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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In a letter to the Government, which is to be followed by an interview with Mr. Lloyd George, the Federation of British Industries declares that "to-day British industry is fighting for its life" and that "the next twelve months may be the most critical in the economic history of this country." The language, however apparently superlative, is not in our opinion in the least degree exaggerated; for it is, we believe, a fact that "British industry," in the ordinary sense of the word, is scarcely able to keep on its legs and may collapse at any moment; and it is another and a consequent fact that the next twelve months will see either the beginning of a new system or a cataclysm in which the present system will perish without leaving a successor. On the other hand, as correctly as the Manifesto of the British Federation of Industries describes the symptoms and forecasts the period of crisis, its authors are altogether at sea both in their diagnosis of the disease and in their prescriptions. If the most ignorant quack were to prescribe for a condition of disease which could not but be patent to any observer, his guesses at the cause and his proposals for a cure could not be worse in their way than the procedure of the B.F.I. in relation to our present social affliction. Science, both old and new, reason, appeal, fact, experience, history—all these, it seems, are utterly thrown away on the governing minds of the F.B.I. We are not in the least surprised that its twenty-million capital organisation, with its highly paid Intelligence department, should still be ignorant of the analysis and synthesis which have been published in these columns during the last two years. The distance between minds in England can only be reckoned in terms of light-years. But that the outstanding features of the existing situation should be completely missed or ignored is a reflection upon human intelligence which it is hard to swallow. We prefer, in fact, to believe that the F.B.I. is pursuing another policy than that of facing the truth. What is the case of the F.B.I.? It is, in the first place, that the high cost of materials, transport, and labour not only restricts production for the home-market, but makes it impossible for Great Britain to compete industrially with foreign countries that can produce more cheaply—Germany, of course, in excelsis (for it would not be wise to mention America!). In the second place, the F.B.I. complains of the high taxation in this country and pleads for Government economy. The capital requirements of industry, we are told, were allowed during the war to be neglected, leaving the country with vast arrears of construction and maintenance to be overtaken to-day. And if, therefore, the Government should continue its present extravagant policy of taxing industry (that is to say, the costs and prices of industry), even for the laudable object of paying off the war-debt, industry will continue to stagnate for the want of capital. In the third place and finally, the cat is out of the bag in the expectation expressed that a reduction in costs, including taxation, "will encourage a flow into industry of the capital it so greatly needs."

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So abundant is the material for a reply to the case of the F.B.I. that it is difficult to know where to begin and when to leave off; and we shall have to content ourselves with a few reminders and questions of fact. To begin with, is it or is it not the truth that the industrial plant of the country has been enormously increased since 1914, that is to say, during and since the war? We have been told on the unimpeachable authority of the industrialists themselves, reporting to the "'Times' Commercial Supplement," that "after making allowance for all deterioration that has occurred, none of the firms reports that it has less plant than it had before the war, while four-fifths of them state that they have more, in some cases up to four times as much"; and Sir Edgar Crammond, summarising the results, concluded that "the productive capacity of Great Britain is now at least 50 per cent. above the pre-war standard." Does this bear out the complaint that there are arrears of construction and maintenance to be overtaken; and is it decent for the B.F.I. to rest its case on the pathos of the war? Next, is it or is it not the fact that the outstanding feature of the situation is a defect of Demand and not of Supply, of Consumptive and not of Productive capacity? Here again the evidence is supplied by the industrialists themselves as if the facts were not sufficiently patent. Idle factories by the hundred, unemployed workmen by the million, armies of advertisers, travellers and touts, commercial plans for exporting credit (or purchasing power) abroad, and a score and one similar phenomena, all testify to the existence of a productive capacity so much in excess of

effective Demand that more than half the world's energies are employed in trying to expedite Consumption. But if this is the true state of things, on evidence that cannot be denied, the practical recommendation with which the F.B.I. winds up its petition must be realised to be as absurd as we have already found it. How can an increased flow of capital into Production affect, except for the worse, a situation characterised by a defect of Consumption? How is pulling down our barns to build greater going to increase the distributed effective demand, the defect of which, and not the inadequacy of our present barns, is the obvious and predominant symptom of our present disease? We have compared the F.B.I. to an ignorant quack in medicine; but, in truth, if such quackery as theirs were to be practised on a dog, its agent would be sent to prison for it. Is the nation so contemptible, in its own opinion and that of the F.B.I., that diagnoses contrary to fact and prescriptions contrary to sense are to be not only tolerated, but admired and acted upon?

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Assuming that nevertheless the case of the F.B.I. will appear to many to be plausible, will pass among the majority, in fact, without question, an explanation can be found in the superstition our generation owes to Malthus. Twenty-five years ago Kropotkine observed that economics was still permeated with the teaching of Malthus; and "nearly all Socialists," he added—and his remark is true to-day—"admit the Malthusian postulate," namely, that of "a limited and insufficient supply of the necessaries of life." In agricultural produce, Kropotkine continued, there was something plausible to be said for Malthus' contention that productivity was naturally limited and could only with increasing labour provide for an increasing population; but even in agriculture, modern science had extended the limits of possible production beyond the needs of any imaginable increase of population. How much more absurd, therefore, was it to assume that manufactured products, the work of machinery and science and man, were limited in amount or could only be multiplied by disproportionate human exertion? Kropotkine's criticism of the Malthusian superstition, though supported by science and confirmed by experience, has, however, so far completely failed to dissipate it. The intelligent editor of the "'Times' Trade Supplement" adds a footnote to Mr. Kitson's current article inviting Mr. Kitson to explain how we can export cotton-goods if we consume more cotton-goods at home, in manifest incomprehension or incredulity at Mr. Kitson's statement in the same article that "even to-day the labour of less than 10 per cent. of the population would readily suffice to maintain the entire inhabitants of this country in a high state of efficiency," leaving a liberal margin of labour with which to exchange goods with the rest of the world. The Malthusian assumption, we may suppose, likewise underlies and explains the plausibility of the case of the F.B.I., as of the case of Labour for compulsory and universal "work." Indeed, as Kropotkine suggested, the teaching of Malthus or, rather, of the Devil, has so permeated and still so permeates the minds of our generation that with the economic wealth of Crœsus in our hands, we speak and act on the assumption that we are poor in a hard world. Nothing, we are afraid, will destroy this superstition save an act of truthful imagination. Who could convince a miser that he was really rich? Who can persuade our Capitalists and Socialists alike that our present means of production, without any addition for the next ten years, and with *less* work than heretofore, are ample for the needs of an A1 population both our own and the world's? The curse of Malthus is on us; and we blaspheme both Providence and Man in clinging to our pretence of poverty.

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The general movement of wages downwards is not only the expected sequel of the enforced unemployment, but it is partly due to the "policy" of the F.B.I. of reducing costs at the expense of wages. Wages being, as everybody knows, a considerable item in the costs of production, a reduction of wages, it is naïvely assumed, would not only enable selling-prices to be reduced (which itself is rather more than doubtful in view of the extent and efficiency of Trusts and Combines), but by some miraculous means or other would create a more widespread and effective demand for consumable goods. The item of Wages, however, differs from the other items of Cost in being the only Cost that is distributed among individuals as purchasing-power, the other Costs being mainly transfers of blocks of Credit from one organisation to another. And it therefore follows, as a matter of simple arithmetic, that any reduction in Wages is a proportionate reduction of the effective demand or market for consumable or ultimate commodities. Considering that our factories are idle and trade in general is stagnant because of the falling-off in effective demand, it would be interesting to learn upon what grounds a further contraction of distributed demand is calculated to set industry in motion again. Who is going to buy the goods, even at the possibly reduced price, when the wage-earning classes have been still further impoverished? Is there any new market to be found to take the place of the market now being reduced by the decline in wages? To employ a cliché usually left to capitalist debaters, is not the reduction of wages equivalent to killing the goose that lays the golden eggs? Whatever be the reply, there can be no doubt about the facts of the case. Far from affording the smallest relief of our present discontent, the present movement of wage-reduction will intensify all the symptoms as well as the disease itself. After a few months of trial of it, our national plight will be found to be still more desperate.

