NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are almost sorry that there is to be no General Strike. It is true that a General Strike, whatever its immediate results, could contribute nothing positive to the solution of our economic problems. But, by providing a kind of Day of Judgment for various notions and opinions, it might have resulted in a clearance of the air. Would the world ever have been convinced that “Prussianism” was disastrous first and foremost to Prussia save by sensible demonstration? And is it not possible merely by good-will and reason to convince our friends of the Left, our Communists, our “only Labour daily,” that the policy of a General Strike, directed against the public (as it must be) is bound to react with the worst consequences upon Labour? They would like to “try it,” to have a shot at it, as one of them said; and so long as they remain in this state of mind, not only will General Strike and Revolutionary nonsense continue to be talked, but the Financial control will take advantage of it to paint all reform with the same red brush. Further than this, it is almost a pity that the astounding antics of Mr. Lloyd George have not been followed by their strictly psychological consequences. To prepare everything for a regular war and to employ all the sacred watchwords of patriotism and the rest, not against a foreign enemy, but against a domestic party whose worst offence is misunderstanding—was such a high and criminal misdemeanour on the part of an unchallenged Government that in tragic justice it should have provoked its own antidote. The world would have seen then, as it is not likely to see now, that the present Government policy and the extreme Labour policy are reciprocally generated, and that for their disastrous effects upon the community there is not a pin to choose between them. Neither the one nor the other has the smallest consideration for the community; and it is only accident that gives Mr. Lloyd George the privilege of employing the communal power in defence of the anti-social interests he represents.

It is generally realised by those who know them best that the coal-owners are stupid almost to a man. The trade itself demands very little intelligence to conduct, and the monopolistic circumstances hitherto enjoyed by the coal-owners have conduced to the further narrowing of their minds. In the present situation, however, they cannot be said to be singular amongst employers in respect of their opinion that “wages must be reduced” as a first condition of reducing prices; for the fact is that not only are the employing classes as a whole under the same delusion, but Labour, including its fire-eaters (Mr. G. D. H. Cole, for example), is similarly certain that industry can only be carried on by a “reduction of costs” of which the item of wages is in most cases the greatest. The current disputes, it will be seen, cannot fail to be superficial so long as this idea prevails on both sides; for what can be said to divide the parties but a mere matter of a little more or a little less reduction? If the miners’ Federation, for instance, totally disagreed with the coal-owners on the subject of any reduction of wages whatever; were demanding, in fact, an absolute advance in wages—the difference between the parties would be radical and worth fighting about. But, as it is, the miners’ Federation is equally convinced with the owners that some reduction is necessary and only at variance with the owners on the amount. We have no hesitation in saying that an attitude such as this is not only not worth fighting to maintain, but is certain in the end to result in a compromise to the disadvantage of the miners. Their leaders having agreed in advance that a reduction of wages is necessary, the pass has been virtually sold, and only the practical question remains by how much and by what stages the reduction is to be effected. And that is a subject for conference and not for a strike.

For ourselves we dispute the necessity for any reduction of wages whatever. We go further and affirm that the only remedy for the existing industrial depression is a considerable and increasing expansion of wages, i.e., of distributed purchasing-power. So far is it from being the case that the situation demands a contraction of wages, a contraction of wages can be clearly shown to be opposed to the interests, the most material interests, not only of the rank and file of the wage-earners, but of the very employing classes themselves. No doubt it appears paradoxical to maintain that a state of depression resulting apparently from high costs can only be remedied by an apparent increase of costs, but the reasonableness of the proposition ought to become evident when it is realised that the prevalent depression is ultimately due to a defect of demand; in short, to a defect of distribution of purchasing-power. To coal-owners and to the employing classes in general we put the question: Where is their market to be found if not, finally, among the consumers of ultimate
commodities? And if the demand for ultimate commodities or goods for consumption is strictly measurable by the sum of Wages and Salaries currently distributed, how is that demand to be stimulated by a contraction of Wages? We hear a great deal of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs; and we must admit that the argument is conclusive against our friends of the Left who propose to "abolish Capitalism" by the simple means of destroying Credit. But another goose than Capital is the Consumer; or, as the "Times" City Editor says, Production is without value in the absence of effective Demand; and just as absurd as it is for Labour to wish to contract Production (or Capital) it is absurd for Capital to wish to contract Demand (or Wages). Furthermore, at this very present moment, it is exactly not Production or Capital that is in danger or relative defect; it is, on the contrary, Demand. Admittedly our productive resources were never greater; but only a fraction of them can be employed owing to a defect of Demand. Surely, therefore, the remedy is not to be found in a further contraction of Demand; but, on the contrary, in an immediate expansion of Demand. A general and considerable rise in wages (or in distributed purchasing-power) would be the appropriate and scientific remedy for the existing situation.

We have no doubt that when the gravity of the situation is realised, people will cease playing with words and making mere debating points, and get down to the facts of thought. And in no matter is it more desirable or urgent than in the problem of foreign trade. We are told, for instance, that we in this country cannot interchange goods among ourselves (even when we have all the material of their manufacture in hand) unless or until we can interchange goods with foreign countries; and, again, that foreign trade cannot be resumed until foreign countries are in a position to purchase from us. Leaving aside for a moment the question whether Robinson Crusoe or a whole island of Robinson Crusoes is bound to starve in the absence of "foreign trade," the answer to the second question just suggested obviously turns upon the order of procedure: which of us is to begin "demanding" goods from abroad? The Ter Meulen and all the other schemes for extending credit or lending purchasing-power to other countries proceed, it is clear, on the assumption that foreign nations must themselves be the first to "make a demand." In short, they are to be enabled to buy of us, in order that later we may be enabled to buy of them. But it ought to be no less clear that another way exists of stimulating foreign trade altogether with the same purpose; namely, to instrument our own consumers and to enable them to purchase foreign goods. Let us suppose, for instance, that it was possible to distribute £500 a year to every family in the United Kingdom without putting up prices (and it certainly is), would not a part of the "demand" go abroad and thereby stimulate "foreign trade"? Assuming that foreign countries are "too poor" to begin buying from us, though it is admitted that potentially they are in a position to produce on demand, ought we not, being rich, to begin buying from them and thus to enable them to buy from us in return? As we have said, it is a question of order of procedure; and it is plainly for the wealthier to begin purchasing of the poorer. England has only to create a market at home by distributing purchasing-power among its own population to set not only its own house in order but the world as well.

