of "Encore!" Miss Douglas, a little bewildered by the amazing display, then returns to the attack, charging Sir Victor with having dealt with none of her arguments and with having tried to side-track the issue. A further string of arguments are strongly put forward in favour of the resolution and then Sir Victor is asked to reply.)

Sir VICTOR HORSLEY (rising amidst loud laughter—Bernard Shaw must look out for his laurels now): What a ridiculous person Miss Douglas is to argue with. (Loud cheers.) I showed you that the Act was democratic. ("When?") I showed you conclusively—I said "The Act is democratic." Therefore it must be! (Roars of laughter.)

CHAIRMAN: Please let us have a little quiet—we are learning most important things—I never knew this. (General shouts of "Oh!" and loud laughter.)

Sir VICTOR HORSLEY: I'm surprised that no one mentioned that this is a German Act. ("It is.") Nothing of the sort. The German workman who earns 30s. a week pays 10¾d., the English worker 4d. (Yells of laughter.) And I'm a telling yer! So there! . . . The greatest curse of this country is drink. (Weary gasps of "Stow it," "Sit down.") . . . Rural housing . . . (yells) Democracy (yells) . . . buttercups (yells) . . . beer (yells) . . . Poor Law (yells) . . . Social Reform (yells) . . . Votes for Women (yells, loud laughter, cheers and more laughter). Sir Victor Horsley sits

down. The audience disports itself happily for a few minutes and then Miss Douglas rises.)

Miss DOUGLAS: I still maintain that Sir Victor Horsley has not answered a single question or disproved a single statement of mine. (Cheers.) I also affirm that he has deliberately tried to side-track the whole question ("Hear, hear"). . . It's quite impossible to argue with him. (Sits down. Cheers. Half an hour is allowed for speeches amongst the audience. Among the speakers are John McCullam and Theodore Maynard: the latter in an aggressive tone asks everybody to tear up his or her Insurance Card amidst loud cheers. The rest of the speeches are uninteresting. A show of hands demonstrates that a dozen hydrocephaletics are on the side of the leader of the Vivisectionist Doctors. The result is greeted with cheers and laughter. The audience, with aching sides, slowly files out, after a very pleasant evening. Rumour says that Stoll, of Music Hall fame, has approached Sir Victor with a tempting offer. How far this is true it is impossible to say, but it is an undoubted fact that a meeting of Star Comedians was hurriedly convened to protest against unfair competition. Wilkie Gray was overheard to say (in the dressing-room at the Royal Tivoli) the day after: "If he does this unconsciously, what is he capable of if he really tries?" That, of course, remains to be seen.)

The South African Labour Manifesto.

[The following "manifesto to the people of South Africa" was issued on January 10 by order of the Executive Committee of the South African Labour Party, being signed by the Chairman (Mr. W. H. Andrews, M.L.A.)]:

THE Government knows well that a cessation of railway traffic must cause immense loss and suffering to the people of South Africa. Ministers hope to escape the public condemnation for the policy they have pursued, which has led to this inevitable result, by treating the leaders of the railway men as dangerous criminals and imprisoning them at this critical juncture.

The Labour Party appeals to every patriotic South African to condemn the Government's actions, and to recognise that these actions and their policy of refusal to consider the just rights of their railway servants, have been responsible for the present troubles.

Let the public remember how the history of the past four years has been a history of increasing discontent among railway servants. Commission after Commission has sat to inquire into the causes of this discontent. The Truter Commission of 1909-10, the Grievances Commission of 1911-12, and other inquiries left the railway servants as dissatisfied as ever. No sooner was one set of grievances inquired into and a few minor ones rectified, than the actions of the Administration gave rise to a new set. Piecework was introduced on the railways, in spite of the vigorous protests of the men. In July last, after the upheaval on the Rand, the Government undertook to appoint another Commission. In spite of the efforts of the Administration, the railwaymen, by a huge majority, elected as their representative on this Commission the General Secretary of the Society, Mr. Poutsma.

After the signal manifestation in July that the men's dissatisfaction with the conditions of the service had reached breaking point, it might have been thought that the Government would have had the wisdom to avoid taking any step likely to disturb them while this Commission was carrying on its investigations.

No sooner, however, was the Commission appointed than the fact was made known that the retrenchment of a large number of men was in contemplation, the figure mentioned being about 1,000.

The Administration has alternately denied and attempted to justify this policy of retrenchment, but, notwithstanding all protestations to the contrary, retrenchments were commenced at Christmas, and it was within the knowledge of the Railway Society that some 500 men were marked down for dismissal. Moreover, the alleged reason, namely, that there was insufficient work to keep them employed, is now known to be untrue, the real aim being merely to bring about a reduction of the wages bill—of the lower grades of the service.

The attempt to reduce wages is the direct consequence of the undue sacrifice of revenue which has been made during the last few years by the Government in order to assist their political supporters, the agricultural and mine-owning interests. The general public has not benefited by this, and the railway workers have had to pay.

The history of the Government's treatment of the railway workers for the last few years has been one of increasing tyranny, mismanagement and muddle, and has culminated in a deliberate and wanton effort to goad them into resistance, in order that their organisation may be crushed and they themselves reduced to impotence and compelled to accept any terms the Government may offer.

Ministers forget that it is the people, not themselves, that own the railways, and that the people will not tolerate a discontented service, and are weary of the continual unrest.

Yet, sooner than acknowledge that they have made a mistake, the Government is prepared to risk plunging the country into the disasters of civil strife.

It is apparent that they are relying upon their power to crush out the symptoms of discontent by brute force.

To this end they have already outraged the Constitution which they are sworn to uphold. They have set aside the inalienable rights of all free men by arresting and imprisoning without charge or trial prominent citizens who have espoused the railwaymen's cause, and there is too much reason to fear that they will be prepared to shed the blood of citizens of South Africa rather than acknowledge their error.

We wish most seriously to warn the Government and the public that this policy, though it may appear to succeed for a time, can never bring permanent peace.

Let the Government frankly acknowledge its mistake. Let it take the workers into its counsels and its confidence, and let Ministers remember that they are the servants of the public—not its masters. If they really fear public disorder, let them, instead of arming one section of the people against another, invite the co-operation and assistance of the workers themselves, through leaders in whom the workers have confidence.

Let them confer with these leaders instead of arresting them, and release those who have been already arrested and imprisoned.

Let them recognise once and for all that public servants are citizens, with the full rights of citizens to combine and to negotiate for their own interests in whatever way they think best.

We consider that peace can only be secured and disaster averted by renouncing the attempt to pay for concessions to farmers and mine-owners out of the earnings of railway workers. The retrenchment policy should be abandoned.

We urge that the interests of railway servants should be permanently represented in the actual Administration, and that to this end the Railway Board should be reconstituted, and should include elected representatives of the organised railway workers.

The Government is using the inconvenience to the public as a lever to detach sympathy from the just cause of the railway workers. Do not allow your judgment to be blinded by a display of arbitrary power, but remember that you will be crushed by the same methods should occasion arise.

Let every South African, by extending his sympathy and support to the railway workers, show his detestation of the high-handed arrests and imprisonments, and his abhorrence of the violent and provocative methods adopted by the Government.

By order of the Executive Committee.

W. H. ANDREWS, Chairman.

The Barcelona Guilds.

[Quoted from Capmany's "Historical Memoirs of Barcelona" by the Rev. J. Balmes in his "European Civilisation." (Murphy: Baltimore, 1868.)]

No memoir has hitherto been discovered which might serve to enlighten and guide us in fixing the exact epoch of the institution of the trades associations at Barcelona. But according to all the conjectures furnished by ancient monuments, it is very probable that the political erection or formation of the bodies of labourers took place in the time of Don Jaime I, under whose glorious reign the arts were developed under a favourable influence; whilst commerce and navigation took a higher flight, owing to the expeditions of the Aragonese arms beyond the seas. Increased facilities in the means of transport have given an impetus to industry; and an increasing population, the natural result of labour by its reaction upon labour, augmented the demand for it. At Barcelona, as everywhere else, trades corporations naturally arose when the wants and the tastes of society had, of necessity, grown so multifarious that artisans were forced, with a view to secure protection to their industry, to form themselves into communities. Luxury, and the tastes of society, like every other object of commerce, are subject to continual change; hence, new branches of trade are continually springing up and displacing others; so that at one period each separate art runs into various branches, whilst at another several arts are combined into one. At Barcelona, corporate industry has passed through all these vicissitudes in the course of five centuries. The hardware trade has comprised at different periods eleven or twelve branches, and consequently afforded subsistence to as many classes of families, whilst at the present time these same branches are reduced to eight, in consequence of certain changes in fashions and customs.

In accordance with the social system which generally prevailed at the time in most European countries, it was found necessary to bestow liberty and privileges upon an industrious and mercantile people, who thus became a great source of strength and support to kings; and this could not be effected without classifying the citizens. But these lines of demarcation could not be maintained distinct and inviolate without a political division of the various corporations in which both men and their occupations were classified. This division was the more necessary in a city like Barcelona, which, ever since the middle of the thirteenth century, had assumed a sort of democratic independence in its mode of government. Thus, in Italy, the first country in the West that reestablished the name and the influence of the people, after these had been effaced in the iron ages by Gothic rule, the industrial classes had already been formed into corporations, which gave stability to the arts and trades, and conferred great honours upon them in those free cities, where, amidst the flux and reflux of invasions, the artisan became a senator, and the senator an artisan. Wars and factions, endemic evils in that delightful country at the time of which we are speaking, could not, in spite of all their ravages, effect the destruction of the associated trades, whose political existence, when once their members were admitted to a share in the government, formed the very basis of the constitution of both nations, inasmuch as both were industrial and mercantile. At Barcelona the trades were well regulated, prosperous, and flourishing, under that municipal system, and that consular jurisprudence, of which commerce, and its invariable concomitant, industry, have always stood in need. It was thus that this capital became one of the most celebrated centres of the manufacturing industry of the middle ages—a reputation which it has maintained and increased up to the present time. In like manner, it was under the name and rule of corporations and brotherhoods that trades were established in Flanders, in France, and in England, countries in which the arts have been carried to their highest degree of perfection and renown. The trades corporations of Barcelona, even when viewed merely as a necessary institution for the due regulation of the primitive form of municipal government, should be regarded as most important, whether for the preservation of the arts, or as proving the basis of the influence of the artisans themselves. It is at once evident, from the experience of five centuries, that trades unions have effected unspeakable good in Barcelona, were it only by preserving, as an imperishable deposit, the love, the tradition, and the memory of the arts. They have formed so many rallying points, so many banners, as it were, under which more than once the shattered forces of industry have found refuge; and have thus been enabled to recover their energy and activity, and to perpetuate their existence to our own days, in spite of pestilence, wars, factions, and a multitude of other calamities which exhaust men's energies, overthrow their habitations, and change their manners. If Barcelona, so often visited by these physical and political plagues, had possessed no community, no bond, no common interest among its artisans, it would certainly have witnessed the destruction of their skill, their economy, and their activity, as is the case with beavers when their communities have been broken up and dispersed by the hunters.

By a happy effect of the security enjoyed by families in their different trades, and thanks to the aid, or monte-de-piété, established in the very bosom of the corporation for its necessitous members, who, without this assistance, might have been plunged into misery, these economical establishments at Barcelona have directly contributed to maintain the prosperity of the arts, by shutting out misery from the workshop, and preserving the operatives from indigence. Without this corporate police, by which each trade is surrounded, the property and the fortune of the artisan would have been exposed to the greatest risks; moreover, the credit and stability of the trades themselves would have been perilled; for then the quack, the unskilled operative, and the obscure adventurer might have imposed upon the public with impunity, and a pernicious latitude might have taken the place of liberty. On the other hand, the trades corporations being powerful associations, each one by itself being governed by a unanimity of intelligence and a community of interests, could purchase their stocks of raw materials reasonably and advantageously. They supplied the wants of the workers, they made advances, or stood security, for those of their members who lacked either time or funds for making great preliminary disbursements of capital at their own cost. Besides, these corporations, comprehending and representing the industry of the nation, and consequently feeling an interest in its maintenance, addressed from time to time memorials to the Municipal Council, or to the Cortes, relative to the injuries they were sustaining or the approach of which they, as it often happened, foresaw from the introduction of counterfeit goods, or of foreign productions, which is a cause of ruin to our industry. In fine, without the institution of trades corporations, instruction would have been void of order and fixed rules; for where there are no masters duly authorised and permanently established, neither will there be any disciples; and all regulations in default of an executive power to see them observed will be disregarded and trodden under foot. Trades corporations are so necessary to the preservation of the arts, that the various trades known at the present day in this capital have derived their appellations and their origin from the economical divisions, and from the arts established by these corporations. When the blacksmith in his shop made ploughshares, nails, keys, knives, swords, etc., the names of the trades of the blacksmith, the nailer, the cutler, the armourer, etc., were unknown; and as there was no special and particular instruction in each of these branches of labour, the separation of which afterwards formed so many new arts maintained by their respective communities, these trades were unknown.

The second political advantage resulting from the institution of trades corporations at Barcelona was, the esteem and consideration in which at all times these establishments caused both the artisans and the arts to be held. This wise institution won respect for the operative classes, by constituting them a visible and permanent order in the State. Hence it is that the conduct and the mode of life of the Barcelonians have ever been such as are to be found only amongst an honourable people. Never having been confounded with any exempted and privileged body (for the trades corporations draw a circle around their members, and let them know what they are, and what they are worth), these people learned that there was honour and virtue within their own sphere, and laboured to preserve these qualities; so certain is it that social distinction in a nation has more influence than is sometimes believed in upholding the spirit of each social class.

Another circumstance contributed still more to render the exercise of the mechanical arts honourable at Barcelona, not only more than in most other parts of Spain, but more than in any other State, ancient or modern. This was the admission of the trades corporations upon the register of municipal offices in this city, which enjoyed so many royal grants and extraordinary privileges of independence. Thus the nobility—that Gothic nobility—with their great domains, sought to be incorporated with the operatives in the "Ayuntamiento," there to fill the offices and supreme stations in the political government, which, during more than five hundred years, continued in Barcelona under a form and in a spirit truly democratic. All mechanical offices, without any odious distinction or exclusion, were held worthy to be declared qualified for the consistorial council of magistrates; all had a voice and a vote among the conscript fathers who represented this city, the most highly privileged perhaps that ever existed; one of the most renowned for its laws, its power and its influence; one of the most respected in the Middle Ages amongst all the States and monarchies of Europe, Asia, and Africa.

