

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IF Macaulay's New Zealander, after musing on the more material remains of our social system as exemplified in the Houses of Parliament and the Secretariats of Whitehall, should be driven to investigate the concepts of national organisation symbolised by them, it is fairly certain that nothing will astonish him more than the evidences he will find on every hand of the persistent and touching faith of this queer old people in what they call "representation." He will find that this curious superstition (dating back to the earliest days of their history when priests made a corner in deals with God and the dispensing of personal salvation became a close Trust) persisted on even through the First World War, when millions of persons who disliked war and held it in contempt as a moral and material anachronism allowed their representatives not merely to lead them into a war which had become inevitable but, almost without a protest, to throw away any poor consolation which might be derived from a real "war to end war." He would note that at irregular and inappropriate intervals queer ceremonies called elections took place at which persons for the most part personally unknown to the electors were "returned" for the ostensible purpose of carrying out "reforms" which most of the electors neither understood nor cared about one fig. And he would further observe that these elected ones, once safely through the ceremony, at once became very superior persons, full of dignity and importance, and for the most part concerned with very intricate relations between the State and Borioboola-Gha. It seemed clear that these same electors never derived any benefit from these negotiations, or in fact and on the whole from more than the very minutest fraction of the activities of their representatives, while further it was quite plain that a small number of very opulent gentry of international sympathies, who were not elected and represented no one but themselves, did in fact sway the whole deliberations of the elected assembly. Still this touching faith that some day they would elect the right men and all would be well seemed to sustain the people through a series of disappointments which would have daunted a less stubborn race. The New Zealander, who we must suppose to be an intelligent man, would, we think, conclude that this was a matter outside logic and reason, and only comparable to collective hypnotism. And he would be right.

In certain things this country in particular is under a spell. At the time of the Armistice there was not only not an unemployed man in this country, but there was hardly an unemployed woman or child over fourteen and under eighty. The wheat cultivation was four times what it was in 1914, and three times what it is now; shipbuilding was proceeding at such a rate that the destruction of war has been more than made good in two years, manufacturers were becoming rich, workmen were becoming manufacturers. Even the despised professional classes were for the most part able to eke out a precarious existence in either the fighting Services, or if age or health precluded that, in ministering to the wants or patching the digestions of those who did well out of—a long way out of—the War. Production, which Mr. Clynes will tell us, is all we need to make us prosperous, reached heights far in excess of anything ever touched in history, even outstripping such destruction as Dante never dreamed of. Then Peace, with the wings of a dove, burst upon us. Hardly had the last stretcher-case reached a casualty clearing station in a grim and haunted silence than a bleat of real anguish rose from these sheltered shores—not from the battered wrecks in hospital blue, the sad-eyed women in black, or even from the New Poor, but from Lord Inchcape and other Bankers. We were a poor nation—no homes for heroes for us. Perhaps, if we all worked harder than ever and lived the simple life for twenty years or so, we might aspire to a few Nissen huts. As a preliminary to all of us working harder prices rose 50 per cent., and the unemployment figures rose from nil to the present figure of about three million. But further than that, the earnings, as apart from the wage rates of those still employed, fell also. On every hoarding may be seen auctioneers' advertisements of eligible modern factories equipped with the finest tools to be sold at break-up prices, and manufacturers are beginning to compete with Generals for eligible if undistinguished posts under the Holborn Borough Council. It is hardly to be wondered at that our warnings of a greater and more terrible war leave numbers of persons very cold, since only destruction on the largest scale, it seems to them, can provide a decent living for the survivors. Side by side with these happenings, which are plain for all to see, it cannot have escaped notice that every bank composing the charmed Circle of Five has pulled down its barns to build larger. The London City and Midland, to take one instance only, now has fifteen hundred branches, of which, at a guess, at least one half have been opened since 1914

in buildings of a solid magnificence appropriate to the Temples of a great Faith. Perhaps one of our readers with a taste for statistics will compile a table showing the percentage of corner sites occupied by banks as compared with those occupied by other undertakings. Has anyone during this time of industrial depression and labour distress noticed any Bank premises for sale? Is there any possible room for doubt, not merely who did best out of the war, but is doing well out of the Peace?

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As the result of the usual visit to Sir Philip Sassoon at Lympne, Sir Robert Horne has been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we might suggest to the diminishing band of enthusiasts in political democracy that they should turn their attention to an elective system for Prime Ministers' private secretaries. The international financiers have not erred in their choice. We have no hesitation in saying that one of the most brilliant, ambitious, yet narrow-minded, men ever associated with British National Finance has become Chancellor at a moment when every sign points to the early opening of the greatest struggle in history between the dark forces of repression and veiled or open tyranny, and the advance march of humanity and civilization. No device that an acute legal mind, a contempt for democracy in any form which does not make it a tool of schemers, and a determination to reach the highest positions of power can suggest is likely to be left untried in the effort to dispose finally and completely both of what is commonly called the Labour question and the greater issues behind it; and we wish we could see any opponent of anything like the same calibre to make the struggle look a little less one-sided. The remainder of the changes in the Government, though doubtless not without their object—the appointment of the Roman Catholic Lord Edmund Talbot as Viceroy might perhaps foreshadow fresh policies in Ireland—do not seem to have more than sectional interest.

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We are glad to note from his article in the "Daily Herald" of March 24th, entitled "The Coal Crisis and the Nation's Credit," that Mr. Frank Hodges "has been propounding up and down the country a scheme which is the only internal scheme calculated to help the mining industry out of its difficulties and consequently other industries out of theirs." We wish Mr. Hodges every success in his efforts, which aim at the use of national credit to enable coal to be sold below the cost of production, and we would offer him every assistance, technical and otherwise, to enable him to carry properly designed proposals of this character to a successful issue. His article in the "Daily Herald" was, we think, admirable for the purpose for which it was intended, but we would suggest to him that a combination of his propaganda with a new and more effective form of "Direct Action" would be very desirable at this time. He suggests that "The British Government" should either propose something better or put his scheme to the test of practice. We can assure Mr. Hodges that the British Government, or that essential part of it which counts in matters of this sort, has no intention or desire to propose anything better—on the contrary it has said in so many words that it is unalterably opposed to any proposition which involves the granting of a subsidy, and it is prepared to go to any amount of trouble and expense to prevent Mr. Hodges making clear to any considerable number of persons how this proposal differs from one involving a subsidy. But if Mr. Hodges will abandon the idea, so natural to ingenuous minds—we have had it ourselves—that the Government is struggling with a problem it does not understand and cannot solve, and ceasing his endeavours to enlighten it, will use the position entrusted to him to assist his constituents to dispense with Government acquiescence with his plan (and, of course, he must know that that is possible) we feel sure

that he will be astonished at the quickened apprehension of Westminster.

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At the time of writing the Miners' Strike or Lockout, whichever it should be termed, has commenced, and according to the popular Press a number of pits are already irretrievably flooded. Lest the public should be in any doubt as to who pays for these little wrangles between the Coal Trust and the Labour Trust, the price of coal has been put up 1s. per ton at once just to "larn us to be a twoad." Our sympathies as between the two combatants are wholly with the Labour Trust, because it contains more human beings, but they are a good deal more with the public than with either party, and we think we are not alone in the matter. It is quite time, we think, that the great Trade Unions should understand that the plea of the under dog, fighting against unfair odds of education and resources and injuring the bystander only because engaged in a life and death struggle, will not wash. The resources of, say, the Triple Alliance, are ample to put them in possession of every weapon in the hands of their antagonists—are, in fact, potentially far superior; and the fact that they are quite obviously incapable of striking a blow which the vile body of the public does not receive instead of the "Capitalists," at whom it is aimed, might quite reasonably, and will, be adduced as a good sound reason that they are a public nuisance. That would be a superficial judgment, but we do suggest that clumsiness and ineptitude are now as inexcusable as real vice, and that the great causes of which the Trades' Union and Labour movement claims to be the protagonist, and of which it is, in fact, the natural champion, should not be allowed much longer to be so compromised by mismanagement as has most unquestionably been the case during the past three years. We have said elsewhere that the British Labour Party in particular had an opportunity during the years 1914-1918 such has probably never before presented itself to any political party. That opportunity was missed thoroughly and completely, and the credit and power of the Labour Party is so damaged that it is quite possible that it may never recover. "The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on," and not often, if ever, is a second innings vouchsafed to any side in a game of this magnitude. We see only one hope for the Labour Party, that it may, by a miraculous uprush of leadership, renounce its absurd arrogance of all the virtues, and by truly representing the community rather than a mere sectional interest, draw again to its aid all those men of good will in whatever station they may be found whose good offices it now seems so anxious to repel. If it will not do this, and do it soon, it will sink to the importance of the British Bolshevik Party, which is negligible except as a useful bogey, by the aid of which Mr. Lloyd George can frighten old women of both sexes into voting for the Sassoon-Cassel-Zaharoff coalition.