All our warnings to the Miners against basing their claims on Output alone have been ignored, with consequences that might morally well have been foreseen. If Price received on Output actually sold is presumed to be the only fund from which Wages, Salaries and Dividends can be paid, then, as the demand for Output declines and with it the receipts from its sale, only one or other of three courses is open: Wages, Salaries and Dividends must be reduced in greater or less proportion, determinable by the respective "pulls" of the struggling interests—the procedure now in progress; or demand, chiefly foreign demand, must be stimulated by competition, resulting in a lowering of national stresses; or prices must be raised, even with the certainty that demand will be thereby further curtailed. As a matter of fact, all these three methods of meeting the situation are being adopted simultaneously. The various interests representing Wages, Salaries and Dividends are quite conscious of dividing the division among them of the proceeds arising from the sale of Output. International competition with America in particular is being stoked up almost to a white heat of intensity. And, at the same time, the price of coal at home is being raised and will, it is certain, continue to rise. So long as actual Output is considered, to the exclusion of the far greater fund represented by Development, this state of affairs must prevail; and since, up to the present, none of the parties appears to be able to question the original false assumption, the real and sight appears to be perpetually interminable. An isolated miner here and there calls attention to the fact that vast development work is in progress in his pit—the charge, of course, being thrown upon Output prices. The general propaganda of the Miners complains that the Owners have been "saving up" the better seams during the period of control in order to exploit them later. But none of the responsible leaders in any camp yet sees or admits that the development values thus indicated are as truly "produced" and as truly susceptible of "distribution" as the actual Output; and since that the "fund" from which Wages, Salaries and Dividends can be paid should be enlarged by the addition of these values to the values of Output. It is clear that, if this were done, the distributable purchasing-power to be set against goods produced would be increased by the present difference between Output and Development: a difference not less than 1 to 4. In short, purchasing power could be at least quadrupled.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has probably never given any serious thought to economics since he studied Marx and Ricardo in the British Museum eighty years ago. Believing himself to have once and for all mastered the subject, he has spent a busy life in applying the doctrines without troubling to inquire whether, in fact, his original discoveries are not fallacies. To get at the truth of the working world, Mr. Shaw would decide for us—Mr. Shaw holds it as an unquestionable and self-evident axiom that "the lowest possible price (of coal) is its cost of production ["Daily News" of Thursday last]. We must say again and at once that if this axiom is really unquestionable, no considerable improvement of the Industrial situation is possible. Various apparent economies can be effected by amalgamation and the like; Mr. Shaw, for instance, approves of "pooling" wages and profits and prices; but not only are such economies more apparent than real, but their net effect under the most favourable circumstances could be no more than a fractional increase in the distribution of purchasing power. So long, in fact, as the axiom is accepted that Price must equal Cost, no integral, as distinct from a fractional, improvement in our economic system is possible. At the very best it would take centuries for the community to become civilised. "National Guardians" in our issue of last week made an attempt to dispute the axiom in the simplest possible terms; and we invite our readers to refer to the demonstration again. We doubt, indeed, whether it can ever be made more plainly. The axiom which includes, not only the Cost of Output but the Cost of Development, cannot possibly be a Just Price for Output alone; and, by the same reasoning, a distributed sum equivalent only to a fraction of Product-
tion cannot possibly “buy” the whole of Production. The root of the prevalent fallacy lies in regarding Money-costs, in the first place, as real; and, in the second place, in ignoring the Development-values which are, no less than Output-values, brought about by Production. When Consumption is charged, in short, with the costs of the whole of Production, while, in fact, he receives only that part of Production which is Optum. We commend to Mr. Shaw a reconsideration of his first principles.

Undoubtedly one of the misunderstandings in the present situation is the belief entertained that some means or other one or other of the parties to the social compact can be either “abolished” or reduced to absolute powerlessness. Capital, Labour and the Community (the last as individual Consumer or collective State) are, however, mutually necessary, and neither member of the Trinity can be either eliminated or subordinated without involving the whole in a common disaster. Labour’s “Left” contention, therefore, that “Capitalism” (without exact definition) must be “abolished” is as wrong in principle as it will be found regretting that the present situation, resting, as it does, on this radical misunderstanding, has not been allowed to come to the issue of demonstration in act. For so long as any considerable section in any one of the parties is under the impression that the abolition or complete subordination of either of the remaining parties offers a solution of the general problem, so long will attempts be made in this direction and so long will concentration upon the integral solution be half-hearted and ineffective. In the absence of the demonstration by trial, we must forego all appeal again for reason; and reason, if it must be affirmed with increasing emphasis, asserts that not only are the rights and just privileges of the three parties of Capital, Labour and the Community compatible with each other, but that they are indispensable to each other. There is not, and cannot be, any inherent antagonism between mutually necessary functions. Organic life would be impossible if this were the case; and what more highly organised life can be conceived than a human society? That discord arises is due to the over or under functioning of one or other of the social organs, to an abuse of function, in short. And the remedy is not the abolition or the further sub-ordination or enlargement of any functional organ, but their reorganisation in relation to the whole. Without wishing to restrict the freedom of thought or speech, it would nevertheless, we believe, be a wise thing to forbid the propaganda of disintegrating ideas, whether they call themselves Communist or anti-Communist. It is quite as disgraceful for Mr. Lloyd George to attack “Socialism”—that is, the only conceivable integral conception of society—as for Communists to propose to “abolish” Capitalism. Between them the community equally suffers.

That Lenin is one of the greatest men that has ever lived we have long been convinced; and we have little doubt that in ages to come his name will be employed to mark an era in world-history. What he may be said to have done is to pose “Capitalism” as a problem for mankind; and henceforward every nation will be judged by its contribution to the solution. To pose a problem, however, is not necessarily to solve it; and there appears to be no doubt, not only, that Lenin has failed to find the solution himself, but that he has the courage of his greatness to admit his failure. Three years ago he told the National Conference of Soviets, then in possession of the dictatorial power of the proletariat which is the dream of our own Communists, that they must either better Capitalism or return to it. The dictatorship of the proletariat, like any other form of government, must be judged by its results in the general well-being, the final criterion and justification of any human system of government whatever. Three years have passed by and against the Soviet Government may be said nevertheless to have had a fair trial. Lenin himself is the last person in the world, at any rate, to deny it. What has been the result, and how does the test apply? It is Lenin first and foremost who supplies us with the answer. The dictatorship of the proletariat has failed; communism à la Marx has failed; so far from Capitalism having been bettered, the Soviet system has made things worse for the masses of the Russian community (not to mention its reactions on the world at large); and, finally, Lenin sees no alternative but a return to Capitalism in the sense of the explicit recognition of private property. We are not saying it, will be observed, that Lenin’s conclusion is the only possible conclusion. Assuredly the world will one day learn how to better Capitalism. In fact, we have the means in our hands. But Lenin’s sorrowful retrogression is evidence that the road of revolution by force without ideas is impossible. The “way out” is not that. Will our Communists learn as readily from Lenin’s present as from his past?

Mr. Lloyd George pretended that it would be blasphemous to criticise the “providential” difference between one coal-pit and another, and, inferentially, to pay the workers in one pit with less than those in the more. It should be no less blasphemous on the same reasoning to carry a letter from John o’ Groats to Land’s End for the same charge as from one street to the next. Every social operation, in short, that aims at equalising providential differences must be regarded by Mr. Lloyd George as blasphemous or atheistic; and society, from that point of view, must be said to be the devil’s work. We do not expect Mr. Lloyd George to know anything of Christian doctrine; but in so far as there are still a few Christian gnostics in the world they should reassure his dupes that, in fact, the constitution of the world is not entirely anti-social, and that the employment of human free-will for the betterment of providential arrangements is as divine a duty as the recognition of providential facts; is, indeed, the only divine duty of Man. It is characteristic, however, of sentimental atheists like Mr. Lloyd George and his friends to invoke even the highest names and values in defence of their private interests. The patriotism, regard for the Crown and the community, which did such wonderful service against Germany, we have just seen invoked as the “anti-German” propaganda that one section of the community is being enlisted to fight another section, as if the latter had no more “rights” than a foreign enemy. And now the end has been reached in the invocation to God and the denunciation of “blasphemy” upon a body of wage earners whose only fault has been to add to their plea of starvation a suggestion (a bad one, truly) of how it might be ameliorated. Patriotism and the lower virtues sit ill on nationalistic financiers who “run” Mr. Lloyd George; but a charge of blasphemy from the same de-humanised lips sounds to us, we must confess, obscene.

