The Mining situation remains "desperate," according to Mr. Frank Hodges, and we can unfortunately affirm that it is likely to remain desperate so long as the Miners' Executive continues to look everywhere but at home for guidance. "The only institution that could help them," Mr. Hodges told the Abertillery miners a week ago, "was the Government;" and since the Government, following the example of the Coal-owners, "had failed," there was nothing for it but—. We should have concluded the sentence "to do a little constructive thinking for ourselves," or, at the very least, "to consider any Scheme that offers a way out." But not so Mr. Hodges, whose position is not jeopardised by failure like the position of members of the Government. For his conclusion was that "so long as he remained Secretary of the Miners' Federation," he would never be a party to the surrender of the National Wages Agreement. But what can Mr. Hodges and his Executive really do in the matter? As we said last week, a reference of the decision to the rank and file was bound to result in a difference of opinion; and, in fact, we are now told that whereas Wales and Scotland are for the National Agreement, even at the cost of a strike, Yorkshire, Durham, and other districts have chosen the less heroic but more practical course of accepting district-agreements in the hope of better times to come. The National Agreement, in other words, has for all practical purposes already gone by the board; and the probability of the disruption of the most powerful Trade Union in the world may be said to be imminent. We do not feel disposed, in such circumstances, to recall attention to the number of warnings and exhortations the Miners' leaders have received and ignored. The plight of the Federation is a sufficient demonstration of the unwisdom of leaving a promising avenue unexplored. But we offer again our disinterested services, under a public pledge, to transform the situation in favour of the Miners even at this hour of midnight.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Mining situation remains "desperate," according to Mr. Frank Hodges, and we can unfortunately affirm that it is likely to remain desperate so long as the Miners' Executive continues to look everywhere but at home for guidance. "The only institution that could help them," Mr. Hodges told the Abertillery miners a week ago, "was the Government;" and since the Government, following the example of the Coal-owners, "had failed," there was nothing for it but—. We should have concluded the sentence "to do a little constructive thinking for ourselves," or, at the very least, "to consider any Scheme that offers a way out." But not so Mr. Hodges, whose position is not jeopardised by failure like the position of members of the Government. For his conclusion was that "so long as he remained Secretary of the Miners' Federation," he would never be a party to the surrender of the National Wages Agreement. But what can Mr. Hodges and his Executive really do in the matter? As we said last week, a reference of the decision to the rank and file was bound to result in a difference of opinion; and, in fact, we are now told that whereas Wales and Scotland are for the National Agreement, even at the cost of a strike, Yorkshire, Durham, and other districts have chosen the less heroic but more practical course of accepting district-agreements in the hope of better times to come. The National Agreement, in other words, has for all practical purposes already gone by the board; and the probability of the disruption of the most powerful Trade Union in the world may be said to be imminent. We do not feel disposed, in such circumstances, to recall attention to the number of warnings and exhortations the Miners' leaders have received and ignored. The plight of the Federation is a sufficient demonstration of the unwisdom of leaving a promising avenue unexplored. But we offer again our disinterested services, under a public pledge, to transform the situation in favour of the Miners even at this hour of midnight.

Both Mr. Smillie, now regrettably retired, and Mr. Hodges appear to be under the capitalist impression that the only means of reducing Price is the reduction of Costs. It is true, of course, that they do not contemplate a reduction in the Cost represented by the item of Wages, which is much the most considerable in the case of the Mining industry, but in the technique of production and in the item of development. Mr. Smillie, for instance, "would cheapen coal by introducing new machinery," and Mr. Hodges, to a similar effect, declared that the Cost of Production and the consequent selling-price of coal could be considerably reduced, without touching Wages, by means of "the development of technique." It is not only obvious from these opinions that all our attempts to discriminate between Output and Development have been wasted upon the Miners' leaders; we doubt, indeed, whether they have so much as heard of them. It is furthermore obvious that neither Mr. Smillie nor Mr. Hodges has even begun to think of the effect of "new machinery" and more "technique" upon the purchasing-power of Wages—the fact being that the value of Wages declines proportionally with the increase in the costs due to technique (overhead-charges). What, however, is a little less forgivable is the assumption underlying both Mr. Smillie's and Mr. Hodges' suggestion: that the mere increased productivity of the Mining industry, by whatever means brought about, would be bound to be reflected in increased wages. Nothing, on the contrary, is further from the truth; for if the increased production were due (as it would be) to the introduction of new machinery and the development of technique, there is no possible check, under the existing system of Price-fixing, upon the flow of the increment of value to the owners and controllers of the machinery and away from the direct labour employed. Is it not as plain as a pike-staff that this must necessarily be the result of a displacement of factors in production? On the current capitalist assumption, which neither Mr. Smillie nor Mr. Hodges challenges, that shares in the product must be proportionate to the contribution of the co-operating factors, the greater the contribution of the mechanical factor the greater its title to the bulk of the product; and when it is remembered that already at this moment the "share" of Capital is at least four times the share of Labour, it will be realised what a decreasing fraction of the product would be allotted to Labour if the present owners were to take the advice of Mr. Hodges and
On the unquestionable authority of Miss Margaret Bondfield, however, it appears that not only will the Labour movement not realise the rapidly increasing dispensability of mere "labour"—certainly unskilled labour, and progressively even much of the labour now classed as skilled—but, with the characteristic tenacity of the bulldog breed, "the Labour party," she informs us, "is ready to accept the Pauline doctrine that 'if a man will not work, neither shall he eat.'" We have often described this doctrine as one of the worst blots upon the Christian tradition; and there clings to it, in spite of his conversion, not entirely freed himself. Moreover, for primitive communities, under the necessity of scratching in the soil for a bare living, and constantly under the menace of famine, idleness, even in the form of leisure to think, was naturally a privilege only for the favoured few. But in these days of super-productive, and of bewilderingly rapid advances in machinery, technique, and productive processes, the revival of Paul's barbarous doctrine, and, still more, its elevation above Christianity (and sense) by the Labour party can only be regarded as a striking example of atavism. The astonishing thing about the matter is, furthermore, the supposition of its primitive methodist preachers that such a doctrine, anti-science, anti-social, anti-Christian, and anti-fact, is likely to popularise the Labour party and to ensure the return of a Labour Government pledged to make work for everybody and everybody to work. Utopias have hitherto been drawn to attract the hopes and aspirations of mankind. In respect of comparative wealth and leisure for all, several of those old Utopias are now practically realisable, thanks to the success of Science in shifting the curse of labour from Man to the Sun. And this is the moment of history chosen by the Labour party to promulgate a Utopia based on penal servitude, and to announce that everybody shall be subject to it. When such a Labour Government is "in sight," we may be fairly certain, whether we like it or not, will surprise Miss Bondfield and pain Mr. MacDonald unspeakably.

