NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It should be some satisfaction to offended foreign nations to know that English hypocrisy is not reserved for the export market; the home distribution is at least as considerable as our foreign trade in it. All the recent talk, for instance, of the necessity of this time making a "permanent settlement" of the coal industry even at the cost of "exploring every avenue that might possibly lead to a solution," would have indicated, in any other country than our own, a reasonable degree of determination to examine the subject practically and without prejudice. In no other country than England would it, at any rate, have meant that, in fact, the last thing sought was a permanent settlement, and the last thing meant was the exploration of the only avenue not hitherto explored. It is clear, however, that the very reverse of the meaning of these fine phrases has been in operation during the whole period of the coal stoppage, for to anybody who will take the trouble to review the history of the industry from the seventeen weeks' strike of 1894 down to the present moment, nothing is more obvious than the current slavish repetition of all the formulae that have done duty in the past and the equally slavish avoidance of any new idea. This reactionary attitude, moreover, is not confined, as it might have been supposed it would not, as it might have been supposed, to the "capitalist" and governing classes whose interests, according to the Labour leaders, are identical with conservatism. It is quite as characteristic of the very Miners' officials themselves. With the same liberal phrases on their lips, and with, it might have been thought, a thousand times greater need to make them good, the Miners' leaders have apparently been engaged in the industry will be thrown out of work. The financial oligarchy must be congratulated on its success in boycotting every mention of the Credit solution of the industrial problem; and we must confess ourselves, up to the present, to have hopelessly failed in our attempts to break the ring. On the face of it, the achievement of the oligarchy is somewhat remarkable, and it would be even more remarkable were it not the fact that the control of men's minds is largely a matter of the control of their money. For several years we have been engaged in putting forward a definite and practical scheme precisely adapted to the situation in which the nation finds itself: a Scheme, moreover, which has the singular merit of threatening none of the legitimate interests hitherto attacked by "Socialists," whether of "Capital" or "private pro-

The question, however, is: Will the "settlement," now said to be in prospect, work? Assuming what is undoubtedly the fact that Credit reform will be adopted only when the present system has not a single leg left on which to stand, is the prospective "settlement" of such a character, or can it be, that even the indispen-
sable single leg is provided by it? The answer, we are certain, is in the negative, and it is confirmed by every analysis that can be made of the assumptions upon which the "settlement" will rest. Let us take, for example, the fundamental assumption upon which it unfortunately appears that both parties agree nemine contradicente, namely, that Wages must be regulated by what the industry can bear in the form of Prices. How is it possible that a "settlement" can arise out of such an assumption when, as everybody knows, the original breakdown was on account of it? No improvement, to our knowledge, has taken place in the foreign market during the eight weeks of the stoppage; but, on the contrary, owing to the increased supplies of German, American, Chinese, and South African coal, and to the substitution of oil for coal, the demand, and, in consequence, the price, of English coal for export has actually fallen. There is no increased source of wages, in other words, in the foreign market. And at home it is no less certain that from a falling market higher prices are equally not to be expected; with this general consequence that, on the whole, the price-receipts from the actual sale of coal will be less after the resumption of work than they were before work was suspended. On the assumption, therefore, that Prices and Prices alone are the sole source from which Wages can be paid, the forthcoming "settlement," it appears to us, cannot possibly fail to break down almost as soon as it is made; and it must break down, we anticipate, in one of two forms. Either, within a very few weeks, wages will be subject to a further reduction not contemplated in the present "settlement," or literally hundreds of thousands of the men formerly engaged in the industry will be thrown out of work.