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We have received an advance summary of the conclusions of the Commission on British Atrocities in Ireland, convened by Mr. Francis Villard, the wealthy and sentimental Editor of the New York "Nation." Beyond the anti-British bias usual in American documents dealing with Anglo-Irish questions, there is probably nothing grossly untrue in the allegations made by it. Racial injustice is not so one-sided in Ireland as it is in the "peonage" districts of the Mississippi or in Haiti and the "new virility" which Judge Gary so admirably represents in America, which arrested five thousand industrial agitators per week and transported them without trial, still requires time to become acclimatised in Ulster. But Irish affairs are quite bad enough to raise a wave of nausea in ninety-nine per cent. of the British Public as that estimable collection of ordinary men and women opens its morning newspaper. Our American readers and many friends know quite well, however, that this ninety-nine per cent. is just as powerless, for

all practical purposes, to affect the course of events in Ireland as is the equally well meaning American Public in the case of Judge Gary, or Haiti. The atrocities in Ireland, the callous maltreatment of steel strikers in Indiana, and the murder and torture of negroes, have, in the main, a common economic cause, and neither the British Public nor the American Public has at present any control over economic policy or in consequence over the phenomena which are the logical outcome of policy. But notwithstanding this obvious truism, Mr. Villard's Report deserves serious attention on both sides of the Atlantic from the mere fact that it has been allowed to appear. Does anyone suppose that it would have been allowed to appear, say, four years ago? Or that the course of affairs in Ireland will be affected by it? Or that if, say, Mr. Massingham, of the London "Nation," convened a Commission on the American Negro Question that the Southern cotton planters would be rebuked by President Harding? Hardly. The reason for the appearance of the Villard Report and the play that will be made with it, is that war between America and Great Britain is not merely not "unthinkable," as our Garvins would say; it is, given the present financial and economic stresses, a mathematical certainty, just as was war between Germany and France under the same conditions, always a mathematical certainty in spite of the sentimental Liberals who said it would never happen. The wire-pullers who are preparing this war are fostering a bellicose psychology for use at the right moment. There is one way and one way only by which it can be averted, and that is by removing the primary cause of war—economic competition for surplus markets. During the coming months and possibly very few years a race for the largest stake which white humanity has ever competed for will take—is now taking—place, and the prize is economic control of its own destiny. One grim Champion of the dark Forces is War—a war from which the mortally-wounded survivor of a fratricidal struggle will only recover sufficiently to receive the coup-de-grace from all-conquering Asia. Time is of the essence of the contract—even the short memory of the populace still retains a vivid memory of the bombs, the poison gas, the tyranny and arrogance of officialdom amidst which it lived during the preliminary skirmish of 1914-1918. If our American friends think that the egotism of Mr. Villard and the pathological monomania of Mr. William Randolph Hearst are sufficient compensation for the stimulation of prejudices and passions calculated to shorten the time required to prepare the gladiators for the arena, we have nothing more to say. If they do not, however, we suggest that while steadily working at the major issue, they do what they can to discourage and discredit their agents—provocateurs conscious or unconscious, as they may rest assured that we will do what we can with ours.

Lord Dewar, speaking at the opening of the Tuscany Restaurant, referred to the industrial situation in terms which we feel sure will get him disliked, although, no doubt, he meant well. After delivering himself of the usual liturgy to the effect that we were a poor nation which had been living on its capital, he is reported by the "Daily Telegraph" to have said: "But the bankers had called a halt, and said thus far and no further; and the manufacturer, who had to keep in touch with the banker, had been obliged to obey." We hope Mr. Arthur Kitson, whose articles on Unemployment in the "Times" Trade Supplement are very likely to form an historic episode in the drama of this century, will not fail to notice the complete corroboration of his contention that the present trade slump is artificial, and has one source only—the restriction of banking credit. When the great Trade Unions begin to ask, as we think they soon will begin to ask, the large Joint Stock Banks, "Who made thee a King to rule over us?" the resolution of the disputes of so-called Capital and Labour will be in sight.

C. H. D.

## World Affairs.

THE awesome tragedy which is being unveiled in the habitation of our species to-day, this universal and fundamental crisis of humanity, unveiled as it is by Providence and by Destiny in the World of Freedom, is a part only, one act only, of the eternal drama of the self-creation and of the self-annihilation of Humanity and of the Eternal. Immense and universal as the present crisis of the world and of the earth is, infinitely holy and fraught with consequences, it is qualitatively, in its real nature, neither more painful nor more religious or important than any ordinary conflict and catharsis of humanities. For Freedom and Humanity are kingdoms of crises perpetual and irresolvable, being the kingdoms of essential and complete reality. Conflict and tragedy, catharsis and crisis, are in the essence of the synthetic or divine world of Sophia, of our Species. Errors and falsehoods, sins and crimes, mis-shapes and uglinesses are part of humanities, both of collective and of individual humanities; an inevitable and essential part of the human essence and of Freedom itself; for the Holy Trinity itself, the Divinity itself—Beauty of the Holy Spirit, Truth of the Son and Love of the Father—also belong to the human essence and to human freedom. In the Infinite, in that which is Reality, in the inward world, in *quality*, there are no degrees of existence, nor of truth, nor of values. In the aspect of reality, therefore, there are no degrees of sin, nor of virtue. The scale of events, the number, matters not. Good is not Evil. Good is only Good. Evil is not Good. In reality, in verity, there are categories of values, but no degrees of values, and whether an act of human spirits, individual or collective, is very negative or only imperceptibly negative, in God *this matters not.* Whether an evil be of individual dimensions only, or of racial and pan-human dimensions, in God, for the Infinite, in deep truth, is of no signification. What is of reality and essentiality in the Eternal is whether Evil or Good is actualised in the world. Quantity, number, bulk, dimensions matter only apparently, though they gruesomely matter in the human and all-too-human world. The crisis which is dementing human intelligence to-day is a pan-human crisis of consequences impossible to comprehend; but quantitatively this torturing suspense of the conscience of the world is only a human and all-too-human, monstrous, plebeian object falling short of faithfulness to the Sun and to his Spirit.

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Every great moment in the evolution of humanity, and in history, that is in human self-evolution, has been equally fateful and equally of universal bearing. And, the reign of freedom, the essence of human will, being its omnipotentiality, every great jointure in history has been omnipotential, chaotic. The realm of freedom is the only world of miracles and of chances. What gives to our own holy crisis, to our own insane playing with the future its character of a carnival of chance and of a sport with Destiny, is not the distribution of the æonian vortex throughout all continents, throughout all classes and kinds of humanity. This sport and this carnival belong to the essence of humanness and to freedom itself. All life is chaos and fire and whirlwind; all history is a field of omnipotential and inscrutable chance. All history is risk, and initiative, and everybody's opportunity. Our own indescribable and vulgar comedy of ideals and uplifting movements, our waste of every wealth and every value, our many and ubiquitous saviours and salvations, are only the ever-present spectacle of human self-creation and seeking after the simple and infinite Revelation of the Obvious. This seeking is not the unique and characteristic glory and misery of our dispensation. Of our own great comedy and Promethean tragedy all human life is made, has been, and shall ever be made. For the One Conflict, the one and

only conflict of existence, the inherent Divine Comedy of the Eternal Duration, is only the heroic and supernal means of Pleroma, of the One Supernal Harmony. Treason and crime there must be, though they reveal themselves through unworthy and dead spirits. Stage-players and clowns of the spirit there must be, there shall ever be; and they cannot but be worthy of their own rôle. Perplexity and dire seeking of the Divine and the Obvious is our world-storm to-day, a great sinning without a desire of death, a great desire of atonement for crimes not committed. Individual human life is eternally of the same stuff, of that grievous and indefinable soul-stuff of which our collective and total world-crisis to-day is an expression in the aspect of *quantity*. It is the omnipresence of our world-spasm, not its depth or quality, which is extraordinary and intolerable for all souls to-day. We are being drowned in chaos and by Satan's Destiny. The human race is in danger of being engulfed by the evil and non-human forces of machinery and of finance. Those whom Providence illumines and who ought to know what is best, leaders, governments, representatives of the human masses, those who are the Sons of their respective and unconscious Fathers, the consciousness of the world-Unconscious, those are now confounded by the forces of Chance. The chaos of chance, the might of miracles, is the normal state of all nations to-day. Everything is still possible; every restitution is yet possible; but it is *the Anything* that reigns. Not the Obvious, not the All-Irresponsibility and incomprehensibility rule. Chaos rules when mankind disobeys Providence and does not make Destiny its instrument.