While on the topic of the "principles" of the Labour movement, all of which, it is understood, are most sacrosanct when they are most impracticable, it is convenient to refer to the colossal example of Lenin. Lenin is without doubt one of the greatest human agents of history and evolution that ever lived; and his mission, we believe, is nothing less than the modernisation and Europeanisation of the greatest country and people in Russia. Russia, in other words, is being forced under Lenin's genius to make up the leeway of several centuries of European progress in a comparatively few years; and the agony and terror of the process are only a measure of the racial need. But this unconscious purpose and justification of the great Russian Revolution need not blind us to the fact that in all his conscious and declared objects Lenin has failed. As a "Communist" constructor, Lenin has experienced the very contrary effects of those he intended; for whatever else Russia may be or become, neither the existing nor any immediately prospective form of social organisation in Russia can be said to be Communist in any of the current senses of the word. Let it be remarked, further, and for the attention of our own Communists (including, we are sorry to learn, the National Guilds League, which has just "affirmed its solidarity with the Russian Soviet Republic"), that Lenin himself has confessed the impracticability of his conscious plans; in short, the failure of his conception of the Revolution. "We are becoming exhausted," he says, "from inefficiency of forces [or, as we should say, of ideas], and the slightest assistance of a practical man, especially from the workers, will be welcomed with open arms." "We require assistance and direction how Communism should be introduced"; and, very significantly, foreign capital is now seen to be necessary, and "we are prepared to pay handsomely for it." In view of such a candid confession, which only a great man could make, we invite our Labour Left and our Communist friends to consider whether the assistance of practical men, and directions for the establishment of economic democracy, should not be sought before rather than after the "Revolution." Since under no conceivable circumstances is a successful Revolution possible in the absence of right ideas (both for the Revolution itself and the long day after), would it not be more reasonable, more humane, more brotherly, to prepare them in advance? We should like to have Lenin's private opinion on the matter.

In spite of being personally warned of the intention of the leading Banks in demanding public audit and investigation, Mr. Thomas has lent a portion of his Union's time for the purpose of furthering that object. Under the plea of protecting the small investor against fraudulent or incompetent financial concerns, an agitation has been set on foot for the "official" supervision of any organisation that has the temerity to call itself a Bank; and in consultation with the leading bankers,' Sir Robert Horne has now prepared a Bill to carry out their instructions. It is not proposed our readers will be interested to learn, to restrict the use of the word "Bank" or even to define the word with exactitude; it has been found more discreet to proceed by "regulation and investigation." And the upshot of the consultations which have long been in progress is a Bill which provides for an annual official audit of all "banks" without distinction, but with these significant reservations: that the results of such audits need not be published, save at the discretion of the Government; and that the costs of the audit may be paid out of the tiny expenditure of the Government, be carried out by the banks themselves! We are afraid that it is useless to protest that these provisions are the manifest work of the Big Five, and that they are designed to empower the Five, while working in secrecy themselves, to force hostile publicity upon any institution not likely, in short, that it is a deliberate piece of threadneedle-work. The wail of the small investor has pierced to the heart of the public, and to the head of the financial oligarchy, with the consequence that the latter have won a new privilege out of it.

The adaptability of the Press to circumstances is the ground of the popularity of an arch-adaptor like Mr. Lloyd George and the secret of his truly representative character; and it has been quietly illustrated by the transformation of the attitude of the Press towards "financial speculation." Even the most casual of readers must be able to recall the denunciations heaped by the Press upon "speculation" as "the bane of business" and the cause of high prices. And, in fact, the principal ingredient of the case for recently raising the bank rate (only postponed for a few weeks) requires, however, a different view of "speculation" to justify it; and, surely enough, the adaptation of the Press is no sooner asked than made. From having been "the bane of business" in the "Times" only a few months ago, speculation is now "the breath of legitimate en-
terprise.” And from apprehending inflation as a result of the cheapening of money, the "Times" has adapted itself to regard the cheapening of money as a means to encourage "fresh borrowing" and hence to "fresh buying of goods." Blowing hot and cold like this is itself to regard the cheapening of money as a means with telling the truth; and the change of the bank rate of the cheapening of money, the "Times" has adapted not compatible with realising the truth or, at any rate, can scarcely, we conceive, turn black into white or enterprise." And from apprehending inflation as a result order to bring down prices, the fresh cheapening of money can be confidently expected to bring about infla-

tion again, and to raise prices once more. We affirm, in fact, that this is the very object of the policy. Prices were forced down by deflation in order to provide an excuse for reducing wages. And now that Wages (alias costs) are reduced—permanently, we believe—Prices are to be forced up by fresh inflation in order to widen the margin of profit between Cost and Price. It's so simple!

Lord Lee, of the Admiralty, was commendably explicit in his references to the possibility of an Anglo-American war. "Merely to talk of hands across the sea," he said, "is not sufficient; we must have hands across the sea as well." And, speaking for the British Admiralty, he was not only prepared to discuss the future with America, all the cards on the table, but already, "in the most formal way possible, the Government had twice affirmed our acceptance for the future of a one-Power standard." If we can risk being still more explicit, in the interests of heads across the sea, we would say that not only is it impossible for either party to put all his cards on the table, but that neither party is in a position to judge the value even of the cards exhibited. The face and the real values are so utterly different; moreover, the "game" played with them is subject to so many changes of rule and object—that neither party can be certain at any moment of winning or even of losing a trick. Consider, for example, what is meant by an equality of naval "strength." Sir Percy Scott has already remarked that naval strength is literally unmeasurable; it cannot be measured in tonnage or gunnage, in personnel or in equipment, it is "of a sum of qualities and quantities insusceptible of effective calculation. Overwhelming preponderance is a form of arithmetical calculation gross enough to be reasonably reliable; but "equality" is a dream that is apt to lead to nightmare. Again, it is only apparently simple to "accept" a one-Power standard. No modern Power would go singly to war; and an equality of the protagonist Powers, even if that were attainable, could be easily off-set by a disproportionate distribution of their allies. We refrain from pursuing the subject, in the hope that enough has been suggested to dispose of the "Daily News" silly assertion that an Anglo-American war is a "silly idea." On the contrary, it is a criminal idea of surpassing magnitude, but it is not a "silly idea." We may be perfectly certain that if our Quaker pacificists are burying their heads in the sand, only to take them out to scream when war is upon us, the controlling minds of America, Great Britain and Japan are not absorbed in sentimental reverie. The economic problem of America's millions, of Japan's millions and of our British millions, is not to be solved by hands without heads across the sea. The disposal of increasing "surpluses" of Production in a contracting world-market of Consumption by financial oligarchies steadily bent on "surviving" is not a game for political children to understand. Their only function is to suffer in it.

**An Easter Interlude.**

The Religion of Jesus Christ, being as it is the focus and the entelechy of the pan-human gnosia, of the Religion of Logos and Sophia, is destined to become the power-body and the vehicle even of that final dispensation of the world—of the cosmic, the hypostatis of the Holy Threefoldness of God in Jesus of Nazareth, this Incarnation is the most apocalyptic and central event in the process of the deific Involution, or Anthropo-Theosis of the self-fulfilment of the Eternal. The final revelation of the Eternal in the human kingdom, however, will not be the incarnation of the Universal Man in Christ Jesus but of Universal Humanity itself in the organised and harmonious life of the world. It will be the incarnation of Wisdom Herself, of Divine Life itself. The religion of the whole Imperium of Man will be simply the cogniscence and the realisation of this Divine Wisdom, the Sophia of God; and the Imperium of Man itself, the glorified and incommeasurable life of mankind, will then be that Religion itself. The Pleroma of Humanity will be the attainment and end of the self-revelation of the One who is Ineffable; for the incarnation of Sophia Herself in the Race of Humanity will be the absolute self-expression and pleroma of both the Ineffable Mystery and of the human race. This consummation of the aeonian work, will be that human mystery which Christendom calls Redemption; it will be the final ensomatosis, the incarnation, of the Third Person of the Trinity Eternal. Jesus the Galilean was that Son of the human race who by His inwardness and in His titanic and iron heart kept the Spirit of the Sun, the 

Over-Soul of our own Humanity on its involutionary passage through the Ego of the Geon. Now that very Over-Soul is the Sophia of God Herself, nothing less; the Holy Spirit of Infinity itself, the third Hypostasis itself. The process of history, as well as the anthropogenetic process of the future, can be only the unfolding and activity of the Sophia potency in the Logico world; the unfolding of the world-embracing humanity of the Christ of the Race in the life and character of the Race.

