NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The loyalty of the miners to their organisation is splendid, but our admiration, we confess, is beginning to be tempered. What is the value of loyalty and of the suffering the present loyalty entails, if it is merely passive and unintelligent? Do men not share such herd-instances with the animals, and ought man not to differ from animals in intelligent self-direction? Without disputing the plain and terrible fact that the Miners are threatened with something like an avalanche, it is still expected of them as men that they should conduct their affairs with reason; and of no great industrial crisis within our recollection can it be said that the reason employed in it has been less. The root of the present difficulty is so simple that not even the subtlety of Mr. Lloyd George, that the bottom has dropped out of the industry be able to "support" a million workers. But what the cosmopolitan financiers would have the Miners do, namely, submit to wage reductions that would bring the industry under reductions on maintain the former rates and amounts of wages, even expected of them realizing selling-price of delivered coal is insufficient to TOWARDS NATIONAL GUILDS.

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that with the present moment of the resumption of work, all the wage-earners to the number of the Federers should be paid in bulk to its agents, and that their distribution should be left to the Miners' Federation itself. The current of cash-credit thus passing through the Miners' Bank would, in conjunction with the capi-
tal-credit of fifteen millions, constitute such a source of financial strength that, with simple proper direction, the Miners' Federation might speedily become the greatest financial factor in the whole industry. As Mr. Lee Warner, however, marks: the initiative is with the Miners themselves. Everything other than a ticket of admission to the market of real Credit prevents society from realising the simple common sense of credit-creations and the simple non-
sense of subsidies. We can make "money" as easily as we print tickets; and regulate the amount by our real Credit as easily as we regulate the number of tickets by our seating accommodation.

That Wages (or the value of tickets issued to the working classes) are coming down there is no doubt; but the catastrophic pace of the fall is still not rapid enough to have convinced Miss Eleanor Rathbone, whom we should flatter by describing as a woman. With the eager assistance of Professor Bowley and the London School of Economics ever ready to devil for the Devil, this gentle Fury has made the discovery that the "cost of living," by which wages are supposed to be regulated (though they are not, since, as we have often pointed out, without hundreds of millions of doles and grants in relief of wages, the working classes would long ago have perished)—that this "cost of living" presumes that every worker is a family of five, whereas, in fact, only about 20 per cent. of the wage-earners are in this unhappy state, 80 per cent. being either single or childless. It follows, according to our Lady of Compassion, that the wages paid to four out of five of the workers, are in excess of the subsistence-amount which is their due; and thus that an enormous economy can be effected for industry by the simple expedient of scaling the wages of 80 per cent. of the workers down to the demands of their circumstances. A Bill, it seems, to effect this object was recently introduced into the New South Wales Parliament, and provision was made under it for the children of the proletariat as follows: Wages were to be paid on the childless marriage basis—a generous concession!—and each child was to become an additional charge on the industry in which its parents were engaged. On the position that only so much purchasing power as there are ever to be occupied, it is clear that all the fresh occupants of seats must obtain their tickets, if at all, at the expense of the original holders. In other words, the latter must transfer their tickets to the former and thus forgo their own rights while "subsidiising" the fresh applicants. Let us suppose, however, that instead of such a subsidy and transfer taking place, as many fresh tickets as unoccupied seats are issued. Will not the effect be to satisfy the fresh occupants for seats, without penalisng any of the original occu-
pants? Such a method of procedure, in contradistinc-
tion from the first, is equivalent to a creation of a "credit" in place of a grant of a "subsidy"; and its application to the Mining Industry (as well as to other Industries) ought to be clear. Nothing is more obvious at this moment than the fact that the seating accommo-
dation (the real Credit, the potential production) of our industrial system is far and away beyond the actual demand as measured by the number of tickets (the amount of credit) which are in existence. We have a productive capacity measurable in millions and an effective distributed demand measurable only in thousands. Now what is the sensible course to pursue? It is not to require of the present holders of effective demand a "subsidy" or transfer of their purchasing power, whether directly or through the agency of taxa-
tion; but the fresh creation of effective demand or purchasing power up to the limit of our un-utilised but real potential production. After all, for what purpose, if not to satisfy demand, has that real Credit or poten-
tial production been created? What is the value of the seating accommodation for which no tickets are issued? Since, on the contrary, the purpose and sole justification of the creation of Credit is the creation of purchasing power out of the actual demands of individuals, the issue and dis-
tribution of as much purchasing power as there is real Credit to be utilised, is a first principle of sound eco-
nomics. Only the superstition that "Money" is some-
thing other than a ticket of admission to the market of
real Credit prevents society from realising the simple common sense of credit-creations and the simple non-
sense of subsidies. We can make "money" as easily as we print tickets; and regulate the amount by our real Credit as easily as we regulate the number of tickets by our seating accommodation.

"Sentiment in business circles," we are told by the "Times," "is more hopeful than it has been for some time past"; and it is obvious that the ground of this optimism is assumed to be discoverable in the wise-
sale reduction of wages. The reasoning of our business circles is on the following lines. By reducing Wages, Costs can be reduced; by reducing Costs, Prices can be reduced; and by reducing Prices, de-
mand is stimulated and industry is revived. Is this sequence, however, as impeccable in point of cause and effect as our business circles imagine? Let it be con-
ceded that a reduction in Wages may bring about a reduction in Costs (though even this is doubtful, on account of the psychological factors to be intro-
duced), it is certain, in the first place, that Prices will be correspondingly reduced, in view of the existence of rings, and the needs of taxation; and even probable, in the second place, that the market will be enlarged by any reduction of Prices that may occur? Not only
World Affairs.

