The Metaphysical Presuppositions of Guildism.

I.

The aim of these articles is to show that orthodox political philosophy, with its doctrine of sovereignty and its view of the State as justified by its existence for the achieving of some "good," is purely formal and out of touch with the facts of experience. I shall try to show that the idea of sovereignty is an abstraction and has no meaning apart from the indeterminate forces which condition it; secondly, that there are contending forces at present struggling to exercise sovereignty in our State to-day; and, lastly, that the criterion whereby these contending forces must be judged is not some vague technical "good," but the valuation which they place upon life, here and now.

The one striking feature of the whole body of political philosophy is its futility. This is apparently a legacy from Aristotle. His "Politics" must seem to anyone, who can rid himself of the prejudices of the Aristotelian tradition, a collection of platitudes. It reached its highest point as the justification of the new monarchies. Rut it is in its modern form that it must be dealt with here. Yet no one can have more than an academic pleasure in the ingenious and erudite conclusions of our constitutional historians that sovereignty in the British Empire rests with the King and Parliament.

We are forced to ask of Austin, what is a determinate superior, who determines him, what are the indeterminate forces which condition it. Austin's definition of sovereignty as the determinate superior who receives habitual obedience from the bulk of a given society. Nor can one obtain more than an academic pleasure in the ingenuous and erudite conclusions of our constitutional historians that sovereignty in the British Empire rests with the King and Parliament.
problems were involved in the doctrine of the whole State functioning harmoniously under conditions in which the good life could be lived. Thus he avoided the modern error of abstracting sovereignty from the conditions which presuppose and govern it. According to him, the State is natural in the full and technical sense of the Greek word—and man being "by nature a political animal" tends to become a member of a State. The basis of sovereignty rests in this, that man becomes a member of a State in order to live the good life and to achieve his true happiness. It is the State that renders the highest life possible. This is Aristotle's real contribution to political philosophy, the doctrine that the State exists for some "good."

From the Middle Ages onwards practical struggles for sovereignty fixed the attention of philosophers on its theorectic implications. The apparent stability, however, of our own political institutions gradually encouraged the belief that for us the problem of sovereignty was solved. Then philosophers returned to the Aristotelian belief that the State exists for some end. Bentham, who profoundly influenced both popular opinion and legal thought, found the justification of political authority in the end which the State serves, e.g., the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Thus was teleology re-established, so that, according to subsequent political philosophers, we could look forward to a gradual progress towards some ultimate "good" through the agency of King and Parliament, which, ex hypothesi, constituted a pure and undeified sovereignty of the highest order. But the advantages of the teleological method are illusory. Generally the end is too vague to be useful. It avails little to say that the end of the State is pleasure or happiness or what not. Even if there were any general agreement as to the end, there still remains the perennial problem of the means, which, in turn, casts us back on the old question of sovereignty.

To summarise our results, orthodox political philosophy is concerned with a purely a priori and formal account of sovereignty, the justification of which rests in its exercise for some end. As it deals with abstractions, it is not only vague but unrelated to the facts of experience.

II.

As I have already tried to show, to say that sovereignty in our State is vested in King and Parliament has only a formal meaning valid for a particular stage of our development. Sovereignty has no objective validity; it is merely that particular expedient which at a particular time can be utilised by the strongest force in the State to compel obedience. To-day King and Parliament give a legalising assent to the conditions forced upon them. To-morrow the Commons alone, or a Soviet, or a Dictator, might exercise the function.

But for the exercise of this sovereign function a struggle is now in progress. I propose to examine the metaphysical assumptions which the contending claimants make. The method is empirical, and is based on an examination of facts. There is, of course, no inevitable rule for disentangling all the possible claimants. There is always the possibility of someone's endeavouring to set up a tyranny, or of the Regular Army setting up a military despotism. But as our method is empirical and is based on an examination of facts, we can become entitled to build a new social structure. If reality is interpreted, not by material categories, but in the light of the highest human values, we reach the conception of free personalities functioning together in a universe theistically conditioned, these theistic conditions being the culmination of the highest values.

Socialism is to many a vague term; it may mean so much or so little. It has, however, been shown of its Victorian luxuriance, and has been restricted in its practical form to Fabianism, Bureaucracy, or Nationalisation. But the descent from Utopian theory to Webbian practice has not been accomplished without a change in principle. The modern Socialists' idea of State-controlled industry is vastly different from the communistic schemes of their predecessors. The older Socialists stood for ideas which were antithetic to Capitalism, for ideas whose accomplishment would have involved its destruction, but the moderns have abandoned the hope of revolution and of radical change. Their policy is now one of amelioration of
the present system. This being the case, Socialism is at bottom infected with the metaphysical weaknesses of Capitalism. The scheme of valuation has been subject to the same influences. Socialism has made no effort at revaluation; it has merely suggested that power be evicted by mere speculation, but in the long run belief behets action, and it is our confidence that in the contest the higher will win. If not, the grave yawns for us.

III.

I have tried from an empirical standpoint to outline some of the metaphysical ideas underlying Guildism. In this section the same object is attempted from the "a priori" point of view.

In the search for Truth the one eternal problem is that of the One and the Many. "Show me a man," said Plato, "able to see both the One and the Many in nature, and I shall follow him as if he were a god." When the world presents itself to us it is a chaos, a vast whirl of confusion and of change. Diversity and spontaneity are fundamental, and what degree of orderliness there is is the result of long striving. As Kant said, the unity of the world is an idea of our reason, not an object of our perception. The ultimate aim of philosophy is to give this chaotic flux a meaning, to find some unifying principle. Either we sacrifice the Many to the One or the One to the Many. Either we are on the side of the one, in which case we seem pledged to the system in which all is determined, in which Reality either revolves round or evolves towards an Absolute which is already all-embracing. Or else we are on the side of the Many, amidst a chaos of real ends where our evaluation and choice of ends is attended with real risk, as the responsibility of our choice lies with ourselves and there is no Absolute in which we can find rest.

So in the State. Either the State is monistic and all-embracing, in which case its claims are primary and binding on the individual, its sovereignty being absolute. Or life is a pluralism in which the claim of the State is but one claim among many, and we have the responsibility of choosing whether in any given instance the "end" of the State is any more real than the "end" of some other claimant to our sovereignty. Thus the desire for religious freedom may outweigh the duty of obedience to the State. With the individual rests the responsibility of the choice.

That the Absolutist view of both Reality and the State has the virtue of simplicity is undoubted. Pluralism, on the other hand, appears to sanction a dangerous latitude. The Absolutist seems to tell us that, as everything is determined in this all-embracing Absolute, everything will come right in the end, that everything is proceeding according to plan, and that, because we are freed from the fear of any startling innovation, all will be well. Surely this is Capitalism speaking in its evolutionary optimistic voice. Here is the monistic attitude, with this grave additional disadvantage that it is the monism of a class. If we wish to hear a doctrine of meliorist monism involving the choice of ends, we shall follow him as if he were a god."

Thus is the conclusion reached that sovereignty ought to rest with that claimant to its exercise whose valuations are highest. Unhappily, in actual fact sovereignty rests with a power whose ethical and metaphysical pretensions are unassailable. It is a power which some one will assume if it settled down into an institution it would make no effort at revaluation; it has merely suggested
moral. It implies that man is in the grip of forces which transcend him. Under it personality is limited, there is nothing new, nothing free.

But the concepts new and free are vital. He casts off the shackles of the Absolute and reveals in the spontaneity and diversity of the Many. He denies that Reality is being merely unfolded according to plan, but holds that Reality is being made, that new Truth is being born into it, that the process is one of "epigenesis" or "creative synthesis." It also is catastrophic. It is marked by the successive victories of new ideas and the world is periodically reborn. A time comes when a higher conception of values is achieved, and in the light of this conception institutions are remodelled. In their turn these institutions and the conceptions which underlie them become antiquated and effete, there is a period of travail and a birth. This is no materialistic or evolutionary theory, it is rather one of revolution as implying the effort of men, who are free, to produce a new evaluation of life. It is also the theory of Guildism.

So far it may be said that we stand for Pluralism as against Absolutism; that we are for the Many rather than for the One. Can we rest satisfied with this position? It must be clearly understood that from the Pluralist view the question of choice, which in a free world, the choice of anything new is attended by risk. The choice may be wrong. The new valuation which we propose to put on life may be a lower one. There is always the risk that among the competing ends we may choose wrongly. There is no guarantee as under Absolutism that all will come right in the end if we have a little patience—and produce more. In a free world every choice is a moral risk of heaven or hell. Such a doctrine lays a tremendous responsibility on Man, it is a call to what is best in him. The problem which the Pluralist has to face is, what are the standards according to which this choice is to be made, what are the criteria whereby it is to be judged?

The method of the pluralist or of the pragmatist— to use the more specialised term—has been described by a modern author: "The facts are confronted but no 'a priori' rational element is discovered in them. Yet his aim is to find a standard, a means of testing their validity. How is this attained? Entirely in the domain of practice. We ask how this or that furthers the interests of life, how it augments life's sense of worth and gives it harmony. If it be asked by what right we speak of any belief enhancing the value of life, the answer is that we can do so provisionally and by virtue of certain hypotheses we have been led to form as to what actually does contribute to the fullness of life. We are presented with the broad ever-flowing stream of experience. The mind selects certain facts from the presentation and attaches to them a certain value. But it does so at its own risk." The method is one of ethical valuation.

