THE

NEW AGE

A SOCIALIST REVIEW OF RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1484] NEW SERIES. Vol. XXVIII. No. 16. THURSDAY, FEB. 17, 1921. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHILE we intend to do our best to simplify the subject of the socialisation of Credit—the only form of Socialism that is either desirable or possible—it must be admitted that not only is there a limit to possible simplification, but attempts at simplification can be carried too far. The public should have learned by now that policies that can be expressed in newspaper headlines and phrases are usually bad, becoming bad, in the majority of instances, in the process of reduction to simplicity. Consider, for example, the policies embalmed in the phrases, More Production, Reduction of Costs, Work or Maintenance—in their original conception, as a part of a whole, there is something, no doubt, to be said for each of them. But isolated for the purpose of simplification, each and all of them result in practice rather in a reductio ad absurdum than in effective simplification. The same fate, we believe, awaits the policy now in process of popularisation through the medium of the Press—the policy known as yet only in the circumlocution, the responsibility of each industry for the maintenance of its own unemployed. As originally conceived and stated, chiefly by our old colleague, Mr. S. G. Hobson, there was much to be said for it as a transitional palliative during the change-over from one form of social organisation to another; but as now put forward and advocated, chiefly by the capitalist classes, not merely as a palliative but as a solution of the industrial problem, there is not only nothing to be said for it, but everything to be said against it.

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Mr. Henry Clay, of New College, Oxford, has recently been expounding this policy in the "Times"; and his "practical" suggestions amount to this: that since the employing classes, and neither the workers nor the State, are ultimately responsible for the organisation of industry, the contribution to unemployment charges should be fixed in the case of the State and the workers, but made to vary in the case of the employers with the amount of unemployment. Thus, he says, the onus of unemployment will be laid where it properly belongs and in the strict proportion of its responsibility. The more unemployment, the greater the charge or levy upon the industrialists who are responsible for it; and the less the less. Would not employers, under these circumstances, he asks, have every inducement to diminish unemployment; and since, ex hypothesi, the amount of unemployment is within their control, the problem of unemployment might in that event be said to be solved as far as possible. It is an ingenious piece of reasoning that reminds us of the popular version of the Chinese method of paying doctors: paying them for health and fining them for disease. But does anybody who is accustomed to projecting policies into practice really believe that the device would work? Mr. Clay asserts that the only objections he has discovered among the employing classes are that the charges would be too heavy for the industry to bear and that the demarcation of industries would be difficult to carry out; but these objections are, in our opinion, trifling and negligible in comparison with the objection that in the last resort no single industry is necessarily responsible for its own unemployment. That the industrial system as a whole, and hence that its directors and supporters as a whole, are responsible for unemployment and all our other economic ills we, of course, admit. But this is a very different matter from admitting that any particular industry is responsible for any particular unemployment, even its own. Suppose there should be a strike or a lock-out in the transport or any other key industry, is the consequential unemployment in the dependent industries a fair responsibility and charge upon the latter? And would these victimised employers accept it? The fact is that an industry does not live to itself any more than an individual; and every attempt to isolate one social function from another is bound to result in injustice and finally in unworkability. The ultimately responsible authority both for employment and unemployment is not one industry or another but the whole of society; and nothing short of the socialisation of the *direction* of industry can possibly effect a solution of any particular industrial problem.

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We have observed before that the Miners' Federation, under the astonishing leadership of Mr. Frank Hodges, is not yet out of the pit; and the indications are at this moment that the Miners' Federation is falling daily deeper into it. Not only have unemployment and under-employment increased within the last few weeks, but notices are pending for the closing down of whole mining districts, with the prospect before tens

of thousands more of Mr. Hodges' unfortunate members of complete and prolonged unemployment. It stands to reason that when and as fast as the mining industry is "de-controlled," the more favourably placed mines will refuse to subsidise the less favourably placed; and the result of the process can therefore be only one of three things: such a rise in the price of coal as will enable the worst-placed mines to carry on at a profit; such a fall in wages in the worst-placed districts as would enable the present price of coal to be maintained; and the closing down of the inferior mines. None of these alternatives appears, on the face of it, to promise much relief of the general situation; for the effect of them all would be to contract still further the effective purchasing power distributed among the masses of the population. A rise in prices would hit the consumer, with a distinctly unfriendly repercussion on the public estimation of the Miners' Federation; and, on the other hand, a sectional drop in wages or a sectional unemployment would tend to split up the Federation itself. There appears, in fact, to be nothing before the Federation under its existing leadership but an attack upon the pocket of the general consumer or the break-up of the unity of the Federation. That a "way out" from this impasse exists and has been offered more than once to the Miners' Federation is, we are afraid, nothing to the point. It is useless to discriminate between Output and Development and to point out that in the latter a fund exists for the increase of wages and the decrease of prices simultaneously and without loss to anybody. The Miners' Executive will simply not attend to any such demonstration; their minds are set upon suicide; and they have neither time nor inclination for anything that might save them from it.

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The "optimism" we reported as reviving in commercial circles last week will surely find it hard to survive in the circumstances immediately surrounding the Mining industry. And if it should succeed in shutting its eyes to the Mining facts, the imminent chaos on the Railways is calculated to open them. Whether the State, now careering wildly in the direction of "economy," under the lashes of the ignorant Press, will be persuaded to shoulder the debt of 150 millions said to be owing to the Railawy companies, is a matter of relative unimportance. Everybody is or should be aware that the National Debt in its present form will never be discharged; and a 150 millions more or less is therefore only an affair of figures; our financial system itself must be transformed. The more immediately serious circumstance, however, is that even at the present exorbitant and unwarranted fares and freights, the Railways are running at a loss; and proposals are at this moment under consideration for raising passenger fares another 25 per cent. at the very least. We do our best to maintain the belief that our commercial classes are not utterly without brains; but we must confess that our faith is near to being shattered when we hear that the remedy they propose for the industrial evils resulting from a failure of transport is the further restriction of transport facilities. For what can be the effect of raising fares again but the discouragement of communication, that is, almost literally, of the circulation of the blood of society? And what secondary effect can this bring about but the further impoverishment of society as an organic whole? The pathetic fallacy underlying the attempt to make every industry "self-supporting," able, in the cant phrase, to "pay its own way," is the fallacy we have already seen at its deadly work in the case of industrial unemployment: it is the fallacy that in a highly organised industrial community, such as our own, articulated in interlocking and mutually dependent functions, any one function must be or can be judged, in its contributory value to the communal credit, by its individual profit and loss account. The fallacy is at least as old as Æsop and should have died with his fable of the "Belly and its Members"; yet apparently it is as much alive as ever, and our commercial classes are still under its obsession.

* * *

The "Daily News" on Monday last again exhibited rare courage in publishing a couple of columns on the subject of the communal control of Credit. The occasion was provided by an interview with Mr. T. M. Heron, a Leeds manufacturer, who expounded views with which our readers are familiar but which have hitherto been taboo in the popular Press. Regarding the present stagnation of industry, intermediately due to the banks' restriction of financial credit, Mr. Heron asked why, if the Government could raise thousands of millions on the national real credit, an industry should be unable to raise money on its own real credit. After all, the national real credit upon which the Government issues financial credit is finally composed of the real credits of the various industries of society; and it follows that the basis of the financial credit of any given industry is of the same nature as that of the State. There is thus no reason whatever why an industry should not issue credit since, in any case, the State, when in need, does the same thing. Mr. Heron, moreover, was forewarned and forearmed against the objection that an issue of financial credit, by whomsoever and for whatsoever purpose made, has the effect of raising prices by "inflating" the currency in advance of the delivery of the goods. Every such issue, he told the interviewer, should be counter-balanced in its "inflationary effect" by a diminution of price, such that, instead of as now, an issue of credit resulting *only* in an immediate rise in prices, every legitimate issue of credit for production should result immediately in the *reduction* of prices. In other words, the public should recover in prices all and more than all the loss in purchasing power now brought about by the inflationary effect of credit issues. This is an exceedingly important point; and we are glad that both Mr. Heron and the "Daily News" have given full publicity to it. The crux of the industrial situation is, in fact, to be found in the present practice of taxing the consumer for credit issues and never giving him a return for it. By reducing prices simultaneously with the increase of credit, not only is the community insured against loss, but, much more importantly, the distribution of the means of consumption is made to keep step with the increase in the means of production. Money is only a mechanism for distributing goods. Real Credit, or the capacity to deliver goods, can, however, only be drawn upon in so far as the money demand is equal to the real capacity. Distribute money concurrently and proportionately as real credit is produced, and there can be no such thing as over-production, on the one hand, or under-consumption on the other. In short, the industrial problem would be solved.