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property” or “individual enterprise” or “profits.” The Coal-owners, we affirm, have nothing to lose by the adoption of the Scheme; but, on the contrary, a world to gain. The Miners themselves we can confidently promise such results from the adoption of the Scheme as would surpass their wildest dreams. And the community as a whole, for the Scheme in its industrial history, would find its advantage in the closest cooperation between Capital and Labour in the form of an unprecedented and progressive reduction in Prices. In spite, however, of the menace of the existing situation, the admitted inability of all the parties to find a middle path for their laws and sundry to come forward with suggestions, and the not unrespectable record of The New Age in the matter of industrial ideas, it is the fact that up to the moment of writing not one of the parties or any of their organs has directly approached the serious consideration of the remedy we have offered. Can the reason for this remarkable silence be anything but remarkable; and need it be sought further than in the source where alone it can originate, namely, the financial control almost visibly exercised over public and private opinion? The rumour has reached us, in fact, that the Scheme has been discussed in the highest quarters and been pronounced “dangerous.” From that decision to the phenomenon of the general silence the passage is by telephone; for a “free Press,” as we go without saying, hardly exists in this country.

The “Spectator” and other journals continue to confuse a Credit with a Subsidy and to direct against the former all the criticisms properly directed against the latter. Let us say again, therefore, that as far as we are concerned, all the arguments against the subsidising of the coal industry or of any industry out of the pockets of the taxpayers are irrelevant; we accept them without reserve and would go further, in all probability, than even the “Spectator” in the denunciation of “subsidies” in general even to the length of supporting a movement against “taxation” in any form. But a Credit, as we were saying last week, differs from a Subsidy by almost every conceivable meaning that can be given to the two terms. A Subsidy is a transfer of purchasing power from one set of individuals to another set of individuals; it makes somebody poorer in order to make somebody else richer. A Credit, on the other hand, is a fresh creation of purchasing-power in proportion to the existing supply of effective demand; in other words, it makes somebody richer without making anybody poorer. A Subsidy, again, is a transference of spending power without immediate regard to the existence of the real Credit on which it is nominally based; whereas a Credit-creation such as we have proposed implies and necessitates a previous real creation of Credit of which the financial Credit is only the subsequent token and agent. Applied to the coal industry, for example, what, in fact, would be the issue of a Credit mean? It would not mean that the State would advance a hundred millions more to gain. The Miners themselves we can confidently affirm this conclusion we affirm that the means to this wage-betterment exist in the actual capacity of the world to produce goods in greater abundance than before the war; in short, that the world in general and our own nation in particular are really richer in productive resources than before the war. The “Daily Herald,” on the other hand, is convicted of willing the end while denying that the means exist. Wages and the distributed purchasing-power it declares should be increased; at the worst they should not be reduced; and yet “the truth cannot be hammered in too often” that we are a poorer nation!

The Labour Party can be trusted not to draw undue attention to the vote of the Co-operative Congress last week against political affiliation with the Labour group, for the decision is plainly a serious reflection on its political conduct, and casts more than a doubt on its political future. We have often been criticised (privately, of course) for denying that the Labour Party as such or in anything like its present form has the smallest prospect of forming a Government. It is a fact, of strengthening its present negligible group-character; but the longer this organisation continues in nominal being, the more apparent to everybody will its failure to create a real party become. Political parties under the best of circumstances are comparatively elementary forms of group-association; but even to exist at all, and, still more, to arrive at power, it is essential that they should embody an “idea,” at least of the dimensions of the nation itself, and representative of one or other of the main currents of the nation’s life. Furthermore, no political party or group can be larger than the leading minds engaged in it. In the case of the Labour group, however, not only is the essential feature of a national policy altogether absent—the Labour Party having taken over merely the sediments of Radical thought—but even the fragments of a political integration which, even when put together and pooled, cannot form a vehicle for ideas larger than those of the parish pump. And, what is natural under these circumstances, but equally fatal to its future, not only is the Labour group without ideas of its own, but its inaccessibility to ideas amounts to a positive philo-Semitism. The Co-operative movement is not in itself particularly distinguished for intelligence; it is a practical organisation whose higher direction is left to chance as manipulated mysteriously by Barclays Bank. But it has the sense to avoid close association with a similar group equally destitute of political ideas, and to plough a fruitless furrow alone. If there what in reality is a calculated lie when it is no worse than a stupidity, “that the war has left us a poor country,” cannot, we agree, “be hammered in too often” to please the financial dictatorship. Nothing, it is plain, would better suit the book of the financiers than the unchallenged assumption that it is not the financial system that is to blame for the existing chaos, but the war, human nature, Labour demands, Bolshevism—anything, in fact, but their own monopoly of the means of distribution and exchange. Were it, however, the fact, as the “Daily Herald” deliberately or ignorantly asserts, that the war has left us poor, what possible excuse can there be for the Labour Party in resisting the current wage-reductions, not only below their war level, but below their pre-war level? Something is surely wrong in an attitude that, on the one side, asserts that the nation is poorer than it was before the war, and, on the other side, resists wage-reductions and affirms that the pre-war standard of wages should be actually raised. We have no doubt ourselves that wage-reductions are unnecessary; we assert, indeed, that, either directly or indirectly, considerable increases in the wage of the coal miners are indispensable to the solution of the world’s industrial problem; wages all over the world must be raised to save the world from further disaster. But at the same time that we affirm this conclusion we affirm that the means to this wage-betterment exist in the actual capacity of the world to produce goods in greater abundance than before the war; in short, that the world in general and our own nation in particular are really richer in productive resources than before the war. The “Daily Herald,” on the other hand, is convicted of willing the end while denying that the means exist. Wages and the distributed purchasing-power it declares should be increased; at the worst they should not be reduced; and yet “the truth cannot be hammered in too often” that we are a poorer nation!
were any real life in the Labour movement, the failure of Mr. Henderson and his colleagues to win the support of the Co-operative Congress is not unexpected. Neither England nor America can be estranged. Neither England nor America sacrificed a million men. A German menace to Europe, come it when it may, is a German menace to Europe, England and the world; and the security of France is therefore less to be looked for either in the strength of France or in the weakness of Germany than in the world's abiding need of France and the integrity of France.