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The revealed and obvious wisdom in matters of the racial organisation of mankind is, for the present dispensation of evolution and history, that centro-peripheric wisdom, that pan-human insight and common sense which affirms that the white race of Man, of Aryandom, is the form-giving anthropological force, the organising organ of the Species. It is Sophia or Pan-humanity itself, the Anthropos in his entire planetary content, that is the circle or sphere of the order-to-be, of the world-synthesis. Aryandom alone and supremely is and ought to be the centre and the entelechy of the world-organism. This absolute and clear truth should be an obvious and divine truth both for Aryan mankind and for the holy and co-fraternal non-Aryan block of the world. As for the ideal of Will, it is the Aryan ideal of self-guidance of Man, and of his co-equality with his Creator, which should be the proper religion of the whole of Sophia. The very essence of Europe, on the other hand, is the Christian Gnosis, the Revelation of Harmony. We will have again and again to persuade Europe, the continent of synthesis, of fullness, of harmony, the focus of the world-consciousness, that the Gnosis of Sophia and of Jesus the Saviour is the Gnosis of Humanity Universal and the content of the pan-human or real Europe. And as for the ideal of the heart of men (for the perfection of human reason is the Gnosis proved by Eckhard, Boehme and Hegel, the Science of the Divine threefoldness and Unity) as for the ideal of the heart for all men, we say this seraphic ideal and norm is Socialism. These three pan-human norms, Aryandom, Christianity, and Socialism should be, first of all, the sincere and irrevocable ideals of Europe. In the centre, from the heart and the head, the cosmogony of our self-creation must naturally start. And these three laws of human organisation are one law only. Every other saviour and salvation is right and functional in the world if it is identical with these three inherent laws of Sophia. No other salvation and saviour can be positively functional, positively good and life-bringing to the Species, though they may be functional and good in an instrumental and substantial way.

M. M. COSMOI.

## Towards National Guilds.

It is sometimes asked whether the principles underlying the Mining Scheme are applicable to other industries. The reply is that they most certainly are; and, as another example, from a different plane of industry, the Teaching profession may be considered. The following draft for practical discussion has been drawn up in response to a request from a member of the National Union of Teachers:—

1. The plant of the Scholastic organisation as administered by the N.U.T. shall be considered as a Trust, of which the N.U.T. shall be the corporate Trustee.

2. This plant, at cost price, shall be an item in the floating Capital Account of the Scholastic Trust aforesaid, of which a further item shall be the cost of training of all teachers who are members of the N.U.T.

3. All fresh plant (school buildings, apparatus, books, etc.) shall be taken as at cost price and added to the Capital Account, obsolete plant being duly depreciated.

4. A Bank shall be formed to deal with the accounts of the members of the N.U.T., and the Bank shall be considered as an integral part of the Teaching Profession, and as representing its active credit.

5. All increases in the Capital Account mentioned in Clause 2 shall be made jointly through the Board of Education, as representing the persons for whom education exists, and the N.U.T. Bank. (Such increases would be issues of loan-credit.)

6. The Bank shall pay no dividend, but the Scholastic Trust shall pay a dividend of, say, 6 per cent. on the floating Capital Account, which dividend shall be applied to the benefit equally of the depositors in the N.U.T. Bank who may be any persons who have at any time been members of the N.U.T.

7. The bulk charge for education shall be total cost as measured by disbursements, multiplied by the ratio of Consumption to Production as established for the total activity of the country.

8. The difference between Price and Cost will be made up by an issue against the National Credit, as in the Mining Scheme.

9. Each active member of the N.U.T. shall be a holder of one share in the N.U.T. Bank and entitled to one vote at a shareholders' meeting.

A Draft Resolution for submission to meetings of teachers:—

"That this Meeting, being persuaded that the misuse of the common Credit is the fundamental cause of the present crisis, instructs its Executive to take action to regain control of that part of the common Credit and its financial powers which is derived from the work of the Teaching Profession."

The fundamental defect of most schemes of currency reform is that they misconceive the nature of the practical problem they set out to solve. This problem is *not* to stabilise money and prices; stabilisation implies a static condition of things. But it is to make and to keep on making the actual purchasing power in the hands of individuals equal to and therefore effective against the present and increasing total productive capacity of the community; in short, it is a dynamic and not a static problem. As the "delivery-capacity" of the community increases, the "demand capacity" be increased with it. The correct estimate of the of the individuals that make up the community must former is the basis of the correct estimate of the latter.

To a correspondent in doubt concerning the statement that the sums disbursed in the course of production are insufficient to purchase the product at cost when completed, Major Douglas has sent the following reply: "The difficulty (namely, that I do not appear to recognise the fact that plant-charges have been distributed as purchasing power) has caused a good deal of trouble

to a large number of people. The trouble arises from failure to recognise the importance of the *rate* at which purchasing power is distributed, as compared with the *rate* at which it is taken back in prices. It is perfectly true that all plant-charges have been distributed as wages and salaries, at one time or another (running back, let us say, to wages and salaries for mining ore); and, furthermore, *if all of them had been saved up*, their total sum would certainly suffice to meet the demand for the instantaneous return of them in the form of 'price.' But, of course, they have not been saved up; they have been spent on the 'cost of living' of the producers; with the result that the final product, when it comes on the market, can only be bought by mortgaging future, and possibly unnecessary, production through the agency of Credit, whose manipulators can make practically any terms as to the description and quantity of this production. To obtain possession, for instance, of the stocks of goods actually now in our warehouses, the would-be consumer must *make something* else, quite probably something that he does not want. Whoever can determine *what* he shall make as a condition of obtaining what he wants, exercises effective control not only over industry, but over 'Labour.' "

Mr. Victor Gollancz writes as follows:—

Although in contending that the inflation of private credit (largely for the production of luxuries, of goods to be employed for further production, or of no goods at all) is the predominant cause of the high level of prices which does and will exist, you are undoubtedly diagnosing the disease correctly (and appear to be alone, so far as the Press is concerned, in so doing), nevertheless one of your remarks on the subject appears to me to be inaccurate. You apparently put Government borrowing and private borrowing on precisely the same footing in considering their effect on prices. But is it not a fact that a Ways and Means advance, by increasing the liabilities of the Joint Stock Banks and their cash reserves by an equal amount, improves their proportion of cash to liabilities; whereas a loan to an *entrepreneur* by a Joint Stock Bank has a reverse effect? Consequently, in so far as the banks still adhere in some slight measure to the policy of retaining a certain ratio between cash and liabilities, a loan to a private individual involves nothing further, whereas a Ways and Means advance automatically and immediately involves the creation of a great mass of private credit. Thus a commercial loan of £1,000,000 involves a rise in prices which, *ceteris paribus*, is to be measured by that amount; whereas a Ways and Means advance of £1,000,000 involves a rise in prices, which, *ceteris paribus*, is to be measured by that amount *plus* the amount of additional private credit which is immediately created consequently to the improvement in the position of the Joint Stock Banks. In other words, although in any case we should now be seeing a tremendous inflation of private credit, Ways and Means advances afford the excuse for producing a volume of inflation even greater than would otherwise be produced by the cupidity of bankers and the profiteering of the industrial and trading community.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ.

Our reply is as follows: Accepting, without comment, the statement that a Ways and Means advance increases both the liabilities *and the cash reserves* of the Joint Stock Banks by an equal amount their position is undoubtedly "improved" by Government borrowing, and assuming that their loans to private entrepreneurs are governed by the position thus defined, there will undoubtedly be a further expansion in private credits. But this is, of course, the whole question at issue. There is no necessary relation whatever between a correct volume of credit-issue, viewed from a humanistic angle, and cash reserves. Such writers as, for instance, Mr. Arthur Kitson, have been pointing out for years the absurdity of making credit-issue dependent on gold currency reserves; and with a paper currency the basis becomes simply farcical. What is, of course, inevitable, is that, having cut loose from such a fraudulent, or rather outworn, standard some-

thing else should replace it, and, as has been pointed out before in these pages, nothing appears to meet the requirements of the case except the ratio between total credit-values created, and goods consumed, which involves price regulation also.