This political system, and this municipal form of government, resembled that which prevailed in the Middle Ages amongst all the principal towns of Italy, whence Catalonia borrowed many of its customs and usages. Genoa, Pisa, Milan, Pavia, Florence, Siena, and other towns, had a municipal government composed of the leading men in commerce and the arts under the name of consuls, counsellors, etc. Priorus artium—such was the name of a popular form of elective government, distributed among the different classes of citizens, without excluding the artisans, who, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were in their most flourishing condition, forming the most respectable part of the population, and consequently the richest, the most powerful, and the most independent. This democratic liberty, besides giving stability and permanency to industry in the towns of Italy, conferred a singular degree of honour on the mechanical professions. The grand council of these towns was summoned by the tolling of the bell, when the artisans arranged themselves under the banners or gonfalons of their respective trades. Such was also the political constitution of Barcelona from the middle of the thirteenth to the commencement of the present century. With these facts before us, need we feel surpise that, in our own days, arts and artisans in Barcelona still retain undiminished esteem and consideration; that a love for mechanical professions has become hereditary; that the dignity and self-respect of the artisan class have become traditional, even to the last generations, in which the customs of their ancestors have been transmitted by the succession of example, even after the extinction of the political reasons in which these customs had their origin? Several trades corporations still preserve in the halls of their juntas the portraits of those of their members who formerly obtained the first employments in the State. Must not this laudable practice have engravened on the memory of the members of the corporation all the ideas of honour and dignity consistent with the condition of an artisan? Assuredly the popular form of the ancient government of Barcelona could not fail to imprint itself generally and forcibly on the manners of the people; indeed, where all the citizens were equal in the participation of honours, it is easy to see that no one would willingly remain inferior to another in virtue or in merit, although inferior, in other respects, by his condition and fortune. This noble emulation, which must naturally have been awakened to activity in the concourse of all orders in the State, gave birth to the dignity, the lofty and inviolate probity of the artisans of Barcelona; and this character they have maintained to our own times, to the admiration of Spain and of foreign nations. Such has been the negligence of our national authors, that this narrative will have the appearance of a discovery; up to the present time Barcelona and the Principality had not attracted the scrutinising notice of the political historian, so that a dark shadow still concealed the real principles (always unknown to the crowd) from which in all times have sprung the virtues and the vices of nations.

To these causes may be atributed in great part the esteem which the artisans have acquired. Nothing could be more salutary than this obligation they were always under of comporting themselves with dignity and distinction in public employments, whether in the corporation or the municipal government. Moreover, the constant example of the master of the house, who, up to the present time, has always lived in common with his apprentices in a praiseworthy manner, has confirmed the children in ideas of order and dignity; for the manner and habits of a people, which are as powerful as law, must be inculcated from the tenderest age. Thus, in Barcelona, the operative has never been confounded by the slovenliness of his dress with the mendicant, whose idle and dissipated habits, says an illustrious writer, are easily contrasted when the dress of the man of respectability is in no way distinguished from that of the rabble. Nor are the labouring population ever seen wearing those cumbersome garments which, serving as a cover for rags and a cloak for idleness, cramp the movements and activity of the body, and invite a life of indolent ease. The people have not contracted a habit of frequenting taverns, where example leads to drunkenness and moral disorders. Their amusements, so necessary for working people to render their daily toils supportable, have always been innocent recreations, which either afforded them repose from their fatigues or varied them. The games formerly permitted were either the ring (la fague), nine pins, bowls, ball, shooting at a mark, fencing, and public dancing, authorised and watched over by the authorities.

The respect for the artisan of Barcelona has never been diminished on account of the material on which his art was exercised, whether it was silver, steel, iron, copper, wood, or wool. We have seen that all the trades were equally eligible to the municipal offices of the State; none were excluded—not even butchers. Ancient Barcelona did not commit the political error of establishing preferences that might have produced some odious distinctions of trades. The inhabitants considered that all the citizens were in themselves worthy of esteem, since all contributed to the growth and maintenance of the property of a capital whose opulence and power were founded upon the industry of the artisan and the merchant. In fact, Barcelona has always been free from that idea, so generally entertained, that every mechanical profession is low and vulgar—a mischievous and very common prejudice, which, in the provinces of Spain, has made an irreparable breach in the progress of the arts. At Barcelona, admission into certain trades corporations has never been refused to the members of other trades: in this city all the trades are held in the same estimation. In a word, neither Barcelona nor any other town in Catalonia has ever entertained those vulgar prejudices that are enough to prevent honourable men from devoting themselves to the arts, or to cause the son to forsake the art practised by the father.

Views and Reviews.

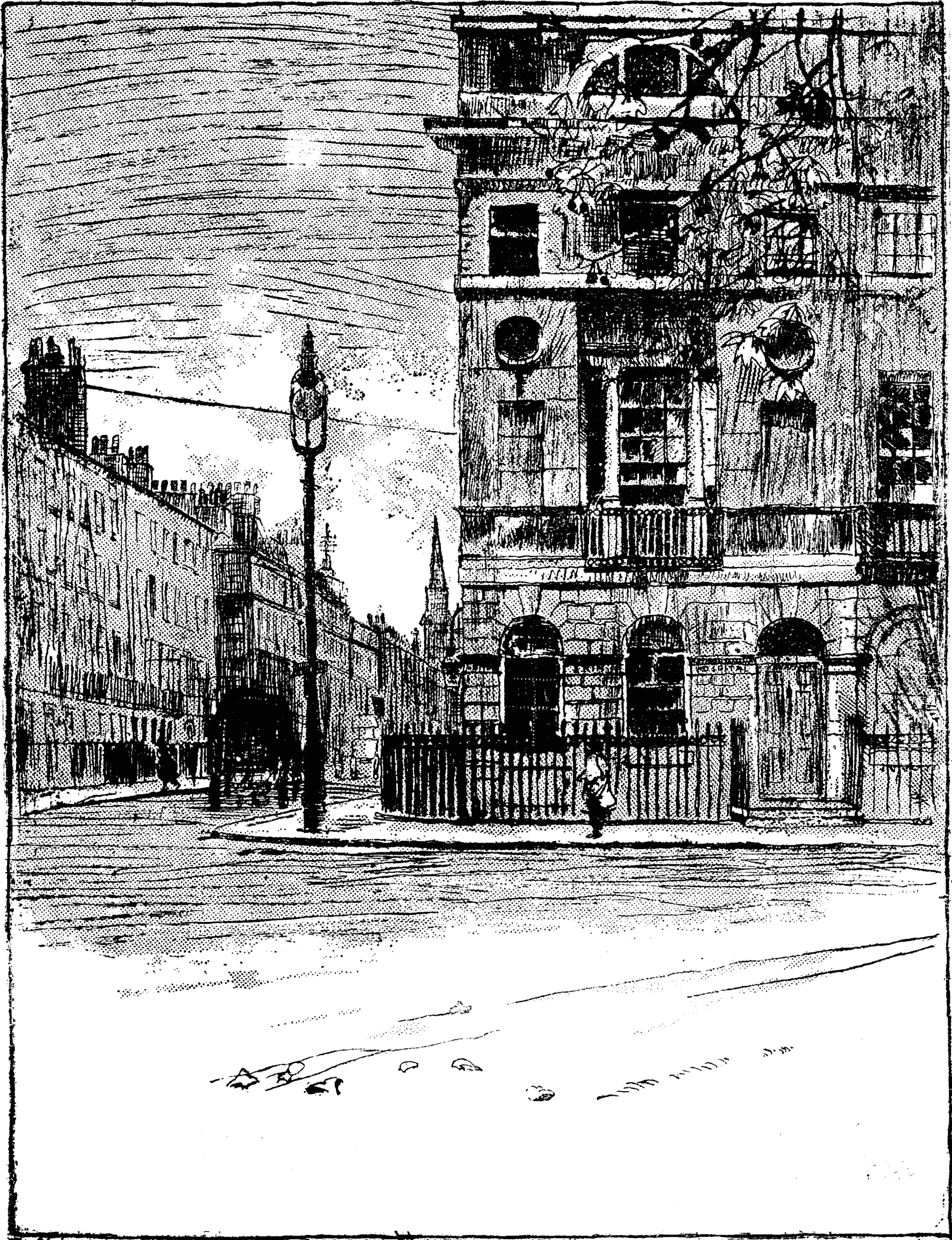
THE plague of novels is that we can neither live with nor without them. We read them in our youth; we criticise them in our maturity; and when old age comes upon us, we speculate concerning their future. I was probably born old; for the very first debate in which I took part had for its subject the English novel. Extremes meet, for Monsignor R. H. Benson has just been lecturing on the English novel; and, in spite of my increasing youth, I have a fellow-feeling for him. This is not a mere whirligig of nonsense. It is criticism, and sound criticism, of H. G. Wells for Monsignor Benson to prophesy that he who began as an Agnostic and Democrat will end as a Catholic and Feudalist. The defect of the modern mind is that it first becomes conscious in opposition; it accepts too easily the scientific generalisation that "man's ontogeny is the epitome of his phylogeny," and falls into the error of supposing that evolution is merely a categorical term. When we discover that the conscious faculties are the last to be added (we conveniently forget that they are the first to be lost), it seems easy to live the higher life of reason. But to abrogate evolution (which, in the individual, is inherited memory, or instinct) is impossible; to attempt to live the life of reason before one has lived the life of instinct is to attempt to know life without the experience of it. It is easy to be progressive where nothing blocks the way: to "blot out cosmogony, geology, ethnology, what not," by supposing that the human race, like the Wandering Jew, has only to go on. But man's ontogeny is the epitome of his phylogeny in more than a merely intellectual sense; phylogeny will not be denied, the life of the race has to be lived in the individual, and we get, as in the case of H. G. Wells, an apparent return to the realities which were abolished only by an act of reason. "Yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward," said Hamlet to Polonius; and not so madly either, for the world is not young, and the little child that shall lead us is the oldest of us all.

I have wandered very far from the English novel. "What a party, where the countess was absolutely driven to speculate on the possible destinies of a Lord Hull!" Like Disraeli's countess, I feel that the speculation is the merest relief from boredom. For what is the novel, that one should wish for it any end but oblivion? It is the most amorphous of all forms of art, except modern painting, and it trenches on so many other spheres of activity, literary and intellectual, that it must ever seem to be an interloper. Its practical origin in England was an evasion of the law; and Walpole's invention of the Censorship of plays has had the practical result of abolishing the distinction between literature and drama. Dramatists treat theatrical audiences as though they were public meetings, and into the novel goes all that they dare not say in public.

The autobiographical use of the novel is the one that most appeals to women. "Some play the devil, and then write a novel," is as true now as when Byron wrote it. But surely autobiography per se has a plain right to existence; it satisfies legitimate curiosity about people who are in some way remarkable. Why, then, should the autobiographer adopt the form of fiction, make a fiction of fiction, and so confuse the mind of the reader that he does not know what truth is any better than Pilate did? Is it that these people are in no way remarkable, that "The True Story of Mary Ann Scroggins" (as most women novelists are named) is of interest only to Mary Ann Scroggins; while "Hearts and Crosses" is the universal illusion of the reading public? Autobiography is the fruit of fame; the question: "Who is Mary Ann Scroggins?" would make her true story unsaleable, but the pretence that it is fictitious, and therefore of universal interest, enables it to act as a substitute for experience with the reading public. Autobiography as pseudonym and euphemism is a perversion which, I hope, will not obscure the illustrious, or make the illustrious obscure.

The historical novel, except in the hands of a man like Dumas, is a parasite on history. Historians themselves are novelists; Carlyle's "French Revolution" is a finer historical novel than, say, Hugo's "Ninety-Three," while Gibbon's "Decline" is written with a literary power that is not possessed by modern "literary" men. It is true that Wordsworth said that Gibbon could not write English; Byron said that Wordsworth could not write poetry; and other critics would deny Byron's right to criticise, on the ground that, in spite or because of his admiration for Pope, he could not write poetry. But criticism apart, what novelist could write an historical novel of the same period which would have a right to existence? To read Gibbon through a microscope is not to see more of the period than Gibbon did, and the historical novelist who abstracts some incident, or series of incidents, from a history only magnifies the part at the expense of the whole. Indeed, the historical novel, instead of adding a value to history, detracts from it the real value of continuity by over-emphasising the importance of personality. For the peculiarity of all descriptions of personality is that they reveal sameness, not singularity; regarded imaginatively, Man is a complex of qualities which is manifest in all ages, and the novelist can do no more than give a tongue to this complex. The consequence is that, in the historical novel, we see men like ourselves doing things that we should never dream of doing; while the historian, who is primarily concerned with narration, and not with interpretation of events by personality, shows us characters in action dissimilar from ourselves. The historical novel does not abridge history, or make it intelligible (history is only made intelligible by philosophy); it only adds detail to outline, and really is biography. If the historical novel is a novel, as Dumas's were, the fact that it is historical (more or less) adds nothing to its value or interest; who cares whether Chicot the Jester, or D'Artagnan, or Ange Pitou, ever lived outside the pages of the book? But Carlyle's "Cromwell" (a feat of biography in the autobiographical manner not easily repeated) has rendered impossible any satisfactory "novelising" of our democratic despot.

But the "critical" novel, the "sociological" novel, like the work of Mr. Well-Well-Wells, surely that has a future before it? I hope not. If Mr. Wells has dreams of a smokeless England, where the whole coast-line is a marble quay and the whole interior is beautifully town-planned, where everybody is not only hygienic but æsthetic and is always occupied with free, independent criticism of works of art, surely there is no need for him to invent Remington and a love affair to make his dream intelligible. The fictitious form adds nothing but indeterminateness to the vision; and there is always the essay for the statement of personal opinions and judgment. Indeed, when we think of the literary forms that exist, the essay, the autobiography, the memoir, the biography, the history, the subject book, we can only regard the novel as a pot-pourri; and find the reason of its amorphous nature in its very comprehensiveness. Eliminate all these forms, and little remains but dialogue, a form, by the way, that needs the revivifying touch of an artist in England. If, as Monsignor Benson said, "every artist has a gospel to preach, for nobody wrote without a desire to produce some effect upon those who read," it is difficult to see what value the novel can be to the artist. It lacks definiteness, for between the artist and his readers hangs the veil of fiction; the need of characterisation leads him away from his intention. But the essay, the aphorism, the dialogue, or "Tesserae" (as written by Mrs. Hastings), offers him the most direct means of conveying his ideas to his readers. In the novel, the light is hidden under a bushel; and it is this convention that enables most novelists to find readers, who, in their innocence, assume that the existence of the bushel is proof positive of the light. A. E. R.



FITZROY SQUARE. BY RUTH THORNHILL DOGGETT.

MODERN DRAWINGS—7
EDITED BY WALTER SICKERT

Readers and Writers.

ANGLO-ORIENTAL NOTES.

I AGREE with "C. E. B." of the "Indian Notes" (issue of January 29) that the idea that Mr. Tilak is at all regarded by Poona peasants is a fallacy—a chuckleheaded fallacy. I have been reading Mr. Reynold Nicholson's "Literary History of the Arabs," which, for the beginner, is a permissible introduction provided that he has gone to an expert first and had all the expressions of opinion carefully excised and only the framework of facts left. Mr. Nicholson is such a diligent and (comparatively) dependable researcher that it is a pity that he should have imagined it necessary to add the rôle of interpreter to that of chronicler, the two things being as hardly co-possible as the honeycomb and haddock which only make a satisfactory meal once. Dealing with the poetry of the second period in the history of the Arabs—the pre-Islamic period (500-622 A.D.), Mr. Nicholson in an unfortunate attempt to show the importance and significance of this poetry to the Arabs themselves during the period of its production, falls into the same chuckleheaded fallacy as Mr. Keir Hardie. "The influence," he says, "of these hundred and twenty years (i.e., 500-622 A.D.) was great and lasting, they saw the rise and incipient decline of a poetry which most Arabic-speaking Moslems have always regarded as a model of unapproachable excellence; a poetry rooted in the life of the people, that insensibly moulded their minds and fixed their character and made them morally and spiritually a nation long before Muhammed welded the various conflicting groups into a single organism, animated, for some time at least, by a common purpose. Thus in the midst of outward strife and disintegration a unifying principle was at work. Poetry gave life and currency to an ideal of Arabian virtue (murawwa), which, though based on tribal community of blood and insisting that only ties of blood were sacred, nevertheless became an invisible bond between diverse clans, and formed, whether consciously or not, the basis of a national community of sentiment." That is chuckleheadedness of the worst description—almost. I have yet to deal with the translations Mr. Nicholson gives of this clan-cementing poetry.