Reason is the principle and form of wisdom, while wisdom is the activity and application of reason. Threefoldness is, however, the presentation of Divine Reason in Christian Gnosis. The Noetic Logos of the Unfathomable, Unapproachable, Uncontainable is eternally immanent in the Ineffable itself, in the Infinite; it is the pure awareness of God Himself of His own existence. The Cosmic Logos is what can be named the Nature of Things, the principle and functioning of logical and natural and mathematical laws. The Sophia or anthropological Logos finally is Universal Humanity as an Over-Soul of Existence; and also this third Logos is the incarnation of this Over-Soul in the pan-human Saviour. Of this threefold morailty of existence of the Ktist and the threefold morality of the Eternal Wisdom of God is a correspondence. The infinite and noetic Sophia is definable as the bodiless and living Ultimate Nature, the Eternal Matter. The revealed or cosmic Sophia is the sidereal universe, the World. The third, anthropological Logos of the Human Spirit itself, the end of the divine life of future humanity, the accomplishment of the purpose of Providence on earth—this may be said to-day, when we are on the verge of a cataclysm of civilisation and of humanity—the end of the resurrected life of Universal Man, will seal an Ektyposis, the explosion and transfiguration of the
Geon. This truth is credible and should be believed to-day. For our age is the responsible and advanced age in which the Living Space, the spiritual space of the Relativity-Apocalypse is within sight of the Species; in our day the cosmic potency of the Electron may be released and the theurgic powers of the human Psyche are about to be discovered. The Earth-Spirit, as science could prove if it felt the need of proof, will become solar. Humanity itself will become resurrected, life-giving. This new Over-Soul is the need and the goal of the solar organism of which our own Sun is the sacrificial and sublime ecstasy and our own Geon the Ego, the centripetal focus, the Logoi and the Satanic centre of real realities. The ultimate goal of evolution and of history must be contemplated as much as the immediate great horror, the bestiality and the helplessness of the nations of the earth.

It is, in all truth, time to contemplate to-day and even to initiate the transfiguration of the Human Species, to prepare the Sophie liberation of the Kingdom and of its cosmic abode with its oceans and continents. For the time of the collective incarnation of the Solar and human Kingdom and of the globe is in all truth approaching. It is approaching swiftly, providentially, and inevitably; for God Himself became Man in the Logos Incarnate in order that Man himself might transcend and break his individualist, egoist Ego and enter the Cosmic Socialism, into the ecstatic life of divino-human consciousness. The normal and proper state of the Universal Awareness is the logoic or personal awareness of Humanity and of the earth; this on the final or passive, negative pole of the Universal Awareness. On its ultimate or passive pole, however, the normal and most proper state of universal subjectivity, is the collectivist and archetypic consciousness of the almighty Sun. The Logoi and the Solar states of Consciousness-Universe are its normal and most objective states. They are all-comprehensive. The Sun is an all-comprehending Love. The Earth is an all-comprehending Intellect. Between the Solar Love and the Telluric Understanding there is a cosmogonic tension, and pre-solar states of the cosmic soul as well as the post-terrestrial, lunar evolutions are necessitated by the tension between the two pleromic Primaries. And these two divine and human states, the Solar or loving Awareness and the Telluric or reasoning Awareness are correlatives, mutually fulfilling each other. Thus the planet of Mankind, the Earth, is nothing else but the very Ego of the cosmic molecule to which it organically and genetically belongs, of the System of our Race. The System of the Anthropos in the Galactic Universe is our own Solar System. Of this immense Solar organism of the Solar System the Sun, though he is the creator and sustainer of Man's proper abode, is not the Reason and the Ego, but the Wisdom and the Life. Our Creator, the Sun, is the body of Sophia herself in our Solar System; the globe of humanity is, on the contrary, the Body of Logos himself. The Solar and the Geonic consciousness are the typical, normal, representative, complete states of the universal consciousness. The Sun is Sophia herself, life itself, an Earth regenerate, world-loving and resurrected; the Geon, our own home, in a polar way, is the Body of Reason, the Planet of the Ego, and is the negative complement of the Sun itself; frozen, dead, not sapific, not Sophian; individualist. The earth, however, is sapific.

Greater resurrections there are in the eternal universe than the Sophia bliss of the Sun; but these resurrections are of chaos and transition and they are not objective and normal. Greater deaths there are also, than the Egoic, logical deathly death of the earth; but these deaths, again, are not reigning, dominant states of the universal organisation of worlds. The Sun and the Earth are the norm and the ground of their own cosmic organism, the Body of Sophia and the Body of Logos; the self-extinguishing divine body that gives life and the self-resurrecting, deific body that guides life. The Sun is a glorified Humanity, an Earth of Socialist and cosmic ecstasy. The Earth is a Sun not yet resurrected. Humanity itself is Sophia buried in physicality, in the human by the Logico planet. Let there be much clearness and severe mirroring of reality here. The action and the life of the Sun, we emphasise immeasurably, is divine wisdom and cherubic love. Therefore the creator and sustainer gives life, nourishes the life, mediante the life of creation; the action and the life of the Sun are gloriously Sophian. But the real essence of the Sun himself is also Logico, its function only is Sophian. The cosmic and pan-human function of the Sun in its polar relation to the earth can be most generally and briefly expressed by saying that the Sun is the Sophia-Logos. The Sun cannot be the ego of our Solar universe. Our own creator is only the infinite life of his own system and the life-wisdom. For the majestic Body of Sophia, the image of the very Creator of Worlds for us, is something greater than consciousness or reason, is realisation of the Logos, is action and realisation of thought. The divine action, however, is life itself, is universal consciousness and cannot be logical or egotic. Action, Life, Universality, Wisdom, are all of solar and radiating essence. Life and Universality, Action and Wisdom are all contained in the solar or giving essence. While Man and his brain, while Brain and the Personality within it, or outside it, think by ideas, logically, the Sun creates Man himself and his brain for him. For human creation, the mirroring and passive, Logical consciousness is paternal in concept and ideas. The Sophian creation, however, is maternal, by conceptions, by births. Man creates Logic and Botany and Plato's world; but the resurrected Sophia, the glorified Humanity of the Solar orb, creates the world of Life itself, the beatific realm of vegetation. That same Sun Spirit—the Spirit of Life and Organisation, the Logico Spirit of Sophia who resurrected the Creator Sun—that Spirit embodied His own power and love in the Man Universal in order to liberate the world of men by enforcing wisdom and love into it. Universal Humanity, once realised on earth, the World-synthesis once realised, the foundation for the ultimate victory over the earth by the ecstatic Spirit of the Cherubim, will be laid. The world of plants, the Kingdom of Life, is a proof that the Sun is the fountain of life and that His typomorphic force of grace and understanding is the secret of Creation.