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Among the anomalies of the existing system, those which leap to the eye are the existence side by side of an increased capacity to produce and a reduced capacity to consume, and widespread unemployment and starvation with idle factories. But even these irrational contradictions are dwarfed when compared with the anomaly presented by our positive inability to accept an "indemnity" from Germany without being ruined by it. At the first blush it would appear that the more cheaply other countries care to supply us with goods, and the more goods they are willing or obliged to give us for nothing, the better off, in the material sense, we ought to be as a community. But the prevalent system of our bedlamite commercial community is such that a "present" from, let us say, Germany, in the form of cheap goods or goods gratis and for nothing, would not only be unwelcome, but actually

disastrous to the majority of our population. Indemnities paid by Germany in gold would, by enlarging the cash resources of our banks, enable their credit-issues or loans to be increased by a multiple of the new gold value, with the inevitable consequence of raising prices by an inflation of the existing purchasing power. Paid in goods, the indemnity would be only a trifle less ruinous, for unless the goods were of an impossible order, namely, non-competitive with our own industries, their effect would be worse than that of "dumping"; in short, it would mean an equivalent increase in unemployment. The explanation of the anomaly is to be found in the misconception of industry as a system not for delivering goods but for providing work. Since work is the only means by which most people can become possessed of purchasing power, any diminution of the demand for work is pro tanto a diminution of their income; and if, therefore, a miracle were to occur and Heaven were to pour down manna in the form of the necessary commodities of existence, we should be obliged to reject the gift or, at any rate, to sabotage the whole of it, as the only means of saving the masses of people from want. So long, in fact, as the communal production, from whatever source it arises, is not automatically distributed by means of reduced prices when it is great and increased prices when it is small, so long will the foregoing anomalies exist. The obvious solution of the difficulty of receiving a present from Germany is to reduce prices in proportion to the indemnity; the same method would effect the beneficent distribution of every other increment or windfall of real credit. The alternative is to continue to be impoverished in the same ratio that we become rich.

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The relief experienced on the official denial of the alarmist reports of Sir Auckland Geddes' conversation with American journalists is the measure of the apprehension existing in both countries concerning the imminence of serious trouble. Like Mr. Lloyd George (who was presumably not speaking without full knowledge) "we wish to God that some one could say that the danger was passed"; but the assurance of the Foreign Office that every "question existing between Great Britain and the United States can, and will, be settled without difficulty whether with the existing or the succeeding administration," is no more sufficient for us than it appears to have been for Mr. Lloyd George himself; for he continues to be "worried," and "sometimes filled with dread." The situation is all the more dangerous from the fact that the statesmen and publicists of both countries appear to have a "Freudian complex" on the subject of the real cause of difference. Is economic power so indecent that it must be treated with the "puritanism" hitherto reserved for subjects of sex? Cannot a matter that concerns the very existence of modern industrial communities be treated frankly as a proper occasion of dispute and even war if no better solution is forthcoming? Leaving the answer to the psycho-analysts, we observe that even Dr. Frank Crane, an American publicist quoted by the "Times," who holds that a war between England and America is thinkable and possible, carefully excludes from his list of causes the only cause that could conceivably be effective. "Wars are not planned," he says; "they are tremendous explosions caused by the growing pile of (1) long-taught hates, (2) carefully nurtured jealousies, and (3) the possession of battle-fleets or armies." But all this is really puerile and idealistic; such causes in themselves would scarcely result in more than international rowdyisms. The real nigger in Dr. Crane's pile is the economic factor, and it consists in the inability of two increasingly over-producing communities to continue to divide between them the same contracting market. The danger of war will only have passed when distribution begins at home in both countries. Until then war must be an ever-present contingency.

World Affairs.

WITH fear and trepidation we come still closer to the problem of the Oceanic Empire of Europe and of the Nordic race. The British Empire is protean and gigantic in its very essence, being both a world-empire, a system of States, like ancient Rome, and at the same time a true racial organism, the manifestation of an anthropological collective being. It is protean in essence, inherently; dense, multiple and abstruse. But this Empire is complex and difficult to inquire into also in its substance, in its material functioning in relation to the world. The British Commonwealth, it seems evident to us, is a Commonwealth in a double and an all-important way; inwardly, in relation to itself, it is the imperial and human self-realisation of the Anglo-Saxon race, its supra-historical, evolutionary self-realisation; outwardly, it is the Commonwealth, the common possession and inheritance—or it should be so, it is bound to become so—of Aryandom as a racial organ of the Race; of Christendom as the power-body of the future religion of Pleroma; and of Europe as the cultural synthesis of history. The British Empire is, or must become, a Commonwealth of Aryandom, of Christendom and of Europe. Let this wish and this statement be not considered a dream, benevolent or malevolent, whether from the British or from the non-British point of view. Let this wish and this statement be not judged as idealism in the sense of sentimentalism and unrealism. The question of British destiny is a question both of the world and of England-Albion at this moment, a concern of the world as a whole since the organisation of the world cannot but be *the* British problem, both human and imperial, a problem of existence. The British Commonwealth is a Proteus, is the Proteus of the world. We believe that the British Imperium is the corner stone of the future order of the world. Its function in the human whole is manifold, profound, perplexing; difficult to perform, fraught with responsibilities, immense. To inquire into this function and to find the truth is not easy.

* * *

The Empire of the British Man, speaking, firstly, in the pan-human, anthropogenetic sense, is the physical body, the material basis that we have named the body of Power, for England or Great Britain. It is the principal vehicle of the evolutionary guidance of the Race in the Western hemisphere. Speaking in the racial sense, the British Commonwealth, however, is an Aryan function of Man, being a Western, Logoic function. England is born from the Aryan stock. Finally, speaking historically, culturally (contemplating an aspect of England which coincides completely with the geographical, technical aspect of the British functional work in the whole) England is a member of Europe, even though cut off from Europe more in her spirit even than in her islands. England is a member of Europe, a lateral member like Russia, but wholly vital to Europe proper and dependent on Europe. The world knows it, Humanity is convinced of it—convinced in the real and deep way of unconscious awareness—that it is the synthetic and central continent of the earth. The civilisation of the British Imperium is European civilisation. If there is a focussing centripetal conatus in the world and a need and want of a synthetic humanness, these, surely, are revealed in the culture of *Europa*. If there be a specific and a natural organic function of concentration, of thought, of consciousness, in the human whole, there is no doubt that this divine function is performed by Europe. For *Europa*, Europe is not a holy and awful elementary racial spirit, which means an entity collective and inconceivably high, but is one of the supreme and transcendental elementary entelechies of Values, of History, of Culture. Europe is not a racial world-function though she serves as the body of power, the physicality of the European Aryandom, or, rather, as its racial and telluric instrument. Europa is a supra-

racial function. She is comparable in this respect to the Far Eastern synthetic function, to Yamato, a "glorious blend." Not just one of the races is Europe, in particular not one only, though Aryandom sustains and directs her racial bulk. Europe is a product, a fruit of Humanity and of its History, more than a continent, more than a race. Europe is a Civilisation, a cultural efflorescence of the Mediterranean, Alpine and pure Aryan humanities. To end this determination of the Pleroma and the Over-soul of England, of Germany and Russia, of France and Italy, of Spain and Tcheko-Slovakia, of Jugo-Slavia and Scandinavia, Europa, Europe is the representative and the measure of the World as a Kingdom and of History as a self-creation of Man. England, we say, is a member of this Europe. England and her Commonwealth must act as an organ of this Over-soul, as one of its functions.