It cannot be said that the pragmatic position is satisfactory. The mind craves for some unifying principle which will transcend and explain multiplicity. Even James, the High Priest of Pragmatism, hankers after some Platonic standpoint from the instability of which the flux can be measured. More recent philosophers, while accepting all the implications of pluralism, have made one more effort to solve the problem of the One and the Many by an Ethical Theism.

So in pursuit of our philosophical goals for deciding whether some revolutionary idea is valid? I pointed out in my second section that the Guilds stood for a revaluation of life in spiritual rather than in material terms, that the category to be employed was personality, and that these two statements appeared to involve an Ethical Theism. This contention is further strengthened by the discovery that Guildism stands in the Pluralist rather than the Absolutist tradi-

tion. If then we are pluralists we cannot rest content with pluralism, but must seek the fusion of the One and the Many in a Great Personality. In a recent number of The New Age, Mr. G. R. Thomson has made one more effort to solve the problem which the Pluralist has to face. His statement is thus expressed: "So far as an older woman is concerned, however competent, (of course the War period must be excluded from one's review) one is worse off than ever before. Never in all my experience have things been so chaotic, so confused, and, if one may so express it, so reckless. One has to contend with (1) the flapper who ought still to be at school and under proper training; the three or six months required for proficiency in typing is no training in any real sense; (2) the real, genuine, self-dependent woman, who after 30 finds it increasingly difficult to get work; (4) the workers of girls belonging to well-off families, many of whom are subsidised, thus creating an artificial element in the labour market; (4) the married woman who came in during the war and declines to depart. The wives of well-off officials, professors at Oxford and Cambridge, fashionable doctors, Stock Exchange men, and the like. Could not Mrs. Kinnell turn her activities in this direction? I can assure her that this is where the bitterness is felt, not by genuine women workers against genuine men workers, for whom great sympathy should be felt, as many of them, though not absolutely at the bottom, will never really recover their health after the strain and ordeal of the War."

I shall not stop at this moment to discuss this letter; the position taken up in it is practically that taken up by myself, and that I may say I have foretold for the last fifteen years in the "Nineteenth Century," The New Age, and elsewhere. So much so, that in suggesting remedies the "Queen" spoke of my Socialistic proposals. I have also had a most deeply interesting and valuable letter from a man well known in the world of labour. He agrees with me that the "Woman Movement" has got on to wholly wrong lines, and that its tendency to regard the more women who enter industry as the more beneficial rather than the reverse, to be wholly wrong. Will he forgive me, if I say that I regret that he will not state his views publicly with his name attached? I am certain many men would follow him while now afraid of being thought to do anything that might seem to work against women. The main point of his letter is conveyed in these words: "I wish before you go any further you would express your attitude about 'equal pay,' and whichever side you take up explain to me your reasons and justification; for," he goes on to say, "it seems to me one of those matters theoretically and morally opposed in principle to practice. In theory 'equal pay' seems the only 'justice,' but in practice it seems to me to work out most unfairly and disastrously." But surely if the practice of a prac-
Justice." But so far from "Justice" being on the
although it is true that some women have others to
situation that is taking place everywhere before our
support, this is accidental, it is not a normal condition ;
marriage on that. Moreover, these women will be con-
pretation of the same work and the same motley — Work
apart from all others, we shall be making marriage
number of women were taken on. I asked the manager,
"equal pay," because it believes that under it men will have
fairer chance. Are they right? Consider for a moment
simply to disregard a general truth. Speaking generally,
and if we regard the matter in its wider consequences
"Yes, a good many of them." I then said, "And at
prattles of Ruskin, Pater.
She talks of Art,
Art is derivative," and "Art, what is it?"

TRIFILER.
She "does things," "writes a bit," and plays a bit,
She paints, also
She talks of Art.

January 15, 1920

should be something in which a man can develop all
that is best in him and have the opportunity of rising to
higher types of work, which brings us to the general
consideration touched on above of the different aspects
of man's work and woman's work. A man goes into
his work intending, if he have anything of enterprise,
to rise to better things. Work to him represents, if
faithfully done, the joys of marriage; and after mar-
riage he becomes more valuable. He becomes more
steady, more responsible. Consequently, a man's work
represents a permanent element. A woman, if she be a
natural daughter of Eve, hopes after a certain period of
drugery, to re-enter home-life. Consequently, under
the very best auspices a woman does not view her work
(let us hope she never will) in the same light as a man
does; and she is, as our bank manager so truly said,
only as a rule anxious to earn sufficient to keep her,
and, if she be fortunate enough, to put by enough for
a rainy day, if she remain unmarried. Viewed in this
light, so it appears to me, the man's work allowing
for more initiative on his part, and more development
of character and ability, seems to me of more service
to the State than a woman's, outside the home. Ought
we to exclude all these considerations? Moreover, on
the very ground of equality, "as I have already said, if
we go a little deeper into the question, it is surely most
unjust, and unjust not only to the man, but to his wife,
and to his children, whose wants will be narrowed down
in time to those of the single woman worker. After a
time the salary assigned by the bank manager to the
average woman, let us even say at £4 a week, will be-
come the standard for the next relay of women bank
clerks, meaning, ultimately, not only a lowering of the
quality of the work, but a lowering of actual payment.
Even the conditions of "equal pay" are not identical, if
we probe a little below the surface. If there is one
form of employment which seems to present exactly the
same conditions, it is that of the chauffeur. Yet on in-
quiry I find that though the actual external activities
are the same, the circumstances are not identical. In
numberless cases all through the War, the smart attrac-
tive woman "chauffeur" has not done precisely the
same work as that of her male rival. She has paid for
the cleaning of her car and has been saved much of the
dirty, disagreeable work that the man, probably mar-
rried, must do. He cannot afford to pay 1s. 6d. out of £1
or £2 5s. a week for cleaning. And that is typical of
much of the labour of the day. I am afraid I have ex-
ceeded my space, and I must defer further consideration
of these matters till next week.

H. R. BARROW.
FOREIGN TRADE.—A good deal of poisonous nonsense has been written on the subject of foreign trade; and it is too often the case that a large majority of people have been deceived by it. The fact, however, that this country is situated on an island, and hence that we can easily envisage it as a single co-operative factory, ought to have saved us, of all people, from falling into the error of supposing that a healthy foreign trade is anything more than the exchange of superfluities against necessities. A foreign trade, confined to this kind of exchange, would, indeed, be the wisest thing we could desires and obtains what the other does not want; and it is to be feared that the majority of people have been deceived by it. The fact, however, that this equality of exchanges is, of course, untrue to fact; for foreign trade, in the sense of our total wealth had been increased as the consequence of our cooperative labour. Everything we should have exported we could well afford to export; and everything we should have obtained in exchange for our exports was something more desirable or necessary than the goods we sent abroad. This reasonable description of the proper nature of foreign trade is, of course, entirely true to fact; for foreign trade, in the sense in which our commercial classes employ and persuade the public to employ the term, is something wholly different in principle and practice from the exchange of superfluities against necessities. It is commonly implied, even by these, however, that the bulk of our exports consists of the exchange of goods against goods; but the following questions are seldom ventilated: In the first place, are they real superfluities that we export, or are they only forced superfluities arising from the fact that many of our people have to go unsatisfied even of the things this island produces in abundance? In the second place, are the goods imported in return for our exports really necessary, or are they in great part luxuries only available for the small class of the wealthy? And, in the third place, are goods imported to the equivalent of the goods exported, or is it not the fact that many of our exports are only nominally paid for in the form of credit? These questions, it will be found, go to the very roots of the whole problem of foreign trade; and nobody is entitled to discuss the subject who has not asked and answered them. The answers, however, are very simple. The reply to the first question is obvious; we export forced superfluities—in other words, goods that are really needed here, but cannot be bought by those who need them. The reply to the second question is equally obvious: we import a mass of luxuries available only for the wealthy few. These latter are really starving our population and exploiting our island's resources merely to make themselves wealthy in luxuries and in claims on foreign debtors.

A Reformer's Note-Book.