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No account of ancient Arab poetry could be considered sufficient and sound that did not give a prominent place to the seven famous "Mu'allaqât" or "Suspended Poems" (as they are generally but wrongly called). But what the song of Solomon is to the average writer or preacher on the books of the Old Testament, these Mu'allaqât have been to Mr. Nicholson, and worse. He has brought a pedant's brain to them instead of a poet's blood, and with infinite chuckleheadedness confesses in one breath "that no rendering of the Mu'allaqât can furnish European readers with a just idea of the originals," and in the next gives us translations of extracts from each of them. What in heaven or earth or the waters in the earth can the man imagine the worth of unjust ideas of the originals to be? The ways of a well-qualified misunderstander are unutterably labyrinthine. Talk about Hermann Scheffauer and the lost red fire of Heine's sinister mockery in his rendering of "Atta Troll." Here is an example from Mr. Nicholson's rendering of a passage from the Mu'allaqât of Irmu' u'l Kays, which, according to the "Orient Review" would "convince the reader that Mr. Nicholson has achieved as great a success in translating the difficult poems of the pagan Arabs as in his well-known admirable renderings of the mystic poems of Jalál-ud-Dín-Rúmí," and which as a matter of fact is simply hellish :—

> Once on the hill, she mocked at me and swore,
> " This hour I leave thee to return no more."
> Soft! if farewell is planted in thy mind,
> Yet spare me, Fâtima, disdain unkind.
> Because my passion slays me, wilt thou part?
> Because thy wish is law unto my heart?
> Nay, if thou so mislikest aught in me,
> Shake loose my robe, and let it fall down free.
> But ah, the deadly pair, the streaming eyes!
> They pierce a heart that all in ruins lies."

* * *

My next example is from a recent article by F. Hadland Davis in "T. P.'s Weekly." Would I qualify for a line under "Current Cant" if I psychologically described this style of grouping, baptismal droppings—one initial and two unhyphenated names? Probably, and yet—think of G. Bernard Shaw or G. Keith Chesterton or W. Butler Yeats! Perish the thought! What can be in a mere name? Yet it is a strange coincidence that the "Wisdom of the East" should become the stupidity of the West, as if by an undivine alchemy gold were transmuted into lead, while such name-arrangements pose—and are accepted—as authoritative Orientalists. F. Hadland Davis for Persia and Japan, L. Crammer Byng for China, and E. Battiscombe Gunn for Egypt! Mais revenons á nos moutons! Yone, I am glad to learn (from F. Hadland Davis), has lost none of that charming naïveté, none of that "simple child joy for beautiful things," which make him a sort of cross between the Jewish Joiner and Peter Pan, and he walks from Trafalgar Square "through Piccadilly Circus into St. James's Park, where he murmurs delightedly, 'Why! green grass even in winter here! Oh, green grass in December'." And again, in Trafalgar Square (where Larkin would have said damn! from a plinth!), this Japanese-cum-Yankee-cum-Brixton person exclaims, "Oh, what a colour in air or mist! Is it purple? or is it grey? or is it dark? What is it? Why it is the very colour of rubies!" Yone, is there not left in New Japan any courage of harikari, and, if so, why don't you? Go and do as a new German poetaster advertises himself as doing. "Contemplate your navel—a naked ruby in a shining belly of gold," but you dare not, bubble-brained Nipponian degenerate that you are, engrafted with a white liver of Western-world "culture"!

* * *

But Yone is not only a true poet, as Mr. Davis remarks, who has got the "glad eye" from Beauty and never forgotten his petty conquest, but he is a magnificent prose artist, as befits one who "has gazed so often on the supreme loveliness of Mount Fuji," starved and struggled in Brixton, and now sitteth on the right hand of Mr. Austin Harrison and contributeth impressions to the "greenery-yallery" "Westminster Gazette." I almost forgot. That bile-coloured journal recently celebrated the nuptials of a son of Oscar Wilde by turning white. Well, one of Yone's books is on "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan." "Surely," he says, "we could lose two or three battleships at Port Arthur rather than Lafcadio Hearn." Yet Japan lost Lafcadio Hearn and beat Russia, and that is what Japan will continue to do as long as Yone Noguchis and Yoshio Markinos multiply. Even Lafcadio Hearn would have detested this denationalised posturer, as unJapanese and unanything but vulgar, as Harry Lauder's Scottish sentiment is un-Scottish and unanything but vulgar. Who does not hate this cuckoo litterateur of Brixton and Japan? Even the people who are booming him just now are simply too undiscriminating to distinguish between quaintness and idiocy, and withal have to keep on bribing their powers of contempt with a conception of things Japanese based on "Mousmé."

A. G.

Modern Art.—II.

A Preface Note and Neo-Realism.

By T. E. Hulme.

As in these articles I intend to skip about from one part of my argument to another, as occasion demands, I might perhaps give them a greater appearance of shape by laying down as a preliminary three theses that I want to maintain.

1. There are two kinds of art, geometrical or abstract, and vital and realistic art, which differ absolutely in kind from the other. They are not modifications of one and the same art, but pursue different aims and are created to satisfy a different desire of the mind.

2. Each of these arts springs from, and corresponds to, a certain general attitude towards the world. You get long periods of time in which only one of these arts and its corresponding mental attitude prevails. The naturalistic art of Greece and the Renaissance corresponded to a certain rational humanistic attitude towards the universe, and the geometrical has always gone with a different attitude of greater intensity than this.

3. The re-emergence of geometrical art at the present day may be the precursor of the re-emergence of the corresponding general attitude towards the world, and so of the final break up of the Renaissance.

This is the logical order in which I state the position. Needless to say, I did not arrive at it in that way. I shall try to make a sweeping generalisation like the last a little less empty by putting the matter in an autobiographical form. I start with the conviction that the Renaissance attitude is breaking up and then illustrate it by the change in art, and not vice versa. First came the reaction against the Renaissance philosophy, and the adoption of the attitude which I said went with the geometrical art.

Just at this time I saw Byzantine mosaic for the first time. I was then impressed by these mosaics, not as something exotic or "charming," but as expressing quite directly an attitude which I to a certain extent agreed with. The important thing about this for me was that I was then, owing to this accidental agreement, able to see a geometrical art, as it were, from the inside. This altered my whole view of such arts. I realised for the first time that their geometrical character is essential to the expression of the intensity they are aiming at. It seemed clear that they differed absolutely from the vital arts because they were pursuing a different intention, and that what we, expecting other qualities from art, look on as dead and lifeless, were the necessary means of expression for this other intention.

Finally I recognised this geometrical re-emerging in modern art. I had here then very crudely all the elements of the position that I stated in my three theses. At that time, in an essay by Paul Ernst on religious art, I came across a reference to the work of Riegl and Worringer. In the latter particularly I found an extraordinarily clear statement founded on an extensive knowledge of the history of art, of a view very like the one I had tried to formulate. I heard him lecture last year and had an opportunity of talking with him at the Berlin Æsthetic Congress. I varied to a certain extent from my original position under the influence of his vocabulary, and that influence will be seen in some, at any rate, of the articles.

* * *

To turn now to Mr. Ginner's defence of Neo-Realism. His article having somewhat the character of a painter's apologia, inevitably raises points over the whole range of the subject. I confine myself therefore to the main argument, which, put shortly, is that (1) All good art is realistic. Academism is the result of the adoption by weak painters of the creative artist's personal method of interpreting nature, and the consequent creation of formulæ, without contact with nature. (2) The new movement in art is merely an academic movement of the kind, springing from the conversion of Cézanne's mannerisms into formulæ. (3) The only remedy is a return to realism. Only a realistic method can keep art creative and vital.

These statements are based on such an extraordinarily confused and complicated mass of assumptions that I cannot give any proper refutation. I shall just try to show exactly what assumptions are made, and to indicate in a series of notes and assertions an opposite view of art to Mr. Ginner's. I can only give body to these assertions and prove them much later in the series.

Take first his condemnation of the new movement as academic, being based on the use of formulæ. My reply to this is that the new movement does not use *formulæ*, but *abstractions*, quite a different thing. Both are "unlike nature," but while the one is unlike, owing to a lack of vitality in the art, resulting in dead conventions, the other is unlike, of deliberate intent, and is very far from being dead. Mr. Ginner's misconception of the whole movement is due to his failure to make this distinction, a failure ultimately arising from the assumption that art must be realistic. He fails to recognise the existence of the abstract geometric art referred to in my prefatory note.

If you will excuse the pedantry of it, I think I can make the matter clearer by using a diagram:

$$R.........p_{(r)}\ ....a_{(r)}\ ....A$$

I take (R) to represent reality. As one goes from left to right one gets further and further from reality. The first step away being $p_{(r)}$, that is the artist's interpretation of nature. The next step $a_{(r)}$ being an art using abstractions (a), with a certain representative element $_{(r)}$. The element (a) owes its significance to, and is dependent on the other end (A) of this kind of spectrum —a certain "tendency to abstraction." I assert that there are two arts, the one focussed round (R), which is moved by a delight in natural forms, and the other springing from the other end, making use of abstractions as a method of expression. I am conscious that this is the weak point of my argument, for I cannot give body to this conception of the "expressive use of abstraction" till later on in the series.

Looking at the matter from this point of view, what is the source of Mr. Ginner's fallacy? He admits that $p_{(r)}$ the personal interpretation of reality, but as he would deny the possibility of an abstract art altogether, any further step away from reality must appear to him as decay, and the only way he can explain the (a) in a $_{(r)}$ is to look on it as a degeneration of (p) in $p_{(r)}$. An abstraction to him then can only mean that decay of mannerism in formulæ which comes about when the artist has lost contact with nature, and there is no personal first-hand observation. When, therefore, Mr. Ginner says the adoption of formulæ leads to the decay of an art, it is obvious that this must be true if by art you mean realistic art. Inside such art, whose raison d'être is its connection with nature, the use of formulæ, i.e., a lack of personal, creative and sincere observation, must inevitably lead to decay. But here comes the root of the whole fallacy. Realistic art is not the only kind of art. If everything hangs on the (R) side of my diagram then the (a) in $a_{(r)}$ must seem a decayed form of (p) in $p_{(r)}$. But in this other abstract art the (a) in $a_{(r)}$ gets its whole meaning and significance from its dependence on the other end of the scale A, i.e., from its use by a creative artist as a method of expression. Looked at from this point of view, the position of *abstraction* is quite a different one. The *abstractions* used in this other art will not bring about a decadence, they are an essential part of its method. Their almost geometrical and non-vital characters is not the result of weakness and lack of vitality in the art. They are not dead conventions, but the product of a creative process just as active as that in any realist art. To give a concrete example of the difference between formula and abstraction. Late Greek art decays into formulæ. But the art before the classical made deliberate use of certain abstractions differing in kind from the formulæ

used in the decadence. They were used with intention, to get a certain kind of intensity. The truth of this view is conveniently illustrated by the history of Greek ornament, where abstract and geometrical forms precede natural forms instead of following them.

To these abstractions, the hard things Mr. Ginner says about formulæ have no application.

We shall never get any clear argument on this subject, then, until you agree to distinguish these two different uses of the word formula. (1) Conventional dead mannerism. (2) Abstraction, equally unlike nature, but used in a creative art as a method of expression.

The first effort of the realists then to give an account of abstraction comes to grief. Abstractions are not formulæ. In their effort to make the matter seem as reasonable as possible the realists have a second way of conceiving the nature of abstractions which is equally misleading. They admit the existence of *decorative* abstractions. When they have managed to give partial praise to the new movement in this way, they then pass on to condemn it. They assert that the repetition of empty decorative forms must soon come to an end, that pure pattern does not contain within itself the possibility of development of a complete art. But their modified approval and their condemnation are alike erroneous. This second misconception of abstractions as being decorative formulæ, is as mistaken as the first conception of them as being conventionalised mannerisms. Like the first, it springs from a refusal to recognise the existence of an art based on the creative use of abstraction, an art focussed on the right hand side (A) of my diagram. As long as that is denied, then abstractions must inevitably be either conventionalised mannerisms or decorative. They are neither.

Now to apply the first distinction between *formulæ* and *abstraction* to Mr. Ginner's argument about the new movement in art. This art undoubtedly uses abstraction. Are these abstractions *formulæ* in his sense of the word or not? If they are, then his argument is valid and we are in presence of a new academic movement.

I deny, however, that the abstractions to be found in the new art are dead formulæ. For the moment, I do not intend to offer any proof of this assertion, as far as Cubist art itself is concerned. I intend to deal rather with the precursor of the movement, that is Cézanne himself. The point at issue here then is narrowed down to this. The Cubists claim that the beginnings of an abstract art can be found in Cézanne. Mr. Ginner, on the contrary, asserts that Cézanne was a pure realist. It is to be noticed that even if he proved his case, he would not have attacked the new art itself, but only its claimed descent from Cézanne.

One must be careful not to treat Cézanne as if he actually were a Cubist; he obviously is not. One must not read the whole of the later movement into him. But there are in his paintings elements which quite naturally develop into Cubism later. You get, as contrasted with the Impressionists, a certain simplification of places, an emphasis on three-dimensional form, giving to some of his landscapes what might be called a Cubist appearance. It is true that this simplification and abstraction, this seeing of things in simple forms, as a rule only extends to details. It might be said that simplifications are, as it were, "accepted" passively, and are not deliberately built up into a definite organisation and structure.

The first thing to be noticed is that even supposing that Cézanne's intentions were entirely realistic, he initiated a break-up of realism and provided the material for an abstract art. Picasso came along and took over these elements isolated by Cézanne, and organised them. If the simplifications in Cézanne had passed beyond details and become more comprehensive, they would probably of themselves have forced him to build up definite structures.

But not only are the elements of an abstract art present in Cézanne, I should say also that there was an embryo of the creative activity which was later to organise these elements.

I put again the opposed view to this. I have already said that the simplification of planes is based on that actually suggested by nature. The realist intention, it might be said, is directed towards weight and three-dimensional form, rather than towards light, yet it still remains realist. This is quite a conceivable view. It is quite possible that a realist of this kind might prepare the material of an abstract art automatically. The abstractions might be produced accidentally, with no attempt to use them creatively as means of expression.