* * *

Europe under Over-soul function, in her supra-function, is the bearer of the synthetic culture of humanity in its inception: nothing less than this is her elementary and world-embracing duty and right. Europe is the inception of the Loka Samgraha of Man; which final entelechy is, as we have outlined, an historic, cultural force, not an anthropological, somatic one. Loka Samgraha, the World-Synthesis, is a shaping force infinite and divine essentially, and concrete and human substantially. It is both; pleromically both, infinite and finite. It is, therefore, a religious force, a religion. Europe and the world-synthesis are values universal and supra-racial, let us be permitted to speak with insistence; and Europe is a religious value of mankind, a religion itself whatever the appearances. For though the Religion of the Logos and Sophia, of the incarnation of the Divine in the pan-Man and pan-Humanity, is essentially, typically Aryan, this religion is not Aryan substantially, phenomenally. The religion of Europe, Christianity, is, substantially speaking, Hamitic, African, we have to say; Hamitic and also Semitic, victoriously, vitally Semitic in the honourable sense of the double-edged term. Moreover, the religion of Europe, both spiritually and structurally considered as well as materially and symbolically, is universally human in character, Universal. The Christian Gnosis, both Aryan and non-Aryan in its nature and origin, is the objective Gnosis of mankind. The Religion of Christ, to say the whole truth, is the upadhi or container for the Transcendental and Absolute Religion itself, for the incarnation and realisation of the Sophia of God on earth, for the socialist and seraphic life of mankind. Europe, thus, is that continent of the Earth where the world's many humanities meet as Humanity, incipiently only till now, it is true, and just now in a satanical and terrible way. Europe is chosen, nevertheless, both by Providence and Destiny, and must be finally chosen also by the Will of Humanity, to become the Continent of the World's Synthesis, the organ of unification in the body of Man, his atonement and salvation. For this messianic soil is the bearer of Christendom as the body of power for the Christian Gnosis; the bearer, bitter to say, even of the French and Russia bloody revolutions which are the material conditions for the universal liberation; and the bearer, ultimately, of Western Aryandom, that is to say of the Aryandom most centrally placed and most safely grounded geographically and anthrologically. White or Aryan humanity is the dispensational and responsible racial block of Man to-day. Europe, the world's inheritace, is in charge of this responsible block of mankind, principally, however, in the thrust of the Teutonic, Nordic Man. Of this Man, we believe, the British Imperium is the principal world-organ; for it is the nature of the Oceanic world-empire to govern and organise the world. The mission of Russia, of the continental world-power of the white humanity, is to set the world free, but not to organise it.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

THE report recently issued by the doctors upon the influenza epidemic contains a sentence worth attention even by the richest of us. "The conclusion to which we are led," the doctors say, "is that the generation of a great pestilence such as influenza or pneumonic plague is dependent on disturbance of social order involving for absolutely large numbers of human beings the endurance of conditions of insalubrity which afford for invading parasites a suitable field of modification." In plain English they mean to say that the lives of a great mass of the people are compulsorily so dirty, crowded and insanitary that they invite pestilences which in a better state of things we could laugh at. But a disease which arises in the slums does not take long to travel to the West End; and if the rich do not learn the lesson of human solidarity in any other way they may be forced to admit it pragmatically by the intrusion of "invading parasites" into their own drawing rooms. The germs, we may be sure, do not attack the proletariat because they have any preference for it, and if they can find in Park Lane "a suitable field for modification," to use the delicate periphrasis of the doctors, it will not be respect for Bradburys that will deter them. Figures show that the deaths from the influenza epidemic during the last three years are greater in number than the deaths from the War. And the doctors now attribute its "generation" to "conditions of insalubrity"; and they add that "almost certainly for a generation to come there will exist in many nations and over wide tracts of country precisely the type of misery which we suspect to be the appropriate forcing house of a virulent and dispersive germ." This is the price we pay for our financial system; for this prospect we have acquiesced so willingly while prices have soared, building has languished and unemployment and misery have increased. But the "invading parasites" which are apparently to make a meal off us for a generation to come are simply the cousins of the "invading parasites" which have eaten our substance in the body politic for several; and we shall not see the end of the one until we see the end of the other.

The "Daily Express," with its customary optimism, expatiated the other day upon the comforts of those who are about to be hanged. The picture which it draws of the prison life of Field and Gray—before their execution—is so charming that I am not sure it is not an unconscious incitement to crime. "In Wandsworth Prison they occupy large rooms with cheerful fires. Bright pictures adorn the walls. Books and games they have in profusion. . . . They have whatever food they desire. The kindly prison authorities make their approach to the gates of the hereafter as humane as the stringent regulations permit." But there is a spot on the sun of their contentment. "It is the complete isolation, the hall mark which the prison places on the condemned, that makes for the horror and terror of the murderer about to die." On the other hand, "the manner of their taking off" will not lack care and diligence. "A brief, formal inquest will be held. A simple notice will be posted on the grim wooden gates of the prison declaring that the sentence of the law has been duly executed." It is in vain, apparently, that men of genius, such as Hugo and Turgenev, have employed the greatest intensity of their imagination in order to bring home to ordinary men the blasphemous and obscene horror of capital punishment; they not only still tolerate it, but if our Press is an index of their minds, they even take a certain pleasure in its contemplation. The fact is that capital punishment as it

is conducted in this country is not merely a death penalty; it is the most inhuman and purposeless form of torture that can be imagined. "Field and Gray were condemned over two months ago," the writer in the "Daily Express" must be scourged for saying. "They have ranged the emotions of hope and despair with their daily and nightly thoughts the noose that was to mark their end." The Inquisition had no idea more terrible than this among its puerile physiological inventions. If it is pretended that the contemplation of the death penalty is good for the public, one can only reply that the spectacle of cruelty, and especially of cruelty which has a public sanction, increases cruelty in the spectators. And if it is argued that capital punishment is a deterrent of crime, that it reduces the number of murders committed, then one can do no more than point to the columns of the Press.

The miseries of one class have been strangely overlooked in the general tempest of sympathy which has lately burst upon the heads of almost all classes in the community. But Mr. Arnold Bennett has recently in the "Daily Express" drawn public attention to the hardships of theatre managers. The public are selfish, he says in effect; they are not willing to pay—even through the nose—for their pleasures; and if expenses continue to increase the theatres will have to put up their prices. Why should not the price of seats go up where everything else has gone up several places? The argument is financially incontrovertible, and Mr. Bennett is certainly justified in regarding the theatres as purely profit-making concerns. But if he does, there is no justification for him, on the other hand, in complaining because the public act unconsciously on the same assumption. We do not blame the public because it pays as little as it can for cheese or tobacco; so why should Mr. Bennett get into a rage with it for buying its place in the theatre at the lowest possible figure? If drama is to conform to the current commercial requirements, and to these alone, then at least let us be logical, let us avoid the unconscious hypocrisy of blaming the customer—a sentiment which is excusable only in small shopkeepers. As it is, it is not a luxury, as Mr. Bennett assumes, for people to go to the theatre; it is merely a mistake, and the price paid for it is already high enough. And looking at the contract for a moment not altogether as a commercial business, we must acknowledge, however unwillingly, that the public also, on their side, have a trifling grievance; one, it is true, which would not be expected to occur to a literary man. The public—that part of it, at any rate, which is intelligent—has the sorrow of not being able to see performed in the theatres very much that is worth performing. The fact is that the theatres are run not to stage good plays, but to give a profit to their owners; if they do not pay they must close down. It is no concern of the public.

Sunday is a good day for reflection upon success; it is indeed the only day left free for it for most of the forty odd million successful inhabitants of this country. They are too busy during the remainder of their time trying to succeed. Lord Beaverbrook has seized the truth that one cannot always be succeeding; we must now and then meditate upon one's success; and he has accordingly been moralising for some weeks in the "Sunday Express"—I had almost said the "Sunday Success"—upon a subject of which he cannot but be a master. His conclusions are novel. The successful man must possess justice, mercy and humility, he says; in order, so far as we can follow his lordship's English, not merely to be just, or merciful, or humble, but to be successful. The illustrious author finds it hard, he confesses, to be humble, and we can well believe it; he is so successful and knows so much about success, and moreover, humility entails a little self-examination. But the acquirement of justice and mercy, on the other hand, seems to have given Lord Beaverbrook no trouble; at any rate he does not confess that he has had any difficulty with them; and this convinces one more than ever that the quality which he is destined never to possess is humility. It is a pity, especially as his lordship thinks he would be happier if he were humble. But he has not told us yet what success is. We know that a successful novelist is a man whose photograph and that of his country house appear in the illustrated papers. A grocer is successful when he owns a yacht; and it may well be that a journalist is successful when he runs the "Daily Express." "What is success?" I will be as wise as Pilate and not wait for an answer.

EDWARD MOORE.

Towards National Guilds.

THANK you, kind friends. Will you oblige us by taking a piece of blank paper and a pencil, and drawing a triangle? Letter the top corner A, the left and right bottom corners B and C respectively. Thank you. Now which is the triangle? Is it the line A B or the line B C or the line C A? Ah, no, friends! Is it the point A or the point B or the point C? Again, dear friends, these suppositions would be entirely mistaken. Is it, then, the three lines together, with their respective points of contact? Once more history and sense tell us that the triangle is not there, not there. . . . No, the triangle, dear friends, is the space contained within and defined by the three lines you have kindly drawn; and it is nothing less and it is nothing more.