VEGETARIANISM.—The rational arguments both for and against vegetarianism can easily be reduced to absurdity. On the one hand, the vegetarians contended that their objection to eating meat is an objection to taking life, it can be replied to them with perfect consistency that in eating vegetables they are taking life also; and the comparison of animal with vegetable life is irrelevant to the discussion. On the other hand, when the carnivori contend that it is their right to take us the food the creatures that are most readily assimilable by mankind, they are exposed to the absurd necessity of defending cannibalism. If vegetarians will not eat meat because it involves the taking of life, they must, in logic, confine their diet to mineral substances. But likewise, if meat-eaters will insist on eating meat because a habit has gone through the process of assimilating the vegetable world, they must in logic include in their diet the meat of their fellow humans. In fact, of course, the mere logic of the two opposed contentions is not only inconclusive, it has nothing to do with the respective cases. The vegetarian's defence for his vegetarianism is the effect rather than the cause of his attitude; and, to the same degree, the defence of the meat-eater is merely formal. Not a soul would be moved by either one or the other. But what, then, is the real ground of the vegetarian and the meat-eater respectively? It is undoubtedly sentiment in the one case, and practical convenience in the other. Having said this, however, it must not be supposed that the question is thereby settled, least of all in favour of the meat-eater; for we must observe that, unlike the sentiment employed in many other acts of judgment, the sentiment in favour of vegetarianism is common to all civilised mankind. From being peculiar to the practising vegetarian, the sentiment against taking life for the purpose of eating the corpse is common to most people, including, of course, the meat-eaters themselves. And thus it may be said that the case for vegetarianism simply, goes by default of any sufficient answer. But what, then, is the excuse for the meat-eater, since, ex hypothesi, he would rather, if he had his way, be dispensed from the taking of animal life? It is, as has been said, practical convenience only; for it is the fact, and not a mere theory, that meat-eating is more convenient than vegetarianism—at least, in the countries where the issue is raised as a problem of debate. But we must consider this question of practical convenience a little more closely. Why is it more convenient for us to eat meat? The answer is to be found, not so much in the nature of meat, but in the way that we have got the habit of eating meat, which is more hostile in sentiment to the taking of life, but in the education of man. For most of us, by the time we have arrived at an age to understand the question, the practical convenience of eating meat has been not only settled, it has become a habit both difficult and somewhat dangerous to drop. We are in the situation of people accustomed from childhood to a particular drug, the effect of which, if not harmful, is, at any rate, unpleasing to contemplate. We cannot, however, leave it off without a re-education of our whole system which practical consideration, make well-nigh impossible. It is in this plight that the majority of meat-eaters find themselves when they are called upon to offer their opinion. Their sentiment, that is to say, is in favour of vegetarianism, but all their acquired needs and conveniences are opposed to it. The conclusion to be drawn is that vegetarianism must be begun young. It is in the vast majority of cases to expect adults to undertake the trouble and risk of beginning their lives all over again. Few of them can afford either the leisure or the effort necessary to the success of the attempt. But children who from infancy are brought up on a vegetarian diet would never learn the habit of eating meat, and, in consequence, have nothing to unlearn. In a single generation, vegetarians could by this means make vegetarians of a nation.
Relativity and Metaphysics.

To recapitulate. Ego-entities are related by times and spaces. These relations are imposed on our minds as the condition of being conscious. Times and spaces are not ego-entities; they are relations of ego-entities as conditioned by our consciousness. And, being conditions of consciousness, they are continual and continuous, and can be readily compared and therefore measured; whereas ego-entities, which may be intermittent and discontinuous as our own ego sometimes is, are not always comparable and seldom lend themselves to measurement. Also we are, by introspection, made aware that the ego cannot be unless it act, for how can the ego become completely passive and remain conscious? As Bergson would say, consciousness involves change.

Hence we are not justified in thinking that any ego-entity is in time and space unless and until it act, for time and space are mere conditions of consciousness, and things so void of action as not to be in any consciousness cannot be subject to conditions applying to consciousness alone. Thus we deny existence to any ego-entity that does not act, and allow it existence only when and while it does act, and we assign to time and space, the conditions of consciousness that make action possible, existence of entirely a different kind.

To Be Is To Act.

Now, physical force has existence of the first kind. It is an ego-entity. It is something I can be and am when I will a movement. Hence, to say where an ego-entity is, we must ask where does it act, and no thing continues to exist that does not continue to act. Some ego-entities, it seems, act always, e.g., the attraction which primordial centres of the force called gravity have, each for all, inversely proportional to the distance separating them. The attraction is continual, but not, in every sense, continuous, since it acts in as many lines from each centre of force as there are other centres of force in the universe to be joined to it, and no more. If this attraction is continual, the resistance opposed by each centre of force in yielding is also continual, and inertia is then another force which acts always. Other ego-entities are not continual, but intermittent, acting only when motions of the centres of force bring the latter into positions which determine their appearance, and ceasing to act when the positions reached determine the disappearance of these forces, e.g., sundry molecular and atomic repulsions. To these three types of ego-entities—gravity, inertia, and impact—all physical forces conform. The success of one is found always to accompany the failure of another, as measured by the change of acceleration in either case.

Thus we find centres of force moving throughout the universe in all directions with perpetual accelerations (or retardations), either of both of which bring into play and measure the reversed effective force—that is to say, the force of inertia (for which augmentation is defeat and diminution success)—and measure equally the success or failure of the forces of gravity or impact, etc., causing these changes of acceleration.

At every instant the total of successes is equivalent to the total of defeats. This law, which embodies D'Alembert's principle, is expressed in the equation

$$\Sigma \delta p + \Sigma \delta m \frac{dv}{dt} = 0.$$

from which the law of the conservation of energy may be derived, providing the centres of force comprised in \( m \) remain the same.*

* The law of the conservation of energy seems to be denied by the Universe as a whole, since all parts of it continually radiate energy into space. A more correct, unless we consider the magnitude of the Universe to be ever expanding with the velocity of light in all direc-

The principle of the conservation of energy makes it necessary to take into account interstellar energy, which is the energy of radiation in transit. The old question, "What becomes of the light during an interval of eight minutes or so, after it has left the sun and before it reaches the earth, and where is its energy in the meantime?" was met by the hypothesis of a luminiferous ether endowed with properties difficult to reconcile with one another, the credibility of which has been still further diminished by growth of evidence in favour of theories of relativity, and the theory of quanta with which the existence of ether is incompatible.

If the belief in an interstellar medium for the propagation of light is abandoned, the forces of which light is the play cannot act there, and light in free space is not—does not exist. For light being a play or rhythm of ego-entities that cannot be where they do not act, there is no light where it does not shine, and it cannot properly be said to be propagated in free space. The energy of radiation in transit is therefore energy which does not now exist, but energy which inevitably will exist, being thus an example of potential or latent energy, on the model of which it has always been necessary to form a conception, for an essential component of energy conserved.

To Act Is To Be.

Hence, wherever action is continuous, being continues. In so far as we can say that inertia and gravity are in perpetual action, the primordial centres of force which harbour them perpetually exist. Which is as much as to say matter is indestructible. The forces inherent in a given material object as measured in space and time, however, will remain the same only as long as the conditions governing activity of the consciousness remain unaltered, and, according to the theory of relativity, spatial and temporal measurement of the forces exhibited in matter do undergo changes which, as has already been pointed out, must be ascribed to alterations of the conditions in which consciousness is active. Hence, though the conservancy of energy be sustained, the conservancy of matter must be abandoned, except in the sense that the primordial centres of force that are the seats of the forces manifested to us as matter may be everlasting. What is measured remains, though the measurements change.

Nevertheless, those phenomena on which the quantum theory has been erected suggest that the primordial centres of force have not perpetual existence, but do have a life of finite duration like our own ego-entity. To comply with these phenomena of quanta we have only to suppose that, on the completion of a fixed quantity of action, the primordial centre of forces dies, and is reborn, but not necessarily in the same place or at the same instant, for the place and time of rebirth, when radiation occurs, will be determined by the laws governing distribution of radiant energy, whether within or without the molecule.

These laws preserve the principle of conservation of energy, with the qualification that no energy can pass by radiation, save in quanta of the defined amounts determined by the action of primordial centres of force undergoing metempsychosis. The quantum theory of radiation supposes, however, that radiation does not take place in all directions, but is confined, as gravity is confined, to lines joining the elementary particles of which the Universe consists. In that case radiation from outer bodies would be unilateral, while radiations from those within would be undistinguishable from uniform in all directions. If we may imagine a body of the Universe, we must imagine it attracted inwards, whereas the attraction of the stars on the solar system as a whole, such as it is, must be nearly the same all round.

Radiation from an inner body, qualified as it is by reflec-

The New Age
theory is as subversive of the received mechanics as the theory of relativity, and deserves the same attention. Until the common sense of scientific men accepts this, art does not act or act where it is not, men of science are unlikely to succeed in reconciling the phenomena of quanta with the laws of nature.

R. W. Western

Drama

By John Francis Hope

Some weeks ago I referred to a speech made by Mr. Martin Harvey at the Theatrical Conference organised by the British Drama League. In the course of that speech he deplored the state of the drama in London; declared that in the provinces "the taste of the people for the best and the greatest is as healthy as ever it was," which may well be true without being important; and also, on the basis of a speech made by himself ten years earlier, and the experience of Irving at the Lyceum, revived the legend that Shakespeare does not pay. His production of "Hamlet" at Covent Garden will I expect, convey him in his belief; the facts that Mr. Fagan makes Shakespeare pay at the Court Theatre, and that Henry Ainley will certainly add another to the list of successful productions with "Julius Caesar" (and I confidently expect the finest Marc Antony of my generation from him), will not for one moment change his belief in the legend, supported as it is by the evidence of the box office. The trouble with Mr. Martin Harvey is that he thinks that he is an artist (instead of a person of artistic temperament) and accepts the common fallacy that art has to be produced as clearly as the pianist produces his caviare to the general. "Hamlet himself held that fallacious opinion, and preferred the fustian poetry of the players to his own marvellous being. Mr. Martin Harvey really thinks that, because "Hamlet" is a work of art, it ought not to pay; and, so help him, God! he will do his best to prevent it from being understood by the multitude. Like St. Paul, he will "show" us a mystery, but, unlike St. Paul, he will not attempt to interpret that mystery.

The production is familiar to me; I know the setting and the curtains, and I must have seen it at the Prince of Wales' Theatre about six or seven years ago, in a season when Mr. Martin Harvey also produced "The Taming of the Shrew." Since then, I suppose, he has hawked it round the provinces, where "the taste of the people for the best and the greatest is as healthy as ever it was," and has brought it back to London very much the worse for wear in all except its setting and dresses. His Switzers certainly look like a Hippodrome chorus; but the colour arrangement is good, and if Mr. Harvey would only desist from the provincial vulgarity of the limelight beam, which makes the Ghost look as substantial as a tin of bully-beef, and use a diffused light, there would be nothing to complain of in the appearance of the play.