It seems to me, however, that there are many reasons against the supposition that this was the case with Cézanne. In looking for any traces of this abstract organising tendency, one must remember that Cézanne was extraordinarily hampered by the realism of his period; in some ways he might be said to have carried out the complete impressionist programme. Yet showing through this you do get traces of an opposed tendency. I should base this assertion on two grounds:

(1) Though the simplification of planes may appear passive and prosaic, entirely dictated by a desire to reproduce a certain solidity, and from one point of view almost fumbling, yet at the same time one may say that in this treatment of detail, there is an energy at work which, though perhaps unconscious, is none the less an energy which is working towards abstraction and towards a feeling for structure. If one thinks of the details, rather than of the picture as a whole, one need not even say this energy is unconscious. In this respect Cézanne does seem to have been fairly conscious, and to have recognised what he was after better than the contemporary opinion which looked upon him as an impressionist. I should say that expressions like "everything is spherical or cylindrical," and all the forms of nature "peuvent se ramener au cône, au cylindre et a la sphere," yet show the working of a creative invention, which had to that extent turned away from realism and showed a tendency towards abstraction. (It is obvious that these words were not used in the sense in which a Cubist might use them; they apply to details rather than to wholes. Yet a denial of the wider application does not, as many people seem to suppose, justify the idea that they were meant in the sense in which a Cubist might understand them.) These sentences seem to me to destroy the whole of Mr. Ginner's argument, unless, of course, you go a step further than those who explain Cézanne's painting as the result of astigmatism and incompetence, and assert that the poor man could not even use his mother tongue. The simplification of planes itself, then, does seem to show a tendency to abstraction which is working itself free. (2) But the fact that this simplification is not entirely realistic and does come from a certain feeling after structure, seems to me to be demonstrated in a more positive way by pictures like the well-known "Bathing Women." Here you get a use of distortion and an emphasis on form which is constructive. The pyramidal shape, moreover, cannot be compared to decoration, or to the composition found in the old masters. The shape is so hard, so geometrical in character, that it almost lifts the picture out of the realistic art which has lasted from the Renaissance to now, and into the sphere of geometric art. It is in reality much nearer to the kind of geometrical organisations employed in the new art.

That is a theoretical statement of the errors Mr. Ginner makes. I think it might be worth while to go behind these errors themselves, to explain the prejudices which are responsible for their survival.

As a key to his psychology, take the sentence which he most frequently repeats. "It is only this intimate relation between the artist and the object which can produce original and great works. Away from nature, we fall into unoriginal and monotonous formulæ." In repeating this he probably has at the back of his mind two quite different ideas, (1) the idea that it is the business of the artist to represent and interpret nature, and (2) the assumption that even if it is not his duty to

represent nature that he must do so *practically,* for away from nature the artist's invention at once decays. He apparently thinks of an artist using abstractions as of a child playing with a box of tricks. The number of interesting combinations must soon be exhausted.

The first error springs from a kind of Rousseauism which is probably much too deeply imbedded in Mr. Ginner's mind for me to be able to eradicate. I merely meet it by the contrary assertion that I do not think it is the artist's only business to reproduce and interpret Nature, "source of all good," but that it is possible that the artist may be creative. This distinction is obscured in Mr. Ginner's mind by the highly coloured and almost ethical language in which he puts it. We are exhorted to stick to Mother Nature. Artists who attempt to do something other than this are accused of "shrinking from life." This state of mind can be most clearly seen in the use of the word simplification. There is a confusion here between the *validity* and *origin* of simplification. The validity of simplification is held to depend on its origin. If the simplification, such as that for example you get in Cézanne's treatment of trees, is derived from Nature and comes about as the result of an aim which is itself directed back to Nature, then it is held to be valid. I, on the other hand, should assert that the validity of the simplification lay in itself and in the use made of it and had nothing whatever to do with its descent, on its occupying a place in Nature's "Burke."

Take now the second prejudice—the idea that whatever he may do theoretically, at any rate practically, the artist must keep in continual contact with Nature—"The individual relying on his imagination and his formula finds himself very limited, in comparison with the infinite variety of life. Brain ceases to act as it ceases to search out expression of Nature, its only true and healthy source.

You see here again the ethical view of the matter —the idea of retribution. Get further and further away from dear old Mother Nature and see what happens to you: you fall into dead formulæ.

My answer to this argument is: that while I admit it to be to a certain extent true, I deny the conclusion Mr. Ginner draws from it.

I admit that the artist cannot work without contact with, and continual research into nature, but one must make a distinction between this and the conclusion drawn from it that the work of art itself must be an interpretation of nature. The artist obviously cannot spin things out of his head, he cannot work from imagination in that sense. The whole thing springs from misconception of the nature of artistic imagination. Two statements are confused: (1) that the source of imagination must be nature, and (2) the consequence illegitimately drawn from this, that the resulting work must be realistic, and based on natural forms. One can give an analogy in ordinary thought. The reasoning activity is quite different in character from any succession of images drawn from the senses, but yet thought itself would be impossible without this sensual stimulus.

There must be just as much contact with nature in an abstract art as in a realistic one; without that stimulus the artist could produce nothing. In Picasso, for example, there is much greater research into nature, as far as the relation of planes is concerned, than in any realist painting; he has isolated and emphasised relations previously not emphasised. All art may be said to be realism, then, in that it extracts from nature facts which have not been observed before. But in as far as the artist is creative, he is not bound down by the accidental relations of the elements actually found in nature, but extracts, distorts, and utilises them as a means of expression, and not as a means of interpreting nature.

It is true, then, that an artist can only keep his work alive by research into nature, but that does not prove that realism is the only legitimate form of art.

Both realism and abstraction, then, can only be *engendered* out of nature, but while the first's only idea of living seems to be that of hanging on to its progenitor, the second cuts its umbilical cord.

The Festival Upon the Holy Hill.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

II.—Realisation.

Now these are the signs whereby I recognised the holiness of the hill—it was full of riches and fornication, the alpha and omega of a present-day Jerusalem.

Hardly an hour had I been in the bungalow when there came a man in haste from the abbot, no less a big bug than the Sanitary Inspector. It was not that I was insanitary, but that he had previously been in the British service in Burmah and might be expected to understand the ways of us crude irreligious monsters from the distant island. We discoursed—for he was a Brahmin and I was idle; he told me how he had served under this Englishman in Burmah and under that, what a fine man this was, but how worthless that, how he at last felt bound to resign and come back to India for having his daughter married, how the God had then called him to come and serve him on the hill, how he loved this service, but, if the God would give him only a little more pay, how he would be yet more blissful. And who was I? and what was my bent, and whence come, and whither bound, and, above all, had I read the works of the great modern saint—Vivekananda, who had converted America to Indian Monism—Advaitism—and had died in 1902?

I had read some of the books of this man, wherein he praised modern Japan and advised India to follow in its path. Again, had he not cast the pearls of the East before Americans? This rubbish seemed strange to a saint—do blackberries grow upon vines? At last I discovered that this new saviour had been a drunkard—he is not in my calendar of saints.

In the evening the Inspector brought me from the monastery food of various choice kinds, chilied and salted and sweet, upon his own silver dish and with his own two silver spoons. But it seemed as if these silver things had some tremendous hold upon the man's life, like the wild ass's skin, for, at least six times a day throughout the festival, he and his servant would inquire after their welfare. I saw that it was gross cruelty to part him and his silver dish, so I returned it at the first opportunity; but the spoons I used, for want of others, and I do not care to eat moist food with my fingers.

At midnight was the first procession through the four streets that surrounded the temple. It started with the blare of a Hindu brass band from Madras. These musicians knew the nature of their job—they had to make a tremendous noise and to make it with a rhythm of drum-banging. It was:—

> Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow
> Make no parley—stop for no expostulation;
> Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
> Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
> Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties;
> Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
> So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

So thumped the drums and so blowed the bugles, alternating thin embezzlement of some Hindu song with the less agreeable blare of vulgar English ditties. So the procession started out of the temple gate, to the tune of "Boiled Beef and Carrots" (sic! unto death), ha'penny rockets were cast up in multitudes, red glares were lighted and raised upon poles, conches buzzed, Brahmins chanted, dogs howled, all the people shouted —and, in the din, I fell down a flight of steps.

When I stood up again in the proper position of mankind, I found myself down in the street, a little in advance of the head of the procession. It passed me slowly, and thus it was. First came a miserable elephant, shabbily trapped, then a group of Brahmins, chanting the Vedas. Foremost among them were two men over whom umbrellas were borne in honour. One

was old and thin in face and body, a scholar, but the other was as fat as fifty good years of gorging rice and ghee and chupatties could make him. These two were supposed to be Sannyasins—renouncers of the world. If so they really were, there is still hope for the Fat Boy of Peckham and for me.

A more wicked-looking set of men than these thirty Brahmins I never saw in India. Think of thirty Alverstones, or thirty Ridleys, or thirty Phillimores, or thirty Darlings, or thirty Isaacs! Never did any of them, except the fat Sannyasi, who meekly regarded his huge belly, look but sideways—I wondered if they ever strayed from the path, then I realised that they never did anything else.

After these Brahmins came a group of important people, among them the abbot (a coward and a fraud); the chief priest of the temple (a rogue and a humbug); the warden (whose private wealth has increased fifty-fold, since first he took into his trust the temple lands); a rich banker from Haidarabad (popularly supposed to peculate half of the huge contributions he carries to the temple for his fellow-sharks, who give up a farthing in each rupee of their profits), and other notable "lights and workers in the Church," as we call their images in England. Then came the god, or rather the two-foot high brass-god, acting deputy for the great blackstone deity of the Holy Hill. He was borne upon a litter, whose two poles were lifted upon the shoulders of a score of coolies. He wore the richest garments that could be procured—cloth of gold, and satin, and purple, and on his breast over his heart was a gigantic emerald, as large, I declare, as the palm of a man's hand. It was to show that he ever held his wife in his heart. Any Brahmin on the Holy Hill will tell how much the emerald is worth and all the other wonderful jewels of the god—his ropes of pearls and diamonds, his gold and his silver, and the amount of his yearly offerings—even a mere Presbyterian curate could realise the sanctity of the god. Before the litter marched the band and the torch-bearers and a man bearing a long, thin trumpet, which, every now and then, some inspired vassal would seize and through it would blow off the Ghost straight away up the octave until it fizzled out about G. Behind the litter came a few torch-bearers and a score more chanting Brahmins, hand-in-hand and looking sideways, and to conclude, another sad elephant and two little temple ponies, mounted by dirty boys banging drums. Wherever the head of the procession advanced, the people at the roadside prostrated themselves in its path, glorifying the god and begging his blessing. Privileged persons brought out flaming platters of camphor which the two Brahmins on the litter held to the god's nostrils. As the procession went by, they joined their hands and prayed. When it had passed, they went home. And, after duly observing one sad incident, I did likewise.

(Shall I declare it?—Since I wrote these last words, I have bathed at the very tip of Cape Comorin in a fine pool clear of rocks that the local Brahmins have made in the holy spot—is not the goddess Comari, the virgin, very holy? Thence one may gaze at the next mainland —Australia, as the Irishmen look out from Kerry to America. Now I return to the sad incident.)

Just as the procession was passing me, the band struck up "Now, come 'ere, ma Susie, an' nestle close to me." This ghastly irreverence roused a monkey who, from the broad top of one of the mighty stone temple walls, had been watching the advance of the procession in a most sedate manner. It maddened him and drove him frantic. He sprang up and down in the air, lit up by the red flares below, he shook his fists at heaven, he shook his fists at the band, he rushed along the wall in rage, to and fro, gibbering and gesticulating. Never have I seen such an apparition of fury as that monkey. Suddenly one of the crowd looked up and saw him, and in a glad squeak that rose above the hum of prayers and chatter, exclaimed, "O! see the happy monkey, how he dances in his glee; so pleased is he to see the god." And thus the monkey joined the ranks of the Great Misunderstood.

So the festival continued for eight days, with a procession at noon and another in the depths of night, and each procession heralded half an hour before by the bracing through the four streets of a small palankeen enclosing the discus of Vishnu which was to drive away all evil from the road. There was the same profusion of cheap rockets, the same din, the same sacred music; the only difference was that the fat Sannyasi grew fatter, the temple richer, the abbot more fearful, and the god appeared each time in some new and even superber display. Now he would be perched on a silver tree, hung with the golden garments Krishna stole from the milkmaids when they bathed, the milkmaids looking down upon the people in solid silver nakedness. Or he would be mounted upon the holy Kite, Garuda, represented by a great tiara of lustrous diamonds, swathed with finely embroidered robes and hung with hundreds of pearls. Or he would be mounted on the sun or moon, or upon a silver horse or elephant.

But on the ninth day of October, the ninth day of the festival, came the car-festival.

Usually the procession would pass round the temple in about two hours, though the distance was but a mile. But the car started at nine in the morning and did not get back until evening; for although with its two hundred hired pullers and the thousands of willing pilgrims, it clattered swiftly down the straight streets, the corners were the very devil. It was a massive wooden structure. The top of the tower, about forty feet from the ground, was covered with a canopy, which was decorated with holy marks. On the Holy Hill there is life-long squabbling between the Brahmins born to the U-mark and those to the "Y"-mark, the difference referring, it is said, to the respective patron saints of each sect. However, the Brahmin of each division paints its mark upon his brow and his arms and his breasts and his back and upon the door of his house, and, naturally enough, each gang wished to decorate the car with its own sign. The year before there had been so much disorder on this account that the police had at last forbidden either of the marks to be painted on the car. The difference between the two marks is slighter than between a "U" and a "Y." A "U-mark" Brahmin paints the base of the mark between his eyebrows and the vertical sides rise up from that. Now the "Y-mark" Brahmin does precisely the same, but with this addition. He paints another line from the bridge of his nose up to that base-line. So this year, some genius had suggested for the terrible problem of decorating the car that the "U-mark," common to both, be drawn in the usual yellow on each of the four sides of the canopy, and then let there be a faint thin black line to join each mark, exactly as the tail of the "Y-mark" is made. Then, said this marvel of our age, the "U-mark" sect can refuse to notice this thin black line and will therefore rejoice to behold their own symbol on high, the "Y-mark" men, on the other hand, can regard the thin black line as the important part of the painting, and will likewise rejoice. Nor was he mistaken, for everybody was thus content.

The car was swathed in cloths of different bright colours; great wooden horses, rampant and obscene, were fastened, one to each corner of the tower, which rose up from the broad platform that culminated the lower part of the frame. Upon this platform sat half a dozen Brahmins, who fanned the god and fed him with the savour of burning camphor and let down strings into the crowd for it to tie on its offerings, which were pulled up and dropped into the well of the car. The offerings were mostly cocoanuts, for thus they might be offered, though within the temple the spirit of the "silver collection" breathed, and the usual cocoanut was spurned and forbidden. The same deity sat beneath the broad tower, surveying the streets from the four arches. He was, of course, more gorgeous than ever before and wore jewels worth many a lakh of

rupees, while behind the car was borne his tasselled umbrella, all of gold, the gift of the Mysore rajah.

The car left its accustomed stand before the temple-gate and was pulled to the first corner in a few moments, its great wheels—massive lumps of timber, ringed with thick iron—lumbering across the pavement of the way with a tremendous roar. There men threw great clogs of wood beneath them to stop it, and it stopped. So far, very good. Now they commenced to make wedges thus to turn it round the corner, for the front wheels were too massive and too firmly fixed to be turned independently of the back. Hundreds of shouting men flung themselves upon the two mighty ropes, and climbing up steps and little alley-ways and on to the roofs of houses and on to the very monastery walls; wherein they could get purchase, there they set themselves and strained and pulled with great cries of "eo-vinda." The Brahmins on the platform of the car encouraged them with waves of the long whisks with which they fanned the god. In the street itself the carpenters shouted and the abbot, too, and the wardens and the chief priest and the Haidarabadi banker and the police and every single man in the whole multitude. With a great creaking the wheels would be pulled across a wedge and the car would bear round an hundredth of a degree. So the turning and the noise continued out of all conscience. Not less than three hours did it take to turn that ponderous car round the first corner of the streets. When at last it was done, with a tremendous "eo-vinda," the two long streams of men dashed forward down the long paved street, every pilgrim seeking to pull the car at least a little way. Off rumbled the car as far as the men could run, shaking the temple-walls and the houses. For twenty yards it ran straight, then a dip in the road inclined it to the inside. Then the crowd of people who were running beside it grew afraid of being crushed against the temple-walls or beneath those dreadful wheels (a holy death and occasionally sought, but yet painful), and screamed and pressed forward and back.