Now will you kindly inscribe within the triangle the word "Credit," and at the point A, write the word Community; at the point B, the word Producer; and at the point C, the word Consumer. We now have a little diagram illustrative of the meaning of Credit, for Credit is that which is contained within the three lines connecting the Community, the Producer, and the Consumer. Is Credit the product of the Community alone—as the collectivist Socialists and Single-taxers say? No. Is it the product of the Producer alone, as both Capital and Labour say? Again, the reply is in the negative. Then is it the product of the Consumer alone, as nobody says? Nobody is quite right; it is not. No, Credit is the joint work of each of these three points and the lines between them. Credit is a triangle; Credit is a trinity.

But here we enter another phase. Our triangle must move. Life is not static, but dynamic. E pur si muove, which, being interpreted, means that our triangle must get a move on to be alive. What is the movement? It must be circular to answer to the description of business which consists in the circulation of Credit. How does it move? In our ideal triangle of Credit, the movement is continuous and equal from A to B, from B to C, from C to A, and round again. Or, in the words on the diagram, Credit passes from the Community to the Producer, from the Producer to the Consumer, and from the Consumer back again to the Community. Given such a constant and equal circulation, and it will be found that the miracle of life takes place; in other words, our triangle will grow, Credit will increase. On the other hand, stop or impede the circulation at any point, and lo, behold, the triangle begins to diminish. Credit declines.

Now strike out at A the word Community and substitute for it the word Finance. Private Finance has usurped the place and function of the Community, and proposes to control the circulation itself. Let us see what happens. Instead of requiring that the movement

of Credit from A to B shall pass on undiminished or increased to C, Private Finance, usurping the power and privateering the function of the Community, requires that as little Credit as possible shall pass from B to C, and that the increment due to B shall pass back directly to A. It will be seen what a spoke in the wheel is inserted by this arbitrary authority; and with what shattering consequences to the whole trinitarian system of Credit. In default of the transmission of Credit from B to C, the Consumer begins to languish; and his contribution to the triangle begins to decline. His end, poor fellow, goes in, shrinks, fades out. At the same time, poor old B is scarcely keeping his end up. Depending on C to take off his current of Credit by the process of Consumption, and being now required to return it directly to A, B discovers that A cannot consume all the goods, not more than a fraction of them; whereupon, having nothing to do, B has to begin to close down, go on short time, become unemployed. Meanwhile the usurping A has the time of a usurper's life. He has effectually interrupted the circle of Credit and drawn to himself what should have been passed on to C; and for the time being he lives like a bloated parasite. But the shrinking of the triangle, due to the successive failure of C and B, spells his doom in the end; and when the whole system of Credit is fallen to pieces, A is stoned with the fragments. The final collapse of Credit is called Bolshevism.

The New Year sub-title of THE NEW AGE is "A Socialist Review of Religion, Science and Art." Religion, Science and Art are, of course, the Trinity of blessed and immortal memory: Feeling, Knowing and Doing upon every plane of Matter and Consciousness. And just as Credit has been seen to be a triangle contained within and absolutely dependent upon the coequal existence of its three lines and points, so Faith in Life is the joint product of the co-equals of Feeling, Knowing and Doing—but that is not what we set out to say. We intended to explain the word "Socialist" in the sub-title. Clearly, the present policy of THE NEW AGE is not Socialist in any of the ordinary senses of the word. We are not Collectivist, we are not Syndicalist, we are not Communist à la Russe; nor are we "proletarian" Socialists or even anti-Capitalist Socialists. What we would "socialise" is not property, not capital, not production, not labour; but only—Credit; and that *because* Credit is, in fact, the equal product of the Community, the Producer and the Consumer. Our Socialism is therefore designed to do and aims at doing one thing and one thing only: to depose the usurper Private Finance and to restore the Community to its proper place in the organic circulation of Credit. The restoration of the Trinity of Credit to its proper Persons and their mutual service—that is our Socialism, the beginning and the end of it. The money-changers must be driven out of the Temple of Credit as well as out of the Temple of Faith.

How to do it?—but it really is not difficult. The scheme drawn up by Major Douglas and published in these pages for application to the Mining industry would provide a working model for a complete restoration. We cannot hope to carry conviction by verbal demonstrations alone. Even the diagram our readers have been kind enough to draw for us is only to a practical demonstration what a cookery-book with illustrations is to a starving man. The recipes are there, and the result is shown on paper; but the world cannot see it and eat it. We feel and we know, but the third element of real faith is lacking: we cannot do or get done; and for want of the Third Person of the Trinity, whose place and power are usurped by Ignorance and Vanity and Laziness and Fear and all the vices, our scheme is hung up out of reach of practice; and meanwhile the triangle of Credit shrinks and shrinks to the orchestra of Russian music.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IT may be remembered that some months ago I differed from The Phœnix on a matter of policy. They made an attempt to select their critics by suggesting to his editor that Mr. William Archer should not be sent to their performances. I retract nothing of what I said concerning that blunder; but I must record the fact that, with exemplary patience, The Phœnix has continued to invite me, and put me on the horns of a dilemma. I did not, and do not, approve of their attempt to select their critics, but that blunder has not been repeated; on the other hand, I cannot ignore their performances without injustice to everybody concerned, including the readers of THE NEW AGE. For The Phœnix, I say without reserve, is doing a most considerable work not merely for drama but for the art of acting; it is more successful at present with comedy than with tragedy, but there is steadily reviving in its performances a sense of style, and it is manifest that if the experiment is continued, a company of actors will be evolved who will be worthy of comparison with the best—some of them, without hyperbole, may be called great. All things considered, I cannot ignore their performances.

Their last production was Ben Jonson's "Volpone, or The Foxe." It is a brilliant, comedic study of avarice, that lapses only once into the emotional; Jonson had not the comedic view of sex, and the attempted rape was a shocking decline from the intellectual mood of comedy. When a comedian has to resort to violence, he has ceased to use his wits; and the gallant young rescuer with drawn sword introduces the foreign element of righteous indignation, moral considerations instead of the free play of the intellect. Jonson was certainly on the side of morals; from that point onwards, his comedians become villains, their elaborate intrigues become conspiracies to promote injustice, and the final exposure and condign punishment of the mere intellectuals is a reminder that life imposes limitations on the exercise of the intellect. But this is a declension from the stage to the pulpit, a lapse from the mood of art to that of morals. We are first asked to consider "Volpone" in the phrase that Charles Lamb used of Mr. Horner, as a sort of fairy, and are then asked to condemn him as a wicked man. The changing of the premisses is very subtly effected; but it does not alter the fact that the effect finally produced is not the one originally aimed at, and therefore "Volpone" fails as a work of art in its main conception.

But if we grant a certain costiveness of conception (for Jonson dealt with "humours," passions, rather than people), we can feel that here is a real intellect playing over a theme. The limberness of mind is amazing; it is impossible to keep track of the devices by which everybody in the play is induced to continue bringing presents to Volpone. Jonson shows you without outraging credibility that the cleverest are fools when in the grip of a passion; Volpone was an unconscionable time dying, but his skill in feigning sickness was matched by his parasite's skill in inventing excuses for the fact that he was not dead yet, and the assurance to each of these persons that he was the sole heir kept them dangling. They became impatient, certainly; the old man, Corbaccio, coolly suggested a dose of poison, the young merchant was perfectly willing that the parasite should smother Volpone, but "at your discretion." But step by step they are lured on to further extravagances; the young merchant even offering his wife, as Abishag the Shunamite was offered to King David. This followed the most humorous scene of the play, Volpone disguised as the quack Dr. Scoto haranguing a crowd in the market-

place to get sight of the merchant's wife; it was a brilliantly acted scene, and was a colossal joke. Everybody is made to over-reach himself by his own cleverness; Volpone himself, trusting his parasite as himself, even signs his will and appoints his parasite as heir—as a joke. Rather, it is their virtues, not their cleverness, that trip them up; it was their faith in human nature that placed them all in the power of the parasite, but he, who really believed in no one but himself, and was fertile in devices to the end, in the very Court of Justice, shared the same fate. Pushed to its logical extreme, every quality or faculty leads to disaster; man is a complex whole, not a single function or passion, and at his peril does he allow himself to use only one or one group of faculties—but Jonson is making me moralise.