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It is plain that the Labour leaders, industrial as well as political, have forfeited the last shred of their right to the name of leaders, since in the gravest circumstances ever known their policy is to throw all the responsibility upon the rank and file. "At no time," said Mr. Cramp of the N.U.R. last week, "has the need of solidarity among the workers been so great"—as if the mere sticking together of the rank and file could be a substitute for action or an adequate response to the dynamic of a definite attack upon wage-rates. In the case of the Miners' Federation, the abdication of the responsibilities (but not of the privileges) of leadership has been even more pronounced. After declaring emphatically that under no circumstances would the Federation consent to the abrogation of the National agreement, the matter has now been referred to districts, with the practical certainty that the districts themselves will differ about it and arrive in consequence at an unworkable compromise. Why Mr. Hodges and his colleagues should continue in a policy that leads from one disaster to another and be as consistently applauded for it as if their career were an unbroken triumph, we confess we do not understand. The present wreck of the Labour movement is their work. For the plight of millions of unemployed they are responsible. The despair that is slowly settling down on the rank and file is the work of their hands; and all the horrors that are still in front of us are only the by-products of the neglect, the stupidity and conceit of the "leaders" of Labour. Perhaps when the rank and file has suffered a little more, it may "respond" in a manner not expected by its present leaders. That, unfortunately, appears to be the only means left of arousing the leaders to a sense of their duty.

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Having every wish to be as fair as it is possible for

human minds to be, we are led to assume the existence of other motives in the policy of Labour leaders than the motives ordinarily attributed to them. People do not act irrationally without reason; and when, as in the case of the F.B.I., we find a body of intelligent men pursuing an irrational policy (that of stimulating Production when under-Consumption is admittedly the real trouble), and discover, on friendly analysis, that they are under the Malthusian obsession, the conclusion that our Labour leaders may be similarly suffering under some delusion or other is at least admissible. But what is the delusion that enables Labour leaders apparently to be so indifferent to the misfortunes of the rank and file as to refuse persistently even to consider a possible remedy? What is it that permits, say, Mr. Hodges and his colleagues, to sleep at nights after such apparent derelictions of duty, not to say, common humanity, as the world witnesses? Our friendliest explanation, for what it is worth, is that the mass of the Labour leaders, even when they are not politically minded themselves, are under the political illusion; they fancy, in other words, that "Labour" is well on the way to political power; and, hence, that not only *cannot* the present industrial difficulties be surmounted, but that they need not be, and ought not to be. "Industrial misery," they say in effect, "is the only lever of political action. When the working-classes are prosperous they cease to be 'revolutionary.' Furthermore, any *effective* scheme for reconciling the interest of Capital and Labour would, by robbing Labour of its platform, deprive Labour of its political future. In the interests, therefore, of the historic political claims of Labour, the recurrent industrial difficulties must not only be left to 'Capital' to smooth over, without any help from Labour, but any conceivably radical and effective solution, that does not imply and necessitate a Labour Government, must be boycotted and opposed."

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We call this a "pathetic illusion" because, in the first place, it has the pathetic result of requiring and not merely of tolerating the continuance of the present industrial chaos; for even the contingency of an Anglo-American war has been known to provoke a smile of triumph among a meeting of the political Left of Labour, as if that event alone might be pre-ordained to bring Labour into power. And, in the second place, the illusion is pathetic because it so easily and obviously plays into the hands of the directorate of the real Capitalist-Financial opposition, who cannot but be gratified by any diversion or weakening of an immediate attack upon current problems in a practical spirit. Let it be remembered that the public credit of a political party is conditioned by its ability to deal with current problems; and, in the light of this reflection, it will be seen that the more pre-occupied Labour can be induced to become in its political future, the more improbable is not only its "interference" in present events, but that very political future itself. Finally, the illusion is pathetic because, in fact, there is not the least real ground for believing in it. Mr. Lloyd George and his astute friends pretend, for their own purposes, that "a Labour Government is in sight." By so doing they hope to rally the "non-political voters" to their side. But, in sober truth, a Labour Government is so far from being in sight that even the Capitalist opposition has refused to be alarmed by the prospect, feeling in its bones that neither our own nor any generation of this century will ever witness such a thing. It is a thousand pities that we cannot lay down and agree upon certain axioms in regard to the industrial situation; axioms that may not be challenged after they have once been demonstrated and accepted. We should propose as the first axiom that No Labour Government is likely to be formed this century. Thereafter, the movement could devote its energies to pursuing something real.

World Affairs.

THE most stubborn and lasting antithesis to progress and the cult of the Future, which is the real religion and the specific essence of Western civilisation and Western Man, is the humanity of India. India is a continent apart, an unapproachable island and an enchanted land; an island immense and isolated from the history of humanity under the spell truly of the everlasting and unchangeable. This spell of the æons, this profound dream of India, needs to be broken in the interest of the world-order and of the progress of both evolution and history. For the triumphant and satanical West must accomplish its redemption of the world and give the frame of organisation and virile reason to the world. India, the eternal mother of Human Freedom, the eternal glory of the Aryan or Northern Man has come to be a land without a future and even without a past, being devoid of a present, of a reality corresponding to her eternal function in the Kingdom. The mission and function of India in the human kingdom is, we say, eternal, a lasting and imperishable mission; for India is a memento of the Infinite, of Deity itself in Man's work and in Man himself. The revelation of the New Testament and of the Athanasian Creed is a gnosis of the absolute dynamics of the Universal Man and of his body; which body is Cosmos itself, the world. Christian metaphysics reveals the meaning of the divine process, of the dynamics of Cosmos and Humanity; for the drama of the Sophia and the Logos, of the Fall and Redemption of Universal Man is the one and universal mystery play, the one and only drama of existence. But India has revealed to Man the gnosis of the eternal *statics* of things. There is an absolute mystery, a uniform mystery, a clear mystery of Being; this absolute and unfathomable mystery India has revealed by making mankind aware of it, by proving its presence, but not by solving it. The gnosis of Christ and of Sophia is the central and anthropocentric, human, pan-human gnosis of the world. *Vedanta Advaita*, the sacred apophasis of India, is the end, the periphery of pan-human cognisance. Except the miracle and apophasis of the embodiment of Sophia herself, except the absolute apophasis of pan-human organisation itself, of the Pleroma of the future Kingdom, a greater and more infinite revelation has never been given to Universal Man, to the Geon. Vedanta Advaita and the Athanasian Creed are gnoses worthy of Universal Humanity, and both are equally worthy.

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The Indian people, both the Aryan and Aryanised, but, above all, the non-Aryan (for India is one of the great and greatest melting-pots of the soma and of the psyche of all humanities), the Indian people, the immense block of its millions, is the heart of the Eastern hemisphere; that race of the One and the Universal; that organ of the Race, of the Species, of Man, by which Eternity and the Absolute are sensed. It is pertinent to underline here that the Mongolian and Turanian Asias, somewhat incongruously as it may seem, are not the central and the greatest, or the most powerful antithesis of the West. China and Japan are not directly and entirely antithetic to Europe and to the West. China is the England of the Far East, the chief evolutionary block of Asia, normal, continuous, harmonious in her tendencies, being as she is common sense incarnate and a great wholesome humanity, the salt of the earth; China is neutral and is pan-humanly disposed. China can be Westernised, industrialised, without changing her childlike and wise spirit. The Middle Kingdom does not proselytise, does not crave to be proselytised; Japan, the extreme of humanity in the Father's hemisphere, and the greatest historic humanity of the East, does so. Japan is actively engaged in Japanising the West, in preaching the Far

East to the West; and still more engaged in Westernising herself. Only materially and in temper is Japan antithetic to the West; for Japan also believes in this world, in history, in concrete duration. China, if treated in a way which her dignity and evolutionary greatness demand, if treated, that is, in a Sophian, pan-human way, is able and willing to respond to the West in her natural, Sophian way. China is of a synthetic, normal mind, and only by nature and by character is she the antithesis of Europe. Not so the holy land, the incomprehensible land, India. The Imperium of India is not of this world; and never has been; never can be. India will never become an Imperium and an historic factor of the terrestrial, human world. For her function in Humanity is the first of all Promethean functions, the conquest of the independence of spirit, the affirmation of virility, of omnipotence, of Man the Male. This function, the most essential one for Self-guidance and Self-creation, is, to revert to our comparison, equal only to the divine passivity of the New Testament and of the Pentecost; also, equal only to a future function, the Sophian transfiguration of mankind as a whole. But the greatness of India's will and severity, firstly, is only a virile, a terrible greatness. It is not a marvel of completeness, but of exaggeration. Secondly, the virility and fierceness of India's will has been, and still is, and ever will remain, turned towards the Infinite and towards the Divine; not against the world. The Imperium of India, to conclude, is of the male and awful essence of Assyria and ancient Rome; but all the fire and all the self-created, emancipated manhood of India went into the divine, supra-mundane service of the culture of spirit alone.