The substitution of this basis for the indefinite and illogical ratio of loans to currency, referred to in the interesting letter under reply, would remove the distinction between various classes of loan.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

## Our Generation.

A SECOND letter has reached me from "A Fabian Reader," who is still not convinced that eugenics is at present a conditional problem, a problem which we are *entitled* to solve only after we have finished with our present problem of unjust distribution. He says: "I think the charge of sentimentality can be maintained against you rather than against me, as I am for the rigorous weeding out of the unfit, whereas you assert that 'society is the criminal.'" That is not the point. I did not accuse "A Fabian Reader" of sentimentality, but those who wish to do half-heartedly what he wants to do thoroughly, and who at the same time seek to cast the responsibility for their policy on "nature." Into the dispute between "A Fabian Reader" and myself sentimentality need not enter at all. It is a dispute to be settled by reason purely; and the question about which we are disputing resolves itself into this, Is "the vigorous weeding out of the unfit" a remedy for society which will make a radical difference in its health? The reply to this is simple: Eugenics applied, *at present*, can be nothing more than the covering over of an open sore. Society produces yearly its unfit; yearly therefore the unfit will have to be "weeded out," and if eugenics in these circumstances is a remedy, then it is an eternal remedy, for at no point in the future can it indicate society's convalescence even. These conclusions are trite, and they are not sentimental. But there is, on the other hand, another remedy for society which has for years been propagated in these columns and which, if applied, would, unlike the remedy of eugenics, have a definite and final effect, which one would be justified in designating a cure. But "A Fabian Reader" despairs of this, and for what reason? "Have you tried," he asks, "to interest even an alleged intelligent man or woman in Major Douglas's scheme? If so, is not the result frequently discouraging? And can we ever hope for a better condition of affairs if we *deliberately breed a feeble-minded population?*" But if the feeble-minded are the obstacle, and their consent must be obtained to every new scheme, what hope has "A Fabian Reader," who asks them for nothing more easy than—suicide? If Major Douglas, who offers them a decent opportunity, is going to fail, what chance has "A Fabian Reader" who offers them annihilation? It seems to me that in preferring the hard path to the easy he is nothing else than a victim of a common modern form of intellectual perversity, a refusal to believe in any but "ugly" truths—the harder they are to face the more credit one takes for "accepting" them. Well, that is superstition, the oldest and the latest, believed in, if by nobody else, by savages and intellectuals. By means of it one puts oneself on all fours in front of something too terrible to be controlled; one makes truth itself of no avail. But eugenics is none the less a great hope, though "A Fabian Reader" utters it out of season. It is not the immediate but the last hope of man; and it will become a reality and not a mere notion when men

have such a living control over society and over the forces of nature that the final human consummation, that no human being shall be born who will make himself unhappy, will appear a possibility. Eugenics is finally necessary if mankind is to acquire mastery over its destiny, if its appearance on this planet is to be justified.

To-day, when so many books, and especially so many plays, are simply articles of superstition, the appearance of a play in which superstition is not accepted becomes an event. Miss Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement," which appeared recently, is really an event, but more significant than it is the reception which people are giving to it. When I saw it there was an earnestness, a sincerity in the applause such as I have never witnessed at any other time in a London theatre. The reason for this, one can only conclude, is that it is a relief for us to question the shams among which we live: they have actually become a burden to us. We cling to them in a passive way; yet we want to be detached, violently or otherwise; at least in thought, if not in deed. Ibsen was execrated twenty years ago because he tried to let in a little light on the marriage question; he was finally tolerated because he was Ibsen. But Miss Dane is not merely tolerated, and in her first play, too: she is hailed with relief, almost as a deliverer, by her audience—let anyone observe the auditorium as well as the stage, and he will see for himself. The fact seems to be that the very superstitious would thank anyone who would attack superstitions at present: they want to be converted against their will. Even that is promising.

To discover for myself to what degree organised Christianity is simple hocus-pocus I went to church on Easter Sunday. A good mediocre parson—not illiterate, by the standards of the pulpit—presided; he delivered a carefully concocted sermon on the resurrection of Christ. There was a little local colour to begin with: Judea covered with a flood of spring flowers at the time when Mary Magdalene came to the tomb: the "Spectator"—of all scriptures!—quoted in corroboration of this. A little moralising thereupon: Magdalene mistook Jesus for the gardener: might not we, looking only for gardeners, or worse, in our perambulations, fail to see the miracle of divinity which eternally surrounds us? Then a refutation of wicked rationalism from an enlightened standpoint. There are some, the preacher said, who do not believe that Christ rose again at all! But in that case how are we to explain the indubitable effect the resurrection had upon the eleven disciples? Before it they had been full of doubt and of weakness: after it their faith was so strong that they carried the gospel into strange lands and among hostile peoples. And so the sermon ended. But of any specific meaning in the crucifixion of Someone two thousand years ago and in His resurrection three days later there was no mention. The congregation were told that they must believe in the occurrence; but why they should believe or what was the meaning of what they were to believe, the parson kept to himself. The dogma of death and resurrection is not preached in the Church as a truth, or even as a mystery, but frankly as a puzzle. The important thing to believe is that a piece of jugglery, whereby a dead Something, not defined, became a live Something, not defined, was, for once in a while, successful. Christianity, preached in this way, is a degrading superstition. And the sermon I listened to was, I have reason to believe, not an exception. To thousands of presumably civilised people in this country the same things on this Easter have been said. But if that is so, the Church is beneath the very Press; it not only tells lies, but it does not take the trouble to make them credible. For a truth told in this way is a lie. The Church betrays everybody and everything.

EDWARD MOORE.

## Music.

MR. LEONARD BORWICK. It is improbable that transcriptions can ever be æsthetically satisfactory. From an educational standpoint they may sometimes be necessary, but from an æsthetic, never. Music written for an orchestra and transcribed for piano, loses everything but its spelling. It is very much as if one should take a poem and print it, say, in the manner that an oculist's test card is printed. The words would be there, so far as the letters composing them are concerned, but who would claim that the poem was there? Who could get the soul of the poem from out that perfectly correct sequence of printed signs?

"L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" is music which depends entirely upon atmosphere, and the atmosphere proceeds from the manner in which the special qualities of certain instruments are manipulated by the composer. Transcribed for the piano the music is desiccated and mechanical. Its sudden little leaps and movements of life, enchanting on the orchestra, become like the stiff, irregular angles and edges of a jig-saw puzzle.

Again, when Bach wrote his chorales and arias, it is to be assumed that he wanted the special qualities of the human voice, in conjunction with the special qualities of the instruments he used. And no technical skill on the part of the transcriber or pianist can atone for the ugly intricacy of the sound produced when all this magnificent variety of tone colour is unified, and compressed into one single instrument. For to remove variety of colour from an object or a sound does not necessarily simplify it. Nothing could be simpler and warmer than Bach's chorales as he wrote them, and few things could sound more complicated and colder than Mr. Borwick's transcription of them.

Mr. Leonard Borwick holds a high position amongst English pianists, but we would prefer to hear him play Bach's piano music rather than his own—or anyone else's—transcriptions of Bach and Debussy. Also we question whether violoncellists will appreciate his invading the very small library of violoncello music and turning it to pianistic purposes. There is a sufficiently large library of piano music without doing this.

MR. TEFF PONISHNOFF possesses a technique which can astonish even in these days of technical perfection, but his programme on March 17 did not give him an opportunity to display the other qualities which have helped to make him so quickly popular in London. Indeed the most interesting items of his recital were given as encores at the end. H. R.

### THE YUCCA FLOWERS.

"Do not let the yucca blow!  
Grand-dad Pearce, a sennight gone,  
Died in Lower Beding Row.  
Dad Pearce's wife is sick to death,  
And the watchers hold their breath,  
Here in Lower Beding Row."

"Oh, I am frail and scarce can go  
Down the path where the flowers blow.  
And my babe lies still and white  
Like the yucca blooms at night.  
Oh, my babe lies white and still—  
Does the great God wish him ill?"

"Pull the flowers of yucca down!  
Pull the white bells from its crown.  
For an evil eye it hath,  
Heavy is its scented breath;  
And its heart is white, like Death.  
Pull the flowers of yucca down!"

E. V. LIMBEER.

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

WHEN the Stage Society, in 1917, revived Congreve's "Love for Love," we were all more pleased with the play than with the performance. Turning back to what I wrote on that occasion, I see that I was among those whose curses, although not loud, were none the less audible; there were certain players in that production whose work was not "of national importance," as the phrase went. But I was glad to see that I then recognised the merit of Mr. Ben Field's performance of old Foresight, the astrologer, of Mr. Roy Byford's playing of Sir Sampson Legend, and of Mr. Ernest Thesiger as Tattle; and I was pleased to see them in their old parts when the Phoenix revived the play again on March 22 last. We had the old nurse, Miss Alice Mansfield, also; but, for the rest, I think, the Phoenix company was new. In most respects, it was better; Miss Helen Haye and Miss Athene Seyler, as Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail, respectively, were distinct improvements on Miss Darragh and Miss Mary Jerrold; but if I say the same of Mr. Murray Carrington as Valentine and Mr. Baliol Holloway as Scandal, the phrase has not the same value because Mr. Basil Sydney and Mr. Cowley Wright were inimitable in their badness. No one could possibly be worse than they were. Mr. Tristan Rawson was not an improvement on Mr. Frank Cochrane as Ben, "the absolute sea-wit," but he was a very creditable substitute; in this respect, he pairs off with Miss Catherine Willard, whose Miss Brue compared very favourably with that of Miss Esmé Hubbard. I did not note, and do not remember, who played Jeremy the servant in the former production, but Mr. Miles Malleon is always *sui generis*; which is more than I can say for the Angelica of Miss Joan Vivian Rees. This was, in the main, a parody of Miss Athene Seyler's gestures and deportment, to which Miss Vivian Rees added the invention of a permanent nictus.