The performance of Mr. Baliol Holloway was a masterpiece. It is useless to mince words in the description of his playing of Volpone; he had got the character with entire comprehension, and it seemed to play itself. Whether he was shamming sick, or haranguing the crowd, or planning some new device, he and Mr. Ion Swinley seemed to be spontaneously creating the play. There is only one gesture that Mr. Baliol Holloway should watch lest it become an automatic mannerism, that circular flourish of the right forearm followed by a thrust. Mr. Swinley is reaping the reward of his hard and conscientious work; his imagination is becoming active, and his technique flexible. He "conceived" the part of Mosca, the parasite, and his very walk expressed him. He played Mosca with a sinister touch, as a supple, stealthy manipulator of men for his own benefit; and his deferential devilry was the most considerable piece of acting I have seen him do. He made Mosca look easy to play, as Mr. Holloway did Volpone—and that is the supreme triumph of the actor. Mr. Stanley Lathbury is another actor whom I cannot see without noticing; his Fluellen last October with The New Shakespeare Company (he was playing then with Mr. Holloway) is still in my memory; but in "Venice Preserv'd" he gave a wonderful study of a lecherous old dotard (with that genius, Miss Edith Evans, raging at him), and in "Volpone" I really think he surpassed himself. Corbaccio, too, is an old gentleman, older than Antonio in "Venice Preserv'd"; he has lived beyond lechery, and developed Byron's "old-gentlemanly vice." Corbaccio is an old man without sap in his sinews, without vital heat, with the immovable persistence and self-centredness of the slightly deaf—and Mr. Lathbury got it to the life. If his Antonio was sixty, his Corbaccio was seventy-two years of age—and it is real acting that enables one to make such estimates. Mr. George Trucco played very energetically as the jealous husband and merchant, but he seemed to be playing and not creating the character, playing from his intelligence and not from his imagination. This would be super-subtle criticism of a good performance if Mr. Holloway, Mr. Swinley, and Mr. Lathbury had not revealed the difference. Miss Margaret Yarde, as the Knight's wife, linked up with these three in a community of spirit; somebody has called her performance Hogarthian, but Jonsonian is the real word. There is a complete difference between these perfectly realised figures and the others; they seem to be authentic human beings, spontaneously developing the play from their own characters—and this quartette really established a tradition. Most of the others were merely masquerading, adding nothing but voice to the written words; and I can only trust that, for the sake of their art, they may be permitted to play with The Phœnix until their imaginations are kindled with the sense of character, instead of the sense of strangeness that now afflicts them. Concerning the four players I have named, such acting cannot be seen on the commercial stage; they enjoy themselves at The Phœnix, and an artist enjoying his art is a master.

Art.

GOUPIL GALLERY.

(1) *Negro Art.*

WHY has Negro sculpture attracted so much attention lately? Some people have grasped that it is a good opportunity to introduce a new article for sale on the art markets; others do not want to be out of the fashion; and some originators of the interest have seen their high artistic value. For these carvings have two remarkable qualities. Firstly they are the synthetic expression of a race whose standards of value differ from ours, and therefore they appear to us unique and, being perfect in their execution, they possess a high artistic value. Secondly, the actual forms and designs are imposed by the *meaning* of the object carved and by the magic *effect* the fetishes, masks, etc., are meant to produce on their public on special occasions or in daily life. Therefore their design is constructive and powerful. These are just the qualities which our Art has lost, introducing prettiness instead of construction and form, and allegory instead of actual meaning, and which modern Art is striving to get again in a more definite way. Those whose watchword is still "l'art pour l'art," and those for whom the only aim of Art is self-expression (regardless whether they have anything to express or not) might study these masks and figures and try to find out what it is that makes them seem to us at once so curious and so good.

(2) *Mark Gertler.*

Mark Gertler seems to have had a setback. Anyone who followed his rather experimental earlier work had a right to expect more originality from him than he gives us here. The personal element has vanished and has left behind nothing but a predominance of modern French influence. Some may applaud this (in fact one critic at least has already done so) but we do not. The "Zinnias" (7) are very well painted, but just what one expects most is missing. Mark Gertler has nothing to say, and therefore his painting is nothing but a representation of the actual plant, he has not found out the secret of the Zinnias, and we believe he could have done so, for art is not imitation of surface, as a learned fellow critic in a London weekly has the audacity to state nearly every week. Neither do we see anything particular in painting Negro sculpture (13) if the subject is treated and conceived in the same way as "A Coffee Pot" (8).

(3) *John Nash.*

John Nash is a prolific artist and one suspects him of not taking time enough to finish his works. Some, begun quite well, are finished in confusion, so that only one part of the picture stands out as good, and if one looks further the impression is spoilt, as in "The Farmyard" (45). The Monochrome drawings are good but very monotonous, and are more illustrations of a special way of doing monochromes than of a special conception of landscape or figure. The funny drawings are really funny.

INDEPENDENT GALLERY.

This is a well-selected show of works by artists who are more or less on the same level and under the same influences. We wonder if London has got in Mr. P. Turner's Gallery a fighting base for modern art. The general impression is very good. Roger Fry, among other things, has a very good still life (7). Duncan Grant (13), (22), (25), (29) has not given his best here; he is not forceful enough, nor sure enough of himself. F. J. Porter has a very good landscape, with pleasant colouring and well arranged, but it has not enough volume (17). Matthew Smith's landscape (48) is also good in colouring. We are sorry not to be able to give at present more attention to this show and we sincerely hope a permanent group will be formed or that artists will begin to treat their profession more seriously.

R. A. STEPHENS.

Principia Metaphysica: A Commentary.

By Denis Saurat.

III.—PSYCHOLOGY: FALL AND RESURRECTION.

23. *Existence entails responsibility.*

A being exists when the outside world takes his actions into account. Even if he could ignore his fellow beings, he must be taken into account by the Potential that created him, since otherwise another being would be created in his place. But an action is only an expression, which the world can only take into account on the understanding that there is a force behind it, so that when the world builds its own expressions on that, that should be kept up by the necessary energy. Actions are like cheques or notes of hand: they circulate as credit for a while, but ultimately they must be cashed, or there must be the possibility of their being cashed.

Thus the world, in its actions, is obliged, under pain of collapse, to demand of each being that he should stand by his actions. The world can only take into account a being that has the necessary force to bear the consequences of his deeds; and sooner or later the consequences of an act according to the laws of the World-Conventions are thrown back by the world upon the author of the act. For instance, a man can only walk across a street if he can bear the responsibility of doing it: satisfy the laws of gravitation; he sets to work with the strength necessary to move his body across, make a passage for himself through intermediary obstacles, be they the air or the traffic, etc. In this case he has to pay his cheque generally at once. But, for instance, he may only eat some particular food if he is sure of digesting it, and not being killed by it: and there he may not have to pay the cheque for long periods, and yet in the end be poisoned or endangered. But in any case the world cannot and does not take notice of any action which has not a sufficient responsibility behind it; if such an expression is attempted, the being who causes it is crushed, just as a man is under the traffic he has been unable to resist or avoid in crossing the street.

24. *Responsibility entails immortality.*

The consequences of any action extend ad infinitum, because any action once performed has to be taken into account, more or less, by all the beings that are in the world, and by all the future beings the Potential will bring into the world. No being can therefore ever completely and for ever disappear, for in the scheme of the world there should be a gap, and all beings taking, as they must, into account, the consequences of actions of a non-existent individual, would be giving out cheques on a fictive account and therefore collapse. Indeed, that partly does happen, and thus all beings do die one after another, and cannot very long survive anyone they have known. And yet the world goes on and does not die, and that demands the continued existence in some form of all the beings that have been in it. Otherwise the world itself would come to an end and being cease altogether: indeed, it would have ceased æons ago.

25. *Liberty is the power of expressing one's desires; it is a concomitant of responsibility; and both, of existence itself.*

A being who could not express his desires would not know them, and therefore would not have them: since the essence of desire is the possibility of self-consciousness; and the only way desire reaches self-consciousness, or intensity, or satisfaction, is by expression. Liberty is therefore what a being gains by coming into the world; as responsibility is the price he must pay for it. And since a being once come into the Actual, creates ever more and more Potential (2), and grows infinitely,

26. *As every being is infinite, liberty entails immortality.*

27. *The foundation in men of the World of Ideas is the beginning of an immortality which is continued in a different order of Being.*

There are in men innumerable desires which are not of this world: which arise from no events that have taken place in it; which serve no ends connected with it. Such are, particularly, all desires of man for the beautiful. But every desire has to be realised. In spite of all the modal variations of its existence (28 to 30), it persists and increases for ever (2). If therefore, we find in ourselves desires, such as our need of beauty, which are not to be satisfied in this world, we can only deduce (from our psychological experience that all desire is ultimately satisfied) that such desires must needs continue to seek for an expression after this world. And since the conditions of this world are impediments to them, these desires will create for their expression a different cosmic organisation.