Our matter and stuff, not only out of spirit and form, is that Life and Organism made which is named the World. Our earth is an organism and a being, not only a globe and a coagulation of gas. The planet earth is an organism and a whole, and completely and perfectly so if the Species Man be considered its purpose and ultimate. Species Man is itself a world and an organism. That Earth and Man are one and the same being, one single unit of the universe. Both of them in their mutual fulfilment may be conceived as Geon. (We will retain this term for our purpose here.) Of matter and of spirit, then of substance and of form, both the globe of the Geon and its mind, Humanity, are created. Both the earth and its possessor, if taken as one, are dual in constitution; and everything on earth as well as everything in its master and guide, if taken separately, is dual in constitution. Out of duality, out of form and substance, all existence and all things are made. Geon itself, the World of Man, is a child of stuff and earthliness—which is the planet itself and all its telluric substance and weight—and of its form and heavenliness, which is Man himself, Universal Humanity. Out of the self-consciousness of power and modality, of eternal and temporal, of potentiality and actuality, every fulness and every life is made, every value and every meaning produced. What we wish to formulate here—rather what we propose to raise into consciousness to think about, to meditate upon—is one of the vital problems of human cosmogony and self-creation, the problem, namely, of internal functionalism of internal, of social physiology of mankind. For the world is one. Humanity is a whole. Both the world in its cosmic aspect and Man in his immense and Geonic aspect are organisms, beings. The nature of any organism, however, is its multiple and functional unity, its indivisibility, its life. The foreign policy of nations is conditioned by their individual constitution and the constitution of nations cannot but be dual. Race and anthropology are the spiritual and eternal dominant of the world's national functions. History and society are their material and temporal dominant; the British Empire has become the power-body of the Jewish genius in the world. England, a people of God, has become almost drowned in her own gigantic and clumsy power-body. Islam, Japan and Israel are gaining power on the earth through the instrumentality of Albion. Asia and the coloured world, Israel and the sub-Logicue elements, Islam and the Anti-Loom of the City, are growing in place and gathering vitality through the anti-Aryan and non-Sophian fear and greed of Albion. These primary phenomena of power-distribution in the world are facts crying for recognition; they are facts of uncommunicable, abstruse importance, of abyssmal, mystically potent, black and awful message.

The mystery of the Jew is profound. It is as profound as the mystery of Christianity and of the Incarnation. There is no antagonism in the world, no polarity which is more fundamental and obvious than the tension between the broken and the preserved, the divine and human, the separate and the infinite. The spectacle of Albion alone, of England prostrate before her own materiality, is a gruesome mystery equal in its depth to the riddle of Christology, and the riddle of cosmopolitanism, the Imperial search after a thing lying behind all things. Is Albion the only thing left in the race in the world? Is Albion an antithesis to Man? Is the British Empire an organ of Japan, her transitional power-body in the West? Is Islam, as a world-element, of greater importance than Christendom of Europe or the Aryan character of India? The sincere questions of pan-human anguish, of cosmicomic sense of our Western conscience. Is Albion, the imperialism of England really the power-body of the Antichrist? Is the denial of racial individualities of
people's a service to Universal Humanity? These are pertinent questions. Are human personalities or are biological units the basis of societies and of races? Is the organic chaos of the protoplasm, or the multiple and functional organism of a body the Pleroma of life? Is or is the hebdom of creation Pleroma of worlds? These questions must be asked to-day. The quintessence of the Jew is that he is not at one with the antithesis of Pleroma and is the antithesis of ecstasy. These questions must be asked to-day. The peoples a service to Universal Humanity? These are.

Infinite. He is outside the Absolute. Divinity is beyond him, whether it be behind or in front of him. Essence and eternity are not in him. But substance and time are; both these are essentially, triumphantly, in him. His magic is not theurgy and second birth, but mechanism and the conjurer's trick. The Jew is the antithesis of Pleroma and is the antithesis of ecstasy. The Jew is crisis and conflict, flux and unrest, mystery and problem made flesh. Such as the Jew is, he is an antithesis to Incarnation, and to the idea that humanity itself is of divine essence and is itself infinite. Such as he is, however, he has succeeded in converting England into Albion, and in weakening the power of the West in the world. For it is he who has taught Europe to worship Mammon, and has brought Capitalism, particularly England, he has dealt the Aryan Man's race a paralyzing and historic blow; and, except in Russia, he has battered and wounded Christianity, as the religion of Europe. Finally, and significantly enough, he has given a coarse and materialistic character to Socialism, to the very movement which would deliver humanity from the chains of coarseness, of Finance, of Capitalism. Israel is a holy race, as every race is. Israel is an organ of Sophia herself, a member of Man. Its mission is cruel and fathomless, a great and aeonian mystery. Let us inquire once more into its mystery of Jewish humanity is great. The individualised blossom, lives free from the transcendental and blood through the Species. By this holy and demoniacal essence we mean that divine and universal essence of which the Animal Kingdom and its World of the Seraphim are the carnal and anti-carnal presentations. This essence of glory and crime, this essence of power and sin let us call the psychic or animal mystery of the world. What is the relation between the animal Psyche, the Jewish race and the World of the Seraphim? What is the rôle of the Jewish Man in Universal Humanity? Why is the Jew turned against Sophia, against the organic order of the world, against the Organism of the Species? Why are the ideals and phrases of universalism and cosmopolitanism his tools for the undermining of Aryandom and the White race?

Let us now ascend into Gnosis itself, into Revelation itself. Let us ascend now and find our answer offered to us, eternally ready for universal humanness. The animal universe is the mode of the Divine Wrath on earth. The Animal Kingdom is the wrath of God. The AEon of the animal essence is Self-motion. This AEon is the container of cosmic madness and despair. The animal essence is the self-motion of desire. Man and humanity are the goal of the AEon of madness. Resurrection and creation are the purpose of the AEon of desire. Personality and self-guidance are Sophia herself and the AEon of the central Aeon of the Logos. The animal essence is the self-motion of desire, of the resurrectional desire of humanity, of the great pain of resurrection; and animal self-motion is nothing but the accumulation and concentration of the AEon of life. The world of vegetation is the triumph of life and the bliss of creation and the first resurrection. The animal is the spasm of creation and the invocation of Man. For the animal is the condensation and extraction of the typogenetic essence of the plant, the individualisation of the cosmic essence of sex. Plant is a life, animal is a being, man is a person. The animal is the crucifixion and crisis, the bridge between Life and Personality, between vitality and self-guidance. The animal is the cosmic price, the awesome price, which in the universal economy must be paid for the production of that ultimate reality, that highest concentration, which is man. Crisis and pain, tension and conatus, desire and revulsion are the animal essence in the universe and on the globe of Man. This is the voice of the revealed and perfect sempiternal Gnosis of the world.