But the acting and the production are another matter. Drama may be in a parlous condition in London; but we have dozens of actors in London who would play Mr. Harvey off the stage with one speech, and his production has become a fine art since Mr. Harvey last played "Hamlet" in London. And no play needs more careful production than "Hamlet"; its drama is not the obvious drama of action, it is the obscure drama of a soul in conflict, and that conflict has to be produced as clearly as the pianist produces the theme amid all the complexity of the variations. Everything counts in "Hamlet"; there is the normal life of the court going on, with this undertone of the supernatural expressing itself through Hamlet's melancholy and aloofness, sounding at inopportune moments a note of warning, arousing suspicion of and attracting attention to Hamlet in an increasing degree, until the issue of intrigue between the King and Hamlet is clear. It is the murder of Polonius that reveals his danger to the King:

"It had been so with us, and we been there. His liberty is in his liberty, To you yourself, to us, to every one. Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd? It will be told us, whose providence

I think; so was Charles Glenney and several others. Mr. Harvey seems to engage him in conversation with the hope that speech will enlarge into friendliness, is, for ever, most dangerously trying to insinuate himself into the position not only of a father but of a confidential friend. Hamlet as persistently rejects his overtures, turns from his uncle to his mother with insulting deliberation:

"I shall in all my best obey you, madam," is his first snub to Claudius' ostentatious goodwill. Time and again, Hamlet flouts him, evades his friendly openings; whenever Claudius opens his mouth, Hamlet puts his foot in it, until, when the King bids him farewell in the phrase, " Thy loving father, Hamlet," Hamlet has a last kick at him. "My mother: father and mother is man and wife: man and wife is one flesh: and so, my mother." That is the theme of the action, that is the conflict that has to be shown: Claudius trying to win Hamlet to friendly acceptance of the usurpation; Hamlet, vowed to vengeance, rejecting or evading all his overtures; Claudius puzzling himself with conjectures of Hamlet's reasons for unfriendliness, and at last, in the murder of Polonius, seeing a purpose dangerous to himself in Hamlet's inexplicable conduct. But to produce this would require not only talent but hard work; and Mr. Martin Harvey, like most provincial actors with a repertory, is not a hard worker. Mr. Roland Pertwee's recent novel, "The Old Card," deals faithfully with these survivals of the time when actors could live on the memory of their previous popularity, and I invite Mr. Harvey to read that book and heed its warning, lest the fate of "the old card" fall on him. It may be a legitimate source of pride to him that he was one of Irving's men at the Lyceum; but so was the late Sydney Valentine, I think; so was Charles Glenney and several others who have learnt to act since then. Mr. Harvey seems to have forgotten everything except the fact that he used to play with "the Chief" (the voice breaks on the word) and to have learned nothing else. He walks through "Hamlet" (in London, at Covent Garden) with an indifference to everything that the play means, that may be impressive to the inhabitants of Wigan, but is preposterous in London, particularly after H. B. Irving's Hamlet. He even singles out the Ghost without apparently the slightest idea that Hamlet is startled into an hysterical outburst by the discovery of Ophelia's death. One might pardon his refusal to act with his legs if his delivery of the words made the text unintelligible, but his cadences are mere gibberish of it, and he is well supported in his efforts to make "Hamlet" a meaningless muddle through the dictionary by the whole of his company, except Mr.
Donald Caldhrop, who plays Osric. For the few moments that he is on the stage, we see an impersonation that is effective; the gorgeous apparel, the twitting walk, the elaborate genuflexions, the affected speech, make Osric the only real person on the stage―and he was a most artificial person. I shall remembe. de Silva’s Ophelia; it ranks with Miss Doris Keane’s Juliet, Miss Mary Grey’s Portia, and Mrs. Nettlefold’s Desdemona, as one of the awful examples of what may happen to a woman who is married to a manager. The tyranny of the harem is as nothing compared with the tyranny of the theatre; the politer at least does not compel his wives to exhibit their incompetence to the public. If Miss de Silva could only see herself as Ophelia from the front, she would curse the fact that Hamlet loved her; she is convincing only in the funeral scene, which, of course, she does not play.

Readers and Writers.

Hovelaque’s “Les Causes profondes de la Guerre” is either the original or a plagiarism of Mr. G. K. Chesterton’s theory that the war was only an episode in the eternal “revolt” against “Rome.” I put these words into quarantine to signify that they are to be handled with care; for it is not only Germany or Rome that is in question, but the psychological characteristics and the relation between them which they embody. Thus raised to psychological dimensions, Germany and Rome become principles, types of mentality: in radical opposition. Germany is of one camp, Rome is of the other; and, given the fact of their inherent antagonism, war between them is endless. Mr. Mann, a German writer, has carried the subject further; he has entered into particulars; and I find his classification rather interesting. In the following pairs of qualities, tabulated by Mr. Mann, the first of each is to be attributed to “Germany,” and the other to “Rome.”

**Heroic, rational:** People, masses; personality, individuality; culture, civilisation; spiritual life, social life; aristocracy, democracy; romance, Classicism; nationalism, internationalism. I do not know how Mr. Chesterton will fare among these pairs of opposites; for it appears to me that his preferences are to be found at least as often among the “German” group as among the “Roman.”

There is another pair which Mr. Mann has not mentioned, though it has been brought close home to many of us. The German “Persius” has confessed that “the lie has always been one of Germany’s chief weapons, both by land and sea.” The lie, however, is not the “Roman” way; the “Roman” way is silence; and anybody engaged in the dissemination of ideas knows, which of the two forms of opposition is the more difficult to meet. After all, the liar takes risks; moreover, he does the idea he opposes the honour of noticing it if only to lie about it. But silence risks nothing; it kills without leaving a trace.

Leaving the subject where for the moment it is, we can inquire whether the suggested antagonism is not altogether false. Is Rome so eternal as all that, or Germany either? “M. B. Oxon” has familiarised us with a view that represents the map of Europe as a map, primarily, of minds, and I can discover in his map no confirmation of the statement that it is Rome and Germany that are in permanent conflict. On the contrary, what he calls “formal mind”—in other words, the rationalistic consciousness—appears to me to distinguish “Roman” and “German” as much as does the “Roman” qualities are better integrated, and that the “Roman” type is more completely a “man of the world.” But, in comparison with a type of the universal man, the type of the whole world, I doubt whether it can be said that the “Roman” is much more inclusive than the German. Both exclude a good deal; and thus the opposition between them is not of principle, but of accident, the accident being that the anthology of qualities which we call “Rome” differs from the anthology called Germany. It would follow from this that so far from being in necessarily eternal conflict, “Rome” and “Germany” are susceptible of a synthesis in which the qualities of each will complement the qualities of the other. “Germany,” in other words, needs to Romanise, while “Rome” needs to Germanise. Their approach to each other would mark the end of the conflict.

In so far as it is true that “Germany” represents the “elemental instincts always in revolt against “Rome,” “the representative of the supremacy of reason” (Hovelaque), there are grounds for believing that a psychological rapprochement is necessary to the psychic health no less than to the peace of Europe.

Long before the war, we heard even in this country, the criticism of the right of reason to supremacy; and, strangely enough, it was from Rome, not from Germany, that Mr. Chesterton that the criticism came most powerfully. “Germany,” in that case, may certainly be said to have taken the lead in the active revolt against Rome; but it, too, we must observe, against a Rome already weakened from within by the dissensions with Rome itself. So, the isolation of Rome was but the final phase of one of the leading “Romans.” The fact is that the “supremacy of reason,” for which “Rome” stands, is always in danger, like every other supremacy, of degenerating into a dictatorship; and the dictatorship which reason was establishing before the war involved precisely the suppression of the “elemental instincts” attributed to Germany. The so-called encirclement of Germany was, in fact, and in psychological terms, the rational encirclement of instinct; and I must again observe that it was not in geographical Germany alone that the encirclement was felt to be oppressive, but in every “German within us,” in so far as each of us contained “elemental instincts” of any kind. Am I making myself reasonably plain? Are my readers following me? The meaning of what I am saying is that the elemental instincts, call them German, or anything you please, cannot be permanently suppressed by a reason; or, in the words of Mr. Mann, “reason” is not necessary that reason should attempt such a dictatorship. Its rule should be that of a constitutional monarch under the direction of representatives, not of itself, but of the elemental instincts.

The practical conclusion which I wish to draw is that the “eternal antagonism” of “Rome” and “Germany” is not a necessary fact in psychology. It becomes a fact only when “Rome” aims at a dictatorship of reason to the inevitable isolation and suppression of “Germany.” Reason must learn how to cultivate its instincts.

