

way to blow it, defile the virginity of a valley by looking at it, or corrode the soul of a strawberry by refusing to eat it.

It will be hard for Puritan legislation to check the cerealist!

BUT why (ask!) should we so uniformly perceive this curious development as evil? Wilkinson, it is true, is beyond the illusion of good and evil; not so is it with Powys, whose characters mostly understand themselves as unfathomable abysses, haunted by nameless horrors. The reason is simple: Powys is temperamentally a Christian. The soul is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked"; therefore its will is evil; therefore its sex-instinct is evil; therefore its universe is evil. Such is the Puritan sorites; and to the inverted Puritan, whose pleasure consists of inventing "sins" in order to commit them, the Pagan simplicity of a Wilkinson is rather tragic. For the Pagan accepts joyfully the Law of Liberty: "Every man and every woman is a star": "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." He delights in his independence, in pursuing the glory of his orbit, free, self-balanced, inscrutable, ineffably alive. The mind

which is bound to the Christian philosophy, the clinging, parasitic, Oedipus-complex, mind, dare not confront Immensity. In a word, a Christian, when he dies, wants to go to heaven; a Pagan shrugs his shoulders and takes things as they are.

But, will he, nill he, these pantomorphopsychosophilographers have "unloosed the girders of the soul," as Zoroaster says, Wilkinson rather as a chorister in love for the first time, Powys as a child that has lost its mother; but the effect is the same. We must learn to take care of ourselves, to be suns in ourselves, not plants lacking a central orb. We must conquer "air-sickness," the nostalgia for atavistic superstitions to comfort us. In a few years we shall be as happy in being ourselves as we have hitherto been in our dependence, physical, mental and moral, upon others. Then, not till then, will constructive work, the mapping-out of a free universe, become possible. And in that day let us not forget the noble, the austere, the elegant, the august spade work of these great pantomorphopsychosophilographers, John Cowper Powys and Louis Umfraville Wilkinson. *Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.*

A LETTER TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE

(The following letter addressed to Lord Northcliffe was published in the London "Star" more than a year ago and created a sensation throughout England. A. G. Gardiner is a noted and fearless journalist, and his indictment of Northcliffe makes particularly interesting reading just now, in view of the fact that the Lord of Thanet has come to the United States in order to take personal charge of the organs of the Allies. "We all acknowledge the Kaiser as a very gallant gentleman, whose word is better than many another's bond." Thus exclaimed Northcliffe's "Evening News" October 17, 1913. Let us bear this in mind when the Northcliffe papers scream the loudest and demand the utmost sacrifice of blood and wealth.)

My Lord: This is not a time when I should wish to write to you or about you, for there is something indecent at such a moment in inflicting the old battle-cries on the public. But you have chosen to issue a book of newspaper scraps the object of which is to cover yourself and the *Daily Mail* with honor as the true prophets of the war and *The Daily News* and other representatives of Liberalism with odium as the false prophets of peace. To let such a challenge pass would be a wrong to the cause which this journal holds sacred, and therefore, unwillingly, I address you.

Your claim to be the true prophet of the war does not call for dispute. It has always been your part to prophesy war and cultivate hate. There is nothing more tempting to the journalist than to be an incendiary. It is the short cut to success, for it is always easier to appeal to the lower passions of men than to their better instincts. There is a larger crowd to address, and you have never deserted the larger crowd. The student of your career will find it difficult to point to anything that you have done and to say "Here Lord Northcliffe sacrificed his journalistic interests for the common good, for the cause of peace, for some great human ideal that brought no grist to his mill; here he used his enormous power not to enrich himself but to enrich the world." But he will have no difficulty in pointing to the wars you have fomented, the hatreds you have cultivated, the causes you have deserted, the sensations, from the Pekin falsehood to the Amiens falsehood about the defeat of the British army, that you have spread broadcast. You have done these things not because of any faith that was in you, not because of any principle you cherished. You have done them because they were the short cut to success—that success which is the only thing you reverence amidst all the mysteries and sanctities of life.

"NOTHING."

If one could find in you some ultimate purpose, even some wholesome and honest hate, you would present a less pitiful

spectacle to the world. You would at least be a reality. But you are nothing. In all this great and moving drama of humanity you represent no idea, no passion, no policy, no disinterested enthusiasm. Like Mr. Lowell's candidate you

scent which pays the best an' then
Go into it baldheaded.

When you preached war against the Boers it was not that you hated the Boers or loved England; it was only that you understood how to sell your papers. When you preached war against France, told her that we would roll her in "mud and blood" and give her colonies to Germany, it was not that you had any rooted antagonism to France, but that you knew how to exploit the momentary passions of the British mob. When you called for reprisals against Russia over the North Sea incident it was not that you did not know that there had been a mistake, but that you knew that a cry for war was a good newspaper thrill. When last spring you set all your papers from *The Times* downwards prophesying "civil war" and went to Ulster to organize your brigade of war correspondents and triumphantly announced that hostilities were about to begin, it was not that you cared for Unionism or hated Home Rule. You care for neither and have coquetted with both. It was only that you thought that Parliament was going to be beaten and that you could be the prophet of red ruin and the breaking up of laws. Even your loves are rooted in hates as meaningless as your loves. When you covered the Kaiser with adulation, called him "Our friend in need," and pleaded for an alliance with Germany, it was only to make your gospel of war with France more effective. In a word, you have been the incendiary of journalism for twenty years—a man ever ready to set the world in a blaze to make a newspaper placard.

MR. F. E. SMITH'S TRIBUTE.

And as you have been the preacher of war abroad so you have been the preacher of discord and hate at home. There