It is assumed that the alternative to “industrial action,” including strikes, is political action or, as it is called, constitutional procedure. But simultaneously with the criticism of the industrial method, the House of Commons and its spokesmen have radiated political responsibility. The “Wages,” the “Times,” says, “are in the last resort, controlled, not by Government, but by economic laws”; and in reply to Labour’s announcement that “organised Labour will allow no encroachment on the standard of living of the people,” the great financial expert, Mr. R. H. and, says, that the matter is out of everybody’s hands, since the stan-
World Affairs.

The moral dignity of man, of personality, consists in the free and responsible choice between the needs of Providence and the possibilities of Destiny; for Providence abides in the Infinite, and though it is eternal it is not human, not personal. It is infinite; but the very Infinite itself becomes the Creator, the Awareness and the Life only when it imposes limitation and finiteness upon itself, when it becomes the Universe. The last end and accomplishment, however, of both the Infinite and the Universe is humanity and personality. The infiniteness of the human being, the infinity of the finite, is the condition of the universal and absolute value which is the Pleroma. The freedom of man, his own self-infiniting life of values is the correlative of the self-limiting eternal action of that which is beyond God and which is not the Divine Threefoldness. Of the holy threefoldness of God man himself, every man, through Universal Humanity, is the Second Person—every man, not by his organism, but by the fact of his being self-conscious; and the finite and measurable Universe, not in its frame and order, but in its materiality and objectivity is the third Person, Sophia, of God. From the point of view of Christian doctrine, this recognition of the Divine Sophia, the Aryan or noble genius of white mankind has been bringing freedom and responsibility, dignity and personality into the Species. The religion of Brahmanism is a belief in the omnipotence of the self-conscious Soul. It would be the way to being understood. Amalgamation of the Miners and the Labour movement in general is one to make angels weep. Nevertheless we say with the utmost confidence that it is not hopeless. If no way out were known to mortal man, then indeed the case of Labour would be past praying for; the Servile State in all its horror would be inevitable. As it is, however, not only do we claim to be in possession of the key, but providentially the various parts of the key are already in existence, or in current thought. All that is needed is an integral movement of mind to fit them together. The subject of Credit has been broached by Mr. Frank Hodges; and is now part of the stock-in-trade of the Labour movement. A Government draft of financial Credit in recognition of the production of real Credit has already been tentatively discussed and even proposed; and the distinction between a Credit and a Subsidy is well on the way to being understood. Agglomeration of colliery undertakings in geological areas has been proposed by Lord Bledsoe, who would even go so far as to make them compulsory. The standardisation of profits or dividends has been accepted in principle by the Owners; and the acceptance of price-fixing by an independent authority has been made without much opposition. What is needed to complete the solution, but the resolution of the Miners’ Executive to contribute their quota in the form of a Bank representative of their real Credit? We suggest that, since the situation cannot be worse, the miners’ Executive now compromise temporarily on any working arrangement that will give them a voice which can consider and formulate the scheme. Once more we offer our disinterested services in the fullest possible measure for the exploration of the only avenue that now remains.
and Destiny." It is in the Sophia of Man, in the organism of the globe that the Pleroma both of the Infinite and of the Finite, both of God and of mankind, can be reached. The divine indefiniteness of the Pleroma is its life and is the mystery of all life. Indefiniteness, neither infinity nor finiteness, is the divinity of life. Man is thus the very heart of the world and of its plan. It is out of the mystery of human sovereign indefiniteness that the guidance of the species and of the earth must come. Freedom, however, means voluntary and rational obeying of Providence. It means realising the creative needs of Providence. The supreme creation, however, is the Pleroma of God beside the organic, the organised wholeness of Humanity Universal; for the supra-national and objectively human inquiry is undertaken.

The divine Freedom, however, means voluntary and rational obeying of Providence. It means realising the creative needs of Providence. The supreme creation, however, is the Pleroma of God beside the organic, the organised wholeness of Humanity Universal; for the Cosmos of Man is a galaxy of free worlds; each person within the Race being an indefinite, living universe. The problem with which mankind is confronted to-day is the multiple catharsis of both the racial organisation and the class organisation of Man; and the functional or organic solution of this problem will determine the human merit of the present generation in the judgment of the ages which will incorporate our own humanism with their own destiny.

The time may soon come when it will be too late to sublimate, to solve humanly and in the cosmic sense of thery, of godliness, the mighty and fundamental conflict of social desires in the ripest and most responsible collective being on earth—the People England. Upon the solution of the social problem of England depend the future of the Oceanic Empire of the white race and much of the future of the globe. This fact we are entitled to state. The problem of Constantinople is the measure of the infinite and almost insuperable gravity of the problem of Christendom as the power-body, the physicality of the Gnosis of Christ. It is the measure of the difficulty of the sublimation and even of any solution of the religious problem of the world. The task before England in this hour is the measure of the awful gravity of the sublimation of the social or class conflict in the world. We have been once more compelled to deviate from the course we originally intended to pursue by the importance of the present internal situation of the land in which this supra-national and objectively human inquiry is undertaken. England and her race as we were constrained by past-human, the absolute, the organic, to concern ourselves with the social question, a question of this series on the British function—England and her race are the evolutionary force of the West, the basis, the organic, the basis for the general ordering of nations. If the superior minds of England, it must of necessity burst uncontroled and devastatingly, and break up the limits of selfish ignorance and brutishness, of sloth and superstition. The superstitousness of individuality and that of the superstituousness of the idea; of the existence of the Divine Violence is in the constitution of inferior minds. Of humanity proper therurgie and the divine violence of ecstatic reason is alone worthy. The ecstatic consciousness, however, is of necessity serpentical. The Seraphim are the angels of socialist, of universal, trans-individual consciousness.

M. M. COSMOI

Our Generation.