The Sun sustains the world and nourishes creation. A divine Over-Soul reconciled with the Infinite God the Creator of our own Body of Sophia Logos, the Sun sustains the cosmos we know to be ours, our Solar world-unit. The earth and human mind and guide and lead that cosmos. It is the Geon and the Sun that direct and guide the Holy Spirit or nature of the present dispensation. The Absolute Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Tri-Unity, proceeds, as Western Christendom has understood, from both the Logos and the Eternal Unconscious. The concrete, ultimate, individualised Third Hypostasis of God, the personified God or Humanity is, also, and entirely, a collaborator, a co-operator with the Infinite Unconscious. For humanity itself is the Eternal Son of God, the Incarnated Son, the individualised Son. Thus the frequency of humanity becomes incomensurable. The scope of human action and guidance becomes broadened into the abysmal and the boundless. For nothing lesser, nothing less theurgic and primordial than the Solar system—this we affirm again and again and the deep intuition of a pan-human and irrefragable truth—nothing less universal and lasting is the real body, the real basis, the real materiality of the Geon. The Earth
is the planet of the Ego of the Solar System to which it belongs as its Centre of Reference, its Focus of Values, its Absolute Synthesis. The Lord of Life, the Creator of Plants and of the Living Shapes, of Entelechies, is the trans-egoic function of grace and luxury and self-transcendence by a Socialist world-consciousness. Not the paradisiacal state of nebular and fathomless consciousness, not the lunar and infernal state, but the polar and balanced, all containing state of the purgatorial, omnipotential Sophia and Logos, of the Sun and the paradisiacal state of nebular and fathomless consciousness, typogenetic bliss and intuition to the earth and to every Values, its Absolute Synthesis. The Lord of Life, the it belongs as its Centre of Reference, its Focus of Center of her own Solar Body and of her own Over-Abysmal, the fulness of "idealistic" paint is peeled off, and what in the official manifesting with an increasing dexterity all the qualities "makers of a new world" chop off one of its heads blunders : either the sense of shame among them. At any rate, it is not difficult to detect the first and original sin of a small nation is, of course, in most cases, its very smallness which frequently stamps its national and world-consciousness, its political self-consciousness, in the struggle for fathomless events in the cosmos of God. The solar organism is a result of the tension and polarity between the earth and the Sun. The resurrected and ever-living Sophia of the Sun gives prototypes and living shapes, gives typogenetic bliss and intuition to the earth and to every planet in the Sun's power-body. The Sun's immense power-body is the measure of earth's responsibility. Mankind gives concepts and ideas and individuality to the Universal Humanity of the glorified Sophia. The typogenetic universal humanity of the Sun, the Christ of every man inscribed in a single member of the human kingdom, in order to raise Man and his earth to his own potency of universal and divine consciousness. M. M. Cosmoi.

Contemporary Fragments.
By Janko Lavrin.

V.—SMALL NATIONS.

I.
The confused political and social state of Europe has been worse confounded by the addition of a new element—the aftermath of fatigue of our recent diplomatic orgies so solemnly celebrated under the auspices of Mme. Justice herself. While this worthy lady is still rubbing her sleepy eyes, wondering at the company which she was compelled to patronise (thoroughly blindfolded, of course), the pompous decorations of the diplomatic stage have already faded away; the "idealistic" paint is peeled off, and what in the official limelight seemed to be a fascinating pageant now proves but aheap of rags and rubbish. The principal actors themselves have somehow forgotten their prophetic poses and blunders; either the sense of shame or the sense of the comic must have awakened even among them. At any rate, it is not difficult to detect in their utterances a certain stammering and a certain uneasiness which are all the more noticeable the more the political wind shakes and rattles their helpless figures like scarecrows in an October field. At the same time the creeping wave of anarchy is manifesting with an increasing dexterity all the qualities of the accomplished hydra: no sooner do our "makers of a new world" chop off one of its heads than two others appear leering and winking in its place. How many recipes, salves and incantations have been invented against Bolshevism alone, and all to no purpose? As a tragi-comic interlude one could mention the Dutch honeymoon of its freedom a ruthless oppressor of other small nations, petty calculations, zoological appetites and hysterical cries for revenge. Instead of this, our politicians do their best to kill the last surviving possibilities of a European consciousness; and the result of their "firm" policy is already a hopelessly disintegrated, provincialised and Balkanised Europe in which Bolshevism (in its worst form) may find in the near future the richest of soils.

Owing to this lack of a great European political idea we can see that even such a positive result of the "first world-war" as the liberation of certain small nations may prove a new danger and become one of the chief agents of the further Balkanisation of Europe. The problem of the liberated small nations deserves just now in fact a much closer attention than has been paid to it hitherto, attention from both the political and cultural standpoints.

II.
As the mere positive qualities of small nations have been sufficiently often praised and dealt with, we may confine ourselves to a few of those characteristics which have a less positive, or even a negative value. The first and original sin of a small nation is, of course, in most cases, its very smallness which frequently stamps its national and world-consciousness, its political self-consciousness, in the struggle for fathomless events in the cosmos of God. The solar organism is a result of the tension and polarity between the earth and the Sun. The resurrected and ever-living Sophia of the Sun gives prototypes and living shapes, gives typogenetic bliss and intuition to the earth and to every planet in the Sun's power-body. The Sun's immense power-body is the measure of earth's responsibility. Mankind gives concepts and ideas and individuality to the Universal Humanity of the glorified Sophia. The typogenetic universal humanity of the Sun, the Christ of every man inscribed in a single member of the human kingdom, in order to raise Man and his earth to his own potency of universal and divine consciousness. M. M. Cosmoi.

at last in the name of "humanity" and—arithmetical. But apart from the Bolshevist monster there are scores of other monsters, big and small, which trouble the dreams of our political alchemists, paralysing the last cell of logic and common sense which is awakened alive in their brains. If we take it for granted that Bolshevism is really threatening to submerge the "cultured" West under a new era of barbarism the only reasonable remedy against it would be a strong and politically consolidated Europe, a Europe in which the European consciousness would prevail over nationalist dissensions, petty calculations, zoological appetites and hysterical cries for revenge. Instead of this, our politicians do their best to kill the last surviving possibilities of a European consciousness; and the result of their "firm" policy is already a hopelessly disintegrated, provincialised and Balkanised Europe in which Bolshevism (in its worst form) may find in the near future the richest of soils.

Thus, the nationalisation of the Magyars was until 1848, or even up to 1867, of a resolutely defensive kind; but no sooner did they obtain their autonomy than they began to oppress their subject Slovaks, Serbo-Croats and Rumanians with a greater brutality than they themselves had experienced under the Austro-Germans. (The Rumanian "liberators" now seem to be repaying the Transylvanian Magyars in their own coin. . . . .) Or take the "aspirations" of Bulgaria after she had been presented with freedom by Russia. Did not Bulgaria turn even against Russia herself in order to gratify them? Another edifying example is Poland, whose very first deed on the dawn of her freedom was an imperialistic crusade against Russia a snatch as much purely Russian territory as possible. As a tragi-comic interlude one could mention the gratuitous feud of the rival Caucasian "nationalities,"
which only proves that a premature liberty may be sometimes more destructive than political slavery.

Imagine now almost two-thirds of Europe divided like a chess-board among innumerable small nations with all their chauvinistic self-assertiveness, self-admiration, national intolerance, mutual jealousy, egotism, petty political intrigue and quarrels, and the prospect of a united, quiet and creative Europe will incurably utilitarian spirit, will utterly destroy all great cultural values to practical, even merely political purposes. Moreover, in their dilettantish self-complacency they usually confuse two entirely different types of culture—the national and the nationalistic type, mistaking the latter for the former. While national culture grows from the racial psyche and expands by organically absorbing all those foreign elements which enrich and strengthen its own creative potency, nationalistic culture makes (usually in a hurry) a pastiche of purely external and ethnographic elements, or what is still worse—it scrapes together various imported ready-made fashions and puts upon them a "national," or a patriotic garment. So-called "national art" of which so much has been written in Europe (especially in Germany—that typical small nation of 80 millions), is in most instances an eclectic nationalistic art. The same dangerous confusion of national and nationalistic tendencies we often find nowadays in music, and this not only among small nations. In so far as literature is concerned, we can point to the Russian literature as being national par excellence without being nationalistic, while the Polish, Czech and Jugo Slav literatures, for instance, are more nationalistic than national.