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The ultimate justification of the British world-function in India is the cosmic or evolutionary necessity to impose the Logoic principle and the Western dispensation upon the heart of the East; upon the whole eastern hemisphere of the earth and of the Earth-spirit; for the creative and loving work of the Synthesis begins when the destructive work of the Antithesis ends. The living and pan-human fulness of the Synthesis, of Pleroma, sanctifies and necessitates the dark night, the freezing torture of the satanic and of the Luciferic which any antithesis must be. For just as Socialism is the reciprocal transposition and also the mutual annihilation of Capitalism and of the Proletariat, the synthesis of the social order, the synthetic frame of the social order of Man, Loka Samgraha or World-Civilisation is the synthesis, and must become the universal, planetary synthesis, of the North and South, East and West. The pan-human mission of the Russian race is to impose the Northern world-synthesis of Sophian Christianity, of the gnosis of the Pleroma upon the empty and reactionary pseudo-Pleroma of the Semitic revelations, of Jehovah and of Allah. It is Islam and Judaism that are the antithesis of Russia and of Slavonic mankind; for these very dispensations, of Jehovah and of Allah, are *pseudo-syntheses* of the East and West, of the pre-Christian and Christian world-intuitions. The giant empire of the Continental Aryan man, the continental world-empire of the Aryan, is Russia, and Russia is destined to achieve the positive and full synthesis of the West and the East. Thus as the Northern or positive pleroma of the West and the East, Russia is herself the world-antithesis of Islam and of the Jewry. For these two the Southern Belt as we have defined them, the southern belt bridging over the gulf between the world's East and world's West (bridging it over either in flesh and in spirit, like the Islam world, or chiefly only in spirit like the Jews), these two are pseudo-syntheses; they are not what the world needs. For the world needs its own Synthesis, and of this supreme need of mankind the awakening and transposition of the Indian world-value is an indispensable condition.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

IN carrying out weekly the analysis of common beliefs and tendencies which has appeared on this page for some time I have found myself driven to combat more and more, and at last solely, usages and conceptions which make men unhappy. Some of these are enshrined in our legal system, but most in our common life. But in whatever form they happen to be expressed, the thing which gives them vitality—a dreadful, inhibiting vitality—is an attitude, partly moral, partly intellectual. The best word to denote that attitude is *superstition*. Any of us who managed to do our sums at school must remember that the secret of doing them well—or doing them at all—was an unembarrassed and confident belief that there was nothing occult in them, and that the correct exercise of our minds would discover the correct answer. From beginning to end the whole thing seemed more rational and therefore more easy than we had expected—sometimes so easy that the perverse ghost of hocus-pocus would whisper to us, "This cannot be the right answer!" The dull boys, on the other hand, believed that arithmetic was a mystery; the result was not something as simple, or, rather, more simple, than the problem; it was to be attained by magic, by an intellectual sleight of hand at which they could marvel, but which they could never learn and practise. Well, in almost all things except our daily work, and sometimes in that, too, most of us are in the position of the slow boys in the class, and for the same reason. Men are hanged still, not because there is a good cause for hanging, but because the public think there is an occult virtue in it. The inviolability of marriage is believed in with religious ardour by people whose marriage is a hell, and chiefly because they think that the most unspeakable iniquities are consummated in Heaven. The permanence of the miserable human estate in which we live is ensured by a superstition which we call "human nature." Brutalising labour, shameful destitution, "the struggle for existence," are justified, not by assessing their natural and obvious results—oh, no, but by attributing to them a profound, tragic, mystical virtue. It is astonishing! Whether the state of an emancipated humanity will be as happy as Rousseau, or as tragic as Nietzsche, conceived, it is quite impossible for us to determine yet; the whole problem is so thickly obscured by the cloud of bestial and self-torturing superstitions in which we live. Natural sufferings there are which man must bear; but the misery which man suffers from "Nature"—which, by the way, he has made a bogey—are small in comparison with what he suffers from the nightmares, the respectable, moral nightmares, which his ignorance and his fears have woven around her.

There has been recently published in America a book by Mr. Daniel Lindsay Thomas and Mrs. Lucy Blayney Thomas entitled "Kentucky Superstitions." Collected in it there are almost 4,000 different superstitions gathered in Kentucky alone, and mainly from the white population. The index tells us that the greatest number are about bad luck, and the second greatest about death. After that there are a score or so about good luck; but even these predispose to apprehension. For the truth is that every superstition either expresses fear or suggests it; and fear is the greatest enemy of happiness and of light, for the ills we fear we already suffer, and we cannot dare to study them. How much misery these 4,000 superstitions, covering almost every circumstance of existence, must have caused in Kentucky and—for they are not merely local—in the whole world, mankind itself will never be able to know. The old ones are dis-

appearing, but as they vanish new ones are created; and they will continue to be created so long as men are ignorant and fearful—so long, that is, as they refuse to regard the world and everything in it as a problem which can be solved. The simple belief that the world is so is half the solution; and it is this simple belief that men have still to acquire. People's naïve superstitions about black cats and umbrellas may appear trifling; and they are trifling compared with the superstitions about society, law, religion, literature, and "nature" which fill our lives with such terrible aridity, such crushing helplessness. But what we must realise is that they are superstitions in the same sense; the popular beliefs about religion and politics are of the same nature as those about black cats and umbrellas. In other words, religion and politics are not things to be *understood*; people not merely fear to use their intellect on them; they consider it is the right thing to abrogate it. Against this sum of ignorance and misery it is absolutely necessary to bring into action the clarity and rationality of obvious truths. We shall not be combating what Nietzsche called "salutary errors"; for these, too, are a superstition. Men do not believe in convenient illusions; they believe in what causes them the greatest suffering, and that because their beliefs are the reflection of their ignorance, and therefore of their fears. The theory of the "salutary illusion," especially in coming from Nietzsche, was not profound enough; it implied that popular errors arose half deliberately, whereas they arise almost entirely in the subconscious and out of fear of the object. Only one error in a hundred is salutary, and even it is not permanently salutary. For whatever is "believed in" is not known, and is therefore feared, and is therefore the source of prohibitions.

Yet men cling to superstition in spite of the fact that truth is easier, more obvious, more simple, "happier" —so simple and so cheerful that it astonishes us and fills us with incredulity. Superstition is at present actually more subtle than truth; compare Mr. G. K. Chesterton, a Voltaire on the wrong side, with the real Voltaire. Why should an animal so feebly intellectual as man cling, as Mr. Chesterton does, to superstitions which his intellect by a simple turn could easily destroy? Sometimes—Mr. Chesterton is an instance—because he exercises his mind simply for the pleasure of exercising it, and therefore the more difficult case is the more attractive. But in the mass of superstitious creatures who have still to be awakened, it is because the existence of superstition "suggests" its continuance. Life is such and such, superstition tells them; therefore it becomes such and such, and has to be borne. Thence arises the imaginary necessity: "human nature being what it is"—a piece of simple, vulgar fatalism; for human nature is not what it "is," but what we conceive it to be. Accepted, this fatalism, of course, can be made grand; all the æsthetic emotions can be gathered around it—but all that proves nothing, as the people in Russian novels are always saying. It has always been the saddest trick of that conjuror with a broken heart, man, to teach in song what he has not learnt in suffering, and to set the crown of beauty upon failure, disease, and blindness. Yet it is nothing more than a form of vulgar Satanism.

This, then, is the spiritual and human issue, the most immediate of our age, as it was in that of Voltaire, of Goethe, of Ibsen, of Nietzsche. Our task is the destruction of evil superstition; and both the means and the end is the emancipation of the mind, the free and confident exercise of the mind upon everything, human or not, which comes before it. For that the main thing that is needed is a light dauntlessness, a capacity for not being awed. The intellect is necessary for every problem: one cannot conceive the Trinity unless one understands arithmetic.

EDWARD MOORE.

Towards National Guilds.

BUT that is not the end of Mr. Cole's economic case. He is plainly concerned for the extinction of what he calls "interest," this year, next year, or sometime, and the "amortisation" of the present ownership. Is not Major Douglas, he asks, "conferring on the possessing class a vast mortgage on the productive power of the workers?" And will productivity run to it? Here, again, we cannot help wishing that Mr. Cole had read the Scheme with the attention he must have paid to Greek when he was at Oxford; for the plain truth of the matter is that under the Scheme the distribution of purchasing power exactly keeps pace with the development of productivity or real Credit, and is great when that is great and small when that is small. By the ratio of Credit Consumption to Credit Production which regulates Prices under the Scheme, it is *impossible* for purchasing power to be either in excess or in defect of productivity. Price becomes simply a means of distributing whatever there is to distribute; and since it absolutely depends upon the existence and amount of the real credit available for distribution, it cannot either exceed the productivity of a given year or fall below it. Briefly and crudely, the Scheme distributes as many units of purchasing power as there are units of production available for distribution. We issue just as many tickets as we have or can provide seating accommodation for.