Let us now approach the arcaneum of Israel's universal humanity by way of biological science. While the vegetable world is the producer or the inductor of life on the earth, the animal world is its consumer or conductor. In the blossom, in the thyrsus, the plant reproduces itself, gives eternally a new birth to itself. The thyrsus is the vehicle of sexuality and the immediate refuges, these three only salvations from ignorance and darkness should be our help and guide here. The mystery of Jewish humanity is great. The majority of other racial mysteries of Man are clear and accessible compared with the Jewish drama. Every resource of knowledge is needed here, every effort of reason imperative. Let us, therefore, begin with the beginning. Heat, oil, moisture, grease—this is the revelation of intuition's sincerity and justice here. Blood, desire, sensuality, magnetism—this is the immediate, unconscious, unavoidable reaction. It is an unconscious, unavoidable feeling. The Jewish essence seems truly to be will and passion, dream and desire—Unconsciousness—Instinct. Flesh seems to be the nature of the Semite; blood and lust seem to be the essence of the Jewish stock. We must express the verdict of our pan-human and sincere study of the Semite, in the name of Honour of the intellect and our purpose demand that we should not shrink from sincerity and truth, however cruel they may appear or however dangerous they may be. We believe that the Jewish essence in the world represents the animal essence of Man as engaged in the carnal and blood through the Species. This essence of glory and crime, this essence of the plant together with the complete synthesis of the plant itself. Out of this focus the general essence of animal life may be deduced; only, while the flower proper of a plant lives upon its own trunk and from it, the animal, an individualised blossom, lives free from the transcendent trunk that produced it, free in the sense that it can move. An animal is a sentient, self-contained genital. Its own vegetative ground is outside of it. The animal therefore lives upon vegetable creation, and depends upon it for its existence. It individualises and creates for itself the vegetative functions of the plant, but all this in the mode of the thyrus, of genitals. The ani-
Our Generation.

Divorce cases have recently been filling the law courts and the Press; and the unprecedented accumulation of them has become an event in the public mind as important, and perhaps with justice, as the Miners' Strike or the civil war in Ireland. One may believe, as I do, that the terms of divorce should be altered, that divorce, legally, should be made "easier"—but one cannot regard without a sort of vicarious shame, nevertheless, the line of polygamous failures who are waiting so impatiently to have their failure ratified. We Europeans have inherited from our race the ideal of monogamic marriage, perhaps our proudest, our most arrogant, ideal, implying a certainty of self-knowledge and self-control, a capacity to observe a balanced asceticism, a right to make a promise and to keep it for life, which are the truest of which human nature is capable. But the monogamic marriage is not merely a Western idea; it is a Western institution, springing out of the spirit of the Western people, and expressing the reality which is constituted by European society, character, conceptions and ways of life, monogamy is a necessity ordained by the nature of that reality. And it not only arises in the independent spirit of the European races; it fosters it and carries it on. The feeling of responsibility created among us the monogamic marriage, the autonomous family, and the autonomous family, sending its sons out to create families of their own, ordinates and enforces responsibility. This is not merely the European thing; it is the central, living tradition of Euro

The feeling of responsibility created among us the monogamic marriage, the autonomous family, and the autonomous family, sending its sons out to create families of their own, ordinates and enforces responsibility. This is not merely the European thing; it is the central, living tradition of Europe. So much for the institution itself; but when we turn to the ideal we discover that it is not something outside the institution. On the contrary, it is something without the existence of which the institution could not endure; if we did not hold as a dogma a belief in an ideal union between man and woman, then the institution itself would be bound to fail us. It is faith in precisely this dogma that has been disappearing during the last fifty years. People embrace monogamy more and more in the spirit of polygamists. They do not believe in marriage even when they marry, and that because, believing no longer in the reality of marriage, they do not believe in the religious signification of marriage, they do not realise either its racial significance, or its cultural significance. Nothing will be saved by denying to the wretchedly married the release of divorce; the divorce will not destroy the ideal of marriage, for the marriages themselves have done it. What remedy is left? The only one seems to be to rehabilitate marriage, to make the entry to it more difficult. That will inspire respect for it; the denial of divorce to the failures will not.

Dr. W. E. Orchard is an exponent of enlightened Christianity, and he has recently shown his enlightenment by making an attack on psycho-analysis. "Unless there is a tremendous reverence for the soul of man," he is reported to have said, "the results of psycho-analysis will be disastrous. In the street I hear a great many unpleasant words. I could write as fine a collection as a Billingsgate porter, and if I went out of my mind it might happen that a stream of them would come from my lips. They are in the dustbin of the mind, and that dustbin should not be disturbed." Strange words to come from a priest of the Light, or to come, indeed, from anyone but a "nice" man with delicate sensibilities, to which he is slave. For a religion which says that "the dustbin of the mind should not be disturbed," which is not concerned with the reality of evil, cannot know anything of the reality of good. Like so many of the enlightened Christians who want a religion that is suave, good-mannered, almost elegant, Dr. Orchard recoils in horror when he contemplates the psychology of evil; it violates his "tremendous reverence for the soul of man," a reverence which is questionable, to say the least, for it has so little respect for the soul that it would keep it in ignorance of itself. But the fundamental problem of religion is the problem of salvation; not a matter of correct demeanour, of elevating sentiments, of decent conduct; but the problem of transforming the evil in us into good. And for the solution of that the evil must first be recognised. Deus est demon inversus, but the demon is the nullity. It is his lack of a sense of spiritual reality, his lack of religion, that has disgusted Dr. Orchard with psycho-analysis. The new psychology may tell him something still which the more old-fashioned theologians could have told him: that "the dustbins of the mind" cannot be safely covered up, or, as a priest in his position would have said a hundred years ago, that the eye of God sees everything. Either we must disturb the dustbin of the mind" or it will "disturb" us. That is both psychology and religion; and it is astonishing that men should not know it.