The debate in the House of Lords the other day on the new Divorce Act shows that the Church though dead is not powerless. Bishops came out of their holes in a legion; “there was an imposing array of spiritual persons,” the “Daily Express” said; an array of dead hands, we should add, lifted, as they can only be, to destroy where they have no longer the power to create. There is something weird, almost preternatural, in this sudden mustering of the clergy; and it warns us plainly of a danger which we always forget, though it should be a commonplace: that dead hands are in our society more powerful than the hands of the living. Whatever is seeking to live, whatever is trying by a sublime, superhuman effort to force itself into birth, whatever should be alive, that is weak, deformed, dis-honoured; and it is that for which there is no longer any use, that which the living itself spurns. The dead, unless has the power of denying life to anything else. And it tried to prevail in the fight over the Divorce Act not even by strategy, not even by pretending that it was alive, but by exerting the occult power which is given it by the very fact of its death. It did not fight the Act by argument, or by religion, but by an almost fanatic inertia. Has a reason for anything more grotesque been given at any time by a prelate of the Church than that which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave in support of the Bill as it was at first introduced? He said, in effect, “that as the measure in no way changed the grounds for divorce, he would not oppose it.” Religion as usual: everything as usual. A stranger religious utterance has never been heard. But the hopeful thing was that the Church did not get everything it wanted. The disastrous state of men’s moods is reflected in the recruiting posters which have everywhere been stuck up once the miners went on strike. We are each asked, in large letters, “How can I help the nation?” And the reply is given: “By joining the National Defence Force.” Here again the dead call to the dead, and with the certainty of a response. The nation has not asked, is not expected, to understand the position of the miners, or to come to a decision of its own.
One does not "help the nation" by striving to get justice done, but by ensuring that everything shall be as it was before. Injustice as usual; and let force, starva
tion, or starvation, in which no one can be trusted, or by which they are driven, be the least right to it, seeing that they are rulers. There is a fundamental wrong done not only to one genera
tion but to the race itself when those who are in authority cannot rule, but must allow the forces they are supporting to govern the issues forever. It is a violation of the Aryan tradition and the Aryan spirit. It is a sign that the race is finding itself sud
denly without the very qualities which make it a race.

There seems to be a recurrence of interest in religion at present; one finds discussions upon it going on in journals so widely separated, socially, as the "Times" Literary Supplement" and "John O' London's Weekly", but the stir has more the signs of somnambulism than of an awakening. It certainly makes one sleepy, if it is not strong enough to give one bad dreams. But it states, in sentences which seem to doze off in the middle and partly recall themselves at the end, the worst and most perilous errors from which man has states, in sentences which seem to doze off in the middle and partly recall themselves at the end, the worst and most perilous errors from which man has.

In short, let us fiddle harmonics as sweetly as we can, to use Meredith's phrase, on the strings of sensuality, or of sentimentalism. These sentiments are merely amiable, and perfectly is amiable style at all is a fault; to write in it for good or for evil." . . . . "We need more of silence, and less of confident logic and ingenious metaphysics. 

But religion must be turned into something amiable for the readers of the "Times" Literary Supplement"; it must be made modest, even deprecating; something of which every reader can say: "This suits me." And what more depraving could be found than these pious sentences taken from a recent article in the "Times" Literary Supplement? "There is advance, or if that is so. 

Blessed are they, who have not understood or defined and yet have believed, lived, and loved." The plain truth is the opposite of this. Those who will not understand, those who will not conquer by understanding and love, are forever damned; and they are their own clear and manifest damnation. Condemned by themselves, they are also condemned by humanity, of whose destiny their life is a betrayal. And how can they love if they do not understand? What is it, indeed, that they love except a lying image of what is? "Great love," said Leonardo, "is the child of great knowledge; the more exact the knowledge the greater the love." But the truth is that the religion which is being discussed to-day is not a religion by which man may become free; it is one by which he may indulge, with the approval of everybody, in a respect
able spasm of adoration before something which he cannot conceive. It is a means not to man's conquest of existence, but to his enslavement to every
ing. It is religion for slaves.

The presence of Madame Isadora Duncan in London at present gives everyone the opportunity to know a standard of noble feeling and beautiful movement. To watch Madame Duncan is to realise how uniformly meretricious our habitual emotions are; how rare is the capacity to feel purely and justly. Every woman, every politician, every clergyman, every journalist, should be made to watch her dancing until they began to realise what justice in feeling is; and justice established there, justice in thought and in action would follow. Such absolute integrity of passion as Madame Duncan possesses is perhaps the noblest distinction which is possible for anyone to-day. It is a spiritual distinction, for she renders feeling, as it should nor
mally be, controlled but not crushed into impotence by the spirit. Her art is therefore both natural and ideal. She feels and moves not merely as humanity does, but as we know an ideal humanity would feel and move. It is the nobility and rightness and not the force of her passion which enchant us; and she is an exponent of just feeling as well as an exponent of art. Anyone who knows what a terrible part undisciplined emotion plays not only in ourselves, but in our spirit tragedies; how it not only poisons thought but also brings about catastrophes, will perceive the importance of having a norm of just feeling before us. There is none in England either on the stage or elsewhere. The visit of Madame Duncan makes one realise that, and she will be here only a few weeks.

Edward Moore.

**Elements of Practical Psycho-Analysis**

This book justifies its title if one limits the term psycho-analysis to the method of investigation and interpreta
tion of functional neuroses based on Freud's deterministic sexual theory. If, however, psycho-analysis be regarded as a generic term which would include a method based on a non-deterministic philosophy, then the book falls short of its claim, as Jung is practically only mentioned as the originator of the association test. In the other places where he is mentioned he is misinter
terpreted.

Dr. Bousfield shows himself to be an enthusiastic and perhaps necessarily slavish follower of Freud. He quotes also from Jones and Brill, two important fol
dowers of Freud. Although he states in his preface that he considers Freud's theory of determinism not proven, yet in his general handling of dreams he gives it his wholehearted support. At the outset he repudiates the principle on which the whole theory of his master is based. That is determinism. And so he wants to eat his cake and have it at the same time. This shows a naiveté not uncommon in exponents of the exclusively Freudian interpretation of life. For example, Dr. Bousfield quotes from Ferenczi a short dream in which a woman "wants to kill another woman. That is determinism. One does not want to kill another woman." That is determin
mism. One is as familiar with the motif of the killing of the little pet dog as one is with the type of woman who carries such a dog. There are women who carry this dog in their breasts if not in their muffs. They are neurotic. A neurosis may be roughly defined as energy in a form unsuitable to the satisfactory expression of the patient's individuality. This energy (libido) appears under the symbol of the pet dog. What to do with it? The unconscious shows it being killed. May not this be the presentation of a sub
tective necessity—"You are 'nothing but a woman who wants to kill another woman.' That is deter

The process is not determined. It implies growth, creation. It is a manifestation of that place. This process is not determined. It implies the new symbol releases the energy from the neurotic form, the unconscious must be recognised as having a purposeful, creative function. The urge to sublimation has its origin in the unconscious depths.

Jung was not to point this out. This is not determinism as humanity at present understands it. Still more emphatically it is not "conscience," as Dr. Bousfield states. This is a misinterpretation of Jung which makes him into a morality moulder. In justice to Jung it must be said that "conscious" has nothing whatever to do with his conception of the unconscious. Far from being a function of the latter, conscience, in so far as it is a more or less rigid system of acquired values, is the cause of neurosis. In fact it is none other than the "censor," that anthropomorphic conception beloved of the Freuds.

Although Dr. Bousfield is timid about committing himself to any statement about the dream which would do justice to Jung's view, he does go so far as to say that "apparently we have a psychic device by which unconscious material evades the "censor" and enters consciousness. Symbolism, therefore, according to the Freuds is a function of the "censor." Were there no "censor" there would be no dreams. Further, the function of the symbolism is to preserve sleep. It follows that if we had no conscience (censor), we should never sleep. But for the happy accident of the "censor," Nature would be divided against herself. Without the "censor," the flow of the insatiable infantile desire would be unending. Sleep would be impossible. Instinct would destroy life. The "censor" must be interposed between life and the instincts. Freudianism is based on fear of the instincts. In his heart of hearts the true Freudian cannot acclaim the instincts.