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We come, however, to the bonne bouche of Mr. Cole's objections, and one he shares with everybody who is more concerned about "Socialist principles" (alias morality) than with the practical morality of saving the world from damnation. "The effect of the recognition of the *right* to interest on the part of the present holders of capital is," he says, "to destroy the moral basis of the Socialist case." So much the worse, we might reply, for the Socialist case; for if "the Socialist case" is found to rest on an inadmissible assumption or upon an assumption that cannot be practically validated, the professing Socialists may succeed in preserving their principles, but they will never get anything done by means of them. We observe, in fact, that Mr. Cole is prepared to waive his principles when the problem in hand is one that appeals to his prejudices. How, for instance, does the "right to maintenance" which he claims for the workers "as citizens of the community" differ from the "right to dividends" which he denies to the owners of capital? Are not owners of capital also citizens; and would Mr. Cole exclude them from the right to maintenance (that is, to a dividend on the social credit) merely because they own the other factor of production—namely, plant? In asserting the right of Capital to dividends, we do not, as Mr. Cole does, deny the same right to the other factor. On the contrary, by means of the Miners' Bank which is created to represent the real credit inherent in the factor of Labour, we elevate Labour to the rank of the present owners of plant, and ensure for the Miners an equal share in the present privileges of Capital, including dividends. What is Mr. Cole's zeal to revenge himself upon the existing capitalists that leads him to deny to Labour the extension of the right to dividends on the communal work merely because he cannot bear that the existing owners should also enjoy it? Not everybody, it is perfectly certain, can be "employed" productively on the social plant; as time goes on, the number of necessary workers (in Mr. Cole's narrow sense) will infallibly diminish. As Mr. Tom Mann says, we may safely look forward to a time in the near future when "work" will be largely superfluous, and when, in consequence, the distribution of purchasing-power by means of wages or pay or whatever it is called will affect only a fraction of the community. Will Mr. Cole tell us how he means to provide for the "unemployed" when they number, as

they will, the majority of the population? Is their "income" to depend upon the goodwill or fancy of the minority that happens to control the communal productive inheritance? Or must their "right to maintenance" be guaranteed? But the only fair alternative to pay or wages for work done is the dividend *on* work done; and this must be proportionate to the credit creation of the period for which it is paid. As has been said before, the recognition in the Scheme of the right to dividends is not the outcome of mere expediency, though Mr. Cole ought to know that no confiscatory proposal can be carried through without civil war; we absolutely swear it. Nor is it, we affirm, in violation of the true basis of Socialist morality that refuses to make fish of one factor in production merely because that factor has in the past made fowl of the other. The recognition of the right to dividends under the Scheme is, like the whole Scheme itself, designed to effect a transition by peaceful means from the present class war and chaos to economic democracy; and since the *Socialist* substitute for the wage-system is the system of dividends, the sooner we begin to multiply the number of people living on dividends, the sooner shall we succeed in abolishing the wage-system. The Scheme looks forward and prepares for the time when every citizen, by virtue of his citizenship, shall be naturally entitled to a dividend on the year's communal work. Whether, in addition, he shall draw a "salary" will depend upon whether he is "fit" to be employed in the highly technical production of those happy but not far-off days.

* * *

Mr. Cole concludes his critique with a handful of obiter dicta, not one of which has any resemblance to the truth as we conceive it. "Major Douglas is in no sense a Guildsman"; "he is simply a distributivist" [Mr. Belloc, please note]; "Economic Democracy, in the Douglas sense, is the direct opposite of the industrial democracy of Guild Socialism." Deary us, fancy that, now! And we, who *ought* to know something about Guild Socialism, since not Mr. Cole but THE NEW AGE fathered it and mothered it after having brought it into the world, while Mr. Cole was still a Fabian undergraduate at Oxford—we, we say, admit Major Douglas as the completest Guildsman, deny that he is "simply a distributivist" (though that in itself would be no crime), and assert that his "economic democracy" is both the end and the means to all that we have ever conceived as "Guild Socialism." Let us, in conclusion, repeat what, we believe, the adoption of the Douglas Mining Scheme would effect within a brief period, by peaceful and practical means, and without prejudice to more than a handful of financiers: the reduction of the price of domestic coal to one-quarter, at least, of its present price; the acquisition by the Miners' Federation of an increasing Capital interest and holding in the Mining industry, with all the rights and privileges and dividends appertaining thereto; the joint control of their industry by the Miners' Federation, including, if they choose to exercise it, the control of administration; the Peterloo of the class-war, as far, at any rate, as the Miners are concerned—and their example would surely be speedily followed by every other industry; the transformation of the Mining industry from a pull-devil, pull-baker struggle always against the ultimate consumer into a public service regulated by prices but otherwise autonomous. If Mr. Cole can produce a Scheme that can promise these results within the period between today and the next world-war, we shall listen to him attentively and, at least, comprehend his case before we dismiss it with a triple curse. If, again, he can prove to its authors that these results are not identical with the results aimed at by the first National Guildsmen, and still in their mind, then we shall claim the monopoly of the present signature.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Music.

BRITISH MUSIC SOCIETY. A concert was given by this society at the Morley Hall on March 9th for the purpose of performing unpublished works by contemporary composers. The programme included two works for string quartet—"five short variations on an English Folk Tune," by William Albon, and two movements from a quartet by W. T. Walton—and a piano sonata by Lawrence Collingwood. Mr. Albon's Variations (played by the Pennington String Quartet) are agreeably written on well-known and established lines. They please the ear without specially stimulating either interest or curiosity. The two movements from Mr. Walton's quartet come in another category. The first movement (which we understand is to be revised) does not altogether please the ear, but it certainly stimulates curiosity. One critic has dismissed Mr. Walton's work with the remark that he "is young, and probably means no harm." Music with such conviction of purpose running through it (and a purpose which, however strange, is obviously based on knowledge) cannot be dismissed with this easy flippancy. We think that in the first movement Mr. Walton has kept his instruments too far apart, and also that the music in itself is not essentially a music for strings, but might very probably sound better on wind instruments. In writing as he did, Mr. Walton assailed the particular attributes of stringed instruments, especially in the first violin part, and we do not think the result was an æsthetic gain. There is perhaps still much to be done in exploring the possibilities of wind instruments, but we doubt if alteration of the tonal attributes of strings will add to their beauty. Mr. Walton made an interesting experiment, and it is for gifted youth to make experiments, because it has time before it in which to repair its faults and any possible "harm" it may do. But it must see to it that it does not destroy old values without producing new ones to replace them. Also the new values must be of sufficient beauty to justify the destruction or even the neglect of the old. The second movement of Mr. Walton's quartet does not only stimulate curiosity: it is music of a high and exquisite beauty, and is essentially for strings. If Mr. Walton had not written anything but the second movement of this one quartet, this one piece of music alone would entitle him to serious consideration.

MISS ETHEL FRANK, Queen's Hall, March 9. It would be difficult for any mere human being to fulfil all the expectations roused by the advertisements of this young American singer, and her concert was therefore in the nature of an agreeable surprise. Miss Frank's voice is of a very pleasant, even quality, and is admirably used, and her intelligence is more remarkable than her voice. There are many better voices, but such intelligence is rare. Indeed Miss Frank is *so* intelligent that she should have known better than to put English translations of French songs on her programme, without printing the original poem. We English are a benighted race, but French is not an unknown language even in darkest London, and Miss Frank can safely take it for granted that a great part of her London audiences can read and understand French quite as well as she can sing it.

H. R.

"AN EMPTY HOUSE."

Our God has left His House,
He dwells no more in Temples vast and dim,
How shall His people worship at a shrine,
Empty of Him?
Once there was Power therein,
The sick were healed, the broken life made whole.
The Light has gone that lighted up for man
Night in the soul.
A wider roof shall rise,
Thou veilèd Presence that we would not see,
The House, no more denied to child of Thine,
Shall then house Thee.

E. M. WREFORD-WADDINGTON.

Drama,

By John Francis Hope.

A SHAW triple bill is not the most agreeable form of entertainment. His one-act plays are either trivialities or tracts; he differs from most other people by the fact that he works best at the development of a theme, and has no real power of handling incidents dramatically. I do not omit from consideration his one-act play, "Getting Married," although it is really sui generis; on the contrary, it serves to illustrate my contention that his genius needs for its full expression a subject on which many points of view may be expressed, preferably one on which no conclusion can be reached except by action. So I went to see the triple bill at the Everyman with misgivings; "How He Lied to Her Husband," "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," "The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet," are simply the waste products of a process of creation of which we have already enjoyed the fruits. If they had been produced at the beginning of his career, they might have had an evolutionary interest; but they are symptoms of his decline from divine comedy to humanity as it understands itself, and in "Blanco Posnet" he has descended to the mission-hall.