That is the reason why Russia gave her very soul to Humanitarianism through her nationalistic impulse, while the exaggerated nationalistic trend makes even some of the most talented polish writers (like Stanislaw Wyspianski) too "Polish" to be European in the same sense as their great and truly national composer, Chopin, who belongs to Europe, or to the whole of the world.

The present mentality of Europe with her augmenting small nations and rapidly growing disintegration will naturally favour just the narrow nationalistic trend in culture. And so culture itself, which ought to be one of the most unifying agents of humanity, may become nothing but a new and powerful instrument of racial disunion and exclusiveness.

II.

The best remedy against evils of this kind would be the development of such a strong European consciousness as would make all European States and nations—whether big or small—regard themselves as various provinces of one political and cultural whole. If the national idea led in the 19th century towards the disintegration of humanity (in the name of self-assertion and independent development of single racial units), the 20th century ought to give the opposite impulse, the impulse towards a European synthesis in politics and culture. The world-war receives its meaning, and partly even its justification, only as the terrible crisis of these two impulses. But owing to the criminal "naïveté" of leading politicians and diplo-

mats, post-war Europe is being forced back into her old clothes which are still drenched and dripping with blood.

Thus instead of making the liberated small nations great, the present spirit of Europe has made even the great nations small, some of them hopelessly small. Europe still has a few big countries, but she seems to have not a single big nation. To make matters worse, the so-called great Powers vie among themselves in making the newly liberated (or even newly created) small nations tools and scapegoats of their own arrière-pensées. As most of these fortunate nations are financially and economically more enslaved than ever before, they must dance, willy-nilly, to the tune of their generous creditors and so gradually prostitute themselves and their liberty.

In other words, instead of risking direct and open action, the big Imperialists of the future will have a subtler move at their disposal: they will intrigue through their "liberated" pawns, who must comply with their demands in some way or other, displaying even a grateful smile into the bargain. This is perhaps the reason why each of the great Powers is so anxious to find as many pets and protégés among the small nations as possible; and why many of the latter seem only too willing to sell their sympathies to the highest bidder. Well, they too live in a "practical" age, after all.

To sum up, Europe is sailing swiftly not towards a new political and cultural cosiness, but towards a variation of the old political corruption which now threatens to make of her nothing but the Balkans on a big scale. The other alternative in present conditions is, of course, Bolshevism.... Hence no wonder that there are many who would prefer to a Balkanised Europe even a Bolshevist Europe, considering the latter a lesser evil.

While Western Europeans vainly implore one political quack after the other to find out the proper disinfectants against the Bolshevist epidemic, they seem to forget that the strength of Bolshevism lies not in Bolshevism itself, but in the incredible moral weakness of contemporary Europe. It lies also in the fact that even a wrong but genuine idea is from a moral standpoint better than no idea whatever. Even a mad idée fixe is more hopeful and more alive than our stilling indifference towards everything that goes beyond our egoistic, beyond our commercial and zoological interests.

It is chiefly due to this indifference that Europe has no genuine leading idea with which to oppose the "possessed" Bolsheviks. The so-called League of Nations has been so far not an idea but only a screen for political Tartuffes; occasionally also a convenient sheepskin for the old Imperialistic wolves who for the sake of decorum now and then try to bleat—with a sentimental timbre—over the corpse of Europe.

To those who have eyes to see, the present Europe seems in truth but a huge corpse—cynically grinning at itself. But if she is really unable to rise to a new life, then it may be better that the corpse be carried away even by a Bolshevist storm than left to taint the air. European politicians are in fact unconsciously working towards just such a storm; and—after all—this is perhaps the only good word one can say to their credit.

III.

Had the Wine been sour, better by far it had been so; but it was sweet, honey-sweet... yet something (I know Not what) there was that never let me seize the keen Full joy there should—should I, how knew well!—have been

(Like a curtain I frantic tried to pierce) while passed the Hour.

Better it had been, better by far, had the Wine been sour!

A. S. J. Tessimond.
Readers and Writers.

I have described the "Dial" before as the most fully realised of all the promising literary magazines current in the world; and its recent issues confirm my description. It is in all probability considerably in advance of the American reading public for whom it is primarily intended; but it is all the better on that account. Culture is always called upon to sacrifice popularity and, usually, even its existence, in the interests of civilisation, for civilisation is, as it were, the child of culture, and has in general as little consideration for culture as a human child for its own education. The custodians of culture (meaning by this the discrete, purblind, human perfection) are the adults of the race of which civilisation is the children's school; and, unfortunately or fortunately, in these democratic days, their function is largely under the control of their pupils. Gone are the times when a Brahmanic caste can lay down and enforce a curriculum of education for its civilisation. Modern civilisations believe themselves to be, and possibly are, "old enough" to exercise their right of selecting their teachers. It cannot be said, as yet, that possibly are, "old enough" to exercise their right of enforcing a curriculum of education for its civilisation. It is in all probability considerably in advance of the American reading public for whom it is primarily.

It is in all probability considerably in advance of the American reading public for whom it is primarily. America, like Europe, suffers from necrophily, a kind of worship of the dead. Indeed, as a good Injun was synonymous with a dead Injun, a great American writer is usually a dead American writer. All his faults die with him, and only his myth remains; with the result that people who would not have acknowledged the existence of, let us say, Whitman living, will not acknowledge a fault in Whitman dead. For a nation thus under a critical Statute of Mortmain, the utterance of what seems like blasphemy is a necessary part of their education. They must know that the dead great, by very virtue of their greatness and the survival of their works, are still alive and active; and that the same kind of criticism must be kept playing on them as upon the living forces. The "Dial" reviewers, I am glad to say, show no disposition to shirk this unpleasant duty. One by one, I am afraid that few critics realise that the dead great are given the honour of living criticism and treated as the immortal present which they are. Since their spirits go marching on, criticism must go marching along with them.

One of the recently so honoured dead in the pages of the "Dial" has been Whitman; and in an essay on "Whitman's Love Affair," Mr. Holloway throws a fresh light on an old but still obscure subject. His "love affairs" were obviously more matter for criticism in Whitman than in some other writers, since Whitman was pre-eminently an autobiographical writer who sang himself. What, then, does Mr. Holloway find? A little surprisingly—at least to readers who have not already divined Whitman's secret—that Whitman "suffered" from love and struggled against it rather as a raw tyro than as the "master of himself" of his poetic fiction. In some private diaries of Whitman, quoted by Mr. Holloway, we are presented with the spectacle of Whitman grappling with his own soul after the manner of saints mortifying the flesh or, as I would suggest, after the distinctively modern fashion. Instinct was at war with reason, even in Whitman; and, in the end, as usually occurs with modern men, it was reason that won. Mr. Holloway divides Whitman's work between two periods: the first, in which he sang "unarmelled natural impulses"; and a second, in which he was concerned about democracy, immortality and the soul; in short, with reason. And between these two worlds or periods the wise and courageous critic, Mr. Holloway tells us, was a purgatory in which Whitman's soul was tried as by fire. The diaries already mentioned contain some of the records of Whitman's conflict with himself. Here, for example, is an entry bearing all the marks of a painful resolution. I must, he says, "put my pen to some new task" and resolve "to give up absolutely and for good, from this present hour, the feverish, fluctuating, useless, undignified emotional concern to him. They should be, he suggests, of great emotional concern to his readers; but for himself he prefers to appear to be above that plane. He can keep cool where the rest ought to be enthusiastic; but at bottom, as I have said, he is really more enthusiastic than most of his readers are ever likely to be. And that is his real complaint against them; and the origin of his mask. "No," he seems to say to himself, "I will not let you think that I am more concerned than they are. If they are cold, I will appear colder. My heart shall not betray me—at least, in advance of theirs. The result is a curious atmosphere unique in modern literature: a style at once lawyerlike and romantic, and a judgment at once intimate and distant. It is a phenomenon worth attention, one of the current "events" of literary criticism; and once more I commend Mr. Eliot's essays to my readers' notice.