Yet the performance, as a whole, was not a success. In Miss Helen Haye and Miss Athene Seyler we have the ideal Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail; but they were obviously in need of more rehearsal, were obviously improvising to keep the show going. It is so difficult to explain that although, to us, the manners and morals of Congreve's people are highly artificial, to the people of the period they were real and natural. These men of the Restoration and post-Restoration were observers of life: Congreve himself said, in his dedication of "The Way of the World": "If it has happened in any part of this comedy, that I have gained a turn of style, or expression more correct, or at least more corrigible than in those which I have formerly written, I must with equal pride and gratitude ascribe it to the honour of your lordship's admitting me into your conversation, and that of a society where everybody else was so well worthy of you, in your retirement last summer from town; for it was immediately after that this comedy was written." It may seem incredible that anybody ever talked like "The Way of the World," and in the country, too; but the successful actor is he who agrees with Tertullian, and believes because it cannot be true. Dryden emphasised the reality of these people in his epilogue to "Sir Fopling Flutter":

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,  
They seemed not of heaven's making, but their own.  
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;  
But there goes more to a substantial ass;  
Something of man must be exposed to view,  
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.

Speaking of Sir Fopling Flutter reminds me that it, like most of Etherege's work, may be regarded as an actor's guide to the period. Take, for example, the scene between Harriet and Young Bellair.

Harriet. Peace! Here they come. I will lean against this wall, and look bashfully down upon my fan, while you, like an amorous spark, modishly entertain me. . . .

Young Bellair. Now for a look and gestures that may persuade 'em I am saying all the passionate things imaginable.

Harriet. Your head a little more on one side, ease yourself on your left leg, and play with your right hand.

Young Bellair. Thus, is it not?

Harriet. Now set your right leg firm on the ground, adjust your belt, then look about you.

Young Bellair. A little exercising will make me perfect.

Harriet. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish.

Young Bellair. Will you take your turn to be instructed?

Harriet. With all my heart.

Young Bellair. At one motion, play your fan, roll your eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me.

Harriet. So.

Young Bellair. Now spread your fan, look down upon it, and tell the sticks with a finger.

Harriet. Very modish!

There you have it; they were play-actors in real life, carefully rehearsing every detail of the comedy of manners. Tattle's attempt to instruct Miss Brue in the proper way of making love is a less detailed instance; he had cruder material to work with, and indeed "Love for Love" is full of violent clashes between rude sincerity and modishness.

It is precisely because these people lived like high comedians that what we call the natural tradition is so unnatural when applied to them. They cannot be overplayed in their respective poses; to underplay them, in the attempt to make them seem natural, or to play them simply and directly, is to rob them of their arabesque reality. They were people concerned with nice distinctions between things, they even defined wit, and distinguished a Truewit from a Witwoud; and although "Love for Love," in spite of Mr. Montague Summers, is not Congreve's masterpiece, but a mere throw-off of character parts, it must mark the contrasts of style while preserving the general air of easy speed and lightness. The play is written *currente calamo*; Congreve's mind plays easily over all sorts of subjects. It is probably the most loosely written of Congreve's comedies, yet he takes elaborate care to use the similes appropriate to his characters. Ben, the sea-wit, is as full of technical expressions as is Foresight the astrologer; it is impossible for the full subtlety of the satire of Foresight to be appreciated without a knowledge of astrology at least as extensive as Congreve's own. For it is clear that Congreve is not ridiculing astrology, but this "illiterate Old Fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious, and pretending to understand Astrology," etc.; for he equips Scandal with a superior knowledge of the subject, and a much more limber and accurate interpretation of the portents. How many people, I wonder, really relished the significance of Scandal's remark that Mars and Venus would be in conjunction in the sixth house? "A. B. W." exclaimed in the "Times": "Fancy a play that opens with a discussion between master and servant on Epictetus!" but fancy a play in which the technical details of astrology are played with as easily as philosophical conceptions, and the comedic play is informed with the same sense of reality. It is usual to denounce the Restoration comedy as the comedy of adultery; but unlike the modern comedy of adultery, adultery is the least important part of it. They talked of most things, but like gentlemen; Valentine's remark, when Jeremy said that he had been educated at Cambridge, was typical. It was a good education, but something too pedantic for a gentleman. Matthew

Arnold nearly said that about Huxley, and Shaw is capable of saying it about Wells so soon as his curious affinity with the Restoration comedians inspires him. I meant to say something about the proper way of playing "Love for Love," but it does not matter.

## Readers and Writers.

My old dream of the fearless English prose that has never yet been written has now invaded some mind on the "Times' Literary Supplement." The coincidence of opinion and even of illustration between us would lead one to suspect "copying," if copying from THE NEW AGE were not above the dignity of Lord Northcliffe's secretaries; as it is, we need only call it remarkable. "One dreams of a prose," says our echo, "that has never yet been written in English, though the language is made for it and there are minds not incapable of it, a prose dealing with the greatest things quietly and justly as men deal with them in their secret meditations . . . the English Plato is still to be." Alas, however, that the "Times" should be just a little misled; for the "quiet" of meditation is not the real genius of the English language, and the emphasis in my phrase—I mean the phrase of the "Times"—"English Plato," should be on the word English. Greek Plato translated into English would not give us what we are seeking. What we need is Plato's mind. It is characteristic, moreover, this demand for quiet or, rather, quietism, in the "Times' Literary Supplement"; since, on the whole, the "Supplement" is about the dearest mouse in the world of journalism. Above all, it is suggested, writers must keep their voices low, speak in whispers, even, perhaps, a little under their breath as if in meditation, in case—well, in case of what? In case, I fancy, that Lord Northcliffe should be wakened from his sleep! I ask my readers whether their experience does not confirm me. Is there not a *hush* in the "Literary Supplement" which is not the hush of reverence for literature but of fear and prudence? At least I am always aware of it myself and I think that few readers can miss it.

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I will return to the question of quietism, but on the way thither points of agreement may be noted. Our writer observes very acutely that prose is usually thought greatest when it is nearest poetry; and, like me, he dissents from this common opinion. Prose, we should say, can only be great as it differs from poetry; and the greatest prose is the furthest away from poetry. Our reminder defines the difference as the difference between love and justice. [Strange words, these, in the "Times"! ] The cardinal virtue of poetry, he says, is love; while the cardinal virtue of prose is justice. Or may we not say (as President Wilson often does) that the difference is one of plane of consciousness, prose being at the highest level of the rational mind, and poetry at the highest level of the spiritual mind? Yes, but then, in all probability, the "Times" would regard us as fanciful; for note, anything *exact* about spiritual things is dismissed by the "Literary Supplement" as fanciful—and dangerous. Again, "prose is the achievement of civilisation"; in other words, it is the norm of social life. True, but let me add that it is the register of Culture, marking the degree to which Culture has affected its surrounding civilisation. Prose without poetry is impossible; and the greatest prose presupposes the culture of the greatest poetry; for the "justice" of prose is only the "love" of poetry *with seeing eyes*. Finally I agree with our essayist when he quotes with approval the excellent observation of Mr. Sturge Moore that "simplicity may be a form of decadence." Simplicity is certainly a sign of decadence when it sacrifices profundity of thought to simplicity of expression—as in the classical case of Voltaire, who positively dared not

think deeply lest he should be unable to write clearly, clarity of expression being more to him (and often to the French genius generally) than depth of thought. And writers like Mr. Clutton Brock are just as certainly symptoms of the decadence of simplicity in our own time and place. On the other hand, I still dream of a profound simplicity, the style of which is transparent over depths; and in this, if no English writer has ever been a master, Lao Tse is the world's model, at least in fragments. We must learn to distinguish between a puerile and a virile simplicity, between innocence and virtue; and perhaps the first exercise in such judgment should be to put the "Literary Supplement" in its proper place!