In reality, none of our Ideas (9) find satisfaction at all in this world; that is why they cannot live in it and disappear so rapidly from our consciousness. They can only be said to have been born into us, so fitfully do they live; and yet we feel their infinitude and their force while they possess us; and that they need and strive for full life and expression. They come into our consciousness as the summits of the waves of our desires; but they are new departures, and new foundations; and the absolute earnests of the life to come; as well as the proof that whatever life to come there is shall have no common measure with this present one, and be in no way like it; so much so, as not to be perceivable even from this life.

28. *When a desire has reached the highest intensity it is capable of it ceases and falls. Perfection is annihilation.*

Thus all desire, in its satisfaction, ceases: be it hunger in eating, or love in union: the utmost reach of desire is the summit of a curve, and precedes its extinction; but

29. *A fall is a return into the Potential, ever unsatisfied, which refills the fallen being with new forces, and resurrects it. Desire follows an infinite rhythm of rise, fall and resurrection.*

Thus our desire of eating soon returns to us; thus, although, after contemplating some work of art, we go away satisfied, there soon comes upon us the craving to see a work of art again. And the craving to see another, a more beautiful, work of art, because the first satisfaction of our desire has created new Potential in us: has revealed to us many beauties we had not imagined, which we now desire, in a second work of art, to see developed and brought out. Thus, after eating one particular meal, we find in us a desire for a better prepared and organised meal when our hunger comes again. The satisfaction of a desire thus only allays it for the moment; in fact, it increases the desire, because it makes it aware of new subtleties it was not conscious of before, and which it will demand and augment in its next expression. Thus not only is desire a series of waves, but an ascending series of waves, in which the summit of each rises higher than the summit of the preceding one.

30. *There are two kinds of fall: sleep and death. In sleep, a desire comes back as desire, in the same expression; in death, a desires gives up its former expression, and comes back on the next plane, sub-divided into ideas.*

Take sexual desire, which each expression or satisfaction calms but for a while, but which at the end of

our life ceases altogether. It sleeps between each expression, and comes back in the same expression again. In the end, it dies completely. But this only means it gives up one mode of existence and one language. In those of us whose minds are not dead before their sexual desire is, that desire subsists, no longer caring for physical satisfaction, but transformed into many ideas: many needs of beauty, of intensity, of expansion, of high action. Old men, who have perfected the sexual desire and transformed it into innumerable ideas in the experience of their life, are—when, it must be repeated, they are not mentally dead before—much keener and much greater, much larger mentally than young men. There is in their life a great luminous calm and self-possession which makes them in all ages the great leaders of men. They already exist in the world of ideas. Their sexual desire has been subdivided into ideas; come back to them in new modes of being and of expression.

That state has been ever the aim of the ascetics, who have tried to get rid of sexual desire. But the only means to get rid of a desire is to satisfy it. However, some men have succeeded, even with sexual desire; and all men succeed, in the course of their life, in transforming many desires into ideas.

31. *Ideas need a new language; as matter is too ponderous an expression for them. The formation of the world of ideas entails the death of the material universe.*

It has been shown under (21) and (27) that ideas cannot subsist in this world of the material language. Ideas are too rapid, too flitting, too intense to be able to express themselves adequately among the expressions of the gross desires of men. But we see and experience the end of the desires of man; whereas we are only conscious of the birth of the ideas—their mere sprouting into our consciousness. As no man can keep an idea more than a few seconds in his brain, and even then is exhausted; he keeps only the remembrance of that idea, expressed in terms of language; what we call "an abstract idea," the mere generic name of it. He no longer feels and experiences it as a living fire and a living individual within himself.

The rhythm of the ideas is infinitely more rapid than that of the desires. Desires take a lumbersome and slow-moving material machinery to realise themselves: see the infinite trouble and servitude of the search for and preparation of food. Ideas leap in and out of our brains in periods which are often hardly perceptible lengths of time. And as ideas come out of desires (9), they have to wait for each other, during long periods of sleep, while the parent desire of the next idea slowly evolves it. Therefore a proper organisation of the world of ideas can only take place when all the desires of this world shall have been resolved into ideas, and shall have died; thus doing away with the very necessity of the material language which so obstructs the expression of the ideas. Occasionally in our dreams some of our ideas take advantage of the plasticity and mobility of the dream forms to express themselves; and such dreams leave us the remembrance of emotions more subtle and intimate than any in the physical life.

32. *The basis of all language is the elementary vibration of desire, the first rise and fall of the Potential. Thus all language, all expression, is rhythm.*

What language, then, can the ideas create for themselves, once they have abolished matter as used by this world?

We can conceive the basis of all matter and of all desire as the first elementary attempt at an expression of the first elementary Potential our world has come out of. And that attempt would be, as for all desire, a rise and fall; and that rise and fall, infinitely repeated, through the whole world, would be vibration: the First Being would feel itself as a vibration, and all further beings, since they are parts of it, would feel it as a vibration, and would feel it as the first stuff they themselves are made of. Upon that, different beings would raise different complications of vibrations, different rhythms and the Material Convention is one system of such rhythms, built upon the elementary vibration.

And any desire being drawn from that first Potential, can only express itself by modifications of the first vibration; therefore all expression is rhythm. Therefore the ideas, organising a world of ideas, can create a new language out of the elementary vibration; they will have the same basis for it as the universal desires have had for matter. Such a language is partly being evolved out of the material language, in two ways: consciously, in the arts, which use material forms and copies of material things to express ideas, by having their will of such forms; and unconsciously, in our dreams, when we use similar forms and copies detached from their substratum of matter, to express many impossible things, and at times even ideas.

Views and Reviews.

THE WHOLE MAN THINKS.*

SIR,—Your reviewer, "A. E. R.," in his notice of Dr. Bernard Hollander's valuable book, "In Search of the Soul," takes me to task with possibly excessive severity for coupling the names of Gall and Spurzheim. This style of expression, as for example again, Kant and Fichte, Darwin and Spencer, is not intended to implicate either one of the pair in all the opinions of the other, but simply to indicate an agreement in certain essentials. The essential in the particular case of Gall and Spurzheim is that of localisation of function. However, I acknowledge that this habit of phrasing is not to be recommended, and I will avoid it in my forthcoming book, "Principles of Psychology."

The point in the review which especially attracts my attention is this: "He (Gall) argued, and demonstrated, that there are fundamental powers of the mind, which are located in certain parts of the brain. . . ." I join issue. I assert that for the first time in the history of Psychology I have shown how all forms of thought may be reduced to certain elementary factors which I have determined and called the Fundamental Processes of the mind; and conversely I have shown how the combinations of these serve to explain any mental synthesis, or complex, actual or possible. I prove by methods of rigour hitherto unknown in Psychology that my exposition covers the whole field, that in the mathematical sense these Fundamental Processes are necessary and sufficient, and that from the principles I have set forth a limitless number of new corollaries flow, illuminating old philosophical positions or destroying accepted theories; for example, Kant's Transcendentalism, or the theory of aphasia associated with Broca's lobe.

There is no localisation of functions or "powers"; rather in the course of thought the whole brain is concerned either by virtue of activity or inhibition. "The whole man thinks." I beg "A. E. R." therefore to forsake the study of Gall's works, which belong to a dead literature, and to apply himself seriously to the understanding of "Psychology: a New System," for that will bulk more largely in men's minds five hundred years hence than now; that is the gate through which all men of thought must pass. ARTHUR LYNCH.

THE point on which Dr. Lynch joins issue is one that he would find it difficult to maintain. If the brain is the organ of the mind, and I know of no valid reason for supposing that it is not, then the doctrine that "the whole man thinks" implies that the brain is a single organ—and Flouren's discredited teaching is revived again without any experimental proof. Exactly what Dr. Lynch means by "the whole man," I do not pretend to know; in cases of multiple personality, for example, very much less than "the whole man" is expressed. The mystic in his ecstasy, too, presents the phenomenon of disappearance of personality, which

* "In Search of the Soul." By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (Kegan Paul. 2 vols. £2 2s. net.)