I do not imagine that Mr. Chesterton identifies “Rome” with the Holy See; on the other hand, no doubt, he is interesting, however, to remark that before the war, and for a considerable period during the war, the policy of the Holy See was directed to the suppression of the “Roman” type of Germany. I have often wondered why a Catholic like M. Hovelaque accommodates his thesis with that fact. If the war, as he says, was only an episode in the secular conflict of Germany with Rome (meaning the Roman Church as the spiritual successor of the Roman Empire), how came it that before and during the war the directors of the Roman Church were pro-German? Something must surely be wrong here; for either the Roman Church did not take that view of Germany which M. Hovelaque has defined, or, as seems to me more probable, the Holy See had another end in view than victory over Germany, namely, alliance with a
prospectively victorious Germany! With this key, I think, the mystery is unlocked for the ordinary man, however much it continues sealed to the faithful. As the "Times Literary Supplement" recently said: "Modernists understand no better than Newman the springs of Roman ecclesiastical policy, which is never fanatical or illusory, but always based on cool political calculation." And, undoubtedly, the "cool political calculation" of the Holy See, both before and during the first years of the war, was that Germany would win. If this was not the case, how are we to explain the change of policy when it began to appear that Germany, after all, was not to be the victor? That at a certain stage in the war, such a change took place is well known to everybody; and it was openly admitted in the Catholic "Dublin Review." "The pendulum of Catholicism," said the "Dublin Review," "has swung away from Germany ...... and with the English-speaking peoples and their Latin allies lies the Catholic order in the era of the future." The "eternal conflict" theory must go by the board after this; for it obviously fails to fit the facts. To the plain man the case is even plainer. The Holy See in supporting Germany before and during the war, believed that she was backing the winner. When it appeared otherwise, "cool political calculation" suggested the advisability of backing the real winner.

R. C. H.

Specific Response.

The Freudian Wish. By E. B. Holt, (Fisher Unwin, 4s. 6d.)

In America, for reasons which I will leave to the reader to work out, vastly more attention has been paid to Freud than is the case in this country. A notable bloom has resulted in the shape of Mr. E. B. Holt's book, "The Freudian Wish." As far as pure psycho-analysis is concerned, Mr. Holt appears to be a Freudian, and to accept Freud's psycho-analytic findings, if we observe that he has read more into Freud than Freud actually intended to convey. This appears to be partly the result of perhaps more book reading than practice, and partly because his work was probably written before he made the acquaintance of Jung. His rather cautious remarks on mythology show, I think, that he must have written before Jung's books came to his notice. For he deals entirely with the personality, and the individual is living, and the act of living is a specified function of the libido in the bee doing -"what environment makes a man live?" We had better look at the man in the street who, when tired, complains that he feels no "go" in him. The environment necessary to life in its primal sense is, of course, energy. To continue, sensory stimuli and reflexes are at the bottom of life. So we must imagine that energy is perpetually stimulating us, that man is an embodiment of energy. "Objects attain their objectivity by their inherent specific response," says the Vishnupurana (Pt. I, Sect. IV). To continue further, we know that when the cerebrum receives an external stimulus, that part of the body which the stimulated spot innervates acts in just the same manner as when we make a volitional movement of that part. Also, stimulus to a nerve causes the muscles supplied by it to react. And likewise, when the sympathetic nervous system is awakened by an external stimulus, the reaction is the same as when we are stirred by emotion. This looks very much as though we are energy, but always the environment is the psychiatrist, the point he wishes to make is, that the academic psychologists are entirely wrong in looking for the cause of an action in the organism itself, and that this cause must be sought in the environment. The psychologist has hitherto pinned his faith on reflex action. The example Mr. Holt chooses is a bee gathering honey; and he demonstrates most conclusively that by observing the individual reflex actions of the bee one after the other, the psychologists have missed entirely the consideration of what the bee doing, namely, gathering honey. That is the complete integrated "specific response" of the bee to its environment, and the important thing to be noted is that with this integration of reflexes there is "recession of the stimulus." Reflex piled upon reflex causes the initial stimulus to disappear from the picture. "We behold invariably that every living thing is in every waking moment doing something or other to some feature or other of its environment." It is going toward or away from something, it is hunting or eating; more developed organisms are working or playing, reading, writing, or talking, are making money or spending it, are constructing or destroying something; and at a still higher stage of development we find them curing disease, alleviating poverty, impressing the oppressed, and promoting one or another form of orderliness." The individual's activity is a "constant function of its environment."

There is no getting athwart this; but we might find it profitable to analyze it a little further. "What is this man doing? What is this man doing?" says the psychiatrist. We must analyse back and back, we shall have to say finally that he is living. Analogously with the bee, he is a function of the human libido.

Here I am going to try to add something to Mr. Holt on the matter of objectivity and subjectivity. Mr. Holt maintains on the strength of his conclusions that what we have hitherto called the subjective world is "the subtler workings of integrated objective mechanisms." If we always bear in mind the reservation that the Platonic dispute over the one and the many never came to an end, we can admit that He is quite right, so far as the individual is concerned. Now the individual is living, and the act of living is a specified integrated response to environment. But what environment makes a man live? We had better look at the man in the street who, when tired, complains that he feels no "go" in him. The environment necessary to life in its primal sense is, of course, energy. To continue, sensory stimuli and reflexes are at the bottom of life. So we must imagine that energy is perpetually stimulating us, that man is an embodiment of energy. "Objects attain their objectivity by their inherent specific response," says the Vishnupurana (Pt. I, Sect. IV). To continue further, we know that when the cerebrum receives an external stimulus, that part of the body which the stimulated spot innervates acts in just the same manner as when we make a volitional movement of that part. Also, stimulus to a nerve causes the muscles supplied by it to react. And likewise, when the sympathetic nervous system is awakened by an external stimulus, the reaction is the same as when we are stirred by emotion. This looks very much as though we are energy, but always the environment is the psychiatrist, the point he wishes to make is, that the academic psychologists are entirely wrong in looking for the cause of an action in the organism itself, and that this cause must be sought in the environment. The psychologist has hitherto pinned his faith on reflex action. The example Mr. Holt chooses is a bee gathering honey; and he demonstrates most conclusively that by observing the individual reflex actions of the bee one after the other, the psychologists have missed entirely the consideration of what the bee doing, namely, gathering honey. That is the complete integrated "specific response" of the bee to its environment, and the important thing to be noted is that with this integration of reflexes there is "recession of the stimulus." Reflex piled upon reflex causes the initial stimulus to disappear from the picture. "We behold invariably that every living thing is in every waking moment doing something or other to some feature or other of its environment." It is going toward or away from something, it is hunting or eating; more developed organisms are working or playing, reading, writing, or talking, are making money or spending it, are constructing or destroying something; and at a still higher stage of development we find them curing disease, alleviating poverty, impressing the slipped, and promoting one or another form of orderliness." The individual's activity is a "constant function of its environment."

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from Mr. Holt, and have been speculating in an unjustifiable manner. Well, if we admit the truth of his contentions, and I cannot see how we can well do otherwise, then I maintain that our speculations are not in any way unjustifiable. It they should appear so, then it is because I have been clumsy in my phraseology, and not on any either logical or intuitional grounds. We must remember the Platonic doctrine of intellect, soul (emotion) and body, the one above the other, and the one blending into the other. And we must remember Mr. Holt's own observation that thought is often an irrelevant embroidery on action, as witnessed by his train-catching man. Here, too, I cannot refrain from picking a small quarrel with Mr. Holt for his monism, and saying with Jung that psychology will be forced eventually to recognise a plurality of principles. The one is the many just as much as is the many the one.

J. A. M. Alcock.

Music.

By William Atheling.

London has, as is well known, a new star among orchestral conductors. Mr. Albert Coates, the much-discussed, has evolved a style. At the Queen's Hall (December 17) the Overture to "Le Nozze" was presented with the bar divisions clearly marked. Mr. Coates seemed to have ingurgitated the music on the basis of those little perpendicular lines, and the idea of music as a structure of larger pieces of rhythm did not emerge, nor did the underrow of the work become apparent. Marguerite Niellka seemed to find certain Balkanic impediments between herself and "Voi che sapete"; the words were indistinct, the singing good enough to have passed in a performance of the whole opera, but lacking distinction, and not interesting enough to stand being sung apart from the context. In "Non so piu" the words were not heard; they were too faint and swallowed, but the voice was capable of filling the hall with ease and sweetness.

In these arias Coates got the real pull of the music, as differentiated from the mere division of rhythm. He carried the music over the singer, or imposed it upon her. The double basses did excellent work. In the Gluck "Orpheus" Coates showed his authority over his orchestra. In the "Iphigenie" the violins were excellent. Madame Niellka's French was difficult to follow; she pronounced pere peire, yelled slightly in English opera; toward the end of the recitative she missed a number of places, and was up in one or two places, and was up to the general level of English opera; toward the end of the recitative she missed a number of phrases. Perhaps Coates' best conducting was in the exquisite introduction to the "Air."

The last movement of Korsakov's Scheherazade suite is a triumph of orchestration. The mastery is everywhere present; one notes the perfect scale and graduation from one instrument from the delicacy of the solo violin, to the massed thunder of the whole ensemble of instruments; here for once one has the whole demonstration of causes why the orchestra has superseded chamber music, why this huge instrument has swept away so much of the fine work made for instruments of smaller calibre. In the "Alabief" which was not worth singing, but which gave a chance for technical display, the voice seemed older than the woman producing it.

The starred number was the Scriabin "Poème d'Extase." Here, as in the Korsakov, Coates showed his realisation of the capacities of his orchestra, but the extase is senescent; it is manifestly not the extase of youth; the long beginning is like the prose of its era, heavy as Henry James or as Charles Louis Philippe, fin de siècle, of an extreme and laborious sophistication, Coates doing admirably, Scriabin conscientiously avoiding the obvious in everything save the significance, and treating one of the oldest topics with anatomic minuteness, though possibly unconscious of his humour, anatomic even to the notes given on the triangle, spurring one to quotations from Gautier's "Carmen." The double basses superb, but one longed, possibly, for the older spirit of English Mayday. It is too late to emend the title; we quarrel with no work of art because of title lightly or sarcastically given, but we think Scriabin would have been kinder to his audience if he had labelled this poem "Satire upon an Old Gentleman," or possibly "Confessions of Trouble," supposing all the time he knew: We entertain doubts, however, as to just how far his artlessness extended.