The attitude of the Press towards the money question between ourselves and Germany is so typical that, conquering our nausea, we must comment upon it. Almost universally it is assumed by the Press that Germany's protest against the terms is sheer bluff, that she can not only meet them at a pinch, but that she can very well afford to meet them. And all this without a vestige of evidence given, without a guess at what Germany's resources are, without even a reckoning of possibilities. The public are led to believe by daily innuendo, that the terms of the Allies are reasonable, but nothing definite is stated. This is the method of suggestion which the Press habitually uses; by assuming that the truth is so-and-so, it convinces more surely than if it said that the truth is so-and-so; for honest men are not used to assume the truth of anything until it has been established. Of course the Press would not convince the public unless the public were willing to be convinced; it could not go directly against the inclinations of the public, and succeed. But there is little danger of that. In the public, as in all men, there are two sets of inclinations; the one moving upwards, the other moving downwards. It is to the latter that the Press speaks. The Press cannot go with impunity against the desires of the public; it is true that neverless Churchill and his Press, with their clear, strong, and decisive, for by reinforcing consistently the lower desires of the people, and ignoring the higher, it directs events as it will. Had the Press, for example, advocated from the beginning a generous policy towards Germany, there is no doubt that the British people would have approved it. But we forget that the owners of the Press would not on any account allow it to do that, or anything else good.

I said a few weeks ago that the humility and lack of enterprise of the clergy were their present justification, that boldness and originality would soon be with us, because it would be bound to be foolish. I had not an illustration of clerical rashness beside me at the time, but it has not been long in coming; the egregious prayer offered up by the Rev. B. G. Bourchier at the dinner which Lord Northcliffe gave recently to a bare 7,000 of his employees on the 25th birthday of the "Daily Mail" speaks for itself. "Thou hast endowed Thy servant Alfred," said Mr. Bourchier, "with man singular and excellent gifts. Grant him health and strength, wisdom and power from on high, that he may continue to serve his time and generation, holding ever aloft the torch of imperial faith, and guiding aright the destinies of this great Empire." Whether this is a toast or a prayer we do not know, but the Rev. B. G. Bourchier seems to evince in it more
respect for Lord Northcliffe than for God. And when we reflect that no one in our generation has more cynically and more successfully than the proprietor of the "Daily Mail" sought to delame Justice, Beauty and Love, we wonder however a clergyman can pay them homage. But our shepherds have, like sheep, gone astray.

Edward Moor.

Towards National Guilds.

It is essential to a full understanding of the Douglas-New Age analysis and synthesis that there should be no ambiguity about terms like Cost, Price and Credit. The subject of Credit, we will suppose, has been sufficiently considered for the time being, though we intend to return to it again and again. It is now the turn of Cost to receive a little attention.

Robinson Crusoe has often proved a very present help in time of economic trouble; and we owe no apology to anybody for invoking his aid on this occasion. Robinson, help us! It is clear that on his island and before Friday came, Robinson Crusoe had no use for Money; he had as little concern for financial Credit as our modern economic professors. "Money!" he would have said; "what is Money to me? I am concerned with delivering the Goods." And, truly enough, it was with Goods or (as we call it) Real Credit, and not with Money or financial Credit, that Robinson was vitally concerned. Robinson made Goods! Think of that again. Robinson made Goods and delivered them to himself for his own use. And since he made Goods, or, in other words, became a Producer in order to become a Consumer—he must have incurred Costs of Production. Production is impossible without involving a Cost of Production. Robinson was a Producer, and must therefore have incurred the necessary Cost. Question: What was the Cost incurred and how did Robinson "pay" it?

Robinson's stock-in-trade when he landed on the island consisted of three sets of assets: (a) the tools and materials saved from the wreck; (b) his own skill and character; and (c) the resources of the island. In the form in which they existed; that is to say, in their raw state—they were of no immediate use to him; Robinson made Goods and live upon his assets, his tools or his skill or the untreated, uncollected materials found on his island. No; he had to bring them together, to "assemble" them, and to "make" something out of them suitable to the consumption of a human being. And this is what he set out to do. As a result of production he "produced" shell-fish for his consumption, and berries and roots, by discharging the Cost of their Production, i.e., the expenditure of his energy in gathering them; and, later on, he expended the energy thus acquired by consuming the products of his labour in "producing" not only more consumable Goods, but in "producing" or "making" capital Goods— instruments to facilitate the increased production of consumable goods. For instance, he dug a patch of ground and sowed it with corn. He built a hut for himself. He made clothes to conserve his heat-energy of goat-skins. He became, in short, a capitalist proprietor capable of living partly on "dividends" derived from his capital investments in the means to production. This elaborate process, however, involved the payment of the necessary Costs of Production; and who, can ask what those Costs were.

We have seen that at the outset Robinson possessed three assets—his tools and ship-materials, his skill, and the resources of the island. They were, to say, his initial capital, or, as we may say, his Real Credit; and it was to be by their employment that Robinson was to live and prosper. Their use, however, involved their destruction; their consumption; their depreciation; for it is plain that (a) the tools would wear out with use; (b) Robinson's skill would decline with age; and (c) the given resources of the island would be liable to exhaustion. The Cost, in short, of Robinson's Production would be the Consumption of his original assets: the deterioration or depreciation undergone by his tools, his skill and the island's raw materials, and the consumption of their being "used" by Robinson for Production.

Supposing that Robinson Crusoe had been so foolish as to make no provision for the replacement of the goods consumed in the process of his production, the conclusion is obvious. In no long time (a) his tools would have been worn completely out, leaving no tool-less (b) his skill would have deteriorated with age without having provided him with an old-age pension in the form of accumulated reserves; and (c) the natural resources of the island would have been nearing exhaustion. Though having lived, we will suppose, like a fighting-cock what time he was "consuming" his assets in the process of production, his prospects at the end of the period would have been black in the extreme. He would be a poor man and his island would be a poor country. We know, however, that Robinson was not such a foolish fellow as this. On the contrary, he was a wise and practical economist. And what he immediately set himself to consider as soon as he realised that Consumption was the Cost of Production was this: How can I so consume that Production shall be worth more to me than the goods consumed? In other words, it will be seen that Robinson's object was to "make a Profit" on his business: not only barely to recoup himself for the deterioration or depreciation or consumption of his initial assets, but to create a margin, a surplus, a gain—an increase of his assets. Setting it out as a little account with himself, his calculation would be roughly as follows:—

Cost of Production equals depreciation of my initial Capital (tools, skill, raw materials); in short, the whole of my Consumption up to the end of the year's transactions.

Yield or Production equals appreciation of my Credit (in the form of better tools, more skill, cultivated resources).

Profit equals the difference between the Goods consumed and the Goods produced; or between Depreciation and Appreciation of my assets; in short, Profit equals the difference between my Consumption and Production; Production minus Consumption.