Ribot "takes to be the absolute dispossession of mental activity effected by a single idea (positive to mystics, negative to empirics) but which through its high degree of abstraction, and its absence of determination and limit, contradicts and excludes all individual sentiment. But let one single sensation, however ordinary, be perceived, and the entire illusion is destroyed." Instead of the whole man thinking, Ribot concludes: "The states of consciousness that are called ideas are only a secondary factor in the constitution and changes of personality. The idea certainly plays a part, but not a preponderating one. These results agree with what psychology has long since taught, that ideas have an objective character. Hence it follows that they cannot express the individual in the same proportion as his desires, sentiments, and passions." Every psychosis unravelled by a psycho-analyst shows that the whole man does not think; Sergius in "Arms and the Man" was puzzled to know which of the half-dozen men he seemed to be was the real Sergius; or, as Griesinger puts it: "My ego as a physician, as a scholar, my sensual ego, my moral ego, etc., that is, the complexus of ideas, of inclinations, and of directions, of the will that are designated by these terms, may at any given moment enter into opposition and repel each other. This circumstance would have for a result, not only the inconsistency and separation of the thought and of the will, but also the complete absence of energy for each of these isolated phases of the ego, if, in all these spheres there was not a more or less clear return for the consciousness of some of these fundamental directions." The whole man is a complex being; "hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions"—it did not occur to Shakespeare to add ideas. If the thinking part of man were the whole man, we should be a race of philosophers, God help us!

But as Dr. Lynch says that "in the course of thought the whole brain is concerned either by virtue of activity or inhibition," he does not seem to believe that "the whole man thinks"; for if anything is inhibited in the act of thought, the whole man cannot be functioning. This is precisely the position of Gall, who, in Dr. Hollander's words (p. 257) says: "Now the brain is acting as a whole because its various parts are called into play simultaneously, though—as Gall pointed out—*the whole brain is not concerned in each of the component sensations and volitions associated with any particular mental state.* He admitted, it is true, that several mental powers are generally active at the same time; but their elementary distinctions and independence of each other are shown, not only by their different degrees of strength bearing no constant relation to each other, but by the ever-varying combinations, in number and in kind, in which they manifest themselves. For if they were all general results, of one general power, operating through one organ, there would be in all instances a fixed proportion in the manifestations of feeling and thought and a definite order in their sequence and arrangement, in harmony with the unity of action of a single organ."

There is no need for me to repeat what I have already said about Dr. Lynch's fundamental processes; but I may point that his armchair psychology, determined chiefly by introspection, has neither the demonstrative nor the diagnostic value of the psychology of Gall. Take the phenomenon of idiocy, for example; "the individual is deficient in most of the intellectual powers, and frequently in some of the moral sentiments, and yet may possess a few of them in considerable vigour. Thus some idiots commit to memory with great facility, some have a talent for imitation, for drawing, for music, without being capable of comprehending a single abstract idea; or they show a hoarding inclination, a destructive tendency, or the sexual instinct, without manifesting any other power to a perceptible power." Dr. Lynch's fundamental powers have no relevance to such cases; Nature provides us with an analysis of the powers of the mind, which Dr. Lynch cheerfully ignores. Injury to the brain, too, does not affect the whole mentality; frequently, in insanity, the person is only insane on one subject, "mad nor' nor' west," as Hamlet said. The fundamental powers of the mind are revealed by Nature and accident in every phase of integration and disintegration, and they do not agree with Dr. Lynch's abstractions and syntheses. The fact that Dr. Lynch cannot localise his fundamental processes is the final proof of their unreality; what, for example, is the seat of the "hedonic sense," or "association," or the "feeling of effort"? It is clear that Dr. Lynch is not dealing with powers, but with abstract entities.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

A Scavenger in France. By William Bell, A.R.I.B.A. (Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)

These "extracts from the diary of an architect—1917-1919" would, we think, have been better recast in book-form. Mr. Bell is a very superior person; he was a pacifist who apparently avoided most of the troubles that beset pacifists in this country during the war by going to France as a member of the Friends' War-Victims Relief Committee—his experience as an architect being very useful in the work of rebuilding. We have no reason to doubt that he was a very useful and willing member of his unit; we learn, for example, that he did carpenter's and joiner's and painter's work without complaint, and practically behaved like a Christian man. But he seems to be cursed with a peculiarly offensive form of spiritual pride, brags of his humility to a stranger in the train, and throughout boasts of the superior efficiency of his unit and quotes with what looks like gusto every phrase of congratulation uttered either by the natives or people in authority. If this were all we should be willing to believe that we had misunderstood him; but he boasts also that he is "mentally immune" from fear and from disease, rams the fact down the throats of people suffering from influenza or from air-raid funk. Throughout the book he denounces official Christianity (which he calls Churchanity) for having lost the secret of healing; he puts forward what is probably the correct view of Christianity, that it is a religion of vitality which effects physiological and mental healing—but although he complains that the Catholic priest gives alms to the beggar, but not healing (a reversal of the Apostolic practice: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk"), he does not record one cure either of influenza, fear, or anything else effected by himself. We may remind him of the text he quotes himself against "Churchanity": "These signs shall follow them that believe," and remind him that "mental immunity" from the frailties of others is not one of them. We do not notice in the Gospels that Jesus ever told His disciples: "I am mentally immune from fear"; we do read that He said: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm." He did not waste time bragging about His superiority; He proved it; and we hope that Mr. Bell will soon go and do likewise. It is a pity (although quite natural) that such an egotist should have chosen the most egotistical literary form, the diary: there is much of interest in his observations of architecture, of politics, of economics, and general culture that we think will remain unread because of the offensive manner in which it is presented. It is perfectly true of humanity generally, as Carlyle said of Englishmen, that they are mostly fools; but to ram the fact down their throats at every turn, as Carlyle did and Mr. Bell does, is to "make the word of God of none effect by your" style. Even the Corinthians, according to Paul, suffered fools gladly, because they

themselves were wise; surely one who calls himself neither Catholic nor Protestant, but "Christian," has something to learn from the Corinthians. After all, Christianity is, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "a method, a secret, and a temper"; and as Paul said: "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another." Mr. Bell's advocacy of National Guilds, to take one example, was enough to send the American away cursing; Mr. Bell's comment on it is characteristic: "I had never before met anybody who professed to believe in such diametrically opposed things as Individualistic - Collectivistic - Competitive - Monopolistic - Scientifically - Managed - Capitalistic - Trustification of Industry, and the Efficiently-Expertised, Sped-up, not to say Fed-up, automatic machine once known as a Man, but now playfully called a 'hand.'" If Mr. Bell will extend his observations he will discover that there are very few people who do not believe contradictory things; contradictories cannot be true in logic, but they can be true in psychology, and Mr. Bell, as a Christian, ought to remember Paul's war among the members of his body. As Bishop Blougram said: "When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something." We may curse apathy, but not confusion of mind; that needs enlightenment. Has Mr. Bell ever heard of epieikeia, or is he mentally immune from that?

But if the reader can overcome this formidable initial obstacle Mr. Bell's book will be worth reading. He corrects many of the "facts" of war propaganda, is steadily unable to share the melodramatic view of the Germans as villains, and gives a number of personal observations in support of his view. As his work or travel took him to the Jura, the Somme, the Marne, the Midi, Provence, the Rhone Valley, Savoy, Verdun, Rheims—and Paris, Paris, Paris—his observations cover a good deal of ground; and as he is anti-war, not anti-German, he records things which reveal the common human nature of both sets of combatants and non-combatants. But he is at his best with architecture, of which a good deal is drastically criticised.

The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism. By Bertrand Russell. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Russell has thrown the light of his mind on the welter of Bolshevism, and the illumination is vivid. He brings into contrast the ideals of the Bolshevik revolution and the realities—present and future—of Russia. The leaders set out to realise economic liberty and the emancipation of the proletariat: they have achieved centralisation of power, a privileged oligarchy, industrial conscription and police supervision of private life. (In Moscow "everybody breaks the law almost daily.") They desire international socialism, but foster nationalist movements and drift unresistingly towards the imperialistic domination of Asia. They aim at encouraging art, and are creating an industrialism which is fatal to artistic life. "The Bolshevists are industrialists in all their aims." "They are introducing, as fast as they can, American efficiency among a lazy and undisciplined population." But "the atmosphere is one in which art cannot flourish, because art is anarchic and resistant to organisation." Which is not quite true. Mr. Russell emphasises, however, the essentially religious character of Bolshevism. It "combines the characteristics of the French Revolution with those of the rise of Islam." This explains its strength, because it supplied a faith of which Russia was in need, and its weakness, because "it has the fixed certainty of Catholic theology, not the changing fluidity and sceptical practicality of modern science." "Those who accept Bolshevism become impervious to scientific evidence, and commit intellectual suicide."