There is, moreover, another line of reply which, with a little less excuse, Mr. Lloyd George with his day to day outlook and insular conceptions failed to take. As we have often observed, apart from its economic causation, the dominant unconscious motive of the entire European Civil War was the need to integrate Europe. Like its predecessors it failed, but there ought to be no doubt that the attempt will be renewed, since the integration of Europe is an indispensable condition of the integration of the world. It is not for the sake of the League of Nations, with or without the cooperation of America, in the absence of a solid European nucleus. On the other hand, given a federated Europe, the League of Nations would be either a reality or a superfluity. It remains to be seen whether the next attempt to unify Europe will fail to achieve its purpose or succeed where its predecessors have failed. In this task of unification, however, neither France nor Germany is called upon to play the role of hegemony; in fact, as history has conclusively proved, the dictatorial hegemony of Europe is impossible to any single nation. Such is the spiritual nature of Europe that neither Caesar nor Charlemagne, neither Napoleon nor Prussia, could impose an external uniformity upon her in the absence of the consent of all her parts. France entertains the notion still that she alone is the heir of the European tradition and that upon France in excelsis lies the responsibility of the integration of Europe. The day for a Europe dominated by the Roman tradition, however, past, and equally for a Europe dominated by German or Slav or Anglo-Saxon ideas. What is urgently needed is a concept of Europe as Europe is and must become: a Europe functionally organised and only integrated by subordination of the parts to the whole. And the racial blocks, as they already exist, appear to us to indicate plainly the direction in which such a unity is to be sought. All Europe, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts. There is the Latin block, the racial and cultural inheritors of the Roman tradition associated with Peter; the Slav block, racially and culturally associated with the mystical John; and the Anglo-Teutonic block similarly associated with the humanity of Paul. An integral Europe demands the specialisation of the functions of each of these groups and their co-ordination in a single spiritual organism, that of Europe as a whole. And the foreign policies of the respective leaders of the three groups should be directed both to this specialisation and to their simultaneous co-ordination: federations of the Latin, the Anglo-Teutonic and the Slav nations in conscious self-direction towards a European triple federation.

what if the worst of the French imaginings be grounded in fact? Let us suppose, for the sake of the hypothesis, that Germany is unchanged and is merely hiding her time for revanche; let us suppose, still further, that France in the meanwhile falls into isolation, abandoned as it were, by her former Allies; finally, to make the worst hypothesis complete, let us suppose that, taking advantage of this isolation, Germany were to propose to attack France—would not the same motives that previously operated to bring England into the war on the side of France be operative again, and with the same result, namely, that German aggression upon France would be instantly repulsed by England as well? France is well aware that it was not for her beautiful eyes alone that England and America sacrificed a million men. A German menace to France, come it when it may, is a German menace to Europe, England and the world; and the security of France is therefore less to be looked for either in the strength of France or in the weakness of Germany than in the world's abiding need of France and the integrity of France.