Let us take a year's trading on Robinson's account. He began operations, we have seen, with three assets or instruments of real Credit: (a) tools, (b) skill, and (c) raw materials. Supposing that at the end of the year, all these three had suffered deterioration and partial consumption. Robinson would be well on the way to real bankruptcy. On the other hand, supposing that Robinson was the good husbandman we know him to have been, his assets or real Credit at the end of the year would have been, as they were, far greater than they were at the beginning, in spite of the fact that his initial assets had undergone deterioration and partial consumption. At the end of his first year, Defoe tells us, Robinson Crusoe had an enormously enhanced real Credit at his disposal. His tools were inconceivably improved, bettered or appreciated; his skill was greater; and to the natural resources of his island he had added the credit value of cultivation. Relatively to his condition when he landed on the island, Crusoe at the end of his first year of trading was a millionaire. Comparing his wealth then and now he found himself a "profiteer" on the year's transactions. It is true that he had "consumed" a part of his assets; Production had "cost" him so much Consumption; but the resultant Production had much more than made good the Consumption; and his real Credit-balance (of Production over Consumption) showed a considerable Profit. He was entitled to regard the year as a year of prosperity.

Without fatiguimg our readers with superfluous repetition, we hope that the main point has now been made...
Divisible profit equals the excess of Production over Consumption. Further, that real Profit is the difference between Production and the values Produced. Real Profit is the difference between Production and Consumption. And, finally, that the available Dividend for distribution at the end of a consuming-producing period is just the same as the real Profit, that the real Cost of Production is simply and solely the difference between values consumed in the process of Production and the values Produced. Real Profit is the difference between Production and the values Produced. If we call the initial assets of Robinson Crusoe (or a nation or the world) real Credit, the formula runs thus: Divisible profit equals the excess of Produced over Consumed real Credit. We shall return to the subject.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The Phoenix recently revived "The Witch of Edmonton," a curious production "by divers well-esteemed Poets: William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, etc.", which apparently had not been played since its successful production in 1621. Mr. Montague Summers tells us in his notes that the play was based on a pamphlet written by the Newgate Ordinary, "The Wonderful Discoverie of Elizabeth Sawyer, a Witch, late of Edmonton, and Condemnation and Execution of the Devil -- the only one. who has sense enough to drive him out with beating is a clown. Moral: only a fool can save his soul from the Devil."

It is impossible to give any coherent idea of the patchwork that constitutes the play; it is too complicated, and most of the actors were reciting their lines without understanding them. They were at that stage of rehearsal when performance is only a test of memory; the sense of character does not begin to function until later. Miss Edith Evans was on the stage for only a few minutes, but those few minutes of raving mania were the acting triumph of the afternoon. She is, I think, the most versatile of our actresses, and certainly among the most powerful; Polonius alone could describe the range of parts I have seen her play, and make a poor performance among them. It is only the defects of the ordinary public that it does not appreciate acting, it only adores personalities; and Miss Evans is so versatile that the difficulty is to identify her. Some day the public will wake up to the fact that it has been seeing Miss Evans for years without knowing it—and then, I hope, she will give us a whole constellation of star parts.

Mr. Russell Thorndike gave us a curious study of the Dog-Familiar—fantasy played with a strangely flat-toned literalness that made the unreal seem real. The character is a queer blend of dogginess and devilry, obviously a poet's invention, and by its very nature more convincing to read than to see; yet Mr. Thorndike made the convention of a visibly invisible being acceptable, and in his scene with the clown, delightfully played by Mr. Frank Cochrane, he was as credible, in his quaintly fantastical reality, as a fairy tale. His sister, Miss Sybil Thorndike (a grossly overrated actress, in my opinion) gave us another example of her imperfect technique. She looked the crook to perfection; every movement of her had the diabolical suggestion of would-be witchcraft; but her voice did not fit her body, her imagination was not at work even in her cursing. She played the part as though she was horrified by it, instead of making it horrible to us; in the scene wherein she invited the Dog-Familiar to bestial congress with her, for example, her disapproval of the foulness with any conviction. There were many actor's chances in the part; for example, when she cried out against the brutality of people which drove harmless old women to seek super-natural means of revenge, the crazy pathos of it was meant to wring the heart. Miss Thorndike never got the right pitch; she only spat slaver, not venom, in her cursing; she did not believe in (but she disapproved of) the witch of Edmonton. If Mr. Joseph Dodd could have played the part of Old Carter, the yeoman, to perfection; and that pathetic comedy by the body of his murdered daughter (the baggage wouldn't speak to him, and he was accustomed to speaking with her) he spoke, etc.) would have been properly realised. The "natural" tradition made Mr. Dodd keep the whole character too quiet, too small; he is unequal in these dimensions, he is a natural character only when expanded to the size of Mr. Roy Byford. The verse parts were merely recited, frequently gabbled; Mr. Swinley particularly talked too fast and without emotional stresses, while the women seemed to be completely in the prose mood, and talked only with their lips and not with their hearts.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. A. B. Walkley manages, even in the pages of the "Times," to suggest the atmosphere of le beau monde, a phrase which should be left in French to indicate its origin. In a recent essay on Stendhal he only succeeds in not alarming his readers by skating lightly where the ice is very thin. "Quaint ugliness in men," he says, for instance, "is not displeasing to women," and then adds this query in brackets: "or where would most of us be?" Well, Mr. Walkley, where? He describes Stendhal's "De l'Amour" (the first English translation of which, for the way it began to appear in The New Age some years ago, to the complete indiscernibility of Mr. Walkley and his Stendhalian friends!) as "a delightful book to skim through." He quotes Renan as saying that "we Europeans are deplorably half-hearted in sex affairs" as if we were a reproach; as it may be, but scarcely in the "Times"! He would "really write like to know" the story with which Stendhal succeeded in shocking George Sand. And, in a still more daring stroke, he relates that the wife of a popular erotic novelist, "is not displeasing to women," and then adds the following sentence: "or where would most of us be?"