Here I left it and wandered into the surrounding country in the company of a young Brahmin of the place, author of a much-discussed seditious letter at fifteen (the age beyond which the intelligence of most seditionists ceases to advance), at seventeen of a "Life of Krishna," and sensibly impressed that the new "Review of Reviews" was far inferior to the old, and, a far more useful accomplishment, well skilled in cracking cocoanuts without spilling their water. So with this young Marius and half a dozen cocoanuts, I set out to see the sights. I saw the Sin-Washing waterfall, but there was not much water in it—it was undignified through lassitude induced by overwork, I presumed. I saw the Cow's Womb tank, but there was not much water in that, perhaps the aspirants to heaven were few. I saw the Five Pondava's Tank—but no! I lay down two miles short of it and slept. When at four o'clock I returned to the Holy Hill, I found the car no further than the third corner, the god almost alone, for the crowds had dispersed to feed. But soon they returned, guests politely belching to delighted hosts, and all the Brahmins much too full to be useful in the procession. However, they soon reached the fourth corner, and by six o'clock the god was lowered with a great clapping of hands and taken safe again inside the temple and the massive car stood still before the temple gate, and all that night, under the moon, the U-mark and the Y-mark Brahmins reviled one another, and the pilgrims cried "eo-vinda," and thieves stole and policemen took bribes, and the sanitary inspector thought of his silver spoons, and far too frequent were the "lentes sub nocte susurri," bringing woe to many a peaceful home.

"Verily," thought I, beneath my mosquito-net, "these Brahmins have a fine breed-o, but a poor credo," and I yawned and my mind forgot time and I slept.

The next day I left the Holy Hill.

Pastiche

MODERN REVIEWING.

The "Times," January 22nd.

There is a genius of being as well as of doing and making, if the latter is not merely a manifestation of the former. Let us, for the sake of argument, grant that it is. Then the greater the genius of being the more powerful will be its manifestation in works. It will, we presume, be denied by none that, in works, man is incomparably more manifest than woman. Are we to conclude, therefore, that the genius of being also is greater in man than in woman? Not if we know it! We never intended to lead ourselves to any such conclusion! We began that opening sentence meaning to suggest that the genius of being is woman's genius, and we shall certainly not give way to reason on such a subject. Not only did we mean to suggest so much, but further that making and doing which, as we need not fear to admit, is masculine, is only a petty throw-off from the grand genius of being. As the argument shows, we have argued ourselves into a pretty mess, but what on earth does it matter? This review concerns a woman's genius, the lady being Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, and our feminine readers may be trusted to swallow everything flattering without examining it too closely and jeering at us for our pains.

So, however we may attempt to account for it (we shall not attempt, gentlemen!) man has hitherto claimed as his own the prerogatives of the artist (claimed, you notice, ladies—his arrogance!!) From Homer to Shakespeare, and before and after both these individuals, Art has been alleged to have been created by Man. And woman's genius (now we hark back to our opening sentence about the genius of being) has unquestionably revealed itself in the power to live on in human memory as an embodiment of the ultimate evocative mystery of life, which means that woman has been chiefly remarkable as a fleshly body for the purpose of bearing children. We go on to say that man strives in vain to grasp and to circumvent and to destroy this ultimate evocative mystery of life. We repeat it—man strives in vain to grasp and to circumvent and to destroy this ultimate evocative mystery of life. Do we mean that he strives in vain to grasp, to circumvent and to destroy the mystery of how women get children?—or that he strives, etc., to circumvent the mystery of why life should call upon him to provide women with children? It really doesn't matter what we mean. The women will be certain to accept it all as something complimentary to themselves, and this is precisely what we desire. Woman, then, knows perfectly well why life is evocative, and if she tells man, more fool she! Man might refuse to give her any more children, or something of that sort would happen—and then what would be the use of woman?

Which is the nobler office. . . . Wait a minute, let us see what this hangs on to . . . ah! . . . to claim the prerogatives of the artist was one thing we said, and the other was to reveal oneself as an embodiment of the ultimate evocative mystery of life . . . we do not appear to have defined more than one office, unless to make a mere claim may be said to constitute an office—but no matter! Which is the nobler office is a futile question, particularly since nowadays woman is inclined to accept merely as one more symptom of man's not necessarily endearing childishness his insistence on her limitations as the beautiful shrine of what may be called the genius of individuality and temperament, and to prove that she, too, can be a true "creator." Bless her!

We say it would be futile to discuss the question, because whatever the answer, that answer would and must be made complimentary to women. This review concerns Mrs. Wood's, a woman's, genius! If it is nobler merely to be than to do, then the genius of woman is to be. If it is nobler to do than to be then the genius of woman is not merely to be, but both to be and to do. Have it either way for all we care. As we have said, the question is particularly futile since woman is inclined to shrug it away, and if she refuses to discuss it man obviously will have to regard it as answered in her favour and mind his p's and q's generally. The fact that woman thinks man a disagreeable child for claiming the prerogatives of the artist, in itself makes her a true "creator." Presto! Homer, Shakespeare, and the rest, stand all aloof!

No living writer more triumphantly justifies this claim to be a true "creator" than Mrs. Margaret L. Woods. Her versatility alone reveals her range! Let us consider this. Her versatility by itself reveals her range.

Her versatility by itself reveals her area covered. Perhaps we have got the cart before the horse! Her area covered reveals her versatility alone or by itself. Never mind, Mrs. Woods will believe us that we meant something complimentary. When we compare Mrs. Margaret L. Woods with Gray, Browning, Arnold, and Mr. Thomas Hardy we shall have named four not altogether despicable men. We would compare her with Sappho, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, and Carmen Sylva if she preferred, but somehow we feel that she would sooner prove her creativity against the childish male artists aforesaid than be exalted above the Nine Muses.

In the dark underground the mother lay weeping,
Through the deep underground a devil was creeping.
"Hush! hush! hush!
What are you crying about?
Your gravestone is carven with cherubim faces,
Your pall is enwoven with silver laces"
By the bridge, o'er the stream, up the path, through the meadow,
Like a bird, like a gleam, through the wind, through the shadow,
She ran, while the devil looked out from her tomb.
She smiles 'twixt the cherubim faces and wings,
And winds her long hair round her fingers for rings.

Read it aloud and see how Mrs. Woods' genius takes your breath away! Here is Creation, surely! A new metre to every couple of lines! And metres hacked about just as the whim takes her. Let Form fail! She will send form to the rightabout. She will write prose! She will invoke the rocking-horse, and dud-di-di, dud-di-di, dud-di-di-dum until Hewlett will threaten to abjure the nursery. The motif is *macabre*.

R. A. F.

HISTORICAL IMPRESSIONS No. 6.

THE READING PUBLIC. (*a*.)

SCENE.—The dining-room of a respectable middle-class family in almost any London suburb. The father, Mr. HARRAPS, is the manager in a City firm, the daughter, ETHEL, aged 22, is a school teacher; the son, aged 17, is home on holidays from a college in the country. The mother is a Suffragette. The young man who aspires to marry ETHEL is a clerk in an insurance office. The intelligence of all these people is apparently average. What it really is is quite unknown. They consume the greater part of the ideas produced in this country. This short conversation is typical of what goes on for hours almost every day. The father reads his newspaper, and never enters it, except when it touches politics or religion, on which his ideas have not changed, since, when a young man, they were handed to him, a complete set, serviceable for all practical purposes, by, let us say, nature.

Business has left him no time to think, besides being fundamentally so silly as to make it impossible for thought to co-exist with its operations. The son is evidently his father over again, with a few minor facial and cerebral alterations, quite harmless in their combined effect. As soon as his part of the meal is over he "does a bunk," as he expresses it.

The others know exactly what to expect from the father, and long practice has enabled them to steer, as a rule, safely past the danger of his interruption.

THE YOUNG MAN: Have you seen the review of Shaw's new prefaces?
ETHEL: Oh, is it in the "News" to-day? I only saw the "Chronicle."
THE YOUNG MAN: Yes, they're getting tired of them.
THE MOTHER: I'm sure it must be tiring to write such long prefaces. He was the first to write long ones.
ETHEL: I think they're fine. Not a bit too long.
THE YOUNG MAN: I think he's getting played out.
THE MOTHER: William de Morgan is over seventy.
THE YOUNG MAN: There's no one better, at any rate. Look at Barker, never does a thing!
ETHEL: He must have made a lot of money.
THE MOTHER: Yes, he would never have made it from his own plays.
THE YOUNG MAN: They're too good. People will only go to hear rubbish.
THE MOTHER: They don't go in sufficient numbers at the one time.
THE YOUNG MAN: Evidently. (*The* MOTHER *swallows this rebuff of which* ETHEL *is oblivious*.)
ETHEL: I wonder when the sequel of Hilda Lessways will be out.
THE YOUNG MAN: Oh, Bennett's getting lazy, he's made too much money.
THE MOTHER: That's always very bad, isn't it? (THE YOUNG MAN *ignores this hit*.)
ETHEL (*hotly*): You know it is, mother. It absolutely ruins a man.
THE YOUNG MAN: I wouldn't say that. But it needs an exceptional character to stand it.
THE MOTHER: Not one of them ever refuses it.
ETHEL: Of course not, I shouldn't either.
THE YOUNG MAN: You know, I don't think much of Shaw, really.
THE MOTHER: I liked "Fanny's First Play."
ETHEL: O, don't you!
THE YOUNG MAN: Of course, he's all right in his way, but I don't think much of him.
THE MOTHER: Well, he's getting old now.
THE YOUNG MAN: Oh he's not so very old. Look at Ibsen!
ETHEL: Ibsen had a love affair when he was over seventy.
THE YOUNG MAN: They don't think much of him in France.
THE MOTHER: Who's their greatest writer, Anatole France? Did you know that Anatole France wasn't his real name?
ETHEL: Of course, everybody knows that.
THE YOUNG MAN: He's all right; but he's too much of a pessimist.
ETHEL: I think he's fine.
THE MOTHER: I don't like pessimists. I think great men ought to be optimists.
ETHEL: Oh, that's commonplace, all one's friends are optimists.
THE YOUNG MAN: It shows great weakness of character to be a pessimist.
ETHEL: What good are optimists?
THE MOTHER: They make you think things are going to be all right. Browning was an optimist.
THE YOUNG MAN: Browning's all right; but I don't think much of him, really.
ETHEL: O, I think he's fine! Look at the Ring and the Book, that's not optimistic!
THE YOUNG MAN: He couldn't write poetry, you know, and he hadn't any ideas really.
THE MOTHER: I suppose Masefield is the best living poet.
ETHEL: Some of his things are fine.
THE YOUNG MAN: Oh, I don't think much of Masefield.

ETC., ETC.

W. J. T.

CANZONE CUBICO.

Come into the Garden, Hulme,
Jack Johnson is waiting for you:
Come into the garden, Hulme:
He'll arrange you in black and blue:
And your bones and your brains shall be scattered abroad.
And your back shall be broken in two.

Come into the garden, Hulme:
We shall all be there to see:
To our garden party come:
And we'll serve you with cake and tea:
And the Ludo shall call, "It is time! It is time!"
And the Rose shall be referee.

There is no space-shyness there:
Tho' our garden be fair and wide:
And there's room for a cubist to circle the square:
And to bound from side to side:
Geometric, eccentric, and rich and rare,
Are the patterns he'll paint on your hide.

Like an Easter-Island dude:
Who is neither ashamed nor shy:
Like a tattooed dude, you shall fight in the nude:
And you'll think you are going to die:
As you faint on the lawn, as the stakes are updrawn,
After losing the light in each eye.

He is coming. He's here! He's here!
No he's not such a fool as we think.
And the red Rose whispers "no fear! no fear!"
And the Ludo winketh a wink:
No; he won't toe the scratch, in our grand scrapping match,
He is best at the pen and the ink.

ARIFIGLIO.

Drama.*

By John Francis Hope.

WHEN Landor said of Wordsworth that "he wrote a poem without the aid of war," he uttered no great praise; for many other poets had done the same. But to say that Mr. Zangwill has written a play without the aid of adultery, is to denote a characteristic that is remarkable in these days. Mr. Zangwill is not the prophet of what, for the sake of piquancy, we call "immorality"; he is the prophet of miscegenation. Some people regard miscegenation as racial adultery, but we need not invent new definitions for Mr. Zangwill's sake; America is incapable of arousing the moral indignation of Europe. The name appeals only to the practical imagination of Europe. Leigh Hunt said that he never thought of America but he saw a gigantic counter stretching along the Atlantic seaboard; Mr. Zangwill thinks of America as a crucible in which all the nations of the earth will be fused. Other people think of America as the sink down which the scum of humanity will be poured. In the absence of any precise indication of the eschatology of evolution, Mr. Zangwill's figure will serve as well as any other.

When an artist wishes to know the quality of an idea, he looks carefully to the manner of its expression. For example, if anyone tries to express the idea of the Kingdom of God in the terms of "ninepence for fourpence," the artist knows at once that the speaker has nothing to say of the Kingdom of God, that his use of the phrase is a blasphemous parody of its meaning. But throughout the play, and its appendices, we get this sort of perversion of a mystical idea. Christ is reported to have said that "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation"; Mr. Zangwill makes one of his characters foresee that in America all the races of the world will "unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God." In an appendix, Mr. Zangwill gives us another example of this sort of parody: "there will be neither Jew nor Greek," he says. Turn back to the utterance of St. Paul from which this phrase is quoted, and read: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus": and it is obvious that if Mr. Zangwill is serious, he is supposing that America is the mystical body of Christ. If on the Statue of Liberty were to be inscribed the text: "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest": Mr. Zangwill would see no incongruity in the fact; indeed, his conception of America necessitates such an alteration of the inscription. But where have we got to? Are we in a theatre, or a mission-hall, or a Nonconformist political meeting?

I need not offer any examples of Mr. Zangwill's fustian; Mr. Walkley has called it "romantic claptrap," and it is no answer to such a criticism to retort, as Mr. Zangwill does, that the Kishineff pogroms were horrible, etc., and that Mr. Walkley is ignorant of reality. How many massacres has Mr. Zangwill witnessed? Let us admit that the massacres of the Jews at Kishineff were accompanied by every circumstance of depravity, and that, as social facts, they deserve the utmost condemnation of all civilised men; this admission does not imply that anyone is justified in writing rhapsodical rubbish about America, and calling the result a play. The style that is proper to an "indignation" meeting is not proper to the theatre, nor have these ebullitions of sentimental sympathy any necessary connection with art. How far Mr. Zangwill has lapsed from grace may be seen in his retorts to Mr. Walkley. He protests that he has recognised "art for art's sake" in other works (which is a tacit confirmation of Mr. Walkley's criticism), and says in proof of the statement that "*The King of Schnorrers* was even read aloud by Oscar Wilde to a duchess." Think of that! He even quotes with apparent gratification the statement of a Christian clergyman to the effect that "The Melting-Pot" is "calculated to do for the Jewish race what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for the coloured man." If we think of this, we shall remember that Tolstoy regarded "U.T.C." as one of the greatest works of art that have ever been produced; and can offer to Mr. Zangwill Tolstoy's approval by implication. Surely this commendation should console Mr. Zangwill for the criticism of Mr. Walkley! But, once again, where have we got to? Are we in the nursery, pacifying little boys who do not like being spoken to unkindly?