"Blanco Posnet" is as much an artistic failure as Browning's "Caliban Upon Setebos." These theologising savages fall very flat because they do not express themselves as the real savage does, in myth, song, dance, and ritual, but in the cruder forms of theological disputation. The only comment that need be made on Blanco was made by Feemy Evans: "When I marry I'll marry a man that could do a decent action without surprising himself out of his senses." No one knows better than Shaw that his antithesis of "the great game" and "the rotten game" is not solved by Blanco's acceptance of the boy scout's motto: "A good action every day." As he said in his preface to "Getting Married": "Apart from the initial absurdity of accepting as permanent a state of things in which there would be in this country misery enough to supply occasion for several thousand million kind actions per annum, the effect on the character of the doers would be so appalling than one month of any serious attempt to carry out such counsels would probably bring more stringent legislation against actions going beyond the strict letter of the law in the way of kindness than we have now against excess in the opposite direction." The only excuse that can be made for Blanco Posnet's preaching "the great game" of behaving sentimentally towards women with children, and thereby placing them under the obligation of committing perjury on his behalf, is that he was on the verge of delirium tremens at the time, and "saw God" instead of blue devils or pink rats.

As an essay "in crude melodrama," the play suffered by being performed at the Everyman. None of these players has the melodramatic style; if I am any judge of actors, they have an intellectual contempt for melodrama, and find it impossible to accept as real the convention of "virtue" and "vice" that melodrama demands. Mr. Harold Scott did his best as Elder Daniels, but he did not feel "good"; he judged from the text that Elder Daniels was intended to be a satire on piety, instead of a revelation of it. This "good" man must behave all the time as though he were conducting a meeting; he has got "God" in his pockets, and probably has his drinking-horn decorated with texts: "Prepare to meet thy God" over the back of the bar, and "Give stong drink unto him that is ready to perish" in front of the whisky bottles. Such a man could only maintain his position in such a community by sheer vigour of character, by an Old Testament righteousness; Mr. Harold Scott would have been "shot up" by the first cowboy who wanted a drink for nothing. Only once did Elder Daniels ever know that he was wrong; that was when alcoholic mania convinced him that it was more godly to sell liquor than to imbibe it. "Sich imponinen" is his motto; and when Mr. Harold Scott convinces himself that "godliness with contentment is great gain," he will make Elder Daniels "a power for good" in this pioneer community. His performance of the poet in "How He Lied to Her Husband" was a well-played study of affectation.

Mr. Bramber Wills did not convince us that Blanco Posnet was a "bad" man, any more than Mr. Scott convinced us that Elder Daniels was a "good" man. He was badly cast, more particularly as Mr. Leslie Banks played Strapper Kemp, who, as Blanco says, is "a lad whose back I or any grown man here could break against his knee." The obvious disparity of size made the boast absurd; but the difficulty obsessed Mr. Bramber Wills throughout. He did not carry enough weight; he cursed like a clergyman saying "Da-a-ash" over a footling shot; in the scene with Elder Daniels he missed a fine chance of expressing the alcoholic horrors—in short, he was altogether too civilised to do justice to the part. It probably wants a man like Mr. Sam Livesey to play it properly; Blanco Posnet is a powerful brute on the verge of delirium tremens and religious exaltation, and Mr. Wills' peculiar gifts are not of this order. He played Blanco like a Shavian, instead of in the melodramatic tradition of the black sheep.

But the whole company, with the exception of Mr. Felix Aylmer as the Sheriff, suffered in the same way. They were merely masquerading, and not playing; one could hear them thinking that, because Shaw is an "intellectual," he could not really mean to write melodrama. But his intellectual point, in this case, can only be dramatically revealed by the melodramatic tradition of violent contrast and excessive emotion. Take one fact; Blanco challenges the jury on the ground that "it's a rotten jury." Such an insult in such circumstances would have let loose pandemonium; quite probably some of the jurymen would have taken potshots at Blanco, but the scene went just as it reads. The whole atmosphere of violence, swelling and subsiding, was never realised; the crowd, both of men and women, was beneath contempt; I have seen more excitement in a Hyde Park crowd than these supposed pioneers of the woolly West exhibited. They were so horribly afraid of overdoing it that I suggest that they should be supplied with megaphones to enable them to be heard by the audience; if the crowd, like the Greek chorus, may be supposed to represent popular morality, it need not speak in the still, small voice of conscience. The "people murmur" only under a tyranny; in freedom, they express themselves by "popular clamour." If the vox clamanti is properly used, the vox humana may be distinguished by contrast. I say nothing about the "accent" except that it was not American.

The best performance was that of "How He Lied to Her Husband," in spite of the fact that Miss Ine Cameron cannot express mental distress with conviction. But Mr. Harold Scott as the poet, and Mr. Felix Aylmer as the Jew husband, played very well, except in the fight. The Everyman people do not seem to rehearse "business"; they do very little of it, and that little badly. In this case the men never even seemed to come to grips; and why they should have fallen over was a mystery. For a man who had not neglected the culture of his body, the poet made a very poor show; there was a point on Mr. Aylmer's abdominal protuberance that asked to be hit, just once, for love; but Mr. Scott never descended to pugilism. Mr. Aylmer might at least box the poet's ears, or ruffle his hair, or disarrange his bow, before sitting on the floor; Her Husband is really determined to teach the young puppy a lesson, even if he has no educational qualifications; and it certainly looks better on the stage to reveal a proximate cause of the descent of man to the carpet.

Readers and Writers.

IT is some months since I referred my readers to the "Quest" (quarterly, 2s. 6d.); but it continues to be, in my judgment, one of the very few vitally important journals published. If there is to be, as I am beginning to doubt, a real renaissance in the Western world; what my colleagues, "M. M. Cosmoi," call an epigenesis, a subsumption of the past containing the germ of a new future—if, I say, there is to be such an epigenesis of our generation and civilisation, it will be partly through the influence of such journals as the "Quest" that it is brought about. Unfortunately, the "Quest" does not deal in politics even sub specie humanitatis; it cannot be said to exhibit any interest in practical statesmanship whatever; but, on the side of philosophy and mysticism, it is the most catholic organ in the world.

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To those who have been following, with a slight sinking of the spirits, the recent discussions of spiritualism in these pages and elsewhere, I would particularly commend the articles of "Arthur Avalon" in the later issues of the "Quest." "Arthur Avalon" is more than an expert scholar in Indian philosophy; he appears to me to have grasped the essential and pragmatic difference between speculative metaphysics and real philosophy, Indian or other. The difference is one of *practice*. We are accustomed in the Western world—let us say, in the modern Western world—to regard any given system of philosophy primarily as a body of intellectual affirmations about reality. Our "philosophies," in short, are theories concerning the nature of life and the world. "Arthur Avalon" insists that philosophy proper and the Vedanta in excelsis are not only or not merely speculative systems of thought, exercises in intellectualism, but doctrines subject to and dependent for their full understanding upon conscious and personal experiment. "Nothing spiritual," he says, "can be established by argument alone." Philosophical truths are "conformable to reason"; they cannot be "irrational"; but, at the same time, reason alone can neither discover nor demonstrate them. The spiritual is discerned only by the spiritual, that is to say, by the wholeness of the individuality; and an intellectual perception is not yet true until it has been grasped as a fact of total experience. For such a grasp, something much more than sense-experience or extracts of ex-sense-experience is necessary. The intellectual mind is primarily only the ultimate sense-organ; it is only the sense of our senses. Super-sensual experience must therefore be super-intellectual experience; and, in a word, ecstasy, or a standing-out from sense-experience, is the very condition of the realisation of spiritual truths. The distinction is of the utmost importance in view, as I have suggested, of the current discussions of spiritualism in the broad sense; for, from the intellectual or refined sensual point of view, the spiritual truth is directly accessible to intellectual demonstration. My colleague, "A. E. R.," is impregnable in his criticisms of the failure of modern spiritualism. It is, at the same time, the failure of the unaided intellect. The state of consciousness known in India as Samadhi, roughly corresponding to our "ecstasy," is the primary condition of spiritual realisation.