The "Dial" is particularly to be praised for its courageous criticism of great dead Americans. America, like Europe, suffers from necrophily, a kind of worship of the dead. Indeed, as a good Injun was synonymous with a dead Injun, a great American writer is usually a dead American writer. All his faults die with him, and only his myth remains; with the result that people who would not have acknowledged the existence of, let us say, Whitman living, will not acknowledge a fault in Whitman dead. For a nation thus under a critical Statute of Mortmain, the utterance of what seems like blasphemy is a necessary part of their education. They must know that the dead great, by very virtue of their greatness and the survival of their works, are still alive and active; and that the same kind of criticism must be kept playing on them as upon the living forces. The "Dial" reviewers, I am glad to say, show no disposition to shirk this unpleasant duty. One by one, I am afraid that few critics realise that the dead great are given the honour of living criticism and treated as the immortal present which they are. Since their spirits go marching on, criticism must go marching along with them.

A very serious critic of our day is Mr. T. S. Eliot; and I commend his essays wherever they are to be found. Of American birth and Harvard education, he has made himself a good European; and in all matters concerning literature his judgment is both wide and weighty. If I may say so, he delivers his judgment with the objects of civilisation may spell the ruin of a nation.

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pursuit of 164 . . . . avoid seeing her or any meeting whatever from this hour forth, for life.” The reader is to be pitied who does not understand, however dimly, what Whitman must have gone through in imagination and reality to confide to the author of “Leaves of Grass” such a shocking confession. He emerged from the experience with that past behind him, but still, I think, unresolved. It was not his to reconcile instinct with reason in an epiphesis; he passed from one phase to the next without carrying his sheaves with him. From being within sight of real greatness, he declined to the stature of a great American.

R. H. C.

Our Generation.

To complete the brief diagnosis of current superstition which was made last week, I shall have to state a truism which is not generally realised—for the general character of an age is not guessed by those who express it. The charge of superstitionlessness, then, must not be made against the mere ignorant of our time, or we lose the whole meaning of the diagnosis; it must be made against the cultured as well. Religion is not at present a superstition; to the superstitious merely it is a superstition; to the religious, Literature is not a fetish only to the readers of “Great Thoughts,” if it still exists, and “John o’ London’s Weekly,” which, alas, exists only too well; it is a fetish to the most serious, conscientious and austere litera critics. Economics!—economics is a superstition most of all to the professors of economics. And to the present school of Realists, they do not create, they do not even think. Their attitude of savages, the attitude of the artist for his subject.” Mr. Walpole is especially, Mr. Lawrence has actually carried the anti-intellectual truism which is not generally realised—for the general reader. Our Generation. March 31, 1921

EDWARD MOORE.
Recent Verse.

ARDESHIR F. Khabardar. "The Silken Tassel." (Theosophical Publishing House, Madras. 3s. 6d. net.)

The author, we are told in the introduction, "is a popular poet in his mother-tongue, Gujarati," and English is to him an acquired language. There are only one or two slips in expression in the volume, however, to indicate that Mr. Khabardar is not sure on his feet, as, for example:

I weep, O Love! Love sings in joy;
Yet I do weep: O pardon me!

A bad lurch! But the surprising thing is that he has captured the accent of real English poetry. It is a relief, after the Georgians, to come upon a stanza like this. It is from an "Ode to the Kokil" (the Indian cuckoo):

Now when thy ever-rising raptures fill
The waiting world with thine own visions sweet,
And thine echoes calling hill to hill,
Some message new, unheard, we gaily greet,
O Bird or Angel! Say, where thou hast been,
Thy fresher skies, thy soft love-scented air,
Thy mountain-heaps of flowers,
Thy greener woods and pleasure-shades between,
Thy sunny dome of light and azure rare,
And thy sweet music-haunted magic bowers!

The mood and the manner of English poetry are there. In reading Mr. Khabardar we feel that he never doubts that he is a poet, even when he is not; that poetry is the natural language for what he has to say; that he lives and breathes with delight in the realm of beauty and is at home there. He is in this the very opposite of the typical poet of our time. What marks them off from their predecessors in English poetry is that they do not possess the mood and the manner of poetry by nature: they attain them by effort, and frequently by lashing themselves into it; they are not only not born but made, but they are self-made. Their phrases; but they are not used because they are phrases, but because they are true where they are used. The passages from the "Ode to Poesy" and the "Ode to the Kokil" transport us into a world of reverie, into the world of poetry.

His slighter poems the author is not nearly so successful. He is often trite and not infrequently feeble, as in this verse from "Thy Smiles" (unlucky title!):

No Summer Morn can ever match
The smile upon thy face,
No Winter Moon can ever catch
The glory of its grace;
No rosy Eve can imitate
Its light like laughing flowers,
No other Beauty can create
Its rainbow-winged showers.

And so on. This is the author at his worst. Occasionally he lapses into sentimentalism—a sentimentalism which is often pretty, however:

Oh! she is made of flowers and light, innocent, sweet and pure.

Delete everything after "light," as they say in the amendments, and this would not be unpleasing in its way. Here is another of the same kind:

Oh! who would not desire to smile within her virgin dreams!

It is not poetry, however; it is not serious enough. Mr. Khabardar is here far from the world he contemplates in the "Ode to the Kokil": Where softly spoke the opening buds at morn
And starry blossoms hung on moonlight boughs

On golden earth.

A notable volume.

GERALD CROW. "Fifteen Poems." (Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Crow begins in a typical Georgian manner:

Splendid companion, these I bring you now
When all the leaves come whirling out of the trees
Each after each upon the October winds.

Now why should the phrase "splendid companion" irritate us at once? But, after all, there is no mystery about that: it irritates us because it is affected. Why to go on, should the author set down deliberately such a clumsy phrase as "each after each"? It sounds, somehow, ungrammatical, though (heaven knows!) it may be a colloquialism somewhere. But Mr. Crow is constantly annoying us with his affectation. What can one make of these very feminine lines?

O Lily Lady of loveliness,
O tender-hearted, marvellous-eyed.

Words, words, words! and very deliquescent words at that. Or take this verse from a poem, beginning, "O Jesus in Thy Gothic town":

And I shall hear them [the herald angels] and behold
Far off upon an hill of flowers
Thy window sill of shining gold,
And I shall hear them [the herald angels] and behold
The glory of its grace.

It is a gentle, kingly thaumaturge,
That city fortunate with towers.

There is nothing here but a few inappropriate pictorial elements jumbled together; there is no picture, no vision. "An hill" and "city fortunate" are, once more, affected, andadden the reader instead of filling him with admiration. Perhaps the best poem in the volume is one entitled "Madhouse Garden," from which this is a representative extract:

It is a gentle,kingly thaumaturge,
Hath made a net of little silver stars
And snared contentment, that great brazen carp,
The moon contentment that shall never die:
And charmed him upon a tender harp
And hath him in a bowl of lazuli.