The business of the stylist is to get himself out of the foreground of Hudson's style is perfect English, the background is an English mood and not by any means compatible with mastery of English. I denote the English language." All that one could say would be: "That is the authentic voice of Carlyle." And it is not alarming his readers by skating lightly where the ice is very thin. "Quaint ugliness in men," he says, for instance, "is not displeasing to women," and then adds this query in brackets: "or where would most of us be?" Well, Mr. Walkley, where? He describes Stendhal's "De l'Amour" (the first English translation of which, for the way it began to appear in The New Age some years ago, to the complete indiscernibility of Mr. Walkley and his Stendhalian friends!) as "a delightful book to skim through." He quotes Renan as saying that "we Europeans are deplorably half-hearted in sex affairs" as if we were a reproach; as it may be, but scarcely in the "Times"! He would "really write like to know" the story with which Stendhal succeeded in shocking George Sand. And, in a still more daring stroke, he relates that the wife of a popular erotic novelist, "is not displeasing to women," and then adds the following sentence: "or where would most of us be?"

It says very little for literary criticism, both in France and in England, that people should still be concerned about the "style" of Stendhal. Stendhal had no style. Like Carlyle and others who aimed at integral self-expression, he had his own way of saying things, a personal manner; but style, in the strict and proper sense of approximation to the perfect norm of language, scarcely entered Stendhal's consciousness. There are, to my mind, two classes of writers, both of whom may be great. One class succeeds by the achievement of perfect personal self-expression; the other by the perfect impersonal expression of the genius of the language. And only the latter can be regarded as stylist. Whatever is idiosyncratic, betraying the peculiarities, even if they be virtues, of the actual writer, is excluded from the conception of style; for style, in its purest sense, is inherent in the language and not in the character of the writer. The business of the stylist is to get himself out of the way and to let the genius of the language speak through him. The other sort of writer, on the contrary, must subordinate the genius of the language to himself and employ language instead of being employed by it. Stendhal, it is obvious, belongs to this latter class. In spite of all his appearance of objectivism—cultivated as compensation for his temperamental romanticism—yes, I say it after re-reading "De l'Amour"; his temperamentality, in spite of his declared aim of writing in the style of the French Civil Code—Stendhal actually wrote in a script peculiar to himself. It was anything but the "perfect civil service calligraphy" at which the first class of writers aim; but it was a "flat unique. The barbarous terminology will be excused, I think, on account of its clarity.

The two types of writer just described are radically different as well as different in mode of expression. It is a question of real originality; for Carlyle could not, if he had tried all his life, write in perfect English style. Of nothing that he could write would it be possible to say, "There speaks the natural voice of the genius of the English language. All that one could say would be: "That is the authentic voice of Carlyle." And it was the same with Stendhal and French novelists who were of the style. Stendhal, could describe "thinking as you read" as being an act of intelligence "in defiance of nature" (a profoundly true remark) could be content to write academy French. Academy French, like academy or classical English, forbids the intrusion into the writer's mind of new and startling truths. I do not say, of course, that a perfect French or English style must be confined to commonplaces; it is, however, confined to what may be called the extraordinarily ordinary; whereas the other kind of expression is only tolerable to the degree that it contains extraordinary and individual perceptions, such as the one just quoted from Stendhal. The observation is important as a guide to young writers as well as to literary critics; for the test to apply to oneself and others, in respect of style, is the possession of real originality. Have you ever thought a new thought—your appointed expression is personal. Are your thoughts only elaborations or what not of common thoughts—you may succeed in writing classical English or French or whatever may be your native language. Your literary horoscope, in fact, is cast by the quality of your mind; and it is best that it be followed. Stendhal made a great mistake in ever trying to write French. He thereby not only failed to write French, but he never quite succeeded in writing Stendhalesse.

I have an affection for the "Little Review" which has not been disturbed by the appearance of the big little Review, called the "Dial." The excellent "Dial," now by far and away the best literary journal in the world, exists mainly to publish achievement; the "Little Review," if its editors have the support they deserve, exists mainly, and should more and more exclusively concern itself, to publish literary experiment. The "Little Review" should be the studio of which the "Dial" is the salon. By playing these complementary roles, these two American magazines might, at the same time, play into one another’s hands to their common advantage. A recent issue of the "Little Review" contained a symposium on Mr. W. H. Hudson, and I was struck by the contribution of Mr. Ford Maddox Hueffer. Hudson, for Mr. Hueffer, is "an unapproachable master of English." "There is no other English writer," he remarks—and the bearing on the foregoing notes on Stendhal is obvious—that you cannot say something about it in other words, who is without peculiarities. This is true up to a certain point; for Mr. Hudson's style is, indeed, perfect English as far as it goes. But I cannot get over the impression that, as a whole, while the foreground of Hudson's style is perfect English, the background is an English mood and not by any means the English character. Is there not, as I ask his readers, an air of triste-ness over Hudson's work, a filmy atmosphere of the rather melancholy than tragic? At any rate, it appears to me that even in his most robust romances—the incomparable "Purple Land," for instance—the prevailing mood is melancholy at the thought that it is the Purple Land that Engeland lost. Mr. Hudson writes, if I dare say so, in the twilight of consciousness between the present and the past; in a half-fact, half-dream; and while he certainly conveys romance as nobody else does today, it is romance already tinged with regret for its passing; it is not romance assured of its own immortality. This mood, I think, is responsible for a defect which Mr. Hueffer scarcely conceives when he says that Hudson is an "unapproachable master of English"; for it imports a quantity of over-niceness, over-sensitiveness, which is just not compatible with mastery of English. I denote the absence of the specific, English quality of force; and, I should say, drawing a bow at a venture, that the longer Mr. Hudson writes the less forcible will his style become. My mind knows that I am not seeking to detract from Mr. Hudson's achievements as a writer of English; but, with sobs and tears, I must regard him as a master of English only in the minor key; not a minor writer, he it is, whose thought is not lost.
The Will to Value.