With Freud the thunder of the angry god Jahveh, "Thou shalt not," comes echoing down the centuries. It is the cry of pessimism. Determinism is born of it. Everything must be just as it is—this with a hopeless shrug or a wry smile. Dr. Bousfield reduces everything throughout his book to the lowest common denominator of sex. Yet he says he cannot accept "determinism"! This is an inconsistency which is perhaps the most striking feature of the book. Whence is it? Does it have its origin in an unconscious dissatisfaction? How can Dr. Bousfield disturb the harmony of the Freudian system? Things hang together so well. It is so acceptable. It is so "scientific" with its almost fixed symbolism. Here let me mention that in his chapter on dreams Dr. Bousfield says: "There is of course no fixed symbolism in dreams." But in the following sentence he contradicts himself. "Churches, boxes, etc., generally represent the female." Note the "etc." Such a sentence is almost meaningless in its crude arbitrariness. Its psychological origin is in the identification with one function—rationalism. The simplification is god-almightiness. One gets the impression that "church" in a dream could never mean "church." It would not be consistent with the Freudian theory!

In the same chapter Dr. Bousfield states that all dreams are neurotic. He recognises two other types (1) telepathic; (2) recurrent horrible dreams of neurotic soldiers. This is not without significance, although it is true that only one per cent. of dreams is removed from the Freudian category. Nevertheless it is a refutation by a Freudian of Freud's dictum of that "every dream will be found on analysis to show the mark of the beast." In the chapter "Desires and Psychic Energy" Dr. Bousfield defines sublimation as a displacement of psychic energy from an undesirable to a desirable form of discharge. He then cites tennis as a sublimation. Of course the undesirable form of energy is sexuality. Here sexuality is deprecated as it always is by the Freuds. "This or that" is "nothing but" sexuality. The artist is "nothing but" a narcissist. It does not seem to be appreciated by Dr. Bousfield that the problem of many neurotics is just that of concrete sexuality, nor has it dawned on him that maybe people have a right to their sexuality as something valuable per se. To talk of tennis as a sublimation in such cases is mere nonsense. It is really a means of repression. It may very well be expedient. That is a different matter. It is true many neurotics are very much bound on the wheel of Necessity, but to consider tennis as a sublimation of sexuality seems to argue a loss of the sense of humour or of a sense of relative values. After all tennis is "nothing but" a ripple on the ocean of Time. Sexuality is innate in any religious interpretation of life.

Such an attitude is not even in accord with psycho-analysis, less with psycho-synthesis of sexuality. It is pedagogy or the doctrine of expediency in pseudo-scientific garb. The problem of the transformation of psychic energy is not such a simple one as Dr. Bousfield would like to believe.

The truth is that the word "sublimation" is much abused. In a recent book a medical author gave as an example of sublimation the childless woman who fonder a pet-dog. In the same indiscriminate way Dr. Bousfield bundles together religion, art, music, mathematics and science as "sublimation" of sexuality. It may be asked—does it help understanding to regard religion as a "sublimation" of sexuality? As has been said before, a religious interpretation of life says yea to sexuality. Sexuality and the instincts in general are life. The Freudian point of view is that religion is born of the flight from sexuality. At the same time everything is sexualised and everything is depreciated. The abyss of bathos is reached when Dr. Bousfield regards chess as a "sublimation" of sexuality. With due deference to the Freudian standpoint one might point out that chess is not even rhythmic!

We get the impression on reading this book that the writer has just "discovered" sex. It will be no depreciation of his earnest spirit if we comment that there is a touch of Rabelaisian sensationalism in some of the chapters, particularly in that dealing with the "Evoluion of erotic desire." By this we mean a delight in words for the sake of their significance which looms large in the unconscious. There are children who cry out "naughty" words with effects more or less disconcerting to the "carefully" educated listener. It is a mistake to regard such outbursts only as "naughty" protests against authority or to label them as "nothing but" exhibitionism. They have another significance. They take their origin in a kind of Dionysian exuberance. They are valuable because they are the unconscious germs of a real religious attitude. If constrained arbitrarily to a collective "sublimation" of the type which Dr. Bousfield conceives, they may, however, end in neurosis. We doubt very much whether chess would "sublimate" that exuberance shown by Dr. Bousfield on which we lightened.

This feature is not likely to prejudice the sale of the book. It cannot be said to contain anything new or original, and it is by no means free from inaccuracies both of theory and technique. It is to be doubted if Freud himself would agree with some of the conclusions, but the book may be read as a concise exposition of the Freudian theory of sexual determinism. Those who make their first acquaintance with psycho-analysis will appreciate the practical, vigorous, if uncompromising style of the author. James Young.
Readers and Writers.

The Italians have invented a name for the style of writing now being cultivated or, rather, forced, in the studios: fragmentarism. It is the exact opposite of the agglutinative experiments of Mr. James Joyce, to which I referred recently; for if his "Eglintoneyes looked up skybrightly" is an attempt at a verbal synthesis, the current fragmentarism is verbal analysis. My readers have only to examine the current art-quartlies or the "Dial" to find illustrations by the dozen. Where you and I would write a longish sentence, perhaps after the style of the leisurely eighteenth century, the perfectly tramp; the denouement itself must go.

The current fragmentarism is verbal analysis. My readers must have only examined the current art-quartlies or the "Dial" to find illustrations by the dozen. Where you and I would write a longish sentence, perhaps after the style of the leisurely eighteenth century, the perfectly tramp; the denouement itself must go.

Like other techniques, e.g., vers libres, imagism, futurism, I cannot mistake; I made a note of it and translated a few of his pensées. In "Belphegor" he has undertaken an active dénouement must be in long sentences of measured tramp; the dénouement itself must go off in a series of pistol shots, each about three or four words long. What is happening under the name of Fragmentarism is the promotion of a trick to a complete technique. One of the very minor characters in the play has been called upon to play the hero. It will not do outside the studio; and I may add that if the late Stephen Crane could not make a lasting success with the method, nobody living can.

The "Dial!" has been publishing in four recent issues (September-December, 1920) a complete translation of Julian Benda's "Belphegor." Julian Benda is a contemporary French critic and man of letters; and I remember reading with equal profit and pleasure during the war his "Les Sentiments de Crétins." Indeed, if I am not mistaken, I made a note of it and translated a few of his pensées. In "Belphegor" he has undertaken the nothing less than delightful task of criticising current French literature, or, to be more exact, current French culture as manifested in current French literature. I call it a delightful task because I have long wished to do it myself, and because, again, current English culture appears to me to stand in so much need of a criticism of French literature. Everybody knows that our younger writers, long before they have mastered English, go to Paris for their models with about the same docility as our dressmakers go to Paris for theirs; and quite as often as the latter bring back the worst prevailing taste in attire, our writers return bringing sheaves of degenerate or fanciful literary styles. M. Julian Benda, with infinitely more knowledge of French literature, of course, than I can claim, has spared me at least a considerable part of my anticipated pleasure; for he has applied a sound European judgment to Paris with such effect that it leaves one with little to do but add superlatives to his comparatives.