Let us ignore the rhapsody, and come to the play. David Quixano is a young Russian Jew, who saw his family slaughtered at Kishineff; but himself escaped to America. In America, he meets a young Russian lady of noble birth, who had been a Revolutionist in Russia, but is only a settlement worker in America. She is, so to speak, an artistic Sonya Kovalevsky. In addition to being a refugee, David is a musician of genius; and is also the prophet of America. Vera Revendal falls in love with his music; then falls in love with his prophecy; then falls in love with him; then becomes jealous of his prophetic visions, and of his music, but is finally melted into marriage with him. Same old play, same old conclusion! There is, of course, more melting than this. The play opens with a disagreement between an Irish servant and the old grandmother, who speaks Yiddish and is punctilious about the Jewish ritual. The Irish servant is about to leave when David melts her heart with his sentimental portrayal of the old grandmother perishing with cold because Kathleen will not be there to make up the fire for her on Shabbos. By the end of the play, Kathleen has melted into an Irish Jew, and talks Yiddish with an Irish accent. The old grandmother thaws to this extent, that she attends David's concert and descends from the roof-garden in a lift, although the day is Shabbos. Even Vera's father, the butcher who superintended the Kishineff massacres, is melted by Vera into meeting her Jew lover, and later, is melted by David into repentance for his part in the pogrom. David himself is melted into forgetfulness of Kishineff by a kiss from Vera; and Vera melts several times during the play. In fact, everybody melts but the son of the American millionaire; he dismisses the conductor of his orchestra because he (the conductor) applauds the young Jew's symphony although the young Jew refuses to allow it to be played before the millionaire's friends. Having melted everybody but the son of the American millionaire (whose morals were nearly liquefied by the presence of Vera), the curtain falls as David calls upon "the God of our *children*" to give peace to America.

The conclusion is certainly strange, for the ideal American marriage is childless; the crucible seems only to melt people into Malthusianism. But apart from this fact (which is of as much social import as the crucible idea), what contribution to thought has Mr. Zangwill made? The idea that a new race will arise in America, is a commonplace of Theosophical speculation; that the race will be a race of redeemers, is asserted much more clearly by the Theosophists than it is by Mr. Zangwill. Nor are we all as ignorant about the Jews in Russia as Mr. Zangwill supposes; Stepniak's works are in the hands of most people who are interested in revolutionary history, although I admit the the Kishineff pogroms occurred after Stepniak's works were written. But one pogrom is like another; the melodramatic horrors of Kishineff can be matched by the horrors of the Boxer rebellion in China, by the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, by the horrors of the French Revolution. Mr. Zangwill's propaganda has destroyed his sense of proportion; there is no savagery peculiar to the persecution of the Jews. Wherever the spirit of murder enters the heart of man, there will be witnessed every insanity of which man is capable; and it is by no means certain that miscegenation will preserve only the good qualities of the races. In the general deliquescence desired by Mr. Zangwill, virtue itself may be

* "The Melting Pot." By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

melted; and the world be over-run by a race of devils. On what grounds Mr. Zangwill bases his optimism, I do not know; he is aware of the fact that negroes are sometimes lynched in America, he even quotes in his appendix the remark of Sir Sydney Olivier that "in Jamaica the white is far more on his guard and his dignity against the half-white than against the all-black." America may melt, but an artist would look for some place where selection was being exercised for the purpose of re-creation. Mr. Zangwill's figures resemble too much the witch's kettle, his prophecy is too much like the witch's incantation, for them to be commendable to artists.

Art.

The Art of India.*

I.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

ONE of the worst and perhaps most irreparable consequences of social disorder, of discontent among the masses, and of the oppression of the masses, will sooner or later, I feel sure, be shown to consist of the disturbance of a tendency, almost prehistoric among men, to preserve and intensify certain aptitudes, certain native talents in a family line by means of the steady pursuit through generations of what we may here call blood-occupations. Just as a man in his own life can hope to acquire but very moderate proficiency in anything, if he change his occupation from year to year; so, in a family line, but very inadequate skill and mastery would seem to be attainable, if each generation either through stress, struggle or disaster, be forced to depart from its progenitors' pursuits, in order to enter each 25 years into a fresh complex of difficulties, problems and dexterities.

Not only all will, but all competence, must ultimately vanish, where these quarter-century fluctuations persist; for the whole process of garnering and storing ability, the whole of the subtle operation of accretion in ability, must be arrested by their action. And the point which is most interesting in this connection is the fact that science is slowly but surely endorsing the whole of ancient wisdom on this subject. The very fight between those who uphold the doctrine of the transmission of acquired characteristics, and those who deny it, ceases in precisely this quarter. You would think that the opponents of the creed of transmission must inevitably take the modern view, the popular view that these things do not matter; you would think that these opponents of the creed of transmission were the true sons of their age in this, that they abet and encourage with scientific authority and dogma, the very indifference to occupation-conservatism in families, which, in the opinion of the transmissionalists, is so surely and so thoroughly devastating the talent and ability of our modern masses. This is not so. Indeed, at first this theory of the permanence of the germ-plasm as independent of, and separate from, the changes in the somatic envelope, would seem, by casting scorn upon acquired excellences, to combat at least one of the most powerful of modern prejudices. What are these modern prejudices? First and foremost, there is the instinctive modern detestation of recognising essential, constitutional differences between one man and another. Under the growing influence of democratic ideas, with the spread of the doctrine of human equality, there has arisen a certain reluctance not only to bow before, but even to acknowledge innate superiority, lofty inborn potencies—good blood, in fact. For reasons best known to himself, the modern democrat feels that it is less humiliating, less degrading, to think that inequality is more a matter of environmental conditions than of heredity. And here Weissmann is a formidable opponent, and the pure transmissionalist a doughty ally.

Secondly, there is the modern prejudice against anything that suggests static conditions. Restlessness, as an art for art's sake, has become so inseparable from modern conditions and from the modern outlook, that its very unhealthiness, its very delusiveness, is completely overlooked. Change is now so much de rigueur that even the words suggestive of permanence or persistence are not far from being terms either of abuse or ridicule. The fluid conditions of our population, the fluid state of our views, the fluidity of our upper classes—in regard to which Mr. Ponsonby says: "There are people of the highest rank in the England of to-day whose existence is as much nomadic as that of the Red Indians in the reserved territories of North America"—all this incessant tumult and storm of men, opinions, traffic, morals, fashions, occupations and outlooks, has not only killed real rest, real repose, genuine meditation, contemplation and serenity, it has rendered otium the object of whole-hearted contempt and suspicion, while permanence is called stagnation. Only ugliness looking at itself in the mirror could thus have transvalued values. It is only beauty contemplating its own image that can find better synonyms for permanence than the modern word stagnation. Weissmann seems at first sight to offer no rebuke and it is only the transmissionalists who feel its danger for a people. Even they, however, are loath to carry their views to a logical conclusion, for there are three other prejudices which would deter them from doing so. When confronted by the question as to whether blood-occupations should be recognised and preserved in family lines, the transmissionalists, though well aware of the riches in talent and will this would mean to the nation, have also, as modern men to keep an eye upon such modern claims as the right to individual expression and self-realisation (ex. Ibsen's "Doll's House" and the modern artist), the liberty of the subject, and the need of "progress"—in this case meaning mere change.

Thus while the whole trend of modern society is towards an intensification of that saltatory movement from one occupation to another through the generations of single families owing, first of all, to discontent; secondly, to oppression; thirdly, to the fact that occupations are becoming more and more distasteful by being dehumanised, devitalised and degraded; and, fourthly, owing to the fact that all truly presbyopic guides and protectors of the masses have ceased to exist, and that the masses cannot at one and the same time have the requisite myopia for their dismal drudgery and the indispensable presbyopia to direct and lead their own industry towards a remote and desirable end; while, I say, this trend is discernible in our modern organisation, strange as it may seem, I maintain that science, for once, is opposed to modernism and its prejudices, in at least this respect.

Before proceeding to the examination of the Weissmannists' and transmissionalists' necessary opposition to this saltatory movement, however, let me reply to one obvious objection, already on the lips of my opponents.

I hear people say: "Your contention, maybe a just one in regard to the arts and crafts, and even the least significant of trades, does not apply to the urban occupation par excellence, to wit: trafficking, haggling, bargaining, the noble art of taking with your left hand from the producer and selling with your right to the consumer—shop-keeping, swindling, sweating! Surely there is less of that saltatory movement through the generations here! Look at the big-shop names! 'And Sons' figures frequently enough among them! And how many 'and sons' and 'and daughters' are there among the employees?" This is true, I believe. It

* "The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon." By Ananda Coomeraswamy. (Foulis. 6s. net.)

might almost be said that in the meanest of all occupations, in the business of buying and selling for profit, a certain grand tradition is being established in thousands of families which, for many generations now, have been urban. The only question that naturally occurs to one is, whether the outcome of such a tradition, however long-established and however severe, can possibly prove an asset to a nation which could once boast of having men for its sons. It may be asked, I think, with some relevancy, what is the good, the use, the purpose, of these scions of families who have been faithful for many generations to their blood-occupations?

So little heed is paid nowadays to the value of garnering and storing valuable ability wherever it may manifest itself, that the very notion of mating with one's like, as opposed to the notion of mating with one's complement, one's corrective (the modern view supported, for instance, by Weininger), is now almost, if not completely, extinct.

The Incas, the Brahmans, and the Egyptian aristocracy understood perfectly well how important tradition was if talent and will were to be preserved and increased in the body of a nation. Indiscriminate crossing between the castes, each of which had its particular occupation, was loathsome to the ancient Hindu. It was also loathsome to the ancient Peruvians and Egyptians. Indeed, so far did the two latter nations go in endeavouring to prevent a break in tradition, and thus in providing for an accretion of ability, or at least a preservation of it, that, in addition to casting a stigma upon half-caste people, and doing all they could to avoid their multiplication, they also encouraged the retention of the same industry in a family from generation to generation.

A certain Inca, Tupac Yupangi, is actually reported to have decreed that, "Among the masses, everyone should learn his father's trade"; whilst, speaking of the Egyptians, Diodorus says: "For among these people only is the whole artisan class accustomed to take no part in any occupation . . . other than that which is prescribed by their laws and handed down to them by their ancestors."

Wilkinson denies that this principle was insisted upon by law, and says that it was merely customary, "as it is in India and China, where the same trade employment is followed in succession by father and son."

It is sufficient for my purpose, however, to know that it was so general a practice as to be regarded almost as an unwritten law, and the fact that Diodorus took it to be compulsory lends some colour to this view. In any case, Dr. Henry Brugsch Bey supplies an interesting piece of evidence showing the extremes to which the Egyptians sometimes went in observing the custom of blood-occupations. It relates to the pedigree of the architect Kumm-ab-ra (490 B.C.), chief minister of works for the whole country. This man was the twenty-fourth architect of his line; his remote ancestor Imhotep, who lived on the third dynasty, having been an architect of Southern and Northern Egypt and a high functionary under King Zasar.

Dr. Coomaraswamy's profoundly interesting book—the subject of this series of articles—offers ample conformation of the existence of blood-occupations in so far as ancient India is concerned, while I believe that even in the history of ancient Greece examples could be found indicating a similar prejudice against change or infidelity to family tradition. Hippocrates for instance, it is said, was the seventeenth medical doctor in his family line. The Guilds of the Middle Ages, too, I have no doubt, fostered a like reverence for blood-occupations. Indeed, the voices of ancient peoples seem to have been unanimous on this one point, and my contention is that science, at least in its latest conclusions, applauds rather than questions their wisdom. The manner in which the views of the Weissmannists and the transmissionalists can even now be reconciled in order to support this wisdom of the ancients, I must, however, explain in my next article.

THE LION-TAMER.

(Leipsig, October 19, 1913.)

Oh, do not kill them! Look at them, Sirs, and pause;
Such rare and splendid things. Oh! if they would stop,
The people, shrieking and firing off their guns,
I'd bring my pets so quietly to the cage.
Foolish woman, then, call me; but only hear!
I'll not get out of the way! if they be shot,
No love of my kind will make me cling to life.
Let go of me, brute! My lions, then, go on!
Scatter this people; see them a frantic mob
All struggling now to get into any door,
And the doors slammed by the others safely in.
Go bounding down the street, great cats that you are,
Appear to man and woman out of the fog,
And roaring make them share your bewilderment;
Some honour too with a gash of tooth or claw.
Oh Sirs! my lovely lions you would not kill?
You could not be so cruel! Think what you do!
Because they frightened you would you take revenge?
But why so frightened? is it their innocence,
So strange, has driven all of you from your wits?
Indeed, Sir, did they burst into your hotel?
You heard a scratch outside and opened to find
The savage beast, who plunged, not noticing you,
Into the room. . . . What, out of the window? Don't!
He landed on an old cab-horse? ha! that's good.
And, Madam, were you just leaving out your shoes
When up the stairs he bounded? you slammed the door,
But dropped a shoe, which he swallowed, foolish beast. . .
Yes, foolish to take the shoe! My lions, up!
Go crashing into their stations and hotels,
Spring on the motor-omnibus, make them jump
And shoot their bullets at random in the crowd.
Oh look, my favourite here! No, don't run away. . . .
Don't shoot! Your city and all its furniture,
Oh, what compared with this beauty are they worth?
What all your lives? Oh no, I don't mean it! Think;
That suppleness, that strength and that majesty
You'd make a heap inert in your muddy street. . . .
What arguments shall I move this people with?
If only they were wild, if they'd anything
Of wildness, I could make them obey me. . . . Oh!
My lion dead and mangled! Oh hellish deed!

FRANCIS MACNAMARA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"PRESS-CUTTER" AND MR. REID.

Sir,—You correspondent "Press-cutter" in last week's issue refers to "another irritating affair," which is "the distortion of Guild Socialism attributed to THE NEW AGE by Mr. Philip Reid in the "New Statesman." The statement I made in the "New Statesman" was this:—

"THE NEW AGE'S original scheme of Guild Socialism is simply co-partnery with joint ownership of shares instead of joint distribution of profits.

"This was shown in the articles dealing with the process of transition."

THE NEW AGE'S article No. XV outlines proposals such as would be put forward by the workers in a large concern or trustified industry. The proposals were assumed to be put forward by a deputation of the workers to the manager. They are, therefore, to be regarded as making a definite business proposition. What THE NEW AGE writer wanted for the workers was half the capital value of the business. The deputation ended with these words to the manager: "Unless our proposals are accepted in a month we shall close down your works." Postulating the "rough accuracy" of this forecast, your writer next referred to the general strike as inevitable because the employing classes would have organised themselves for combined action. Pending the carrying out of "this large and critical strike," your writer assumed that the principle of partnership would not have been universally accepted.