"The Tyro," the new journal edited by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, is so unlike the ventures which old tradition and older fad launch periodically, and is so much a sign of the times which must soon be beginning, that one is compelled to come to some conclusion about it. The difficulty is that it is more puzzling than it need be; it is the herald of a new dawn which seems not to know exactly what its proclamation is. It is therefore both promising and disappointing; promising because it is concerned with values; disappointing because it does not enunciate the values clearly. Even to express the need for values is good, however, and this, in effect, is what the first number of "The Tyro" does. England is so unlike the ventures which old tradition assigned to support this superlative phenomenon; it is a mere subjective gush of emotional appreciation, devoid of the glimmering of a judgment, and that is the way of all our reviewers. But true criticism proceeds differently, in that it compares any given aesthetic expression with the realities of existence. Art is one way of representing reality, and criticism of art is nothing else but the rational assessment of this representation in accordance with some ultimate end of human action. But is that a criterion? Can art be assessed by something so vague as "some ultimate end of human action"? This is the order of valuation. First we must discover the function of man; then the function of art; and lastly the value of any work of art. If this order is not fulfilled we are left with nothing better than "mere subjective gush of emotional appreciation" and the belief that art is a personal idiosyncrasy—which is the assumption supporting the superstition of Bohemianism. It is true that, even without formulating a criterion, Mr. Read is justified in protesting in the name of intelligence against the absurd praise of Mr. de la Mare. Even by rule of thumb there are some things which can be proved false.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis contributes the best articles as well as the best illustrations. But again, while he says definitely what he has to say, he either does not say enough or else he says a little too much. He realises the generally unrealised psychological revolution which the war has created. "No time has ever been more carefully demarcated from the one it succeeds than the time we have entered on has been by the Great War of 1914-18. It is built solidly behind us. . . . To us, in this mood, the past is a mountain range that has suddenly risen bursting forth everywhere to-day. . . . So we have perhaps, more fatally from a distrust of all values. The dead never rise up, and men will not return to the Past, whatever else they may do. But as yet there is Nothing, or rather the corpse of the past age, and the sprinkling of children of the new. There is the unburied is not enough, though it is good; to entrench the new age and to make it prevail values must be found. The new movements in art need an aesthetic, and that can only be founded prophetically on the spirit of the era which is to come."

Mr. T. S. Eliot has two articles, one on "The Romantic Englishman, the Comic Spirit, and the Function of Criticism," and the other on "The Lesson of Baudelaire." They contain many just and acute observations, but they lack the hazard of a generalisation. The interesting thing temperamentally about Mr. Eliot as a critic is that while confining himself with almost fanatical rigidity to observation, he seems in observing to imply the possession of a set of very definite values. But when he is on the brink of a statement he always draws back—from a sort of intellectual asceticism—and denies himself the hazard of a generalisation. In an age which says too much and says it glibly it is a salutary fault to say too little and to say it grudgingly. But the obvious and the fatal thing about over caution of this kind is that it must involve its possessor in partial truths; he must leave nine-teaths of reality—on account of his very honesty—outside. Mr. Eliot's caution may spring from a distrust of his values, or, perhaps, more fatally from a distrust of all values. By virtue of his very caution, however, he is more sure in his judgments, and shows more reason in coming to them, than any other critic in England to-day. His observations upon the decay of the English myth in literature are, taken one by one, true, but simply because they are not synthesised, because no conclusion is drawn, they fall short of being illuminating. And this is really the general character of the first issue of "The Tyro." It is tentative, but tentative in a new way. The criticism of our own time is tentative because men doubt whether there are criteria at all, and certainly do not know them if they exist. The criticism of "The Tyro" is tentative because Mr. Wyndham Lewis and his collaborators do perceive the need for criteria, and, one hopes, the necessity of discovering and establishing them. Their imperfection is, unlike that of most of their contemporaries, a promise.

W. J. A.
I.
(1) Art is Manifestation.
(2) Manifestation is Deed.
(3) Deed is Revelation.
(4) Revelation is the End.
(5) The End is Perfection.
(6) Art is Magic.
(7) Magic is Life.
(8) Life is Divinity.
(9) Divinity is Humanity.
(10) Humanity is myself.

II.
(1) Existence I name Expression.
(2) Expression I name Execution.
(3) Execution I name Glory.
(4) Glory I name Weight.
(5) Weight I name Reality.
(6) Essence I name Form.
(7) Form I name Presentation.
(8) Presentation I name Idea.
(9) Idea I name Awareness.
(10) Awareness I name Expression.

III.
(1) Cognisance I call Art.
(2) Harmony I call Cognisance.
(3) Beatitude I call Harmony.
(4) Attainment I call Attainment.
(5) Unity I call Attainment.
(6) Love I call Unity.
(7) Work I call Love.
(8) Passion I call Work.
(9) Reality I call Passion.
(10) Pain I call Reality.

IV.
(1) Forlornness is Non-Existence.
(2) Non-Existence is Darkness.
(3) Darkness is Death.
(4) Death is Unconsciousness.
(5) Unconsciousness is Valuelessness.
(6) Chaos is Evil.
(7) Evil is Impotence.
(8) Impotence is Sin.
(9) Sin is Meaninglessness.
(10) Meaninglessness is Abyss.

V.
(1) Abyss I call Opportunity.
(2) Opportunity I call Heroism.
(3) Heroism I call Duty.
(4) Duty I call Creation.
(5) Creation I call Omnipotence.
(6) Beauty I call Liberation.
(7) Liberation I call Strength.
(8) Strength I call Giving.
(9) Giving I call Power.
(10) Power I call Necessity.