While the public can find orchestral concerts, price the same, it is a little difficult to discover why they go at all to piano recitals, and with the flow of time one rather wonders at young men taking up the piano as a profession. The onus upon the solo-pianist is very heavy; if he divides his concert with a vocalist, he becomes, at once, second fiddle; and to entertain an audience for an hour or more with nothing but a piano is exceedingly difficult, and not more difficult as the public becomes more and more familiar with piano repertoire.

Ivan Philippowsky (Wigmore, December 15) held the attention of the company, though the first three Scarlatti sonatas sounded a little too familiar. In the D minor (fourth in the series) he maintained the move-ment with delicacy, making a firmer advance and getting the maximum effect in the fifth. The sixth was of less importance and interest. He showed a good deal of ease and power in the Schumann F sharp minor, with richness and breadth in upper bass and enough drama to keep one awake; there was a slight break at beginning of scherzo; he picked up the intermezzo, though the railroading in the allegro was not com-mendable.

Yves Tinayre (Kent House, December 19) gave a wholly delightful presentation of French war songs from the Middle Ages to the present. In the Mort Renaud there was roughness in transition from narrative to dramatic passages. It is difficult to maintain the unity in these ballads unless one either kills the whole or give the whole in formal narration; at any rate, one should not break too suddenly from formalism into realism. Tinayre sang the song, and indeed the whole series of songs, very finely with larger and easier voice than last year. "Jerusalem Mirabilis," the fine movement in "Gentle Soldier of the Revolution," the development of rhythm in "Trois Jeunes Tambours" with its superb climax, the élan of "Gallant Soldier," the "En Passant par la Lorraine," combined to make a memorable afternoon, and should have served as demonstration to any doubter that the maximum emotional effect of singing is gained by presentation and not by sentimentality. The "Trois Jeunes Tambours" especially in the suddenness of its turn to the climax is a model of how to make a brief narrative, and Tinayre's singing of it beyond cavil.

The discomfort of the audience when he left the wars in lace and sang "La Carmagnole" was still further tribute to the reality and conviction of his work; the spirit of 1793 arose and breathed all too vividly for the Knightsbridge gathering.

Tinayre had admirably chosen his songs to convey France of the Middle Ages, France of the Grand Siècle, and the France of revolution and democracy. "Le Chant du Départ," was splendid, and had all the vigour which faddists and sentimentalists, during the Dostoievsky craze, used to attribute solely to Russia. "Au près de ma Blonde" and "Faire la Tulipe" were typically French popular art, and the "Marseillaise" is possibly the only national anthem that can be raised to the status of music by competent singing.

It is a great shame that one does not hear the
“Carmagnole” more often, though it is perhaps just as well for established order in general that music of this sort should be reserved for polite surroundings.

Rosing (Eolian, December 13) showed superb suavity in Glinka’s “Ask not a Song,” the voice rich and subtle in graduations, Di Veroli in excellent form. The vocalist then managed to transform our English Purcell into a totally new and unknown Russian composer, and “Thy Hand Beloved” made vers libre; there is nothing to be said against these innovations if the new composer turns out to be better than the old one. Personally I prefer Purcell as he was. The Wagner “Rêves” opened with fine moderation. Strain showed in “Rosignol.” The Moussorgsky “Star” by itself was worth the price of admission, and the “Hoi, my Dniepr,” superb, bravura, distance, rhythm. Both Rosing and Veroli showed great delicacy in the Korsakov encore.

Rosing next gave a splendid rendering of the Countess’s death scene from “The Queen of Spades,” but in the Aria one knew again that Tschaikovsky does not hold after Moussorgsky.

The three groups made a noteworthy concert. I should have stayed for Albert Coates’ Cossack Song, but for an unsumountable obstacle, announced brazenly in the programme.

Those who shared our high opinion of Constantin Stroesco’s capacities will not be surprised to hear that he has received a two years’ engagement to sing the difficult rôle of Pelléas at L’Opéra Comique in Paris. His absence from London is to be regretted. There are singers who have received warmer receptions in London who could not possibly hope for entrance at L’Opéra Comique, and one cannot help rather enjoying such confirmation of one’s own estimate in this particular case.

The Revolt of Intelligence.

By Ezra Pound.

Two great obstacles to human fraternity are religion and nationality; of these religion is probably the worse; religious wars have probably been the most cruel and relentless; in them no laws of chivalry or laws of war were invented; religion has made internecine war, by massacres and inquisitions and tortures. To a mode of our century; Catholics and Protestants, Deists and Agnostics, and even Moslems manage to live in one community without cutting each other’s throats as a habit; moreover, intrigues and campaigns of cunning are at least permissible, above from gorillaism.

Mohomedanism is six hundred years in retard of Christianity, and it is therefore possible to preach pan-Islam with danger; we are further from tolerance than the majority suppose; national prejudice is, in the balance, quicker to arouse. Commercial greed plus a decade of alarmism is enough “to endanger relations” between almost any two countries. “Decade” is possibly under-statement.

I have just received a letter from the American Middle West warning me that “the American is a savage at heart,” that there is nothing to hope for, etc. The writer of this letter is not an “effete Eastern”; he is not a college graduate; he is perhaps a little excitable, but he has been intimate with men in the mines. I offer his sentence without comment.

Americas has for some decades been flooded with “inferior races,” with the “off-spring of the European civilisation does not “advance” with anything resembling solidarity. For utter waste we find example in the way in which the Midde Ages threw aside Roman civilisation; the way in which the counter-reformation cast out the enlightenments of the Renaissance, or the way in which the nineteenth century cast out, many of the intellectual freedoms of the eighteenth.

Human suffering and the barbarian callousness of our marriage laws might drive one not, indeed, to “bold speculation,” but perhaps to re-consideration of the ascribed precedents of great law-makers unencumbered by tribal superstitions and taboos. Against the tortures and vulgarities of the divorce court, the publication of details which are, if anything in this world is, private, we might protect ourselves by a sane law of marriage: marriage, that is, terminable at the will of either party upon six months’ notice. For this six months is a needful guard against whims of the moment and outbursts of temper. Publication after six months’ formal notice, given privately, but by notary or some formal legal registration of “notice.” Re-marriage and impossible until elapse of a further six months. The children to remain with the party from whom the secession is made. In the case of husband leaving wife without means, due provision to be made, a fair proportion of income or capital, both for support of wife and children. Children over 15 or 16 to have privilege of choosing which parent shall have guardianship over them.

It is time we tried to think not only of things immediately “possible” in the civic and legal sphere, but also of desideria, and to think of desideria unhampered by taboo and habit. Such a law allows scope for natural family affections; it would save the needless expense of law courts, and the vulgarity of legal fictions and pretences. The utterly unavailing attempt to settle family affairs from outside is an imbecility. No society can be intelligently over either the scope of the private relations of any other two people to be capable of judgment. Few people are wholly articulate, especially of private affairs, though many are voluble; even a slight magnanimity on the one part making a victim of the slightly magnanimous party.

I should be greatly surprised if one’s opponents could produce a single instance where a lawless and intelligent man has obeyed a court ruling affecting the private details of his life. Every literate man is a belligerent anarchist on some points. That is to say, “his house is his castle”; the difference of these statements is purely stylistic. In certain papers printed for the stupefaction of readers only one form of this statement would be permitted. For both factions we have equal contempt. The contemporary divorce court is a flagrant infringement of privacy. Few men, some those who have explored the contemporary “Press” (daily, weekly, monthly, religious) have any idea of the fathomless blackness of contemporary Caucasian superstition, which makes possible “the divorce court” and many other contemporary evils. The ignorance of the difference between what is new and what is old is of the deepest; the ignorance of the demarcation between precedent, tradition, and innovation is—no, not incredible—but it drives one back to Renan, “La bêtise humaine est la seule chose qui donne une idée de l’infini.”

We turn to a current religious publication, said to have done “a great deal of good.” Voilà!

“Holding the Bible in my two hands, and to my heart, I rejoice to say I believe every word in this book, whether I understand it or not.”

We turn to the work in question: “Then Zipporah took a sharp stone, and cut off the foreskin of her son, and cast it at his feet, and said, Surely a bloody husband thou art to me. So he let him go: then she said, A bloody husband thou art, because of the circumcision.” Exodus IV, 25-26.

Really this work is more entertaining than one remembered it to be, more comic; but that twentieth century man should be influenced by this antique Abracadabra is a degradation, an ignominy past all bounds of the comic. The Roman Church defended her position with great ingenuity in opposing the translation
and popularisation of the Scriptures; or, indeed, any examination of title-deeds; but whatever cerebration Luther and Co. may have incited in their time, five centuries stand witness to very little result. There are still hordes excited by a buncumb prophecy of the approaching end of the world; there are still hordes capable of reading and writing who continue to "rejoice" at Nature's gift of stupidity. As Vanderpyl says of the Balkans, with profound intention: "Ce sont les nations jeunes." The instinct to kill is not extinct or even secretly weakened. This war of 1914-18 is the first that has seen any wide popular disapproval of war. The instinct to kill is still wakeful in nearly all men; fifteen minutes of terror is a sufficient amount to arouse a large part of the "cultivation."