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I hope I am not assisting the prevalent confusion of *religion* with spirituality. We are none of us religious in these days, I think; but to wish to be and to become "spiritual" is the distinction of modern nobility. Even the "'Times' Literary Supplement" recently commented on "the divorce between the religious and the spiritual"; and quite properly defined the latter as invariably "vital and initiative." If the fruits of "religion" are a safe and quiet life, the fruits of "spirituality" are a full and, it may be, a dangerous life: the distinction is really between self-preservation and self-development, between the will to save oneself, and the will to "save," let us say, the world. Spirituality, in this precise sense, is a dynamic of the will directed to maximum life; and its manifestations, as the "Literary Supplement" suggests, are abundance of life coupled with the ability to exercise initiative. Spirituality, so to say, is capable de tout: it is a striving of the vast Potential. Religion, on the other hand, is concerned with the Actual. From another point of view, "spirituality" is distinguuished from systems based on sense-perceptions, by its attitude towards "Matter." Everybody knows the old joke: "What is Mind? Never Matter. What is Matter? Never Mind." But what few still realise is the fact that the joke has now quite lost its savour; for in the experience of spirituality not only is Matter *not* "Never Mind," but all Matter is nothing else *but* Mind. I have remarked before that Nietzsche in the highest moments of his philosophy saw the world as one great purely psychological activity—"energies moving amid energies," as the "Bhagavad Gita" has it. And I rather think I drew attention to the doctrines "written down" by Mr. Bligh Bond, in which "Matter" was described as "static Mind." In "Arthur Avalon's" analysis of the Vedanta we encounter the same fundamental conception—the conception characteristic, as I think, of the "spiritual" point of view: it is that "Matter" is only a "relatively stable" form of energy, or mind labouring under the prejudice of a fixed idea. The phrase, I am convinced, will bear a good deal of thinking about. If I am not mistaken, it contains the key to unlock many of our current puzzles. For if what we call Matter is only Mind in an elementary or static condition, the triumph of Mind would involve, if not the disappearance of Matter, at least its continuous transformation into states of existence more and more approximating to the psychological. This "spiritual" view of Matter allows us, I think, to entertain very liberal opinions regarding questions like survival and immortality. It is perfectly true that none of these problems can be intellectually solved, since the intellect presumes the ultimate reality of the sense-world which the spiritual view rejects. From the spiritual or psychological standpoint, however, the problem is not one of Matter or sense-perception, but of Mind; and the solution is to be found in the discovery of the activities of Mind much more than in investigations of the laws of Matter.

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Another current controversy concerns the nature of the ego; and it is historically interesting from the fact that our Aryan forefathers were discussing it several thousands of years ago. In Indian Buddhist literature may be found remarkable anticipations of the psychological discussions of to-day; and, in particular, the discussion of the doctrine of Ego or non-Ego. The conclusion, I believe, was a division of schools of thought, one affirming and the other denying the real existence of the ego; and in this respect, too, we are only repeating old experience. I do not pretend to be able to decide on the ultimate merits of the dispute. I believe that it is insoluble by reason alone. But pragmatically, that is to say, with the addition of the knowledge due to experience, there appears to me to be much more in favour of the reality than of the non-reality of the self. That self-consciousness, as we know it, is a precarious synthesis, subject to disintegration and dissolution, is a well-known fact of psychiatry. But the reference, it seems to me, is to the consciousness rather than to the "self" which is its object. The real existence of a material object is not impugned by our occasional failure to be sensibly aware of it; and similarly, the reality of the Self does not seem to me to be called in question by the occasional failure of our consciousness to perceive it. Consciousness, I am prepared to admit, is conditional upon organism (with the reservation,

of course, that organism itself may be only a mode of mind); but the Self of which, through the instrument of the organism, consciousness is aware in the familiar experience of self-consciousness, may be, and I think is, independent not only of organism, but of consciousness. In short, the Self exists whether we are aware of it or not. R. H. C.

Auto-Suggestion.

HERE is the first book* that propounds with a real lucidity the principles that underlie the practice of auto-suggestion. Professor Baudouin, who works at the Jean Jacques Rousseau Institute at Geneva, applies the methods originated by Coué, the founder of what has been called the New Nancy school. His book has been given the excellent translation it merits by Messrs. Eden and Cedar Paul, and its value to psycho-analysis is very considerable; it is, in fact, one of the first books to deal with some of the necessary preliminary steps in psycho-synthesis.

Put as compactly as possible the psycho-analytic criticism of suggestion is that it is dependent for its effective functioning upon a transference, in the sense of an infantile, fantastic attachment on the part of the patient to the physician. The aim of analytic treatment is, as Jung has said, the attainment by the individual of spiritual autonomy. In the vernacular the objective a man should set himself is to be "all there." If any patient is clinging to his physician by virtue of having cast all his infantile complexes upon him, it is clear that the patient is not standing on his own feet, is not individualised. And that is exactly the position of a patient undergoing treatment by suggestion, and in the eyes of psycho-analysis he has simply exchanged a neurosis for a doctor. His physician becomes his neurosis, a situation that is not exactly compatible with his spiritual autonomy. Now, however, Baudouin contends that all suggestion is auto-suggestion. In saying this he is entirely correct, but he does not thereby invalidate our criticism. But when in continuation he describes the methods of the New Nancy school as being designed for the purpose of teaching auto-suggestion, he shows us that his ideal is in essence identical with the aim of the analysts. And when he adds that it is his wish to harmonise psycho-analysis, auto-suggestion and Bergsonian intuitionism, it becomes incumbent upon us to give him our best attention.

The essence of Professor Baudouin's conceptions is that auto-suggestion, or its effect, is the "subconscious realisation of an idea." "When," he says, "the end has been suggested, the subconscious finds means for its realisation." To subscribe to such a statement as this necessitates taking a teleological view of the unconscious, as does Jung, and I think there is no analyst of the Zurich school who will not find himself here in agreement with Baudouin. In order to explain how the unconscious realises a given idea Baudouin has recourse to the hypothesis of an "ideo-reflex power" inherent in the individual. In analytical terminology this ideo-reflex power is none other than libido, which is in certain aspects desire, and in other aspects power, kundalini. That we become what we meditate is the sum of Professor Baudouin's contentions; and we attain this end by virtue of our ideo-reflex power, our libido, or drive of love towards the subject of meditation. We may remind ourselves of the saying to be found in the Vishnupurana that "objects attain their objectivity by their inherent force." There is only an apparent dichotomy between body and psyche; the one is really an expression of the other. What our libido is, that we are.

* "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion." By C. Baudouin. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. (Allen and Unwin. 15s.)

Baudouin's aim and the aim of analysis are identical. As we have seen, an individual spiritual autonomy is the objective of both these schools of thought. The analyst seeks to attain this end for his patient by enhancing his awareness of his position with reference to both microcosm and macrososm. Baudouin, as I understand him, seeks to convert the individual's normal attribute of suggestibility into a definitely positive auto-suggestibility. Suggestibility in itself is a double-sided phenomenon; positively it is a sensitiveness to, a receptivity for, ideas; negatively it is a flitting before every wind that blows. As an analyst I cannot see how this phenomenon of suggestibility is to be treated without the preliminary step of giving the patient an awareness of the contents of the background psyche. Baudouin himself agrees to this to the extent of admitting that where a patient is obviously labouring beneath a tophamper of clogging complexes, there analysis should be applied. And I think that no analyst will object to the statement that, from the purely therapeutic point of view, there are certain cases that need only exercises in auto-suggestion for ensuring their readjustment to life. But both psycho-analysis and auto-suggestion have a field of application wider than that of pure therapeutics. The question, for instance, of their employment in education is one that is crying for consideration. And, more important still for the immediate present, is the problem of the employment of these methods to obtain a change of psychological attitude from the present so-called normal and most distressing outlook to one that is more in harmony with actuality. And here it seems to me that Baudouin would be putting the cart before the horse if he were to advocate auto-suggestion without analysis. Let us have auto-suggestion by all means, but let us have it definitely harnessed with analysis. Let us, in other words, have auto-suggestion as soon as we know *what*, in any given case, should be the requisite formula of suggestion to be employed.

Baudouin gives his patients a preliminary training in auto-suggestion, and then provides them with formulæ—psychological prescriptions—for their daily individual practice. Some of the results recorded in his book are most remarkable, being accounts, in some cases, of the production of definite organic changes. A patient came to him with certain neurotic symptoms, and also with varicose ulcers on the legs. As his neurosis was the first consideration, no mention was made of the physical disability; yet that was the first thing to disappear under treatment. The patient's libido had something better to do than speculate on varicose veins. In other words, it seems that his autistic attitude became re-orientated, exchanged for a larger outlook. And that is only one, and not the most striking, amongst the cases quoted by Baudouin.