Let me say at once that M. Benda is not a psycho-
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Mr. Norman McKinnel has begun management in a very conservative fashion, and if I may judge by the audience I saw on April 7, conservatism does not pay. Here you have an actor who can play anything; who has in fact played everything, I believe; yet when he gets a chance to do as he likes, he digs up a play by Rudolf Besier and May Edginton, neither of whom is on the same level as himself. Instead of original work for an original artist, we are shown the original artist hampered by a conventional work dealing with a milieu whose dramatic possibilities (never considerable) were exhausted long ago. There is nothing to be done with the drawing-room play but abolish it; how hungry the London audience is for powerful emotional acting may be seen at the St. Martin’s Theatre, and even Mr. McKinnel is not acting powerfully in “The Ninth Earl” at the Comedy Theatre. He has that wretched woman, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, with him, talking unintelligibly and walking through half the best approved “Society” manner; and we are sick and tired of this confusion of the drawing-room with the stage, of the lady with the actress. When I go to a theatre (and I am a representative playgoer), I do not care two pins about Mayfair and its manners; for all that I know or care, Miss Terry-Lewis may be the latest thing in ladies, but she flattens everything she plays into an unraveled monotony of indifference, and I am simply bored by the exhibition.

The whole show is lifeless. It is snobbish in conception, feeble in execution; and the mark of the beast, the Society manner, is over it all. The prologue, with its reminiscence of “Humanity,” shows us how men murder one another in polite society; the Jew villain snatches an ornament from the mantelpiece, taps his opponent’s forearm twice with it, his opponent snatches it from him and applies it, like a poultice, to the nape of the neck—whereupon the Jew dies like a gentleman, without even twitching his legs. There is no need to insist on the whole cargo of “Humanity,” the revolver shots, the shipload of broken crockery, the collapsing staircase, and so on; but it satisfies no dramatic tradition (whatever etiquette may prescribe) to represent a crime of violence with no more vigour or display of temper than would be shown in offering a cigarette. Is it one of the gifts of our aristocracy to be able to kill an opponent with one blow? It may be so, although even our heavyweight prizefighters do not do it; but it is a gift that makes effective stage-play. Certainly it was shrewd to aim the blow at the medulla oblongata, but a Jew money-lender (with lipth complete) is not a rabbit; the fight was obviously not a fair fight (for the blow was foul), but as a crime of violence it did not equal the Suffragette’s hushing the policeman’s helmet. “Surtout, mesieurs, pas de tale,” does not apply to murders on the stage.

The rest of the play is intended to be pathetic, but is simply a travesty of human nature, particularly in these days. Commit a murder, and you have no friends, is its argument; although the Malcolm case showed its absurdity. A man who spells his name with two ffs, Ffellowes double-forte, would not even have been convicted of murder in such a case; the charge would have been reduced to manslaughter at the police-court. Apart from his connection with the Earl of Radenham, the unpromeditated nature of the crime, the fact that there was a woman in the case, the further fact that the deceased was only a money-lender of unsavoury reputation, everything would have made effective stage-play. The authors ask us to believe that his explanation, supported by the evidence of the woman, was not accepted; that he was condemned to death on the capital charge, and the sentence confirmed to personal custody for life. Apart from the actual circumstances of the crime, the authors have forgotten the efficacy of pleading.

We are asked to make these absurd assumptions because the authors want to show us what happens in the best circles when a man comes out of gaol. Richard John Augustus Ffellowes has become the ninth Earl of Radenham during seven years of imprisonment (there was no King’s pardon, no compassionate revision of sentence, for him), and his solicitor met him at the gates. No friends, mark you, not even the unknown person who wrote the letters to him, no one but a man of business. But when he arrived at Radenham Towers, there was his cousin, Mrs. Ffellowes, waiting to ask the privilege (she called it “right”) to use his horses for hunting as she had been doing. He granted it; and offered to give a horse to each of her boys, and asked her to bring the boys to see him. Then the humbugging began: the lady must ask her husband, and as she carefully wiped her hand after shaking hands with the Earl (ladies are so tactful!), the result of the inquiry was obvious. None of us quite appreciated the fact that the Government’s offer to him to “shake hands with murder” (Bolshevism) was simply the latest thing in the etiquette of Society. The eternal Feminine, as Goethe said, leads us ever upwards and on.

Then there was the clergyman, who begged him to continue the subscriptions to a home for the sons of criminals. A fellow feeling made him wondrous kind (as Byron said of Coleridge and the donkey); and he said he not only wanted to subscribe, but to visit the boys. Hums and haas again; apparently they were all afraid that he would want to give lessons in “Murder as a Fine Art,” and preferred the drill sergeant as an instructor. In desperation he turned to the people at whose gambling den he had first been compelled to seek accommodation from the money-lender; and found that they also had the “Society” values, and wanted his money. Business with cheque book; and when he discovered that his housemaid was his daughter (about whom he quarrelled with the money-lender), that she wrote the letters to him, the Earl, now terribly bitter and cynical, gave her a blank cheque. But she loved him, and destroyed the cheque; had she been a real lady, she would have filled it in, and saved all the bother and “restraints on anticipation” of a marriage settlement, which she could have had in addition.

Then came the dinner scene, with the servants serving fish, but apparently no fish knives; and sniffing when the man who had fed alone for fifteen years in gaol used his fingers. This time, the Earl chose a less expeditious method of killing than paring the medulla oblongata with an ornament; perhaps because the delinquent was only a footman, he tried to throttle him, and, of course, the man escaped from this degenerate aristocrat. Finally, the Earl married his housemaid, because he could not face life alone; and perhaps the two of them have now invented a new form of murder.

But it is with drivel like this that Mr. Norman McKinnel has chosen to make his debut as a manager. He would have been better advised to revive “Great Catherine,” and repeat his wonderful performance of Patimkin, or to have expanded into the extravagances of “Heartbreak House,” or given a Shakespeare show, or done something that gave him a chance to give the London public what it wants, acting. We expect something distinctive from Mr. McKinnel, and Rudolf Besier and May Edginton cannot supply it.
Music.

THE SEVCIK QUARTET. Concert of the London Chamber Concert Society, April 12. All art is an expression of consciousness, and some art is an expression of self-consciousness. This latter is not only legitimate, but is interesting and good so long as it is devoid of affectation. Music written for string quartet is, we think, a very high and fine form of self-conscious art. In order to preserve the proper aesthetic balance, the players of a quartet must be at the other end of the pole of expression and be entirely without self-consciousness. (It is for this reason probably that great solo performers rarely make good ensemble players.)

The Svéčik Quartet is a striking example of what can be attained in ensemble playing, when the individual players become for the time being conscious, but not self-conscious, rhythmic parts of a well-balanced whole. The programme given at the Wigmore Hall on April 12 was not of great interest nor of great beauty in itself, but during the whole evening the attention was held by the actual playing. There was no virtuosity and no straining for climaxes, but there were clear beauty of phrasing and a suppleness and breadth of rhythm, which made the performance a delight. We regret the inclusion of Grieg's name on the programme. Grieg has romantic sweetness and romantic pathos, but he never develops the former into purely pianistic effect which he cannot achieve with the audience. During the playing of the Chopin Polonaise in A flat, we were reminded of a story told us by that charming pianist, Miss Frida Kindler. She once dreamed that she was playing a piano concerto at the Queen's Hall with Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra, and on reaching the platform, found, to her dismay, that she was to play on a circular piano, she herself sitting in the middle of it. All went well until during a very quick passage she had to play with both hands behind her, as she had no time to turn. Miss Kindler was so entertaining on her feelings at that moment of crisis that we omitted to ask for details of the finish, but doubtless Sir Henry Wood "saw her through." We could not help thinking whilst listening to Mr. Pouishnoff playing the Polonaise, that he would probably have great fun if he found himself in a similar position, and we do not believe it would disconcert him if he had to play the octave passages with his left hand behind his back.