D. MITRINOVIC.
whole question turns upon the desirability of cure; personally, I see no sense in becoming a healthy savage if people are going to chop me about with axes. As the instance quoted by Mr. Carpenter was an execution, perhaps the axe-chopping symbolises Civilisation, and the extraordinary recovery symbolises Barbarism; but, if so, Mr. Carpenter's "Defence of Criminals" is quite. If an executioner cannot kill a criminal with an axe, it is Civilisation not Criminality that needs defence; and I have not heard of any healthy savage who has survived an attack by machine-gun, bomb, or poison gas. Indeed, when we think of it, civilisation probably began as a means of defence against barbarism; it has produced evils of its own, certainly, but the question is whether those evils are preferable to those of barbarism. It may be admitted that Mr. Carpenter was not thinking of barbarism as the alternative to civilisation; he was really thinking of the City of God surrounded by the Elysian Fields, where everybody did nothing else but cultivate the virtues and the graces. But it is not easy to share these visions thirty-two years later; we can see that civilisation is at war with the barbarian, both within and without; and the barbarian seems to have captured the weapons of civilisation. Instead of letting people chop him about with axes, he is using machine-guns and bombs; it cannot be pretended that he is using his brains, but I doubt whether any savage from Central Africa could show more endurance. If we do not practise deliberate in-fanticide (as Mr. Havelock Ellis reminds us, in a note, that the savage did), we are certainly adept at killing adults; and Mr. Lloyd George's assertion that posterity will honour the Black and Tans suggests that civilisation is curing itself by introducing the "more stringent natural selection" that Mr. Ellis says is "the reason for our greater health, vigour, and high spirits of savages." The invalids in Ireland certainly seem to be getting shot short it must never be forgotten that the ideal of the healthy man, the "whole" man, is capable of more than one expression. The civilised Communist of Mr. Carpenter's imagination has the same postulate of physical health as Nietzsche's blonde beast going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, or a Black and Tan expressing "natural selection" with a revolver—and in high spirits. Mr. Carpenter's ideal is really that of a higher civilisation, or, at least, a simpler one in the essentials of life; but the life that he is thinking of is the contemplative life, a life in which, for example, we denounce an abstraction called "Modern Science" and quote more modern science against it. It is doubtless healthy for the conscience of Europeans to be reminded of the more brutal facts of their relations with other continents, when these are presented, as Mr. Woolf presents them, in dispassionate manner. A strong point of the book is its insistence on the European character of the invasion of less developed lands; a weakness, its want of relation to earlier history. The "Expansion of Europe," to be rightly understood, must be seen as part of a world movement which began in the sixteenth century. Mr. Woolf, however, starts with the theory that "the active principle in a civilisation or in a policy is men's beliefs and desires." The later nineteenth-century imperialists believed imperial possessions to be economically beneficial to the mother-country, and, as far as tropical dependencies in Africa are concerned, this was a delusion. "If Britons, Frenchmen and Germans were to think that they have something to be, rational, they would see that the economic imperialism of their States in Africa has brought upon them great evils and little good." But their very persistence in irrational courses suggests that their articulate "beliefs and desires" were themselves only the effect of a profound cause. There is a difference between a Mr. Maffesoli's overlooks between "a policy" and "a civilisation." He can explain the one, but not the other. Few, however, will quarrel with his conclusion that "the European must himself help in undoing the evil which he has caused."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PROPAGANDA.
Sir,—Present and past students of London University, resident in London, who are interested in the Douglas-New Age proposals are invited to communicate with the London School of Economics.
Clare Market, W.C.4.

BASH, BUNTING.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.
Sir,—Dr. Young has used a book written by Dr. Bousfield as a peg on which to hang an exposition of certain of his own views on Freud and his school.
May it be permitted of one to enter a protest? The readers of The New Age may very possibly be interested in and derive enlightenment from Dr. Young's ideas, but there is surely no justification for setting up Dr. Bousfield's book as a representation of Freud's theories and proceeding to criticise it as such. Dr. Bousfield, according to Dr. Young, "allows himself to be an enthusiastic and perhaps necessarily slavish follower of Freud." Dr. Ernest Jones in a review of the book in the International Journal of Psycho-Analytic says: "to inculcate in a self-styled text-book of Psycho-Analytic, as part of the teachings of that science, views that would be repudiated as bizarre by every psycho-analyst in a procedure for which it is not easy to find a suitable epithet," and he characterises the book as "wholly superficial and exceedingly misleading."
Surely it would be more in accord with the decencies of discussion if Dr. Young would take his texts from the writings of Freud himself or from those of his accredited representatives. The assumption that Dr. Bousfield comes within the latter category is as amusing as it is unjustifiable.
H. TORRANCE THOMSON.

Dr. Young replies:
I am sorry Mr. Thomson thinks I have violated the decencies of discussion in my review of Dr. Bousfield's book. I thought I had safeguarded myself from such criticism by saying that Dr. Bousfield's exposition of both Freudian theory and technique were faulty. It is true I did not touch so much upon the fallacies peculiar to this book as upon what I conceive to be the fallacy of the exclusively Freudian interpretation of life, and its peculiar attraction for a certain type of "scientific" mind on the look-out for a cut-and-dried system which it is not easy to find a suitable epithet, and he characterises the book as "wholly superficial and exceedingly misleading."

Pastiche.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.
On a café seat, with a glass of liquor
To make eyes bright and brain work quicker,
You may think yourself indeed to be at a Spectacle moving as any theatre.
When for a minute the way is clear,
Squeeze back into the corner here.
We shall see something, sooner or later—
Yes, two glasses of vermouth, Waiter,
French and Italian mixed together,
To put our wits in a finer feather.
And make us view with a navel kindness
The ways of the heathen in his blindness.
Straight in front swings a great arc-light
Making a stage, whose wings are night.
I swear there are tears in your eyes.
To put our wits in a finer feather,
Our sense of reality mazes and troubles—
Are they human, or just dream bubbles?
Is it a pasteboard scene we see?
Are they puppets, or are we?
There goes the bourgeois and his wife,
Tethered fast to an ordered life.
He knows who sins must count on paying,
But yet can't keep his eyes from straying
(How his self-imposed chain rankles)
To a file de joie and her pretty ankles.
So he passes but others follow,
Their joy in living just as hollow
(Their stolen glances sly and thievish);
Their pride in virtue just as peevish.
See the boy who sidles near
To a bold brunnette, and in her ear,
What is it that longs to tell her?
—Hah, here comes the carpet-seller,
Pushing his way through the lounging throng,
As he carries his heavy wares along,
Displays his muslins, and his prints,
His furs, and scarves, and odds and ends,
All from Cairo he pretends.
Quite a disturbance in the crowd,
Then a voice that calls aloud—
"Hah, mes amis, come and hear,
Let both old and young draw near.
I will sing a song to move you,
One to make the sirens love you."
Here before our seat he stands,
A one-stringed fiddle in his hands,
A humorous face with eyelids blinking,
Well-cut features marred with drinking,
And a tired-wife with a wary eye
On the husband who would like to try
So many of the coloured liquors
Perched on a shelf where the gaslight flickers.
The voice tails off in a sorrowful sound,
The song is done, as it goes round.
And then he moves to another place,
His wailing voice and his merry face.
What makes all the passers stare?
There's a little child on the pavement there,
Seemingly lost from its mother's care.
It stretches hands to the sweeper boys,
For a moment she seemed to symbolise
All that a woman is at best;
Till you see with a shock the pencilled eyes,
The redden lips and the powdered face,
The short skirt worn with a catching grace,
The fate of whoever may take the lure...
Is the heart so much defiled,
That therein flame may not burn still?
I will sing a song to move you,
One to make the sirens love you."

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