We may conclude with an examination of the phenomena that occur during auto-suggestion, as observed by Baudouin. He makes an important addition to psychology by the formulation of what he calls the "law of reversed effort." It is useless to make voluntary suggestions. In the matter of sleeplessness, for example, a voluntary effort to sleep only leaves the individual more wide awake than before he made it. Consequently Baudouin counsels first a relaxation of attention. And this produces what he calls "an outcropping of the subconscious." In plain language this means a state of reverie in which the mind collects itself within itself, as it were. For this initial phenomenon Baudouin has coined the term "collection." I cannot myself see why the classical term meditation should not be employed here. The relaxed state of collection as described by Baudouin is simply that state of meditation from which springs inspiration. Following upon this Baudouin notes that second step of a sudden mental immobility, an intense awareness; and this he wishes to call "contention." And finally comes the third stage, which he calls auto-hypnosis or true con-

centration. Again, I feel, we can quarrel with his terminology. Contention is a word that already has a fixed meaning in English. The classical term, I imagine, is contemplation; leaving us the three stages of meditation, contemplation, and concentration.

It is interesting to note the similarity between auto-suggestion as practised by the New Nancy school and Indian Yoga. Baudouin does indeed compare his states of "collection" and "contention" with pratyahara and dharana respectively, and comments upon this similarity as "one of the curiosities of history, and further as a lesson in humility." It would have been better had he confined his comment to the latter remark, for in actual fact the New Nancy school deals only with what is known as preliminary Yoga. However, this does not lessen the value of Professor Baudouin's book, which is undoubtedly one of the most significant psychological works of recent years.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Views and Reviews.

THE SPIRITUAL NATURE OF MAN.*

I LEAVE Dr. Walter Kilner's fascinating researches into the human aura frankly puzzled; the number of the forces emanating from the human body seems to increase with every new method of inquiry, and it is at present impossible to synthetise them or relate them in order of succession. But the fact that the auric forces "are intimately connected with and dependent upon the activities of the central nervous system," as Dr. Kilner says, adds one more proof to Dr. Hollander's contention of the multiplicity of functions of nerve centres. Whatever may be the final decision concerning the localisations of the mental functions in the brain (and Dr. Hollander's are supported by a wealth of clinical evidence), the fact remains that the fundamental thesis derived from Gall of the multiplicity of the functions of the nervous system is proved to demonstration. But precisely because of that multiplicity of functions do I find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to understand what Dr. Hollander means by "the spiritual nature of man." I agree with the five propositions that he considers are established by the evidence given in his book; they are:—

(1) Although the evidence for brain localisation produced in this work refers largely to very complex states of mind, it is only the *elements* of our mental qualities which have definite areas of the brain as their physical basis.

(2) These elements comprise not merely intellectual powers, but also the emotions and propensities. In fact, the latter have a directing and preponderating influence over the intellect, and constitute the "character" of man.

(3) These elements of intellect and character are inborn. They are alike in all men, and differ only in inherent capacity of development.

(4) On the basis of several hundred cases, it has been shown that it is highly probable that the elements of the intellectual capacities belong to one region of the brain, the elements of the sentiments and affections to another, and the primitive propensities to a third; and that circumscribed lesions of the brain, whether due to injury or disease, affect the mental quality connected with that limited area.

(5) It has also been shown that man can under conditions manifest capacities above the normal, that by taking thoughts or following definite aspirations, he can control his inherited tendencies and acquired mental habits, and that he even has the power to initiate, arrest, and change physiological functions.

So far I agree with Dr. Hollander; but he proceeds: "From this fact the conclusion may be drawn that the physical mechanism of the brain and body can be subjected to spiritual influences under certain conditions and by appropriate training." I find it impossible to understand what is meant by "spiritual influences" in this connection. Dr. Hollander, of all men, cannot speak of "an act of the will" as a type of spiritual influence, for he has demonstrated that volition is not a faculty but an attribute of all the faculties. A volition is as much an expression of an organism as is a sensation or an emotion; and the fact that it may sometimes control an impulse, or a reflex response to stimuli, does not remove it from the category of biological activity. A control switch, or a gas "governor," will exert the same inhibitive or directive power over the mechanism with which it is connected; and I am by no means certain that volition is not similarly an automatic response to definite stimuli. Obviously, in such cases as those considered by Dr. Hollander, more than one centre is innervated in every instance of volition; which centre will determine action depends either on the initial strength of innervation, or the ramifications of the nervous processes from the centres. Only too often, the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; or, in other words, the intellectual centres have not thrown out enough dendrites towards the affectional centres to establish a nervous hegemony over their activity. I put the matter crudely and diagrammatically; but if a "spiritual influence" is of a nature different from that of the organism, it is impossible to understand how it can operate on the organism. It is the old problem, in another form, of the nature of Christ; if He was divine, His example had no relevance for humanity; if He was human, He had no power to redeem humanity.

The fact is that we badly need a definition of such words as "spirit" and "soul," not so much of what they are, but of what the users mean by them. They obviously imply the dual conception, the man and his instrument, the soul and the body, spirit and matter; a meaningless antithesis, I think, because all that we know of man is an expression of an organism. It is convenient, as a sort of shorthand, to use the antithesis; sometimes it is necessary, to establish the autonomy of a science, to make such an assumption. Dr. Haldane, for instance, is obliged to make the assumption: "The idea of life is just the idea of life. One cannot define it in terms of anything simpler, just as one cannot define mass or energy in terms of anything simpler. But this one can say—that each phenomenon of life, whether manifested in 'structure,' or in 'environment,' or in 'activity,' is a function of its relation to all the other phenomena, the relation being more immediate to some, and less so to others. Life is a whole that determines its parts. They exist only as parts of the whole."

But why does Dr. Haldane have to make this assumption of life as a sort of thing-in-itself? Simply because he is concerned to establish the autonomy of biology as a science, to release it from its vassalage to physics and chemistry. Of the convenience of the assumption for purposes of study there can be no doubt; and even for purposes of description of vital phenomena Dr. Haldane shows with some scornfulness the superiority of biological to bio-chemical and bio-physical description. He mentions, for example, a colliery fire of which he was a witness, and says: "These were the facts, but what light can natural science throw on them? It can tell us that the actions of all concerned were bound up with endless physiological processes occurring in their bodies. Auditory or visual stimuli of different kinds started the train of complicated movements which brought us together at the pit-head and guided all the movements of those concerned. It was again an auditory stimulus that suddenly brought order and activity into the aimless crowd. It was a constant supply of oxygen and oxidis-

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

able food-material properly directed by the action of lungs, heart, liver, nervous system, and various other organs, that made the movements possible. Had any one of these factors been absent, the result would have been different. If, for instance, their supra-renal glands had failed to respond, the brave Yorkshiremen would probably have shrunk back in terror before the smoke, heat, and poisonous air. At no one point can natural science discover a soul which directed all the bodily movements and processes; and in any case no psychological theory based on self-interest would explain the actual course taken by the men; for they clearly acted with very little regard to either their individual bodies or their individuals."

This is very amusing; and physics and chemistry perhaps feel properly abashed. But how would biology describe the incident, from whence would it derive the "soul" which natural science fails to discover? It is clear from Dr. Haldane's conclusion that if biology has to make the assumption of "the spiritual world—that world which our great religious teachers, great poets, and great artists, have constantly sought to reveal," it has no relevance to science at all. Cæsar's "Veni, vidi, vici," is good literature and good biology; the style is the man; but it is obviously inadequate as an explanation of his activities. Even if he had added the word "spiritus" to it, it would still have been an incomplete description of the reality. I will return to the subject in another article. A. E. R.

Reviews.

Delphi. By Frederick Poulsen. Translated by G. C. Richards. With a Preface by Percy Gardner. 164 illustrations. 338 pages. (Gyldendal. 21s. net.)

Dr. Frederick Poulsen, Keeper of the Classical Department of the Ny Carlsberg Glyptotek, enjoys an international reputation. His learned and profusely illustrated work, "Der Orient und die frühgriechische Kunst," was reviewed most favourably by the leading art critics of various countries. Nor is Poulsen a stranger here. During August and September, 1919, he made a round of visits to English country houses in order to study and photograph ancient portrait sculpture in private hands, and in the smoking-room at Holkham Hall he found a bust which he recognised as a new portrait of Plato.

Only thirty years ago our knowledge of the history of Delphi was limited to the documentary sources of antiquity. Now, thanks to the French archæologists, the sancturary speaks to us through its ruins, through buildings, sculptures and inscriptions. Dr. Poulsen gives us a careful and attractive survey of Delphi, with the site of which and all its secrets he has long been familiar. He writes well and sometimes with a true artist's fervour. The book is well illustrated. Perhaps in a second edition more comprehensive plans might be given and a few awkward expressions of the translator deleted. On page 110 the latter says, e.g., "his raised leg is very uglily restored."