In The New Age one's ruminations appear side by side with "modern thought"; that is to say, I can on one page refer to some statement already a platitude in the eighteenth or in the seventeenth century; on the next page some fellow-contributor puts forth the comparatively obsolete suggestion that a steam plough or dynamo is as good a basis of credit as a lump of gold which possibly does not exist. Of course, a belief in infant damnation or Papal infallibility may not prevent a man from grasping "new" ideas on economics or production or distribution or credit or any other complex issue; but, on the other hand, one may question whether an embeddedness in ancient superstitions, in modes of mentality, erroneously said to be obsolete—to be dead issues—does or does not predispose men to examine new ideas, or any ideas, with fair and open intelligence.

I am aware that this article looks like a mere disjointed heap of unrelated statements, that the connection between divorce, modern economics, belligerent instinct, etc., may not be superficially evident. What I want the reader to consider is the type and types of mentality which cause the obstructions to peace, to "spiritual comfort," to sane economics, to sane "customs"; and which make possible the proliferation of "superstitions" superstitious superstition, left-overs. Some of these clots of superstitions agglutinate about metaphorical clichés like "the blood of the lamb." Translate these clichés into some other equivalent linguistic form, such as "lamb's blood," or call the dove a pigeon and a large part of the nomenclature falls out of them.

Some of the clots are gathered about phrases having genuine entity, such as "La Patrie." In these cases the superstitions are irrelevant elements, never necessary, or obsolete elements no longer necessary to the true entity, but still entangled with it in the popular mind. To call it "lamb's blood" is to invoke the judgment of the judge of the "facts" of spiritualism, has had no other explanation; and in neither case does or does not embody the feeling; in fact, the "value of witness to the miraculous," in Huxley's phrase, has never been higher, because the believer in miracles has had a ready-made explanation, and the sceptic, converted by the miracles, has had no other explanation; and in neither case was there any exhaustive inquiry into the cause of the occurrences. It will at once be realised that spiritualism has been investigated again and again, that scientist after scientist has prepared his tests, has seen them successfully passed, and has been forced by the pressure of evidence to the belief in a directing intelligence apart from that of the medium and the sitters. That is so; and each of these testimonies makes it easier for the ordinary person to give his assent, without inquiry, to an explanation of facts that he finds comforting.

I have referred, on other occasions, to some of the intellectual difficulties of the spiritualistic theory; the book* that I have before me revives in the most acute form the question of the "truth of the facts." Accurate observation of facts is admittedly a rare gift; and when the facts are complicated by human psychology, the difficulty of accurate observation is indefinitely increased. All the tests that are successfully passed have the effect of not only establishing the "facts," but of establishing confidence in the medium; once the medium is trusted, the value of witness to the miraculous sinks to nothing; or, in Lieut. Jones' phrase: "Once a medium has been accepted as bona fide, he has quite a nice job—as easy as falling off a log, and much more amusing." Experto crede.

Liet. Jones was a prisoner of war at Yozgad; and to beguile the time he and others began to experiment with the Ouija board. He "developed" into a full-blown medium, was submitted to all sorts of "tests" and successfully passed them, established the authenticity of the various communications, and the satisfaction of the sitters, gave prophetic news, developed "trance addresses," revealed the unseen worlds up to the "minus one sphere," I think, and, when he came into contact with Lieut. Hill, developed telepathy. They interested the students of the camp in their powers, engaged with him in a treasure-hunt,

* "The Road to En-Dor." By E. H. Jones, Lieut. I.A.R.O. With Illustrations from Photographs by C. W. Hill, Lieut. R.A.F. (The Bodley Head, 8s. 6d. net.)
planning their escape at the same time. When, at the last moment, he backed out of the arrangement, they began to go mad, were certified insane, and sent to Constantinople. On the way they hanged themselves, but were saved in time; at Constantinople, they were, after all sorts of medical tests, certified insane by the Medical Board at Haidar Pasha Hospital. They secured their release perhaps a fortnight before the healthy prisoners were released under the Armistice terms. As a mere story of adventure and suffering, the book is one of the most remarkable known to me; it is an epic of human ingenuity and human endurance, a triumph in a very real sense of "mind over matter." But as a demonstration of the negligible value of human testimony to the miraculous, it is perfect.

For the whole process of mediumship was fraudulent, the subsequent "insanity" was malingering; the telepathy was a code, the revelations of the unseen worlds were inventions. But the chief value of this book is not its confession of fraudulent mediumship, nor its demonstration of the methods of deception; it is its clear revelation of the fact that people derive themselves the consciousness of these phenomena, of their "creative activity," of their "thought work." They begin to interpret the facts before they have definitely proved what the facts are. Lieut. Jones admits that there is, as everybody knows, "a basis of curious phenomena which certainly exist and are recognized by scientific men as an indisputable fact, but no one has the slightest idea whose fingers are resting on it exercising any force consciously. In the early days of honest experiment, we had satisfied ourselves on this point." But he utters the warning that "the investigator must be careful, in every instance, to assure himself that he is in the presence of the genuine phenomenon, and not of an imitation of it, and, as a matter of fact, this is sometimes impossible to do." I have always believed myself that the only completely satisfactory phenomena (I have never witnessed them) are those that occur without physical contact; and in the days when I used to attend seances I made a board with the alphabet arranged in a semi-circle, with a pointer on a pivot in the middle. The pointer could be blown round; but I never found a "spirit" who could move the pointer, nor a medium who could manipulate this simple contrivance. Wherever there was contact there was movement; in this case, where there was no contact, there was no movement. But what the "spirits" could not do I have seen a music-hall conjurer do; the "magic clock" of Chung Ling Soo, a glass dial with a detachable hand which spun round without apparent contact to any number commanded, satisfied me that a little applied science produced more wonderful results than were shown by all the "spirits" I ever encountered.

In Lieut. Jones' case there was always contact; and, as he says, "when I began to move the glass consciously there was no outward indication that any change had taken place, and nobody could prove I was pushing it rather than "following it." But between unconscious muscular propulsion and rational direction of the movements of the glass there is a whole gulf fixed—and investigators usually leap that gulf without knowing it. It is the spiritualistic theory itself that confuses the investigator, ingrained as it is by early teaching and reinforced by common usage of words. The spirit-matter antithesis trips us up at every turn; we assume the very point at issue, and believe that function and structure, life and organism, mind and brain, are separable. Once we have satisfied ourselves of the medium's ignorance (and the validity of all these phenomena depends on that undeniable fact), the declension to the belief that the rational direction of the physical movement proceeds from a discernate intelligence is easy. But if we did not assume that intelligence is separable from organism we could not call in the hypothesis of a discernate intelligence to explain phenomena based on the assumption of the medium's ignorance. The facts only prove that there is rational direction of movement; they do not prove that there is any rational direction other than that of the medium.

Lieut. Jones' elaborate confession will not, of course, affect the True Believers; even to those whom he confided his history of fraud refused to believe that it was all trickery, so ingeniously was it done. But for the others it reveals the fact that the real subject of investigation is the state of knowledge of the medium—and it is as impossible to prove the ignorance of the medium as it is to prove any other negative. There are few mediums who could pass such tests as Lieut. Jones successfully passed; the code test, for example, was so elaborate that I quote it here. "'This is a test,' Matthews explained. 'We want to find out what directs the glass to the letters. Previous tests indicate it is not done by the mediums, but it may be caused by one of the spectators unconsciously exercising a sort of hypnotic influence over the mediums—in short, by belief. I have proved it.' The truth is, I have no doubt that the glass will move without the person whose fingers are resting on it exercising any force consciously. In the early days of honest experiment, we had satisfied ourselves on this point." But he utters the warning that "the investigator must be careful, in every instance, to assure himself that he is in the presence of the genuine phenomenon, and not of an imitation of it, and, as a matter of fact, this is sometimes impossible to do." I have always believed myself that the only completely satisfactory phenomena (I have never witnessed them) are those that occur without physical contact; and in the days when I used to attend seances I made a board with the alphabet arranged in a semi-circle, with a pointer on a pivot in the middle. The pointer could be blown round; but I never found a "spirit" who could move the pointer, nor a medium who could manipulate this simple contrivance. Wherever there was contact there was movement; in this case, where there was no contact, there was no movement. But what the "spirits" could not do I have seen a music-hall conjurer do; the "magic clock" of Chung Ling Soo, a glass dial with a detachable hand which spun round without apparent contact to any number commanded, satisfied me that a little applied science produced more wonderful results than were shown by all the "spirits" I ever encountered.

The reviewer, confronted with a series of reprints such as these, is compelled to reflect that literature, like life, is comprehensive; there is something for everybody in it. One cannot dismiss popular literature, as the duke dismissed the Garter, by declaring that there is "no damned merit about it"; the process by which certain of the hosts of books that are published become popular, are demanded again and again, is too mysterious to be denied any possible attribute. One wonders at times whether the English public would read anything if it were produced cheaply enough; certainly, it is difficult to discern anything but an eclectic taste in any popular series of reprints, and this, which includes the early novels of George Bernard Shaw, the poems of Meredith, and Wells’ "New Worlds for Old," and yet finds room for Marie Corelli, Clara Louise Burnham, and Mrs. George Wemyss, would puzzle Petronius to define. One knows what to expect from Mrs. George Wemyss, feminine prattle always on the verge of exhibitionism; she writes like a woman who never forgets, and does not intend to let others forget, that she wears lingerie, that lingerie is "charming," and that it is very "daring" to refer to lingerie. She glories in children with all the gush of a purveyor of baby-linen; and she

Reviews.