The affectation there seems to be suitable; it adds to the oddness of the treatment a sort of suavity that is not unpleasing. But the whole volume is Georgian—all-too-Georgian.
THE SPIRITUAL NATURE OF MAN.*

I should be frankly bewildered by Dr. Hollander's reasoning on this subject if I did not remember that "spirit," which was originally a postulate, has become psychology as an autonomous science. For example, the author's preference for sticking the adjective after laboratories, and that of the more than reason, are the same as if I did not remember that them interesting. The style is often undistinguished to really! "hope forlorn." Nor are instead of before the noun, whether rhythm or anything always to be trusted, though they emanate from Cambridge:

A. P. "University Olympians, or Sketches of Academic Dignitaries." (Heller, Cambridge.)

These little sketches are not pointed enough to make them interesting. The style is often undistinguished to a degree that makes it almost conspicuous. The author's preference for sticking the adjective after instead of before the noun, whether rhythm or anything else requires it, gives his verses an appearance of acute amateurishness:

This culprit cheery finds him firm, but just, inflicting punishment because he must. In the next few lines we get "Tutor courteous" and (really!) "hope forlorn." Nor are "A. P.'s" rhymes always to be trusted, though they emanate from Cambridge:

He is even capable of writing:

And none shall say that he his duty shirks. Which could hardly have been worse said. The author is UNASSUMING, however: he has every reason to be.

E. M.

Views and Reviews.

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

markable story of the eels in Northern Europe, which, beginning life in the silent depths of the mid-ocean, migrate as little three-inch larvae to the rivers of the Eastern Baltic, three thousand miles from their birth-place. Several years later these eels, now full-grown, set out on an exciting journey to the far-away spawning grounds. Can the physiology which is only applied physics and chemistry explain all this? asks Professor Thomson. Does it even help to make the biological fact of migration more intelligible? I am not prepared to say that physics and chemistry are capable of explaining completely the whole of the processes involved; the eel is then more than obvious, and the net result probably of more than speculative value. But it seems to me that the fact offers far more difficulty to the psychological theory than to the physiological; are we to suppose that each of these eels is carefully instructed in geography, or that the duty of migration for breeding purposes is imposed upon them by Divine fiat, or by the dictates of a delicate sense of decency? If the psychological theory could explain why people went to Blackpool, we might reasonably hope that it would explain why eels go to the Baltic. "If infusorians or other micro-organisms are placed on a glass plate, the various parts of which are heated to varying degrees of temperature, the organisms will ultimately be found to be collected in that portion of the plate which offers the most suitable temperature for their development, the 'optimum temperature,' as it is called." I quote from Mr. Robert Briffault's new volume, "Psyche's Lamp." Here migration takes place in response to a definite and definitely known stimulus; and I find no difficulty in believing that the eels migrate also in response to definite stimuli, although those stimuli may not be, at present, definitely known. But I find insuperable difficulty to believing that they are miraculously or intelligently driven; and I quote Dr. Haldane's remark: "So long as the vitalists confine themselves to merely pointing out the deficiencies of the purely mechanistic theory, the evidence which they bring forward is so strong that it seems to me to be unanswerable. When, however, they try to define vitalism on its positive side, the result is quite indefinable. The something which was supposed to interfere from without, in the physical and chemical reactions, can always be shown by experiment to be dependent on what were admitted to be physical and chemical conditions, though there is no explanation of how these conditions bring about the actual results. Vitalism thus represents no clearly definable working hypothesis, and for this reason I do not propose to consider it further." I add the corresponding animistic theory in psychology.

Dr. Hollander examines the various theories of the nature of mind, and leads up to his own conception of it as a force or energy. This is certainly more satisfactory than the idea of mind as an entity; but with the central nervous system conducting and radiating all sorts of forces, the postulation of a new and unknown one can explain nothing until the possibilities of the known ones are exhaustively explored. What we call "mind" is nothing but a certain behaviour of an organism; it is as rigidly conditioned in its production as is any other form of behaviour, and on philosophical grounds, as I have so often said, I find it practically impossible to distinguish "mind" from "matter." Dr. Hollander says that we must think of mind, not as a self-existing, self-acting entity, but as an energy, working on the brain-cells, and that we have only to ask: "Where is the force generated?" to discover that it is generated by the brain-cells themselves, and the amount generated is governed by quite well-known physical and chemical laws. The "mind" as a function of the brain is intelligible, and begins to questions; bewilderment only arises when we try to regard "mind" as a thing in itself, and psycho-physical
parallelism, 'spiritualism' and 'materialism,' 'vitalism' and 'mechanism' and so forth, are dragged in to confuse the issue. To quote Mr. Briffault: "The old joke about 'the movement of molecules being transformed into feelings' is a metaphysical chestnut and 'mechanism,' and so forth, are dragged in which has ceased to be amusing; what is transformed into feeling is not, of course, the movements of to movement, and that is equally true in physics and in psychology. 'Moving particles' are but the sen-sorily conceived signs of the sources of action. To imagine that your thoughts and your behaviour must be 'governed' either by the 'laws' of physics and chemistry or by your feelings and presentations, is a mere muddled assumption compounded of secular mis-conceptions. What ground have you for supposing that the two are different and must have different re-sults? The 'laws' of chemistry and physics are but the description of the behaviour of objects; no observa-tion or description of the behaviour of molecular matter in living objects is available. It must, according to the principles of physical causation, and does in fact, as evidenced by the molar behaviour of living organisms, differ radically from our observed and described inorganic behaviour. That difference is, according to physical principles, a function of the difference in con-figuration of the systems; it may be the same function of that difference as in inorganic systems, or it may be a quite different function. In the first case the organic behaviour would be describable as a 'law' from a com-plete knowledge of organic configurations and our knowledge of inorganic physical and chemical 'laws'; in the other case, new equations would be necessary in order to subsume both inorganic and organic laws under a more comprehensive formula. In either case there is no ground whatever for supposing that these 'laws' of behaviour differ from those of physical values." In short, if 'mind' is a force, so is matter a complex of forces to the physicist; 'the physicist, however, is not pledged to save matter, and cares little about its dissolution so long as he has definite dynamic energies to measure. But when the science of the soul also finds herself left with unconscious dynamic energies on her hands, either the definition of psychology or that of mind calls for radical reformulation." Dr. Hollander's 'search for the soul' goes no further than this preliminary observation of Mr. Briffault; and whether one says: 'Man has a soul'; or 'Man is a soul'; or Dr. Hollander prefers, the "soul" itself is defined, the phrase conveys nothing. The one conclusion that does emerge clearly is that man cannot be explained by terms that are not of universal application. A. E. R.

**Review.**

**Labour and National Finance.** By Philip Snowden. (Leonard Parsons. 4s. 6d. net.)

Finance is a vital spot in Socialist theory. But by "Labour" Mr. Snowden means the Labour Party, and by "Socialism," Fabian collectivism; no revolution-ary programme of national finance need therefore be expected from this book. As the collectivist state emerges into nearer view, it becomes more and more a matter for wonder that it should ever have inspired the extravagant enthusiasm of socialists. The collectivists of forty years ago dared living organisms to dissolve into a single earth—of wealth for all, and the realisation of latent powers. The collectivists of to-day are careful to explain that they indulge in no Utopian visions, and limit their proposals to the domain of practical politics. All that Mr. Snowden proposes might be—much of it probably will be—adopted by the present controllers of our destinies. But a Socialist financier should be able to demonstrate, not how to make the best of the existing system, but how to transform it.