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This brings us back to quietism and the question whether the perfect English prose would deal with the highest things in the spirit of man's secret meditations. I do more than doubt it, I deny it as being absurd on its face. In the first place, secret meditation is incommunicably secret; it is thought without words, and disposed to poetry rather than prose. I suspect our writer really means rumination, in which case, however, he is no better off. In the second place, the genius of the language does not run easily in reverie, it is a language that loves action and life. It has few cloistered virtues, and to employ it for cloistered thought would be to use only one or two of its many stops, and those not the most characteristic. Lastly, I cannot but think that the choice of "quietism" as the aim of perfect English prose is a sign of decadence, for it indicates the will to retire into oneself, and to cease to "act" by means of words. The scene it calls up is familiar and bourgeois: a small circle of "cultured" men week-ending in a luxurious country house and confessing "intimately" their literary weaknesses. It is the prevalent atmosphere of the "Literary Supplement" and the "Spectator." It is essential that there be "equality" between them, that none should presume to wish to inspire another to any "new way of life," that action, in short, should be excluded. Once granted these conditions of sterility, and the perfect prose, we are told, would emerge.

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The rest of us, however, have, I am sure, a very different conception of the perfect English prose. The perfect English prose will be anything but a sedative after a full meal of action. It will be not only action itself, but the cause of action; and its deliberate aim will be to intensify and refine action and to raise action to the level of a fine art. Anything less than a real effect upon real people in a real world is beneath the dignity even of common prose. The very "leaders" in the penny journals aim at leaving a mark upon events. Is the perfect prose to be without hope of posterity? On second thoughts, I shall withdraw Plato from the position of model, in which I put him. Plato, it is evident, is likely to be abused; without intending it, his mood, translated into English, appears to be compatible only with luxurious ease; he is read by modern Epicureans. And I shall put in Plato's place Demosthenes, the model of Swift, the greatest English writer the world has yet seen. Yes, Demosthenes let it be, since Plato is being used for balsam. We seek an English Demosthenes.

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I have not read, but some of my friends have, two recently published German works that ought, I gather, to be translated and published over the whole English-speaking world. If they are anything as described, Spengler's "Decline of the West" and Keyserling's "Diary of Travel" are works of epoch-making importance from their originality of thought and tragedy of outlook. I use tragedy in its essential meaning of elevation. Anything dealing with men and affairs *sub specie humanitatis* is "tragic," whether it be, in the



ordinary sense, optimistic or pessimistic. It is, in fact, not the conclusion nor even the mood but the plane of discourse that differentiates tragedy from comedy. Comedy deals only with men; Tragedy deals with men as Man. Keyserling, I am told, has taken a philosopher's mind round the world and written an Odyssey of tragedy. Readers of "M.M. Cosmoi's" reflections would find much in it to confirm their confidence. Spengler's "Decline of the West" is both tragical and pessimistic. He foresees the approaching end of Western civilisation and regards it as being inevitable. That a German should have this opinion is not a matter of surprise; but I am astonished at the number of non-Germans who share it.

R. H. C.

## Repression.

WHEN the term repression is employed psycho-analytically, it may be said to refer to either of two psychic phenomena: (a) Refusal to give expression to such and such an impulse, wish, or trend of libido in its true shape. (b) Fixation of any such wish to an historical point in the individual's past. If we regard the individual as a transmitting station for the libido that animates him, for his inherent driving force that is to say, we can see that in each of the above two cases he is not a complete individual; he is to a certain extent not making a specific response to libido, he is not fulfilling his function. In (b) he is arrested, hampered, inhibited by a constant backward-pulling desire; in (a) he is inhibiting himself. To take this view of the unconscious is to subscribe to Jung's hypothesis of teleology, which simply means that man has a function to fulfil. We must, however, also admit the Freudian theory of psychological determinism, which means that the actual expression of any given teleological impulse may be determined by force of circumstance, may in its essence be inhibited or repressed, in fact. Thus we arrive at a point of union between the Freudian and Jungist theories. And we can say furthermore that a teleological impulse, a function, may become overlaid by repression, but that it is not destroyed so much as distorted. Energy cannot be killed, cannot be made inert. Desire suffocated may indeed become the "shadow of desire," but it does not become a ghost that can be laid. It becomes rather a ghost of its former self, its own psychic alternative; love in repression becomes anger. A man in such a state produced a dream of a statue of Venus covered with black serpents that crawled from her mouth. That might be called distorted expression of an inherent function, and certainly his psychological condition at the time of the dream was one of intense inhibition.

Let us consider some examples. A patient who suffered in a distressing manner from alternating periods of elation and depression, being invariably either at the crest, or in the trough of a wave, dreamed that he was flying in an aeroplane over the sea, engaged in conversation with some dim figure. On the right was a low, flat coast from which came flashes of gun-fire. The flashes increased in frequency, becoming like sheet lightning; he suddenly realised that the fire was directed at him, and woke up. To the conversation he associated philosophic discussions, of which he was very fond, being possessed of much intelligence. The coast was a seaside town he had visited in childhood with a maternal aunt. Now, if we examine this dream, we find a definite antithesis; one side of him is up in the air, the other on the flat coast ("on the beach") exploding, and threatening damage. In other words, there is a definite portion of his libido suffering repression, and in consequence the scales of his balance are not in equilibrium. From the association to his aunt and other numerous data it became sufficiently apparent that his emotional libido was entangled in a

large mother-complex. Hence arose the trouble and the lack of balance; for although he made an intellectual compensation up in his aeroplane, yet his emotion still demanded its right expression. Being tied down to channels of expression that belonged to the past, it found no right outlet in the present and consequently simply accumulated and exploded. Later in the analysis he dreamed he had a pair of dividers into one leg of which he could fit an extension, and he wondered what to do with this extension. In other language, the repressed portion of libido was now released from its fixation, and he was in a position to draw himself a wider circle of comprehension, take a wider stretch. Very prettily in the associations he brought up a memory of having written to a library suggesting "the inclusion of 'Psychology of the Unconscious.'"

Another patient, a so-called case of war-shock, dreamed he was going up to the front line with a ration party, when an aeroplane with Chinese dragons painted on the wings came overhead and began to bomb them. A bomb dropped at his feet, and he woke up. In this picture we find a state of affairs that is rather the reverse of our first example. Where the first dreamer was trying to rise above the earth, and was consequently at sea, this patient is going down into the earth, entrenching himself. Consequently it is his ætherial element that suffers from repression, and appears as a wrath-bearing dragon rather than as a celestial Chinaman. The patient's entire conscious concern is with rations and trenches and with all that is thereby implied. But from both these examples we may draw the same conclusion, that any repressed trend of libido has a high-explosive potentiality for destruction, and that sooner or later this potentiality becomes an actuality. In the case of the individual there appears neurosis; in the case of a nation there comes red revolution.

Let us take the simplest of examples. A small boy has a definite libido for drawing; that is to say, to draw is a potential function of his creative energy. Let us suppose that in his childhood he finds brick walls and pieces of chalk and fulfils this function thereby. Now let us follow him through the rule of thumb standards of a board school, and then through some apprenticeship perhaps, until eventually we find him at his life's occupation.

Circumstances may have put him in the way of being enabled to occupy himself with some species of drawing or designing, in which case he will be provided with some sort of an outlet for his drawing libido, and perhaps may not suffer greatly. But we are not considering a particular small boy so much as any small boy, and the destiny for any small boy, in nine cases out of ten, is to-day a machine in a factory, and a certain number of inalterable, mechanical movements to be made in an inalterable routine. In fact our small boy's creative function is going to be repressed into the background until, as we have seen from our former examples, it reaches a high-explosive state of tension. According as there is a greater or less amount of energy bottled up in him, so will he be a major or a minor neurotic, the scale ranging from what is commonly called a dangerous lunatic on the one side to something like a village idiot on the other. If we multiply him by several millions and study him as a nation, the picture becomes very exciting, but not perhaps desirable in the interests of culture. Russia and Ireland are both examples of libido repressed to distortion and bursting-point.