Nothing is said in Article XV about any further steps in the process of transition, and THE NEW AGE'S proposals are thus left at the offer made by the deputation to the manager, as stated above.

I assumed, of course, that these proposals were to be carried out in the ordinary way under existing laws as to transfer and property. It is obvious that the members of the Guild would demand that their moiety was legally secured.

I have no desire to misrepresent the views of THE NEW AGE writers. The article No. XV is five columns long, but the part of it which is in dialogue form introduces a definite business transaction and the question of "what

you can get" if bound to modify "what you want" in discussions of this kind. What was being dealt with by THE NEW AGE was the process of transition from capitalist industry to guild-socialised industry, and both what THE NEW AGE may "fear" may happen, and what it may "anticipate," will both be regulated, in practice, by "what you can get."

If "Press-cutter" still dissents from the accuracy of my reading of article No. XV, will he himself re-state the gist of the five columns, including the dialogue, and make it briefly in the form of an ordinary business proposition?

It was possible for THE NEW AGE'S correspondent, "Press-cutter" to have stated his view in more kinds of language than one. As it is, he writes of "another irritating affair," "the distortion of Guild Socialism," and of a certain weekly periodical and its correspondents as a "journal of fleas with designs on bureaucratic bugs." The fact that your correspondent makes use of expressions of this kind, and the inclusion of me as one of the insects, emboldens me to ask you to allow me to add a few sentences with regard thereto.

I feel strongly that the method of cross-table discussion is the only way adequately to discuss either fundamentals or those personal criticisms which from time to time we wish to make one of another. The advantages of this one-to-one form of discussion are:—

(1) More of one's essential meaning can be conveyed by the spoken word.

(2) Each of the parties can tell if the other is making use of irony or sarcasm, and

(3) The too free use of the imagination can be checked.

But the one-to-one talk over a table is not always practicable, and in its absence it seems to me that there is an urgent social and human need for controversialists to keep their influences well to heel, and that the controversies in the press or on the platform should be conducted with a reasonably limited choice of words and epithets, and also a use of language to show that the controversialist has checked the sudden impulsive bristling-up to which all of us are liable when our individual wills, tastes, or opinions are crossed.

There is also, I think, a man-to-man claim which cannot be ignored. Controversy is one thing in a country composed mainly of city or town dwellers which is more rather than less an ordered society (i.e., in which acts of personal violence are tabooed, and the person is protected owing to an ubiquitous police service). Controversy is another thing in a prairie, bush, or veldt country in which society is a less ordered one with no civilian police. There the thing settles itself. If a controversialist by an unguarded use of a word or an epithet oversteps the instinctive limit, there is the blow direct, and probably somehow or other the offending party discovers, say, towards late afternoon, that a make-shift for a 16-foot ring has been rigged up, and he himself is within it, face to face with "the trouble" he has been seeking.

Well, England is the former kind of country, but, as it seems to me, there is abundant evidence in the files of THE NEW AGE that your correspondents do not always seem to grasp what the meaning of "England" essentially is. I am sure of this that there is much less difference between the views called "NEW AGE views" and those of members of the Fabian Research group than is commonly assumed in your columns. I heartily agree that THE NEW AGE means ultimately a partnership of "workers" only; i.e., not a partnership of workers *with* shareholders. Evidently, in my letter in the "New Statesman," I did not make clear what I meant by the difference between "what you want" and "what you can get."

Yours, etc.,

Middlesbrough, Jan. 31, 1914. PHILIP REID.

["Press-cutter" replies:—Mr. Philip Reid, if he is to discuss Guild problems fruitfully, must learn to be accurate. In his letter to the "New Statesman," he ascribed to the "Guild Writers" opinions and suggestions which they actually repudiated in the very article to which he referred. In the quotation from himself at the beginning of this letter he omits half the matter to which objection was taken. But even in the few words quoted, he is hopelessly wrong. THE NEW AGE did not advocate "Co-partnery with joint ownership of shares" in its article. It pictured the deputation demanding a cheque for half the profits—a totally different thing. THE NEW AGE principle, as I understand it, is that the assets should be vested in the State. The shares represent the assets, so that Mr. Reid was charging the "Guild Writers" with serious inconsistency when they were assumed to be asking for the transfer of shares. Mr. Reid's misrepresentation is rendered more glaring if we continue the quotation from his letter at the point where he leaves off. He continues: "The plan was to approach the capitalist to disgorge *half the shareholders' stock* by threat of a general strike, *and to hand the moiety over to the workmen.* The reconstructed undertaking would then be owned jointly by the workers and the shareholders, and the profits divided according to their holdings respectively." Cannot Mr. Reid see that this is a gross travesty of the case stated by the "Guild Writers"? First, there is not a word about disgorging stock; secondly, there is not a word about reconstruction; thirdly, the idea of the shareholders and the workmen being joint owners of the business is expressly repudiated, for the deputation tells the directors to make the cheque payable to the organisation. If Mr. Reid cannot see that his statements fundamentally misrepresent the Guild principle and the actual article from which he is supposed to quote, then I can only suggest a rest-cure to give him time and quietude to ponder the point. He is certainly a futile correspondent until he grasps the main principles.

In regard to his hortatory admonitions to me as to the conduct of public controversy, I may remark that accuracy is the basis of all controversy, and he is and remains impenitently inaccurate. In the matter of good taste, I must remind Mr. Reid that his perversion of THE NEW AGE proposals was pointed out in these columns on January 22, and although he has since written to the "New Statesman," he has not corrected his own misrepresentations.]

* * *

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS COMMITTEE.

Sir,—I shall be obliged if you will grant me space in your columns to announce the formation of a South African Constitutional Rights Committee, and to invite all those who sympathise with our objects to send me their names and addresses immediately. Those objects are as follows:

(1) To protest against the unconstitutional action of the Botha Government in proclaiming "martial law," in abrogating civil rights, in calling out armed Boer commandos, in arresting and sentencing citizens by court-martial, and in deporting others without trial.

(2) To enlighten public opinion in the United Kingdom—both by meetings, pamphlets, and leaflets—as to the facts of the case, including the actual causes of the Labour unrest among British working men in the South African Dominions, to explain the demands of the workers in those vast territories, and to co-operate by all constitutional and legitimate means with our fellow-subjects—both British and Indian—in the South African Union in the undiminished preservation of their civil rights.

(3) To inquire into the participation—if any—of the Governor-General, Lord Gladstone, with regard to these actions of the Botha Administration, and, if proven, to demand both in and out of Parliament his immediate recall.

The South African Constitutional Rights Committee is strictly non-party, and invites the co-operation of men and women of all shades of political opinion who are jealous for the maintenance of those elemental rights of citizenship without which any form of free government becomes an impossibility.

VICTOR FISHER, Hon. Sec.

19, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.

* * *

SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—I am afraid the poor labourites are in for another licking although, at the moment of writing, we are all pretty well in the dark.

The authorities have done everything possible to aggravate and irritate the men. But you will have had all particulars by cable long before you receive this. It must be remembered that this is a very big country, and even if the labour leaders were clever, there must be extraordinary difficulty in arriving at anything like unanimity and concerted action. From all appearances, the Cape railway men are cowards and traitors to their own class—but they never had much spunk down that way anyhow. Of course, these strikes mean an enormous amount of inconvenience and financial loss to the country, and, perhaps, the simplest and most effective method possible to the working man here to gain the respect of the country and his own ends is to choose his own time every six months or so and quietly take a holiday for a week or so, en masse. In fact, if the Labour party only repeats the present little episode in, say, six months' time, there will be such a to-do in financial circles generally, that the working man will be asked please to state just what he wants—and it will be given to him with

both hands. A general dislocation could easily be managed without calling a general strike.

The present instance, if the men give in now, will, of course, be cited as a further and final proof that the general and sympathetic strike is bound to be ineffective; but the fact is that there has probably never been a more half-hearted attempt at a strike in the history of labour. There was not a spontaneous or enthusiastic movement in it as far as an outsider could judge. Every little centre, and several of the big ones, hedged and waited for the next to move first. (I am wrong to say "every" little centre; there were some that came straightforwardly out right away.)

But I am talking as though the whole business had fizzled out already, whereas this is only what is generally considered to be the case. It is not yet dead; and I have often seen a veldt fire apparently at its last flicker when a cross-current of air has sent it veering and sweeping all before it. So we'll wait and see.

Johannesburg, January 15. D.

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ECONOMICS AND ETHICS.

Sir,—Referring to the article in your last week's issue, entitled "Economics," which the writer has extracted from the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," I desire to submit the following, which is taken from Mr. Arthur Kitson's work on the money question. I quote from the United States edition (which was published in 1895) of the work entitled "A Scientific Solution of the Money Question." In his first chapter, entitled "Economics and Ethics," he says:—

"Let us at the outset clearly understand what Political Economy is, what it deals with, what is its aim, and what it should seek to accomplish. The term Economy comes from the Greek 'Oikos'—the house, and 'Nomos' the law. Hence Economy—the law regulating the household—a term which to the Greeks signified all the goods in possession of the family. Political comes from 'Polis'—the State. Political Economy therefore signifies the Law or Laws governing the goods in the possession of the State or of Society; or as we would now say Laws governing Social Wealth. The term 'Wealth' is of Saxon origin, and means 'weal' or 'well-being.' Political Economy deals then with the production and distribution of those things that tend to social weal or well-being. It will now become evident that a true Science of Economy must necessarily be a moral science, and any system of wealth distribution that is contrary to the principles of justice cannot be a system of Economy at all, but of extravagance and wastefulness. . . .

"To begin with, moral conduct is that line of human action, conformity to which tends to promote the life, happiness, and well-being of society and its members. And as we have seen, Economics deals with the production and distribution of those material things that tend to the life, happiness, and well-being of society and its members. Hence the same test that is applied to ethical teachings should be applied to economic teachings."

Here the author quotes from Spencer's "Data of Ethics":—

"Do they tend to the maintenance of a complete social life for the time being? And do they tend to the prolongation of social life to its full extent? To answer 'Yes' or 'No' to either of these questions is implicitly to pronounce these teachings true or false."

The author then proceeds as follows:—

"To say that 'moral considerations have nothing to do with Economics' is to imply that economic conduct is not necessarily moral conduct. Then it may be *immoral* conduct. And to say that immoral conduct is conducive to the economic production and distribution of wealth is to say that immoral conduct tends to promote human happiness, which is contrary to the definition."

WM. C. HINDS.

* * *

THE JEWS.

Sir,—"If I do not like them (Jews), I shall say so," replies your contributor "Romney." This attitude is most typical of honest English anti-Semites. Good Continental Christians give solid reasons for their hatred of Jews—the crooked ugliness of our great big noses (some of us have little snub ones, by-the-by) offends their æsthetics; then there is a sect of us—a kind of Jewish Plymouth Brethren, I take it—who on great occasions drink the blood of Christian children; Jews never wash, etc., etc. In his "Military Notes" "Romney" gives us just and reasoned criticism; in his little hits at the Jews he deems it sufficient, like a great many others, to rely on the residue of blind prejudice left over from superstitious bigotry of the priests of the Middle Ages. Well, I don't grudge a man his passions and prejudices; but it is another question whether they are of interest to the readers of a review of balance and creative penetration such as THE NEW AGE. If they are, I shall ask you in fairness to give expression to my opinion about parsnips. *I abominate parsnips!* A. C. L.

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ART AND SOCIAL REFORM.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Mitchell's comments on my article on the above subject, I would in the first place say that there is no trick in what I wrote, and that in my judgment the greatest literature is religious literature, the greatest sculpture religious sculpture, the greatest painting religious painting, and the greatest architecture religious architecture. In support of this contention I would say, in respect to literature, that it appears to me that sacred is greater than secular literature because it deals more with the noumenal while the secular literature deals more with the phenomenal. To some extent they overlap, but the division is, I think, roughly correct. In respect to sculpture, is it not true to say that the greatest Greek sculpture portrayed the Greek gods, while the subject matter of the greatest painting of the Renaissance invariably treated of religious subjects, whether Christian or pagan in conception? While, again, all the greatest architectural monuments of the world are temples or cathedrals, secular architecture, it appears to me, is largely derivative, and at its highest is of a lower order. Moreover, this is in the nature of things. For the more utilitarian aspect of secular architecture does not lend itself to those flights of the imagination which are only possible with buildings which serve the purposes of ritual.

ARTHUR J. PENTY.

P.S.—Why is it unmanly to state a problem to which one can see no immediate solution? The unmanly thing, I should have thought, would have been to refuse to recognise the fact. That appears to me to be cowardice. But perhaps I do not understand. I am not a modern.

* * *

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Sir,—A cutting from "Reynolds" of January 17, 1864, reminds us how rapidly things can move without producing any real change. It records the formation of a "Universal League for the Industrious Classes" to bring about, among other things, a general reduction of the hours of labour, co-operation, improvement of the dwellings of the poor, emigration, prevention of accidents, and compensation, revision of the Poor-law, inspection of the employment of women and children, etc., etc. The chair at the first meeting was taken by Marquis Townshend, who was afterwards succeeded by the Earl of Shaftesbury. Among the Vice-Presidents were Charles Dickens, George Cruikshank, Professor Beesley, and Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Harrison. T. C.

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DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—Whenever Mr. S. Verdad is in the humour he drags into his column the red-herring of Democracy. Ought there not to be a close season for this discussion? His latest complaint is that democratic government ushered in politico-economic corruption; and he instances America, France, and England. But is he so romantic as to believe that corruption is an invention of modern democratic times? Why, there is less of it to-day than ever! Compare the Civil Service of to-day with the public service of any other period of history. It's nonsense to say that it is more corrupt; it is almost inhumanly incorruptible. Let me tell Mr. Verdad (and, incidentally, Mr. Ludovici) that, whatever happens, the world has no intention of returning, even if it could, to the old aristocratic, monarchical or hieratic systems of the past. The past may have been golden (though historians do not say so!), the future may be leaden; but we intend to *see it through*. Your contributors would be much better engaged in doing the job before us to-day than in snobbishly bewailing the fate of the aristocracy, who themselves, by the way, are democrats almost to a peer. C. F. MORRIS.

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FEMINISM.

Sir,—The writer of the "Notes of the Week," January 22, objects to the men striking for wages, and objects to the women striking for status. This being so, will he state what he means by "home," and how it is to be obtained? E. BARNARD.

[The writer of the "Notes" replies: Women's status is fixed by nature, so that there is no use in "striking"

to change it; but the present status of the proletariat is artificial, and can therefore be changed either for the better or for the worse. By "home" I mean exactly what everybody means. The way for women to obtain it is to decline to enter the wage system and at the same time to assist the men in getting out of it.]

* * *

WOMEN'S HUMOUR.

Sir,—At a recent meeting of the W.S.P.U. Mrs. Dacre Fox, who recently led a deputation to the Archbishop of Canterbury, reported her feelings thus: "I can only say that as I sat looking at that old man the one feeling which was uppermost in my mind was that of contempt. I will tell you why. I thought of his great office, and I thought of the Leader he was supposed to follow who said: 'Love one another.'"

S. T.

* * *

"HARLEY STREET."

Sir,—I cannot let the letter signed "H. F. S." pass without also asking *him* a question or two.