After the manner of a politician, Mr. Snowden lays the blame for our present financial difficulties at the door of the Government. "To the reluctance of the Government to impose heavy taxation the first years of the war must be attributed most of the financial and economic evils from which we are suffering to-day." This, however, is assigning too much importance to State finance. It is unquestionable that Government borrowing intensified the evil; it is not true that it was the root of the evil. There is no difficulty in prov-ing that "in 1914 the country was in an exceptionally favourable position for bearing an immediate and heavy increase of taxation," and that the cost of the first two years of the war could have been met out of the actual savings of the nation. But even Mr. Snowden does not claim that taxation could have covered the whole cost of the war. Other resources had to be found; and he does not argue that these were non-existent. On the contrary, he puts the position very clearly. "It is a fallacy to suppose that by borrowing for war purposes the generation prosecuting the war is relieved from any part of the payment of the costs of the war. The war must be paid for at the time it is being waged. The cost of a war is made up of payments for the wages of the soldiers, for their maintenance and clothing, and for armaments and munitions. All these things are paid for from day to day, and shortly after the conclusion of the war, when the accounts have been discharged, the whole cost of the war has been paid. What happens in consequence of the policy of borrowing is that the present generation, having paid for the war, throws upon posterity the burden of also paying for it several times over." (Italics ours.) In other words, the nation possessed means of paying for the war, though these were under the control of private individuals. But since the taxable capacity of individuals was admittedly too small, part of those means must have consisted, not of their in-come or capital, but of their (i.e., the nation's) credit. Some method of utilising the nation's capacity for production without "borrowing" it from individuals must therefore be discoverable, and it is the business of Socialist finance to point it out.

For the significant attempt of the Wigan munici-pality to apply its own credit to its proper use (an attempt which only falls short because it seeks to control credit without also controlling prices), Mr. Snow-den has nothing but condemnation. He admits that the burden of borrowing at present rates "imposes a crushing weight upon local authorities," and that "unless something can be done to lighten this burden, municipal enterprise will be starved." But he sees no remedy except public ownership of industrial assets. The end and aim of his finance is to gather all available income or capital, but of their i.e., the nation's) credit. Some method of utilising the nation's capacity for production without "borrowing" it from individuals must therefore be discoverable, and it is the business of Socialist finance to point it out.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

PROPA GanDA.

Sir,—May I invite readers of THE NEW AGE in this district, interested in credit-reform, to communicate with me?

John Croll.

54, Castle Street, Aberdeen.

Fastiche.

FROM THE "NAN-HOA KING." 

Yen-hoei, the favourite disciple, asked leave of his teacher, K'oung-ni (Confucius). . . . . "To go where?" asked the latter. "To Wei," replied the disciple. "The prince of that country is young and wilful. He governs ill, will take no advice, and puts his subjects to death for trifles. The principality is strewn with corpses: the people plunged in despair . . . . . and I have heard you say many times that one should leave well-administered State and devote one's care to one which antiquity never used to worry themselves about others district, interested in credit-reform, to communicate with teacher, K'oung-ni (Confucius). . . . . "To

against oppressive princes. Formerly, the great prince of that country is young and wilful. He governs ill, will take no advice, and puts his subjects to death for trifles. The principality is strewn with corpses: the people plunged in despair . . . . . and I have heard you say many times that one should leave well-administered State and devote one's care to one which is badly governed. The doctor goes to those who are sick. You would like to consecrate what I learned from you to the good of the principality of Wei."

"Do not go!" said K'oung-ni. "You would be going to your death. The grand principle is not to embarrass oneself in a multiplicity of care. The great men of antiquity never used to worry themselves about others to the point of hurting themselves. They did not lose their time in attempts to reform a brutal tyrant. . . . . Nothing is more dangerous than to speak, with an insistence, of justice and charity to a powerful man who enjoys himself in evil. His councillors will make common cause with him, and will unite to intimidate you. If you hesitate or waver, they will triumph, and the evil will become worse. And if you attack them powerfully the tyrant will put you to death. Thus perished the minister, K'oung-loung-p'eng, and the prince Fi-kan, both for having taken the part of the oppressed people against oppressive princes. Formerly, the great emperors Yao and U, even, were unable to persuade their vassals to make a sacrifice of glory and riches, they could only succeed in reducing them by force of arms . . . . . and the present prince of Wei is a man of the same sort. In what manner will you speak, to move him?"

"I will speak to him," said Yen-hoei, "with modesty and freedom."

"You will waste your pains," said K'oung-ni.

"The man is full of himself, and moreover is consummately crafty. Evil does not repel him, and virtue has no effect upon him. He will either openly contradict you, or pretend to listen without believing." In that case," said Yen-hoei, "preserving my integrity internally I will externally accommodate myself to him. I will show him the deadly reason, and that perhaps will touch him, since he is, like myself, a son of heaven. Without attempting to please him, I will speak to him with the simplicity of a pupil of heaven, and respect fully that no one could accuse me of the least slight in the world: I will gently unfold the wisdom of the ancients. That this doctrine condemns his conduct, he cannot lay to my charge, seeing that it does not proceed from me. Do you not think, master, that I can thus reform the prince of Wei?"

"You will not reform him," said K'oung-ni. "That is the didactic art, known by all the masters, and which converts no one. In speaking thus, perhaps you will not incur punishment, but that is the most you will get by it."

"Well then," asked Yen-hoei, "how is he to be converted?" "Preparing oneself," said K'oung-ni, "by abstaining." "Oh, I know that well enough," said Yen-hoei. "My family is poor. We pass whole months without tasting wine or meat."

"That," replied K'oung-ni, "is abstinence preparatory to the sacrifices. It is not that, but abstinence even of the heart that is needed." "What is that," asked Yen-hoei. "This," said K'oung-ni. "To concentrate one's whole intellectual energy, as it were, in one mass. Not to hear by the ears nor by the heart, but solely by the spirit. To stop the way of the senses, to keep pure the mirror of the heart: not to allow the spirit to be occupied in the empty images. Thus abstract knowledge ought to open out in the domain of the heart, but those beings which have no longer any name: only abstract ideas, no concrete cases. The heart must vibrate only in contact with them—objectively, not immediately, with subjective notions. One must keep oneself shut up, simple, in pure nature, without the least mixture of the artificial. . . . . All that is artificial is false and without efficacy: only the natural is true and efficacious. To expect a success from human procedure is to expect to fly without wings or to think without intelligence. . . . See how the light which comes from outside through this hole in the wall expands through the emptiness of the room and is extinguished peacefully, producing no images. Thus abstract knowledge ought to open out in peace, without disturbance. If knowledge, remaining concrete, makes images or is reflected, a man may well sit motionless, but his heart will wander wildly. The emptied heart attracts the powers, which come to make it their dwelling. It operates upon all living beings as an all-potent action. It alone can be the instrument of moral transformations, being a pure portion of the Principle, the universal Transformer of all things." Done into English by P. A. MAIRET.

TOO PRODIGAL OF PITY.

Misery is thy shadow: thou art without defence. Miracle, that the world holds thee and mirth! How patient the meek weary diligence That ended giveth thee for recompense To turn away, and lie down upon the earth! And pity unto thee awaiteth not: falls Like a coin of little worth beside the blind; Either unheard among the clamant calls That are hurled from howling ways to brazen walls, Or silenced in dust, and buried softly by the wind. Therefore the tear for thee is nothing, and is waste? Nay, but for the wiser's self. And adieu; Thou knowest thy mystery, or shalt know: and the taste Of thy bread's bitterness, and also the hard chaste Consecrations, . . . their soft compactness, Their sane, poetical matter-of-factness, their directness and lack of circumspectness, and Their philosophy! Everything that is, is a Being To be tested by Touch, Smell, Taste, Hearing and Seeing— And as they haven't learnt that this is materialism, It isn't. Their mind is a prism Making their world a rainbow-reality. (Rainfall and sunshine at once, in their laughter and tears) So that the quality Of life, which we with our muddled years Call Values. . . .

Still, they have all the advantages, as they ought to have. When the gas-stove backfires, we put it right (if we can). We keep appointments, write letters, do Work, All (more or less) for their good; And we can at least plead that we cope (more or less) with the everlasting problem of Money. K. R.

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