There is one thing which we miss in Mr. Pouishnoff's playing. He never attains a true "pianissimo," and even his "piano" lacks body and singing quality. In order to play softly he seems to extract all dynamic quality from his touch, and the result is a somewhat superficial and quite toneless diminution of mere sound, which is in no sense a "pianissimo." In such a great player as Mr. Pouishnoff this fault stands out in a rather startling manner. The Liszt Sonata was magnificently played.

H. R.

Views and Reviews.

RELATIVITY.

Like most general readers, who have no more mathematics than will suffice to calculate the area of a bungalow, I have been attracted by the discussion of "Relativity." I have read Einstein's account of it (published by Methuen), I have read Wildon Carr's philosophical essay on the subject, I have read the special "Relativity" number of "Nature," to say nothing of numerous newspaper "explanations" of it. But not until I read this exposition and outline of the general relativity theory by Professor Eddington* did I get anything like a clear view of the theory; the prologue and twelve chapters of this book, although they demand close attention and clear thinking from the reader, repay the effort. They are masterpieces of exposition, and Professor Eddington regards them as "a non-mathematical presentation"; certainly the valuable appendix containing the mathematical notes suggests that the text could possibly have been much more technical in style than it is. Professor Eddington has apparently covered the whole ground, as his chapter headings show; the prologue, which I find the most easily intelligible, is a discussion of the question: "What is Geometry?" The other chapters have the titles: "The Fitzgerald Contraction," "Relativity," "The World of Four Dimensions," "Fields of Force," "Kinds of Space," "The New Law of Gravitation and the Old Law," "Weighing Light," "Other Tests of the Theory," "Momentum and Energy," "Towards Infinity," "Electricity and Gravitation," and "Of the Nature of Things." With the mathematical notes and an historical note, the volume is complete. If anyone supposes that the general theory of relativity is an easy thing to understand, he cannot have read the book; Plato himself would dive into his cave, and turn his back to the light, if confronted with it.

The standpoint of relativity is familiar and easily intelligible. The more exact a science becomes, the more certainly it says to the observer: "You complicate matters"; and if it cannot dispense with the observer, it carefully measures the complication he introduces, and allows for it in his observations. But it seems that this allowance for "the personal equation" has not been made with sufficient refinement; and Professor Eddington says that Einstein's "achievement consists essentially in this; (for) Einstein has succeeded in separating far more completely than hitherto the share of the observer and the share of external nature in the things we see happen. The perception of an object by an observer depends on his own situation and circumstances; for example, distance will make it appear smaller and dimmer. We make allowance for this almost unconsciously in interpreting what we see. But it now appears that the allowances made for the motion of the observer has hitherto been too crude—a fact overlooked because in practice all observers share nearly the same motion, that of the earth. Physical space and time are found to be closely bound up with this motion of the observer; and only an amorphous combination of the two is left inherent in the external world. When space and time are relegated to their proper source—the world of nature which remains appear strangely unfamiliar; but it is in reality simplified, and the underlying unity of the principal phenomena is now clearly revealed. The deductions from this new outlook have, with one doubtful exception, been confirmed when tested by experiment. The antagonism between religion and science, with which I have so often dealt, is nowhere revealed more clearly than in this; the attempt to interpret the universe in terms of our own subjective experiences, "ejection" as it is called, is not only illegitimate but misleading. Man never

* "Space, Time, and Gravitation." By Professor A. S. Eddington. (Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.)
knows how anthropomorphic he is," said Goethe, like most poetic judgments, it is an over-statement, for man discovers it when he tries to observe phenomena accurately, and then he corrects his observations.

Leaving that (for, after all, religion is concerned with man, and not with the universe), it is obvious that the theory of Relativity dispenses with the idea of an Absolute; although Sir Oliver Lodge, in the "Times" of April 4 asserted that "relativists surely make the free velocity of light 'absolute' in any reasonable sense of the term, since they maintain it to be the same in every source and every observer, no matter what the circumstances or motion of either may be, provided the light does not have to travel through or near matter."

But Professor Wildon Carr shrewdly replied (April 7) that the velocity of light in the relativity is a "constant," and not the affirmation of an absolute physical reality; and "the constancy or invariability is a function of me, myself, in my position as an observer in a co-ordinated system of reference. It is the condition attached to such a position. No Absolute, then, even if Sir Oliver Lodge does feel lonely without it; and most of those hypostatised words, which Huxley said we spelled with capital initials for the same reason that we give a busby to a Grenadier, to make him look more formidable than he naturally is, are likewise unnecessary.

For as Professor Eddington sums up the argument in his "Prologue": "We have been trying to give a precise meaning to the term space, so that we may be able to determine exactly the properties of the space we live in. There is no means of determining the properties of our space by a priori reasoning, because there are many possible kinds of space to choose from, no one of which can be considered more likely than any other. For more than 2,000 years we have believed in a Euclidean space, because certain experiments favoured it; but there is now reason to believe that these same experiments, when properly carried out, decide in favour of a slightly different space (in the neighbourhood of massive bodies). The relativist sees no reason to change the rules of the game because the result does not agree with previous anticipations. Accordingly when he speaks of space, he means the space revealed by measurements, whatever its geometry. He points out that this is the space with which physics is concerned; and moreover it is the space of everyday perception. If his right to appropriate the term space is challenged, it is clear that this is the sense in which the terms has always been used in physics hitherto; it is only recently that conservative physicists, frightened by the revolutionary consequences of modern experiments, have begun to play with the idea of a pre-existing space whose properties cannot be ascertained by experiment—a metaphysical space, to which they arbitrarily assign Euclidean properties, although it is obvious that its geometry can never be ascertained by experiment. But the relativist, in defining space as measured space, clearly recognises that all measurement involves the use of material apparatus; the resulting geometry is specifically a study of the extensional relations of matter. He declines to consider anything more transcendental.

My second point is that since natural geometry is the study of extensional relations of natural objects, and since it is found that their space-order cannot be discussed without reference to their time-order as well it has become necessary to extend our geometry to four dimensions in order to include time. The famous "fourth dimension," about which so much mystical nonsense has been heard, is simply the thing of which we have all experienced all our lives; and its use as an explanation of Spirituallit apports," for example, is seen to be the merest humbug. The reference to the physicists who are playing with the idea of a pre-existing space is interesting to those who have some knowledge of psychology; even here, people try to escape from reality into an Unknowable, which they credit with what they regard as desirable properties. So "other worlds" have always been invented, to make a place where inaccurate observations and interpretations can never be brought to the test of experiment.

A. E. R.

Review.


