

## THEATRES, ETC.

ADRIAN... 6.00. 6.45. 7.15. 7.55. 8.35. 9.15. 9.55. 10.35. 11.15. 11.55.	CLAYTON... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.
ALDWICH... 8.00. 8.45. 9.30. 10.15. 11.00. 11.45. 12.30.	THE DRAGON... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.
THE ARCADE... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.	THE BRIDE... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.
ASHGROVE... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.	THE CRICKET... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.
ATLANTIC... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.	THE DEBIL... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.
AVONDALE... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.	THE DIVIL... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.
BEAUFORT... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.	THE DOCTOR... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.
BELLEVILLE... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.	THE HOUSE... 8.15. 9.00. 9.45. 10.30. 11.15. 12.00.
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## TODAY

The Two Pacts—No More Commitments—Le Touquet Lethargic—A New Cricket Hero—The Delight of Danger—Brighter Beaches—Contentment and Dissatisfaction.

IT is strange that there is more anxiety in the United States with regard to the mysterious Anglo-French naval entente or understanding or agreement or pact than there is in Great Britain or in the British Empire. This subterranean and secret compromise or deal or dealing is being urged by the advocates of a big American navy to torpedo the Kellogg Peace Pact. They say that it is useless to sign a treaty outlawing war if Britain and France have entered into an undisclosed arrangement with regard to their respective fleets.

The worst of these vague and nebulous Continental commitments is that they tend to divide England and America apart, and to draw us deeper into the vortex of European rivalries and intrigues. They are a sure safe refuge for British Statesmen. They should practise open diplomacy. They should rigidly eschew Continental commitments in any shape or any form. The safety and security of the Empire must not lie in any entente which is understood in conversations or negotiations involving unmeasured and immeasurable liabilities. Let Europe settle its own quarrels.

THE "Sunday Express" called attention to the strange theory of the French authorities in failing to pursue their investigations into the recent murder of Mrs. Wilson near the golf links at Le Touquet. Our protest aroused the wrath of some foolish natives who feared the British might be disgraced and wounded. Nevertheless, it appears to have goaded the French police into a display of belated energy. They have now actually questioned a man and detained him for examination. We hope that their

attention to the strange theory of the French authorities in failing to pursue their investigations into the recent murder of Mrs. Wilson near the golf links at Le Touquet.

## A BOOK WHICH MUST BE APPRESSED.

By THE EDITOR OF THE "SUNDAY EXPRESS."

"THE Well of Loneliness." (Jonathan Cape, 10s. net), by Miss Radclyffe Hall, is a novel. The publishers state that it "handles very skilfully a psychological problem which needs to be understood in view of its growing importance."

"In England hitherto," they admit, "the subject has not been treated frankly outside the region of scientific text-books, but that its social consequences are of a broader and more general treatment is likely to be the opinion of thoughtful and cultured people."

They declare that they "have been deeply impressed by this study; they have felt that such a well as by older women and older men. Therefore, many things that have been discussed in scientific text-books cannot decently be discussed in a work of fiction offered to the general reader."

So far as I know, it is the first English novel which presents in a completely faithful and uncompromising form, one particular aspect of sexual life as it exists among us to-day. The relation of certain people—who, while different from their fellow human beings, are some of the highest characters and the finest attitudes—to the often hostile society in which they move, presents difficult and still unresolved problems.

The poignant situations which these arise are here set forth so vividly, and yet with such complete absence of affect, that we must prize Radclyffe Hall's book on a high level of distinction. That is the defence and justification of what I regard as an intolerable outrage—the first outrage of the kind in the annals of English fiction.

The defence is wholly unconvincing. The justification absolutely fails.

In order to prevent the curlew and corruption of English fiction it is the duty of the critic to make it impossible for one novelist to repeat this outrage. I say deliberately that this novel is not fit to be sold by any bookseller or to be borrowed from any library.

## BRAVADO.

Its theme is utterly inadmissible in the novel, because the novel is read by people of all ages, by young women and young men as well as by older women and older men. Therefore, many things that have been discussed in scientific text-books cannot decently be discussed in a work of fiction offered to the general reader.

It is no excuse to say that the novel possesses "fine qualities," or that its author is an "unspoiled" artist. It is no defence to say that the author is sincere, or that she is frank, or that there is delicacy in her art.

The answer is that the adroitness and cleverness of the book intensifies its moral danger. It is a seductive and insidious piece of special pleading designed to display perverted decadence as a martyrdom inflicted upon these outcasts by a cruel society.

I have seen the plague stalking shamelessly through great social assemblies. I have heard it whispered about by young men and young women who do not and cannot grasp its unutterable profanation. Both aspects of it are thrust upon healthy and innocent minds. The contagion cannot be escaped. It pervades our social life.

Perhaps it is a blessing in disguise, or a course in disguise, that this novel forces upon our ears a disagreeable task which has hitherto shirked, the task of clean-

ing itself from the leprosy of these lepers, and making the air clean and wholesome once more. I agree with Mr. Havelock Ellis that this novel is "uncompromising." That B why criticism cannot compromise with it. The challenge is direct. It must be taken up courageously, and the fight must be fought to a finish. If our bookshops and our libraries are to be polluted by fiction dealing with this undiscussable subject, at least let us know where we are going.

I know that the battle has been lost in France and Germany, but it has not yet been lost in England, and I do not believe that it will be lost. The English people are slow to rise in their wrath and strike down the armies of evil, but when they are aroused they show no mercy and they give no quarter to those who exploit their tolerance and their indulgence.

## NO DEFENCE.

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This terrible doctrine may commend itself to certain schools of pseudo-scientific thought, but it cannot be resumed with the Christian religion or with the Christian doctrine of free-will. Therefore, it must be fought to the bitter end by the Christian Churches. This is the radical difference between paganism and Christianity. Christianity does not destroy this doctrine, then this doctrine will destroy it, together with the

civilisation which it has built on the ruins of paganism. These moral defecats are not deterred from their birth. Their downfall is caused by their own act and their own will. They are damned because they choose to be damned, not because they are doomed from the beginning.

It is meet and right to pity them, but we must also pity their victims. We must protect our children against their specious fallacies and sophistries. Therefore, we must banish their propaganda from our bookshops and our libraries.

I would rather give a healthy boy or a healthy girl a phial of prussic acid than this novel. Porsena kills the body, but moral poison kills the soul.

That, then, is to be done? The book must be suppressed by process of law. I observe that the Irish Free State Government have published the text of their Censorship Bill. It proposes to establish a Censorship Board of five, four of whom must agree before any publication is placed on the Black List. Complainants must come through recognised associations, not from individual citizens. It may be that the establishment of a similar Censorship Board will be found necessary in this country as well as in Ireland. But our existing law is sufficient, if it be properly administered. Therefore, I appeal to the Home Secretary to set the law in motion. He should instruct the Director of Public Prosecutions to consider whether "The Well of Loneliness" is fit for circulation, and if not, to take action to prevent its being further circulated. Finally, let me warn our novelists and our men of letters that literature as well as morality is in peril. Fiction of this type is an injury to good literature. It makes the profession of literature fall into disrepute. Literature has not yet recovered from the harm done to it by the Oscar Wilde scandal. It should keep its house in order.



MISS RADCLYFFE HALL.