The King in Yellow. By R. W. Chambers.

In the Quarter. By R. W. Chambers.

The Professional Aunt. By Mrs. George Wemyss.

Wild Honey. By Cynthia Stockley.

Jewels. By Clara Louise Burnham.

(Continble’s Popular Series. 2s. 6d. net each.)
is apparently so interested in watching them turn head over heels that she sometimes credits her characters with contradictory activities. She tells us, for example, on p. 129 of the story, that Pauline "never gets into a bus," although there is a whole paragraph on pp. 115-6 describing why she found riding in "buses amusing. She tells us on p. 219 that Nannie stayed in London while "the professional aunt" went to visit the sick child at Home; but "poor broken-hearted Nannie" was by the bedside of the sick child, "and the professional aunt," what does it matter? Baby-language and baby-linen are the attractions. But no consonancy of taste could include "The Professional Aunt" and "Jewel," the little child who leads them into a belief in Christian Science. Mrs. Burnham, too, has her sense of humour, her frankness, her infantilism; but it is conventional theology that she laughs at; her "Jewel" is "Terribly at ease in Zion." Miss Cynthia Stockley writes like an accomplished journalist, with just that touch of feminist rancour against men that makes women journalists such good company. They flatter the male sense of superiority because they never dare to say of men the fearful things that men have said of them. "The forked, straddling radish with bandy legs, and a head curiously carved," is an example of man's inhumanity to man that not the most bitter female journalist can ever hope to equal. However, as Miss Stockley includes in this volume a story of a woman who ate babies (Napoleon was believed to affect a similar diet), we may enjoy these stories of love, and cannibalism, and illegitimacy, in South Africa without too much trepidation on behalf of the male sex. The two volumes of Mr. Robert Chambers are of a totally different type; his "King In Yellow" is a quite workmanlike essay in the insanely horrible, while "In The Quarter" maintains the tradition of the immoral artist, or rather, student, in the customary manner. Without the Latin Quarter of the novelists, Paris would die either of ennui or bankruptcy; and Mr. Chambers' students have too great an affection for France (or is it Art?) to allow that to happen. Ah, the vie de Bohème!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CATHOLICISM.

Sir,—Why this curious outburst of spleen in The New Age against Catholicism on its more popular and, if you will, more vulgar side? There is something—in fact, a good deal—to be said for that, in spite of Mr. Edward Moore and Mr. Ezra Pound. Is Mr. Moore so sure, after all, that Mr. Belloc is the "least religious writer of his time"? It is very easy to say so, no doubt, and to dismiss him as not really sincere; for that is what Mr. Moore's article on "New Values," in your issue of November 20, amounts to. And yet Mr. Belloc has created living prose and a certain small quantity of verse which is as full of religion as anything in the world. You may not like the religion; you may think it false. But many passages in "The Path to Rome" and the essays entitled "The Inn of the Margeřide," "On a Winged Horse," "The Missioner," "The Death of Robert the Strong," "Xoovigima Hora," "On a Faery Castle," and so forth, contain much religion, and, if I am not very mistaken, they are full of prophecies as to the coming of the new Ages of Faith from which Mr. Pound begs the gods to deliver him. I doubt if they can afford the time.

Then we have sneers directed on Mr. Pound's part against the popular Christianity of the Middle Ages, against the Crusades, and against the Pope who opposed the Emperor Frederick—does Mr. Pound attempt to synthesise two irreconcilable beliefs and was most properly denounced by the Church. Mr. Pound is hopelessly confusing conduct and faith; those who believe do not comment on their belief; they only return the keys to the giver. It is this mysterious fact about religious people that neither Mr. Moore nor Mr. Pound have grasped; it is, perhaps, a peculiarly European trait, if it were not so characteristic of all honourable people. Mr. Moore misses the point of Mr. Belloc's attitude because he is not simple enough; he cannot see the wood for the trees. With all forms of the snare I am disposed to be less patient. If Gregory IX be a "provincial animal," what shall we say of a presumably intelligent person who finds exquisite humour in the barbarous barbarity of "Sir" Thomas Aquinas, and has published a translation of Emperor Probus so full of egregious blunders that a fourth-form boy would be whipped for the least of them? Stick to your last, Mr. Pound; improve your Latin scholarship and leave the Latin Church alone, and for goodness' sake learn the elementary principles of good manners.

Wilfred Rowland Childs.

NATIONAL GUILDS.

National Guilds League,
39, Cursor Street, London, E.C.

Sir,—Readers of The New Age may be interested in the following particulars of a connected course of lectures designed to cover the historical basis, principles, and policy of "National Guilds," which has been arranged by the National Guilds League. The lectures will be held in the Kingsway Lecture Hall, Kingsway, W.C., on Thursdays, as follows:

(6) Thursday, April 22, 1920, "Nationalisation"; lecturer, R. Page Arnot.

The charge for the course is 5s.; for single lectures, 1s.

J. Paton,
Organising Secretary, National Guilds League.

MUSIC.

Sir,—I am one of your regular subscribers, but together with several of your other readers with whom I have compared notes I have been constantly exasperated by the articles of your musical critic. His effort last week has really gone a bit too far. I do not know who Mr. William Athelney is, or why his reasons may be for maintaining him on the staff of your paper, but he gives himself away in every article he writes as an ignoramus of the first water where music is concerned. One might overlook his repulsive flippancy if his judgment were correct, and if he knew how to criticise impartially.

How can you employ a musical critic who avowedly dislikes the piano and ridicules everything to do with it?

The present article is the first for many weeks on the subject of piano-playing. Mr. Athelney deigns only to mention the least distinguished pianists, and completely ignores the three supreme artists (supermen of the piano)—Busoni, Cortot, and Arthur Rubinstein, whom we have recently had in our midst. His remarks on the pianoforte concerto are preposterous. I am sure that if every member of the audience at Queen's Hall this afternoon, who heard de Greet's masterly performance of the Grieg Concerto, were to read Mr. Athelney's article, they would relegate it and him to the 'scrap-heap' which he himself recommends.

Rose G. Morley.
Pastiche.

LEGEND.

"No man dare take of that fruit, for it is a thing of fairie."—"Mandeville's Travels."

I walked within my garden
Under the sun's strong ray,
When the turbaned merchants passed me
As they journeyed to Cathay.

They passed me with goblin camels
Coal-black and white as milk,
Carrying bales of richest spices
And diamonds and furs and silk;

Carrying blood-red jewels
For the gold of the great queen's hair,
And glittering coats of silver
For the gold of the great queen's hair,

The crafty merchants passed me
With faces eager and thin
To the far and fabulous Indies
Where a fabulous wealth they win.

They went through the lanes of England,
Those dim and ghostly creatures
Who should only have walked by night.
And I ran beside the caravan,
As it journeyed on and on,
Until we reached the bounds of the earth
In the country of Prester John.

From the hill's familiar summit,
The shining city
At the close of an hour's long travel,
Palaces with pinnacles
Where the road swerves down to the right,
Lay naked to the sight.

At the close of an hour's long travel,
At the foot of the quiet lane,
Palaces with pinnacles
Shot upwards from the plain.

And the little stream ran aquiver
With jewels to the brim,
Making, a lordly flood, for the sea
That shone at the world's rim.

And the fruit upon the branches
Hung thick and ruddy and sweet—
But because it was a thing of fairy
I dared not eat.

Because it was a thing of fairy
I stood trembling and aghast,
With the bitter knowledge in my mind
That its beauty could not last.

Because it was a thing of fairy,
And I but a mortal man,
A sudden fear gave wings to my feet
And from that land I ran.

I saw in my quiet garden
The apples hang ripe on the bough,
And the rows of dear and friendly flowers
That in my garden grow.

And on the kindly roof of my house
Was cast no enchanted thing,
Nor any spell, but only mystery
For the heart's comforting.

And as one rose up to greet me—
Than the Cham's youngest daughter more fair—
The sun released an arrow
That alighted amidst her hair.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

MATINAL.

Song of my heart, burst forth,
As a star from the heavenly grain,
As a sapling out of the soil,
As the rainbow out of the rain,
Chant to the highest of heaven and fall to the dews of the plain.

Out of the calm of the night,
From the fulness of tree and flower,
From the teeming wealth of the grass,
And the quiet nest in the bower;
Come forth as the laughing child of the loam and the morning shower.

In your white hands lift the sun,
Whom the warm earth shall adore,
Silent, a moment's space,
On wood and stream and shore;
Let the hands of the winds emplace
Your robe of the minstrel's lore,
And the sacred censer of morning swing, your path before.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.

THE HEAVENLY LOVE.

Whom we have buried
We do not wholly cast away.
The bones of the wise dead
Feel our quick feet over their clay,
And their patient hands do keep
Night and day
On their hollow breasts in sleep.

Wert thou laid ten ells deep
Thou wert nearer than thou art;
Thou might'st hear them that weep.
But thou hast in them no part:
Deeper hath light buried thee
In his heart
Than the abysses of the sea.

Be brief, thou litany:
Eyes, turn from looking
Upon suns,
Or pay your vanity.
Your love among the planets runs,
Nor feeds, made dumb and earthy cold,
The darkling children of the mould.

RUTH PITTER.

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