This history of the S.C.W.S. is not lively reading; Mr. Flanagan has the staid style that we have come to expect from the official Co-operative writers, and the enthusiasm that so often inspires the propaganda by word is not obvious in this record of the propaganda by deed. But in its own sober style it tells a story of development that is encouraging, at least; it restores faith in human nature to discover, for example, that, at the beginning, the directors were only paid railway fares and 10s. or 8s. a day for every meeting, that not until 1899, thirty-one years after the foundation of the S.C.W.S., were the directors granted a fixed salary, and then the President was granted £300 a year, the secretary £250, and the other directors £200 each. A total expenditure of £2,550 on directors' salaries, in a business employing over 5,000 people and with an annual trade of more than five millions, was not lavish; and the "money motive" was certainly not very strong in the directors. Even now, when the Society is doing twenty millions a year, the President receives a salary of £500, the secretary likewise, and the other directors £500. Mr. Sidney Webb's complaint of the difficulty of discovering the amount of Co-operative directors' salaries cannot be alleged against the S.C.W.S.; and when we remember that, in the jubilee year, the twelve directors consisted of two carpenters, two Co-operative store managers, two who had held clerical appointments with Co-operative societies, one miner, one insurance agent, one engineer, one tool-setter, one mason, and one moulder, the thoroughly working-class character of this great business is manifest. The five and ten thousand a year men of whom Capitalism boasts do no better service to their organisations than these artisans have done to theirs, and far less real service to the community. They would have far more to lose or to gain in the quality, just as the whole Co-operative movement suffers from its democratic organisation. There is, and has been, marked delay in getting to the sources of raw material, and in many cases the directors have had to be pushed from behind, or forced into action by the unscrupulous methods employed by their trade rivals; apparently, they did not establish direct relations with the Canadian cattle-dealers until the Glasgow meat salesmen refused to accept their bids (we wonder, by the way, whether the present mysterious embargo on the import of Canadian cattle is intended to embarrass the S.C.W.S.?). But whether the directors led or were driven, the fact remains that the whole movement is increasing in momentum, it is spreading, sprawling, if you like, into the whole field of industry; and the caution exhibited in the earlier years may well have been necessary as well as educative. Caution, of course, can always justify itself; during fifty years, during which the total trade amounted to 226 millions, the S.C.W.S. had bad debts amounting to no more than £10,677 12s. 2d., or 1.13d. per £100 of sales. That the whole of this very successful development should have been achieved by working men in the teeth of fierce and unscrupulous trade opposition (even the boycott having been used) is, we think, one of the most satisfactory social phenomena of our generation. It proves character; and it is usual to deny character to working men.
Sir,—Coventry readers who are interested in Credit-Reform are invited to communicate with the undersigned.

St. Peter’s Vicarage, Coventry.

PAUL STACEY.

Sir,—I shall be glad if all readers in Leeds and district who are interested in Credit-Reform will communicate with me.

Smalwell Hall, Pudsey, Yorks.

JOSEPH SMITH.

Sir,—I invite readers of The New Age who reside in this district and who are interested in Credit-Reform to communicate with me.

J. J. STAFFORD SHAND.

140, Sallisbury Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

Sir,—Criticising the critic is a profitless business, still, your review of my friend Mr. Crow’s “Fifteen Poems” in the issue of March 31 is so captious and perverse that I intend to offer a few remarks. Why, for instance, is it an affection to address the Virgin Mary as a “Lily Lady in lovelessness”? I am of opinion that what you are judging of and giving your critical mind to is not, indeed, the poem, but the reviewer, as you are the only one the poem is writing with its eyes. I expect you to see the lines en face, and to address the author in a manner that will suit the issue and the current conditions — not in a manner that will bring the reviewer on a par with the author. I ask you to compile a style, if you will, of held-back, dainty, humorous, and less didactic age.”

I am, Sir, mine host.

J. J. STAFFORD SHAND.

RECENT VERSE.

Sir,—I invite readers of The New Age who reside in this district and who are interested in Credit-Reform to communicate with me.

Joseph Smith.

[No date, no place, no address.]

Pastiche.

AN APPRECIATION.

I like my friend William M—. He is a very perfect knight, although for a living he sells beer. The ages are all equal and types never change or vary; I see him in the present, as a very perfect knight, but to vulgar eyes he is—Mine Host. Here I will recite the reason for my admiration.

He was assuaging the thirsty one day when a distracted woman rushed in the bar and asked his friend to come and prevent her husband from killing himself. Mine Host hurried to her home where he was holding by his neck behind a door. The poor fool had buckled his head as a strap, and sought to end his days in this way. Lea was cut down by his friend and placed on a chair in the mean street to recover.

Later on in the day, whilst the merry sound of thumping beer pumps mingled with moist voices, the woman returned, followed by her crying children. Her husband was breaking up the home and again was intending to kill himself. Like Tobit, Mine Host left all and ran out to the tempestuous home. Doors were locked, but, nothing daunted, he entered through a window, and then remembered his folly. He was unarmed. The noise had subsided and he crept about the rooms but could not find the man. Presently he heard a rustle inside a big cupboard. Opening the door he found the poor wight stark naked.

What would you have done in his case? Mercury presided at the birth of my friend, who glanced round the room and said: “Hang on the wall, a melodeon.” Suiting his word to the world’s victim, he asked him if he could play it. Adam answered “Yes.” Then give us a tune,” said my friend. And the naked man sat on a chair in the middle of the room and played the melodeon.

By and by he was induced to dress himself, and Mine Host returned to the music of thumping beer pumps and moist voices.

When evening came on my friend was approached by the majesty of the law for information, but he was curiously ignorant although Mercury presided at his birth. Later, still, the man’s wife called and expressed her thanks for what he had done and what he had forgotten, as she did not want to figure at the Law Courts.

I had called one night to see him about the time of day, and we were just raising our spirits by lowering something or other, when, suddenly, he jumped over the bar counter; a man had beckoned him from without.

He returned with two hands full of ripe greengages, given to him in gratitude by the man he had cut down.

There have been many weird happenings in my life. I have slept in a latrine under fire, and angels have had no more beautiful dreams than I when my mind was released from the body. I have had my breakfast trodden on, and once bit a mule’s ear in rage because it would not fly with me away from destruction—but this, of all things! “Have a few greengages, Rep,” he said. And whilst eating them I thought on the grotesque; Rabelais, Don Quixote, and all my books that make my friend laugh at me, and I admired my friend William M—., because nothing surprises him. He is a very perfect knight, knowing nothing of Aristotle on Tragedy, or “Paradise Lost,” or William Blake, but he is a man of action.

Lovely flowers adorn his bar, brought by the poor man’s wife—they look better there than laid on a grave, and I cannot withhold my admiration, set down in this true account of a very perfect knight.

WILLIAM REPTON.

UNE GAMINE.

Beautiful child of the gutter, sad flower dropped by the way,
Soiled with the dirt and the toil of the road and the garbage thrown,
You stand mid the whirl of the traffic of men, as a weary fay,
Might stand foredone in the bracken, the briars about you.

And your eyes are wide with waiting for the wonder that is to be.

And your eyes are wide with waiting for the wonder that is to be.

Even the rags upon you are worn with an elfin grace,
And the pathos of fields desired and the song of a nesting bird,
And the golden things of childhood, buried and still asleep.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.