

BLACKFRIARS

The latter is five, and its streets are full of **an** inarticulate **Luddism** which would probably surprise the fortunate inhabitants of Oxford and the South, who have, on the whole, **had** the advantages of mechanization without any real contact with its disadvantages.

The remedies before Birmingham are Communism, Fascism and Social Credit, which purport to remove the *degradations* of mechanized production. Only the Church can remind them of *Personality*, which is as nearly as possible drowned in the factory system. Personality by all means, since that is the very point of the Church's teaching; but is it only a *word*, like *Family*, with which we have played too long?

Yours faithfully,

H. ROBBINS.

THE POLITICS OF INDUSTRIALISM.

To the Editor of **BLACKFRIARS.**

SIR,—The constructive quality of Mr. Eric Gill's letter in your April number commands respect, but not agreement on every point.

I must, for instance, disagree with him when he says that it is impossible to imagine a machine that can better perform the drudgery of tightening bolts than a **man** can. It is precisely such drudgery that mechanization can obviate. I would refer him on this point and upon the effect of mechanical processes on the mind of the worker to Professor John Hilton's articles on Industrial Britain in recent issues of *The Listener*, especially to the article of March 21st.

I think, also, that 'a sub-human condition of intellectual irresponsibility' is, unfortunately, the characteristic not only of the industrial workers. I would attribute it far more to the influence of their Press, environment, and education, than to the influence of mass-production upon the workers who operate it.

But, in conclusion, I would heartily agree with Mr. Gill that financial reform is essential — as *Quadragesimo Anno* diagnoses. His suggestion for Industrial Conscription to alleviate the lot of industrial workers until then also commands sympathy. But when we have achieved the reform, will not the Age of Leisure have arrived? — Yours, &c.,

P. D. FOSTER.