Supposing a layman discovered an absolute cure for cancer or consumption, and the remedy could only be applied to the subject by the lay operator whilst the former was anæsthetised, would your correspondent stigmatise any doctor who administered gas or chloroform for the unqualified man as "blackleg"? Furthermore, would "H. F. S." dub the discoverer of such a specific a "quack" because he persisted in curing people when no relief could be found for their sufferings elsewhere, and refused to waste seven years of his life in studying methods which could be of no possible benefit to him or his patients, merely to satisfy the exactions of professional ethics?

These were the points raised by Dr. F. W. Axham when he was struck off the Medical Register for doing his duty as a surgeon instead of sacrificing human sufferers on the altar of stupid red tape.

Let your correspondent read the leading articles and letters from doctors and surgeons which have appeared in the best papers on this subject, and he may fall into line with those who consider the whole business a discredit and disgrace to an honourable profession and a wrong which ought to be and must be righted without further delay.

H. A. BARKER.

* * *

Sir,—I cannot congratulate your correspondent, "H. F. S.," on his curt, and somewhat peevish letter, in regard to the case of Mr. H. A. Barker, the bonesetter. What he says appears to me to be entirely beside the mark.

So far as I understand Trade Union principles, it is a false analogy to stigmatise Mr. Barker as a "blackleg." To be a medical "blackleg" it would be necessary that he should be a duly qualified practitioner, standing apart from the rules and regulations approved by his co-practitioners as a body for the protection of their fees, etc. I might mention poor Dr. Dimock as a sample and a victim.

But Mr. Barker is not a medical man; he has never posed as a medical man; he does not deal with disease as such, nor does he employ drugs, or appliances of any kind.

His sphere is the bones, joints, and cartilage. As regards the treatment of deformities, adhesions, dislocations, displaced knee-cartilage, etc., he has acquired a proficiency, on a definitely scientific system, which even the medical profession do not venture at this hour of the day to dispute. Nay, so far from disputing it, there are a vast number only too ready to acknowledge it, and to avail themselves of it.

Nor is he a "quack." A quack is essentially a man who pretends to do what he knows he cannot do. Mr. Barker pretends to nothing. He tells a patient at once if his system will cure or relieve his case. What he says he can do, he does. He has done it now 30,000 times and more, and he never fails!

It is utterly false to say that the letters which are constantly appearing in the Press are sent in as advertisement: Mr. Barker's patients are all the advertisement he needs. These letters are almost invariably from grateful patients who are indignant at the thought that the faculty, who have sufficiently demonstrated their entire ignorance in this important domain of surgery, absolutely refuse *officially* to avail themselves of the offer which Mr. Barker has repeatedly made—to give them, and through them the suffering public, the advantage of the definite scientific system of which he has proved himself, by the admission of all classes of society, a perfect master.

It is utterly puerile to suggest that Mr. Barker should give up his practice for five long years, and allow the public to go on suffering, while he submits himself to a course of study and instruction which can teach him nothing.

This is the whole point. Mr. Barker knows something and practises something which the schools do not know, and, therefore, cannot teach—and do not teach.

Mr. Barker asks to teach the schools *gratuitously* for the sake of humanity, and they will not be taught.

What policy do you call this? I call it dog-in-the manger.

The "Times" has said: "Mr. Barker is a benefactor to the public, and ought to be honoured as such."

I am content to leave it at that.

M. A.

* * *

BRITISH MUSIC.

Sir,—I have read the articles on this subject with immense interest, and find that the truth, as it appears to me, lies between Mr. Holbrooke and Mr. Evans. Mr. Holbrooke is right when he says that the public shows little curiosity about British music. To my mind, there are several reasons for this apathy. In the first place, in England music is not considered a part of general culture in the same sense as it is on the Continent. I have met business men in other countries who were not naturally musical, but who readily recognised its immense artistic value. Few well-bred men would care to admit that they did not know what Shakespeare, Dante, or Molière stood for. But if a man were to own to a total ignorance of Hadyn, Gluck, or even Beethoven, his lack of knowledge would be more easily pardoned. It has taken a long time to realise that music is not merely something with which elegant young ladies fill their leisure. In the second place, the native composer is far too self-conscious. English music has been for too long an affair of the head alone; in other words, it has been a kind of mathematics capable of being expressed in notes. You can prove this by asking yourself how many doctors of music there are in the country—that is, how many men consecrated by academic authorities—and trying to calculate what number of them have written a page which would accurately be described as fundamentally significant. This defect is a manifestation of one aspect of our national snobbishness. You may say anything which you like to an Englishman, but you must not call him stupid.

Now, this attitude of mind is absolutely fatal if carried to music, for music is an emotional art. I have heard compositions by English composers which could have been improved by a hundred per cent. if the writers could have lost their self-consciousness, could have flown on the wings of inspiration, could have forgotten conventional rules. But no, they lost the opportunity because the dry-as-dust pedagogic dogma frightened them into that obedience which is the attribute of mediocrity. The whole English tradition has been something calculated to hinder the development of the genuinely musical type. Our good writers exist *in spite of* our national training, not because of it. The English tradition taught men to win the Empire, to maintain a reserve in society, to keep the nerves under control in moments of crisis. This stifling of the emotions, this sense of shame in exhibiting before others the natural emotions of the heart and soul, has penetrated to music, and left us very often with thin-blooded, manufactured stuff. I agree with Mr. Evans that Mr. Holbrooke had a great chance in "The Children of Don," and I am sure that many young composers were filled with envy at the thought of this work being produced under the conductorship of Nikisch.

Mr. Evans is right also when he says that we lag behind other countries in testing the value of new movements. Your academic man will say that Schönberg, Strauss, Ravel, Bartok, Scriabin, Stravinsky, and the others are blunderers. They may be. Blundering is often merely an inelegant description of experimenting. If you think of surgery and chemistry, you see what these subjects owe to experiments. And supposing Schönberg never wrote a bar which will live, it is possible that another man of undoubted genius might be able to give to the world masterpieces because Schönberg had sought and fought and wrestled with new things. It is strange to think that the citizens of an Empire on which the sun never sets are so indifferent to the rising of a new sun on the musical horizon. A great deal of this narrow-mindedness could be brushed away if there were more serious talk about music as an art. For this would be a gain inasmuch as it would reveal the stupidity of their position to people who say that modern music is "all rot." There is no final revelation in music. You cannot point to Bach or Gluck, Beethoven or Wagner, and say that any of them exhausted the capabilities of the art.

If they are all exhausted, what use is there for to-morrow? And those men would be the first to deny that music had reached the utmost of which it was capable, either in their own time or in any other. If Bach were living to-day, he would be writing music which would dismay the hundred would-be worshippers who sit on organ stools and know all about it. On one occasion I heard a lecture by a distinguished English musician who is regarded as a pillar of the art in London. In the course of it he referred to "Tristan and Isolde" in such a manner that he made the audience titter. He said, in effect, "I am told if you go to hear 'Tristan,' you come away physically and mentally exhausted." Has this man, then, not yet reached the "Tristan" stage? Has he never read the letters of Wagner concerning it? Is he ignorant of the conditions in which it was composed? Personally, I felt thoroughly ashamed that one whom I had hitherto regarded as an eminently sane musician should speak thus slightingly of an immortal master-work.

If English music is to capture the affections of the public, our composers will have to be a great deal more vital. For myself, I should rejoice if I heard half a dozen orchestral works which were greeted with enthusiastic hissing. For riot is a tribute, and hissing, like genuine applause, can be called forth only by work which has conviction behind it. My complaint is that the bulk of English music leaves you unmoved. Certainly many of the conditions mentioned by Mr. Holbrooke are deplorable. These could be improved if the community, as a whole, took more interest in the art. So far as is possible, every child should be taught music thoroughly at an early age. We must get away from the point of view of the organ stool. The future would seem to lie with the orchestra and opera. We must shake off for good our cringing respect for the Handel-Mendelssohn tradition. We do not want "correct" music (I am using the word in the sense in which it is applied to diplomatic relations) any more than we want pianists and violinists who merely play the notes. It is better to have a man who flies in the face of text-books and makes you sweat with emotion than a man who writes anæmic music faultlessly. And, finally, we must have more centres. Musical England suffers from centralisation, and the festival idea is showing unmistakable signs of being played out.

D. C. PARKER.

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BRITISH MUSIC.

Sir,—It would be a pity to take up any more of your space with the "slush" of Mr. Montagu-Nathan (sounds Semitic!), and so I will only point out that Mr. Evans is telling the truth when he says he would rather hear Mr. Scriabine—or that more curiosity is evinced at a new work from Stravinsky than at one from myself. This is why I suffer so! It proves what I say, for the accomplishment of this daring gentleman is very poor, if we think of the thematic material he holds, and a Symphony by Elgar is worth all he has written up to date.

I think I have proved that Mr. Evans is one of the dull-witted public—who takes that which he knows others have taken, and makes a fuss of it, as the others make a fuss of it. The names he mentions as composers of power, *he* did not discover—and this job of a cheap-jack is a very poor one. That some of us have had one or two of our smallest works heard in Paris by Mr. Evans' efforts is delightful—but quite useless, for too many efforts of this kind have been made already.

What we want is a proper and sustained hearing without Mr. Evans' patronage, and also, without having to write like Stravinsky, and the rest of them. The latest shrieking noise by these gentlemen is hailed by the dull-witted ones as "something new in music." There are a good many young men this side of the Channel who could do all these little tricks, but they seem very stupid!—yet, here is Mr. Evans waiting for them—to pat them on the back! He knows the rare quality of this "modern European culture"! We don't! I have also "helped to kill opera in Britain"—when it does not even exist! Go to, Mr. Evans, with Mr. Montagu-Nathan (sounds Semitic this), and let your writings reek of style, we have not seen it yet, but there is time left for you to improve! Show us how to "progress" in the footsteps of the mighty men from abroad—we *must* progress.

JOSEF HOLBROOKE.

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"TATTA ROLL."

Sir,—The jeunesse which is obvious in your reviewer's criticism (sic) of my translation of "Tatta Roll" is indeed stimulating.

I am sorry to say that I cannot mention any reasons, though they are really numerous.

Your reviewer first asks why I attempted this translation, when there are (he asserts) other and better translations on the market. Obviously, since I have not the creative genius, I have to rely on my imitative genius.

Secondly, he asks why I do not follow the rhythm of the original. Obviously, again, because I am not a "born translator."

I could give many more reasons, but I do not think it necessary.

I did not want to make a direct translation of Heine, who is practically a dark and unknown factor to the English-speaking races; I simply desired to improve upon him.

I trust that your reviewer will not require to take two sizes larger as the result of his head swelling, by receiving a direct reply, from HERMAN TAXIDRIVER.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR ROSE'S OFFER.

Sir,—I am sure all your readers will see the appropriateness of a Rose possessing "a large and secluded garden." But the rose would be merely misunderstanding the intentions of Nature in putting it forward as a place where your correspondents should settle their differences.

Settlements according to avoirdupois would, we all have felt, be arbitrary. But Mr. Hulme must have meant rather the half-pony-power of the spirit, than the weight of the physical machine, of the traducer of Flenites.

We are here on unsubstantial ground. Mr. Rose unconsciously brings a sensational illumination. Jack Johnson has been mentioned. At once the real protagonists are plainly visible, and Mr. Rose's suggestion might have terrible results for his overman protégé. For, in defence of those savage effigies, we see even huger forms than that of the Illinois champion rearing themselves from the depths of Virgin Forests. Instead of fun and gain, religious fury spurs their pugilistic proportions.

The Savage against the Superman! That is the piquant situation invented by hospitable and guileless Mr. Rose (to drop the metaphorical style of referring to him).

The Zambesi, however, is far away. Meanwhile, might not Jack Johnson, despite himself, and more formidable than ever before, be found in the Rose garden taking his stand on the side opposite to that your correspondent supposes, in defence of secular gods?

WYNDHAM LEWIS.

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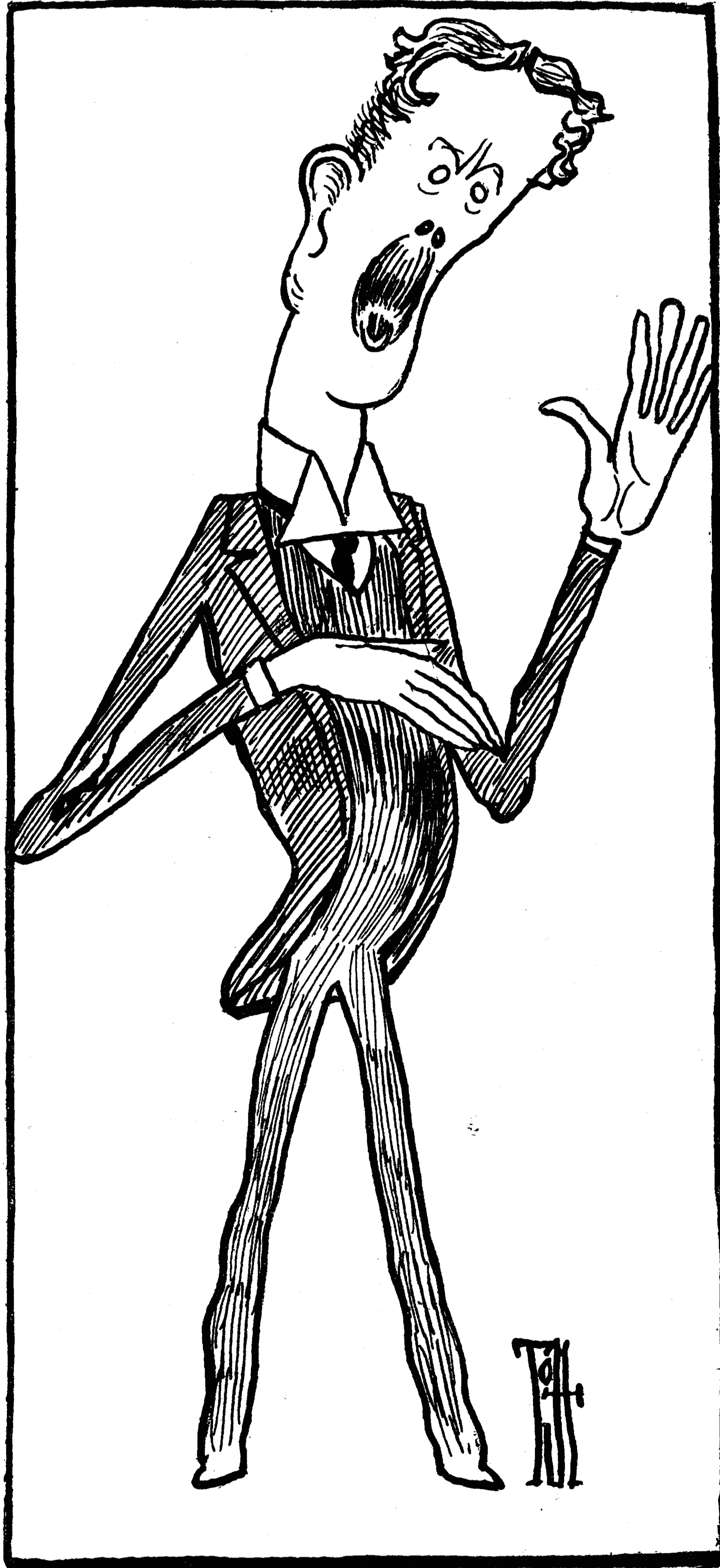

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