The solution following this diagnosis is, in a wide sense, analytic treatment. If our hypothetical small boy is left to himself in his confining system, he will eventually break out. But it will be a primitive outbreak, a bloody revolution, a bouleversement. If he becomes aware of what is happening to him by the analytic process of taking thought, it is more than

probable that, like any patient who comes for treatment, he will find a solution to his problem in a fashion that will not necessitate destruction. In fact, as is supererogatory to say in *THE NEW AGE*, the solution awaits him. It is not himself that needs alteration, what he needs is to become an expression of his inherent libido. It is the environment that cramps him that must be changed. That the sabbath was made for man is such a self-evident statement that it is surprising man does not sometimes act upon it. The force that inhibits him is one of the Freudian psychological determinants; the authority-domination of the old sabbath damns a new sabbatical idea before it can enter full consciousness. In the actual case of the Jews, for instance, their tribal father, Jehovah, is reducing them to wrack and ruin. And so, psychologically speaking, is it with England to-day. Nevertheless it yet remains the profoundest psychological truth that libido in the final analysis is the Will of God. Express it, and there appears the Love of God; repress it, and there explodes the Wrath of God.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

## Views and Reviews.

### THE ELECTRICAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN.\*

It is not often that a specialist electrician interests himself in physiological subjects, or, doing so, attracts any attention from the medical profession. Mr. Arthur E. Baines is the exception; as long ago as 1885, when he was associate editor of the "Electrician," and editor of the "Electrical Engineer," an article on "The Human Body as a Disturbing Element in Electrical Testing" attracted the attention of Dr. Stone, of St. Thomas'; with the result that Mr. Baines collaborated, unofficially, in the preparation of the Lumleian lecture of the year, "The Human Body Considered as an Electrolyte." It was a chance discovery that produced that first essay in the subject, to which he was inclined to pay more attention than the electrician usually does because his temporary experience at the Cape Observatory had taught him the importance of "the personal equation." It was also a chance discovery, in 1900, that began the course of study that has finally issued in this collaboration with Dr. A. White Robertson, in the invention of a new system of therapeutics, the "dielectric" treatment, which in the hands of Dr. White Robertson challenges the whole Listerian theory. In addition, there are Mr. Baines' studies in germination, in the electrification of seeds and soil, as well as in electro-therapeutics, which illuminate the causes of both the successes and failures which have been registered in all these branches of applied science.

The electrical theory of life is not new; curiously enough, electro-therapeutics preceded electro-physiology, for de Haen practised electro-therapeutics in 1755, while Galvani did not discover "animal electricity" until 1786. Mr. Baines runs over the various researches in the subject, and concludes that "the so-called science of electro-physiology is in a somewhat hopeless condition. No two sets of observers are in agreement, and, as a matter of fact, the general medical practitioner has in his heart about as much respect for electro-physiology as he has for manifestations of the occult." One of the reasons why the great men of science who studied the subject have not been able to avoid confusion is that "they were not, any of them, trained submarine-cable electricians, specialists in their work, whose business it is to acquaint themselves with the conditions under which tests of such extreme delicacy and difficulty must be conducted. For this branch of research a specialist

electrician is imperatively called for." But the three main reasons for the confusion of the science are to be found "in three factors which have never been taken into consideration, for the reason that they were never discovered. These three factors are:—

- (1) The constant electro-chemical generation of nerve-force in the human body.
- (2) The presence in that body of great conductive and inductive capacity.
- (3) The conductive and inductive capacity of every liquid and every moist substance or object."

I am by no means sure that Mr. Baines can successfully maintain that his first factor has not been considered; I find Professor D. Fraser Harris, whose book on "Nerves" was written in 1913, saying: "Since, however, we have evidence that nerve-impulses are associated with some amount of chemical activity, and since they do create electric current, it would be best to say that the nerve-impulse was a travelling state of physico-chemical excitement in the conducting core." It is admitted that we do not know exactly what the neural impulse is, but we do know many of the things that it is not; and Mr. Baines would perhaps be well advised to drop the term "neuro-electricity" that he uses. For frozen nerve will not transmit neural impulses, but will transmit electrical ones; and nerves heated to 50 deg. C., and coagulated, show the same phenomena. But it must be admitted that the argument is not so convincing as it seemed in view of the very low electro-motive force of the human body demonstrated by Mr. Baines. A maximum electro-motive force of five millivolts might be unable to overcome the resistance of nerves in such a condition; and the fact that a more powerful electro-motive force could overcome the resistance would not demonstrate that the two impulses were different in kind, but only in degree. The other argument, that the comparative slowness of conduction of the neural impulse establishes its difference from electricity, Mr. Baines disposes of by pointing to the fact that the conductors of the body are complex, that the nerve-impulse is interrupted at every synapse or arborisation; and that, if a comparison were made with an electric circuit "made up of thousands of cables and wires and many thousands of condensers of varying capacity," the speed of the propagation of the electrical impulse would be so diminished that one might reasonably argue that there was no difference in speed between electrical and neural impulses. The matter cannot be brought to a simple test of calculation because "our knowledge of condenser action in the body is limited by the absence of information regarding the specific inductive capacities of natural dielectrics." But as Dr. Le Bon has shown that electricity can propagate itself in insulators as well as conductors, but much more slowly, the velocity varying from a few centimetres to 300,000 kilometres per second, the comparative sluggishness of the human nerve-current affords no sure ground of distinction of it from electricity.

But if we grant Mr. Baines his "neuro-electricity" (by the way, he can find no evidence of "animal magnetism"), where is this neuro-electricity generated? I observe, though, that he says in "Germination" (p. 14) that "it is not electricity as we understand it, but a cognate and, I believe, a more subtle and powerful force." His friend, Dr. E. W. Martin, has supplied an hypothesis which is given in full in "Studies in Electro-Physiology," which makes the lungs the generating station. At birth, the circulation is completed through the lungs, oxygen, the most active of the electro-negatives, comes into contact with iron (fifth in the list of electro-positives) in hæmoglobin in combination with the salts of plasma, and electricity, or some force akin to it, is generated, "the whole of the latent mechanism is in working activity and the individual life is complete." It is a theory that, coupled with an early observation of Mr. Baines that "local pyrexia interfered with

\* "Studies in Electro-Physiology." By A. E. Baines. "Studies in Electro-Pathology." By A. White Robertson, L.R.C.P.

"Germination In Its Electrical Aspect." By A. E. Baines. (Routledge. 12s. 6d. net each.)

local insulation resistance," receives striking clinical confirmation from the fact that the administration of a standardised paraffin (as a dielectric) deprives pneumonia of its danger in a few hours by restoring insulation.

The accumulation of proofs of the electrical constitution of man make it practically impossible to summarise them here. Mr. Baines' researches cover the field of animal and vegetable physiology, they begin with the nucleus and seem likely to end in the Milky Way; for after demonstrating that "the earth is the negative terminal of Nature's electrical system," and the atmosphere the positive, he asks: "By what is the air positively charged? We must, I think, assume, in the absence of any other explanation, that it is by energy from some super-mundane source." It is fortunate for us, if such be the case, that the ultra-violet frequencies of sunlight are absorbed by the oxygen and nitrogen of the air; for Prof. Hertz discovered that ultra-violet light diselectrifies electrified bodies. Life, indeed, seems to be a very precarious phenomenon of Nature.

A. E. R.

## Reviews.

**The Real Wealth of Nations: or A New Civilisation and its Economic Foundations.** By John S. Hecht. Fellow of the Royal Economic Society. (Harrap. 15s. net.)

There was never greater need than at the present time for a just conception of the origin of wealth and the principles which should govern its distribution. In his condemnation alike of orthodox and socialist theories we are at one with Mr. Hecht; but unfortunately he himself is not altogether free from current delusions. According to this book, wealth (i.e., all that is produced beyond the bare necessities of existence) is the product of man's intelligence. Unskilled labour can produce enough to maintain the labourer and his family; anything beyond this is the product of brains and skill: Labour alone, therefore, produces no wealth; and the whole of the surplus product, economically speaking, belongs to the higher ranks of producers alone. Considerations of humanity, however, must compel these to share what is theirs by right with the unskilled and the non-producer. Among nations, those with the largest share of skill and brains are the chief contributors to the wealth of the world, and Protection is the natural means of preserving their advantage, altruistic motives being ruled out of international relations.

The fundamental error in all this is the conception of production as an individual, instead of a collective, function. Nothing is allowed, in the first place, for the additional wealth created by association. In the second place, it is not a fact that the unskilled worker does, under modern industrial conditions, "produce" even the fraction of the product equal to his family's subsistence. Mr. Hecht's own argument should convince him of this. "An unskilled labourer working on a turret lathe may produce 1,000 parts per hour; he imagines that this output is due to him, yet as it is obvious that without the machine he could only produce, say, two parts per hour, 998 parts must be due to the skill and brains embodied in the machine and those of the tool makers." Even if the two parts per hour were an equivalent of his living, the machine might, as Mr. Hecht points out, be superseded by an automatic one which could produce even more while displacing the unskilled man, who could hardly, under such circumstances, be said to earn his keep. And as this process is going on throughout industry, there is not likely to be a place for him elsewhere. But the same argument can be applied to the makers and inventors of the lathe. The science and inventions of man are a continuous process, the contributions to which of even the greatest individuals are the result of those of others. The unknown inventor of the wheel, for instance, contributed

more to the productive power of machinery than Watt or Arkwright. Neither is skill, generally speaking, an individual gift, but a social asset—the product of education and training. Witness the difficulties experienced by Watt for want of the skilled mechanics whom our generation automatically produces.