Delphi was the spiritual capital of the Greek "league of nations." Its international status was secured by the erection of a common Hellenic authority, the Amphictyonic Council. Patriotism, however, has had a bad influence on art. The rivalry of cities and individuals adorning Delphi resulted in chaos. There is a curious parallel between Pythia's shrine and Westminster Abbey. We read in Poulsen's book, "Of artistic grouping there was no question in Hellenic sanctuaries. The votive offerings were crowded together and robbed each other of space and effect." Considered individually, however, the works of art at Delphi are worth studying, and a few must have been of sublime beauty. Foremost among the sculptures evacuated, rank firstly, Agias, a statue by Lysippus; secondly, the bronze statue of a charioteer, the masterpiece of an unknown artist, a wonderful mixture of discreet naturalism and sure stylization; and, thirdly, the Column of the Dancing Women with a charm of its own and of facile, elegant workmanship.

The most interesting of all finds, perhaps, is the inscription on the south wall of the Treasury of the Athenians. There are preserved two hymns sung at the Delphic festivals in 138 and 128 B.C., with the ancient notation between the lines of text. These two Delphic hymns are the first large Greek compositions discovered. They give us the first satisfactory conception of Greek music. Some enterprising music publisher might successfully bring them out since it has been possible to transcribe them into modern notation. Poulsen reproduces the notes and the Greek text of the shorter and best preserved composition, the Hymn to Apollo. Here are a few lines:—

> "The clear-sounding lotus flute sounds in alternating tune, and the golden harp with its gentle sound answers to the hymns. And the whole swarm of the Attic guilds of artists praises thy honour, thou great son of Zeus, on these snow-crowned heights."

The book is a mine of information for all lovers of art.

The True Story of the Empress Eugenie. By the Count de Soissons. (The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Empress Eugénie cut a considerable figure in journalism, but not even the Count de Soissons, who takes a rather cynical view of her, can reveal her historical importance. She seems to have had a talent for intrigue (which is very different from a sense of politics); she precipitated at least two wars, and ruined the dynasty of Bonaparte beyond all repair. She was the beautiful disaster of the French; and in spite of the fact that she enjoyed (we think that is the word) the affection of the late Queen Victoria, she does not seem to have been a particularly lovable person. Like most people incapable of thought, she had ideas, and acted on them; she was deliberately severe, even tyrannous, with her son, "for his benefit," she declared, although why she, who had known no restraint in her own youth, should have held this opinion is beyond comprehension. The story, as the Count de Soissons tells it, covers much familiar ground; but it is impossible to retain much interest in a woman who apparently knew nothing but her own mood of the moment, and whose moods were not particularly elevated. She modelled herself on Marie Antoinette, but the Count de Soissons is not her Burke.

That Girl March. By W. H. Rainsford. (Lane. 8s. 6d. net.)

The resemblance to Meredith in this story is as unmistakable as the resemblance of the Apprentices' Dance to the march of the Meistersingers. But Meredith sublimely tortured the English language into filigree patterns and he had the gift of fantasy as well as a subtle skill in psychology; while Mr. Rainsford collapses into a magazine short story after a preliminary involution of epithets. The man who, in the second sentence, "gazed intently, pulled inquiringly his fair moustache, rubbed reflectively his shaven chin" at the end of the book marries the farmer's niece, and thus defeats the matrimonial plans of his aunt, Lady Delwyn. To reach this result, we have to wade through 366 pages of cryptic speech and almost incomprehensible action with nothing really more serious than a prolonged flirtation to keep us interested. That Girl March" is not "Diana of the Crossways"; although she does take an interest in the election of the hero, she reminds us only of Nietzsche's epigram: "We think a woman deep—why? because we never find any bottom in her. Woman is not even shallow"; or as Pope said still more precisely: "True no-meaning puzzles more than wit." However, she is married—and that is the end of her.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—Readers of THE NEW AGE in the Manchester district who are interested in credit-reform are invited to communicate with me. S. RIGBY.

64, Richmond Avenue, Sedgley Park,
Prestwich, Manchester.

* * *

Sir,—May I invite all readers of THE NEW AGE in the Edinburgh district who are interested in credit-reform to communicate with me. LAWRENCE MACEWEN.

9, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh.

* * *

Sir,—I beg to invite readers in the Leicester district who are interested in credit-reform to communicate with me. W. BRAMWELL BRIDGES.

46A, Market Place, Leicester.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

Every attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by increasing the efficiency of production is not only doomed to failure, but must actually tend to aggravate the disease unless accompanied by an improved system of distribution.

The credit of a nation depends upon what its people can furnish in the way of goods or services, and is proportional to its productive facilities and efficiency. These, again, are dependent upon the mechanical and chemical discoveries and inventions, the commercial and financial methods employed, and even the moral qualities of the people themselves, all of which form a portion of the great national legacy handed down from the past. This great asset forms the basis of our national wealth, and is the chief means of enabling our industries to turn out goods at the present rate, but it is entirely monopolised by those who control financial credit. To what extent does the average citizen participate in the profits of this wonderful legacy?

It is evident to anyone who has given much thought to the subject that our present system of distribution, which makes the existence of the vast masses of the people of all countries entirely dependent upon the demand for their services in productive operations, must, sooner or later, be displaced by something far more rational, in order that mankind may escape the inevitable catastrophe which must otherwise ensue—viz., the complete collapse of civilisation. It is quite certain that the need for labour must become less and less with the growth of inventions and the increase in industrial efficiency. Indeed, the real problem we have to solve is not so much that of finding constant employment for our people as of supplying them with life's necessities and comforts out of the abundance of the goods created. Even to-day the labour of less than 10 per cent. of the population will readily suffice to maintain the entire inhabitants of this country in a high state of comfort. . . . .

Our present industrial plight is the result of limiting the field of invention to wealth *production*. Imagine what might have been accomplished if the field of finance, instead of being carefully protected by barbed-wire legal entanglements, had been left free for exploration and experiment! We are trying to distribute the world's produce by the mediæval methods of transportation. We are coupling the motor car to the bullock wagon, with the bullock in front. Industry is always striving to satisfy the natural wants of mankind, whilst finance is perpetually holding it in check. Industry says: "I can supply all the needs and desires of mankind provided I am given sufficient scope." Finance says: "You shall only supply those which it pays *me* to supply." . . .

The first thing one realises after a close examination of the subject is, that the costs of the production of any manufactured goods are much in excess of the purchasing power distributed in the process of manufacture. For costs cover not only wages, salaries, and dividends, but other charges, such as depreciation of plant, interest, etc., and since prices must at least cover costs, it follows that the total money that is distributed in every productive undertaking is quite insufficient to buy the total products. How then do we manage to dispose of the great bulk of our commodities? The answer is, partly in our home markets and largely abroad. The home market is only able to absorb the quantity it does by the creation of additional credit from time to time over that distributed in the course of production. Those who seek to reduce the costs of production by reducing the amount of purchasing power so distributed, viz., by lowering wages and salaries, are working entirely at the wrong end. If the aim is to render production and distribution regular, continuous and automatic, anything which lessens the power of the public to buy goods will defeat that object by reducing the speed and efficiency of the whole system. It must not be forgotten that the consumption of goods is essential to reproduction and should be regarded quite as important a part of the economic system as production itself.—MR. ARTHUR KITSON in "'Times' Trade Supplement" (March 19).

Shelley turns to England, and points out, what few Liberals even of his time saw, that the establishment of William II on the throne of England was a compromise between liberty and despotism, because Parliament had become and remained unrepresentative. "A fourth class made its appearance in the nation, the unrepresented multitude." Then began "that despotism of the oligarchy of party which, under colour of administering the executive power lodged in the King, represented in truth the interest of the rich." The power which increased in the eighteenth century was not, he says, the power of the Crown, but the power of the rich. "Monarchy is only the string which ties the robber's bundle." All this we know to be true now, but few knew it then; and no one expressed it so clearly as Shelley. On the National Debt and on paper currency he is no less clear; and what he says applies to us also, who have just emerged from a great war and are suffering from unexpected consequences of it. "A man may write on a piece of paper what he pleases; he may say that he is worth a thousand when he is not worth a hundred pounds. If he can make others believe this, he has credit for the sum to which his name is attached." And he proceeds: "The existing Government of England, in substituting a currency of paper for one of gold, has no need to depreciate the currency by alloying the coin of the country; they have merely fabricated pieces of paper on which they promise to pay a certain sum." The result is, as Shelley points out, to lower the value of all kinds of real, not paper, property, and to raise all prices; "to increase the labours of the poor and those luxuries of the rich which they supply." Shelley saw the whole process clearly, as many now see the danger of the same process. If others had shared his insight then the history of England would have been far happier, and now we should not have a legacy of class suspicion and class war which is as great a danger to us as the war we have just won.—"'Times' Literary Supplement."

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