In his critique of Bolshevist theory, Mr. Russell starts by accepting (without defining) Communism as his ideal. This is the weakness of his position, for his own arguments tend to the conclusion that his ideal is practically unrealisable—as in fact it is. While he demonstrates the impracticability of Bolshevism as a method of attaining it, he cannot point to any alternative method for which the world can afford to wait. His demonstration would have gained in force if he had admitted that the ideal itself is at fault, and that the errors in Bolshevist *practice* spring directly out of the fundamental error in their *theory*. Mr. Russell is hot on the scent of this error when he argues that "the graver evils of the capitalist system all arise from its uneven distribution of power." Only, like a true Liberal, he conceives of power as resident in authority—governmental or industrial. In a Communist state "There must be administration, there must be officials who control distribution." And equalisation of this kind of power "requires a considerable level of moral, intellectual and technical education." He is therefore compelled to postpone the day of liberation until humanity has risen to higher levels. "The cure for these evils cannot be sudden, since it requires changes in the average mentality." "Only peace and a long period of gradual improvement can bring it about."

A less hopeful outlook cannot well be conceived, though, if Communism were indeed the only alternative to present evils, it might be difficult to resist even so discouraging a conclusion. But the question asked in chapter v (part ii): "Is it possible to effect *a fundamental reform of the existing economic system* by any other method than that of Bolshevism?" leaves open the door to an alternative. Mr. Russell has explored many "roads to freedom." A glance at the map of credit-control might convince him that the direct way is not yet past finding out.

Higher Production. By a Bonus on National Output. A proposal for a minimum income for all varying with national productivity. By Dennis Milner, B.Sc., A.C.G.I., F.S.S. (Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.)

This plea for a minimum income independent of wages contains some interesting arguments, and several fallacies. The first of the latter (as the title indicates) is "the assumption. . . . that increased production is in itself desirable until a higher all-round standard of comfort is possible." The author, however, is not wholly unconscious that our low standard of comfort may be attributable to mal-distribution, for he recognises that "by securing that everyone is in command of sufficient income to purchase what may be reasonably classed among necessities, we can increase the proportion of national income flowing to the staple industries and to this extent steady demand." His own attribution of the striking advance in productivity per head of population from 1800 to 1900 to steam and increased use of machinery is sufficient to show in what degree the part played by the human factor has been reduced. Yet he lays the "full stop" in increase of productivity during the years 1895-1914 solely to the charge of recalcitrant labour. Our readers will note with interest that this period exactly coincides with the era of rising prices, and will ascribe the decline in productivity to the failure of effective demand. The year 1895 in fact marks the point at which the financial burden upon industry began to outweigh the relief afforded by improvements in process. Having come to the conclusion that the worker will not work because he has no interest in national prosperity, Mr. Milner proposes to give him this by securing to every man, woman and child a fixed proportion of the national income, obtained by deduction of a percentage on all incomes. But the amount suggested (8s. per head per week) is ludicrously inadequate, and the fallacy that the national income is identical with the annual national "output" is accepted without question. The scheme in fact amounts to no more than profit-sharing on a national basis.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"SHAKESPEARE IDENTIFIED."

Sir,—I wish to thank you for the opportunity you so readily granted me of replying to some of "R. H. C.'s" remarks upon the Earl of Oxford's poetry. It is to me a matter of very keen regret that your space will not permit a continuance of the controversy. Perhaps, however, you may be able to find room for placing the following facts before your readers.

Of the 520 lines of Oxford's recognised verse 222 were published in 1576, when he was but twenty-six years of age, and before his literary and dramatic career had begun; 226 lines, much of it belonging evidently to the same early period, have been gathered together in recent years from miscellaneous pieces of MS. never prepared for publication. The trifling remainder had become the prey of collectors during his lifetime. It is certain, therefore, that most of what is known as Oxford's poetry was written at least 17 years before a single "Shakespeare" line was published; and it is highly probable that the whole of it belongs to about the same time.

About 1580 his real literary career began. In 1589 he is spoken of as the chief of some writers whose doings could not "be found out or made known." In 1593 Shakespeare's "Venus" made its appearance; and up to the present there has been nothing whatever to show for Oxford's literary period. J. THOMAS LOONEY.

Pastiche.

THE EIGHTH HEAVEN.

HE came out of the crowded hall into the dimly lighted street, borne on the tide of moving people—and his own emotions. If ordinary people sometimes got into the seventh heaven, he must have got into the eighth. "What a man!" he kept saying to himself, "What a speech!"

He felt in his ecstasy that he had come into a new world in which everything was possible; in a world which could produce such a man everything *must* be possible. The wit—the playfulness of him! And then the driving force with which he sent the truth home . . . into your very heart . . . . truth that you had only half realised, into a heart that you didn't know you had, which he, this Master created, it seemed, for the purpose of driving the truth into it. It was glorious to be alive, glorious to experience such emotion.

As he took his place in the queue at the ticket box, pushed into it by others doing the same thing, he thought with a sudden throb of rapture, "I'll write to him. I'll tell him what he means to me, and what a speech like his is in a life like mine. He cannot really know. No-one, probably, has put it to him just like that before. What do I care for Musical Comedies, or Music Hall jokes? A slave whose life is slowly ground out of him every day from 9 to 6 has no energy for such frivolities. And even music, good music . . . when one is very tired . . . . But a speech like that! Why, the first tones of his voice woke one up—and then the intimate way he spoke, just as he might in a little room over cigarettes, only, in a way, better—with more style. Yes, it was worth writing."

He fumbled for his key, and stumbled up the dark stairs revolving sentences in his mind. . . . "Dear and Most Wonderful Master" (Could one put all that in capitals?) . . . . "Incomparable Mr." . . . . (No. "Mr." was a fearful drop after "incomparable.")

Vaguely he got things for supper. He really couldn't be bothered with it . . . but one must have something . . . there was a sinking feeling . . . perhaps a cup of cocoa and a few sardines, if there were any left. Still, as he stood over the gas stove, waiting for the kettle to boil, he kept on thinking of things to say, and how the great man would feel when he read them. Perhaps he would answer, and . . . The kettle boiling put a temporary stop to his ecstatic meditations.

When he had drunk his cocoa, which was much too strong and had too much condensed milk in it, and had eaten his sardines, which somehow . . . . (how long ago had he got that box?) He got out his writing things and prepared to send his soul on a journey, through paper and the post, to meet that other great soul. For surely they would meet. The greatness of his admiration and appreciation would lift him to the level of the other's greatness. There was magnetism in such a feeling—it would draw that wonderful man—and when they met they would greet each other as equals, the man who was capable of evoking such emotion, and the man who was capable of feeling it.

He made seven attempts at the letter before he finished it—three rough copies in pencil, and four trial beginnings in ink. The eighth letter he decided to send, and on reading it through he felt satisfied with it. He looked at the envelope as it lay stamped and addressed on the table and thought how much it meant. In that little sealed up square of paper there was enough force to work miracles. And it would work miracles; it would bring about a friendship that would alter his whole life. . . . . Should he slip out to the pillar-box and post it to-night, with the feeling still hot in it?

He looked out of the window. Of course it was pouring with rain, and he had taken his boots off. No, to-morrow morning on his way to the office . . . . a new day. . . .

He took his clothes off slowly, wound up his watch, got into his pyjamas, and then . . . took up that magic envelope and posted it gently through the bars of the grate into the still red remnants of the fire. Quietly, regretfully, almost shyly, he slipped into bed.

Was it the cocoa and the sardines (which were certainly doubtful) . . . . or what?

VERE BARTRICK.

PASSERS-BY.

By thronging ways I went, where many a face
Dull-eyed met mine and passed. I knew full well
Behind each two eyes lay a far, strange place
Secure and ivory-walled, a citadel.

Yet with my wide eyes watching I could mark
Through guarded gates, swift shadows now and then
Of monstrous shapes that huddle in the dark
And shameful spaces of the minds of men.

One youth played host to murder night and day. . . .
I saw a couch spread in one woman's eyes
Whereon her neighbour's husband naked lay. . . .
And one man housed a company of lies.

And then a calm one came who looked at me
A second only, but his eyes were words,
And, "Enter, friend!" they said. O suddenly
I walked a realm all sweet with singing-birds!

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

A MESSAGE.

Had I the right to grieve,
When Friendship turned her head and left me wondering?
Had I the right to speak
Across the misty space left by our sundering?
How can I know?

* * * * * *

Ah, Friend! You are my friend;
I cannot bend my will to doubt that certainty.
I can afford content;
Those months are years; years, ages; time in plenty,
When once I know.

M. S.

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.*4.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
Six Months	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Three Months	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE (A. R. ORAGE), 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4, and printed for them by BONNER & CO., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.