Production, then, being mainly a collective, as consumption is mainly an individual, matter, the problem of distribution is the division of the product between labour, skill, and brains, and the community, the share of the community being considerably greater than those of all the rest. Mr. Hecht, like many other economists, leaves it entirely out of account; and thus his attempt to arrive at a just basis of distribution between the remaining partners only adds another failure to the list. **Man and His Buildings.** By T. S. Atlee. (Swarthmore Press. 6s.)

In this little book Mr. Atlee traces the influence of slavery on architecture in the various ages. As an outstanding example of the architecture which is produced by purely slave labour he takes the Pyramids. After pointing out the soulless perfection of the main structure of these and of the Greek temples, he comes to the able engineering work of the Romans, which was too often overlaid with Greek architectural features misused as sham structural ornament. It is in the work of the building guilds of Byzantium that he sees the first gleam of the splendour which culminated later in Western Europe in the great Gothic outburst, when with the associated freedom of workers in their work buildings first became structures of living beauty, adventures in stone of the human spirit, with the glory of living things and their essential imperfection. Then the freedom of associated work decayed. Centralised direction of uninteresting labour ensued, followed by pure commercialism and our present death. As the author shows, the workmen of every age have carved on their buildings not only the designs which came to their hand, but also their own freedom or slavery.

The book is well written, competent, and enlightening to the "lay" intelligence. The present reviewer, for instance, is now definitely clearer in his mind why he has always loved Chârtres Cathedral and loathed St. Thomas' Hospital. Mr. Atlee confirms our belief in his fairness and ability by admitting the beauty of the Victoria Tower, a building which ought by rights, according to him, to give joy to no one. He counts this and a few other buildings as tours de force of genius. In his last chapter, that on "Revolution"—the "moral" of the book—the author is not so clear as he might be about what we must do to be saved. He does not in fact get much beyond praise of the proposed "Builders' Parliament"; but we see nothing in the book to lead us to suppose that he will not go on thinking.

**The Workers' International.** By R. W. Postgate. (The Swarthmore International Handbooks. Swarthmore Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a well-written history of the First, Second and Third Internationals. It is noteworthy that Labour began from the first by attending to everything but its own business. The nominal object of the first meeting was a protest on behalf of Poland; and the subjects discussed at succeeding conferences include the influence of religion, simplified spelling and, of course, Ireland. A still more unhappy tradition of personal quarrels and intrigues was also early established. The author censures both Bakunin and Marx for their controversial methods with impartial severity. The First International, as he points out, "was at once a powerful Trade Union body, and an international political society," owing its ideas in the main to Marx, and its strength to the money of the English trade unionists. Mr. Postgate comments on the facts with reserve, but clearly regards the Third as the true International. His recipe for peace differs considerably from Mr. Lowes Dickinson's. "War," he says, "can only be attacked through capitalism, wars can only cease when the capitalist class, as a class, ceases also to exist."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—I shall be pleased to arrange a meeting for all those in the Liverpool district who are interested in the subject of credit-reform.  
E. J. PANKHURST.  
22, Beckenham Avenue, Liverpool.

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Sir,—May I invite any NEW AGE readers in the neighbourhood of Stroud or Gloucester who are interested in credit-reform to communicate with me?  
Painswick House, Stroud.

IDA G. HYETT.

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Sir,—May I invite all readers of THE NEW AGE in Suffolk who are interested in credit-reform to communicate with me?  
Yours faithfully,

C. H. LAY.

"Raidsend,"

Aldringham, Leiston.

## PRESS CUTTINGS.

Our old friend Euclid tells us that the whole is greater than a part. And the National Credit comprises that of all the citizens and institutions of Great Britain, including the banks. For the past six years the basis of all our currency has been the nation's credit. The credit behind a Treasury bill is the same as that behind a Treasury note. In fact, a Treasury bill can be settled with Treasury notes. Yet our Treasury officials exchange the superior credit of the nation for the inferior credit of a bank and compel the taxpayers to pay over £60,000,000 annually for the accommodation!

The remedy for industrial stagnation will be found along the line of a cheaper and increased currency. There is a general insufficiency of purchasing power throughout the country. To establish an industrial system which will continually provide for all the needs of all the people without these periodical trade crises, one which will get rid of poverty and involuntary idleness, a system which will be automatic in producing goods in abundance and distributing them, will require that the public shall have some control over both credit and prices. It is quite evident that so long as producers are free to raise prices with every fresh issue of currency such issues can be of little permanent advantage to the consumer. What the average consumer wants is to secure a larger proportion of all the goods he needs. He can only get this either by a fall in prices whilst receiving the same income or by receiving a larger income whilst prices remain the same. Further, to enable the public to buy all the goods offered, to be able to sell goods as fast as they are produced—which is the ideal condition for employment and trade prosperity—there must be enough money circulating with which the public can purchase. This means the establishment of a system which causes a constant flow of purchasing power to the consumers and a return flow to the producers. Now there are various methods embodying these conditions which one might propose. But by far the most carefully thought out system yet suggested is that described by Major Douglas (Royal Air Force) in his remarkable books entitled "Economic Democracy" and "Credit Power and Democracy," the latter being the joint product of Major Douglas and Mr. A. R. Orage. The system described would, in my judgment, effectively solve the whole problem of unemployment, trade depression, and all their attendant evils, and if adopted universally remove the causes which have been so fruitful in provoking wars and which if not speedily removed must soon give rise to fresh and more desolating wars than any yet waged.  
—MR. ARTHUR KITSON in the "Times' Trade Supplement" (March 26).

Mr. William Crossley, President of the Leeds Trades and Labour Council, brought forward the following resolution:—

That this conference, convened for the special purpose of considering the problem of unemployment, directs the attention of the Government and the people to the close relationship between a high bank

rate and unemployment, and expresses the conviction that the private control of public credit is opposed to the well being of industry and the best interests of the people; and therefore urges the Government to reorganise the financial system which has failed us at the outbreak of war and at this time of industrial crisis so that our national credit shall be available at equitable rates for the production and distribution of the people's needs and requirements.

Mr. Crossley paid a tribute to the action of the Lord Mayor in calling the conference, adding that his speech to the Chamber of Commerce earlier in the week ought to be spread broadcast throughout the city. On the Labour side, he continued, they recognised fully that their interests were bound up with a reduction of charges and prices, and a return to what was termed normal conditions. But that was not possible with the present high prices that had to be paid for financial credit. Industry to-day had to pay toll of from 7 to 10 per cent. to private persons for the use of capital, and in his opinion the Government had had to choose deliberately to bring about the present crisis. A fortnight ago a certain trade deputation waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to allow them to increase credit for the cotton industry, but Mr. Austen Chamberlain refused, saying that the Government were compelled to check the issue of credit for production so as to avoid a greater catastrophe at a later period. It was evident that the Government had decided to buttress up an antiquated system. He regarded them as spokesmen and agents of the capitalist class. It was true that we had five large banks, but they were as the digits of one hand, controlled by one will and acting for their own interests against the interests of the general community. The result of the step taken by the Government would be more unemployment, and the cutting of wages throughout the various trades. Then there would be a re-issue of credit; in other words, the water would begin to run again. Our financial position would be much the same, and the position of the working people would be likewise, except that they would be going on a lower plane. Our home market must, in his opinion, be our main market for the future; the welfare of our own people must be the most important thing for us. He pointed to the introduction of textile machinery into India; the rise of Japan, which was beginning to export; and the endeavours of the United States to cater for the whole world. We cannot go on, he said, on the old lines; we must build up the welfare of our own people, and this could best be done by the Government controlling the common credit of the whole of the people. If we reduced wages here, as was subtly suggested by the Lord Mayor, we should decrease the purchasing capacity upon our home market, and thus add to the load we were already bearing. The only solution, to his mind, was to reorganise our financial system and depend more on our home market, instead of dealing mainly with exports.—"Yorkshire Post."

The financiers control the Press, and probably the National Union of Manufacturers, British Federated Industries, etc., as well. For example, the "Morning Post" (November 24, p. 10) publishes a list of articles with two prices to each (a) the retail price of the German import, and (b) the "cost to manufacture" of the home-made. The German products generally can be retailed at a half to a fifth of the British "cost to manufacture." But this alleged cost is not cost of production: it includes cost of bankers' charges and cost of inflated capital and all inflated prices. In several articles the British manufacturer could not compete if he got the labour for nothing. Low wages or Protection, or both, will not meet the case. If the amalgamated banks are to control British industry, the employers must become the servants of the banks. This fate the employers are not inclined to bow to, but "inflation" has put their works in pawn to the banks. Many big firms are borrowing money on ten-year notes as high as 8 per cent. to escape the bankers' clutches. But the majority of these notes will settle, like solids of mud in a gully, into the hands of Jew bankers. "Inflation" is an artificial system of prices designed by the bankers to transfer the employers' capital to themselves.—J. L. Mahon in "Justice."