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World Affairs.

The federation of Europe, the synthesis of Europe, is the primary condition of the Alliance of Humanity, of the world-synthesis. Not Columbia but Europe, not Yamato but Europe, is the centre of the world and the conscience of humanity is the focus and consciousness of the Human Kingdom.

Europe is consciousness. The holy throes of the globe-to-day are the pangs of the Æon of Personality and Consciousness, the crisis, the tension, the vortex of the Sophian incarnation. For Christ means consciousness. Incarnation means personality. The Redeemer was the primary and central incarnation of humanness or personality, the historic appearance of Universal Man. Jesus the Messiah is and was and will remain the personification and embodiment of the human essence, of the cosmic essence of humanity. Consciousness and personality are the essence of Universal Humanity. But the appearance of Universal Man on the plane of history is only the anthropogenetic fulfilment of the centre and of the form of the Eternal Mystery. It is not the fulfilment of its periphery and its content. Logos is the centre and the form. Sophia is the periphery and the content. We say that Sophia is the periphery and the content of the Divine Mystery. Universal Humanity itself, the human ocean, however, is the content of Logos. Jesus is only the centre of the world. Humanity is his content. Sophia is the content of the Redeemer.

The human whole, the world’s whole, therefore, must pass through the same process of theophany. Even the cosmic whole must pass through the same process of theophany. Impersonation, individuality is this process. The human whole, every spirit, must pass into the state of the Hol-Spirit itself; of Pleroma; of Sophia. The Infinite attains Pleroma and the Holy Spirit by becoming personal, finite, concrete. All finiteness and all earthliness attains the same divine state by becoming infinite, universal, abstract. Indefiniteness is Pleroma. The Infinite and the Finite are one in the Indefinite. Pleroma is omnipotentiality and freedom. Indefiniteness is life.

Indefiniteness, however, is both life and crisis, life and chaos, life and crucifixion. Europe is crucified, and alone, to-day. Disaster and humiliation and a lost cause is the Pleroma and Harmony of the World to-day. For Europe and the close of the epoch is to-day. This continent is the balance and the completeness of the world. Not Asia and not America, not Australia and not Africa, but this continent and being, is the judgment and the standard of humanity, the measure and the mirror. Europa is the norm and the entelechy of the world. The globe and mankind are in all verihood the content and the material of its own form and focus. Such as Europe is, and with all her abominations and betrayals of human ideals, such is the world. America and Japan are not the leaders of humanity. Europa and Israel are the inscrutable leaders. The principles and essences are the leaders. Of the Messiah and of unification—and of organic unification—Europa is the power body and telluric body. Of unification again, but of chaotic unification, the People as Israel, the power-body and mystic presence. Antichrist and Christ are the fundamental polarity of history and of the Species. Europe and the Jews are the foundation. Upon Christendom and upon Jewry the future of the Species primarily depends. (Not upon America. Not upon Japan. Not upon Islam.) And such as Europa is, such are the world’s wants, and is in her crisis of Sophian birth, in the cosmic throes of the Æon. It is the Æon of Sophia itself, it is the third Testament itself, it is the Covenant of the Species itself—the Dispensation of the Superman and nothing less—that is now breaking itself, and breaking the world, in order to accomplish the anthropogenetic plan and needs of Providence. This most majestic and heavenly Æon is the emergence of the Superman and the emanation of Personality. This world-saving Æon of Superhumanity is the initiation of all, is the lifting of the democratic humanity into socialist humanity and the lifting of socialist humanity into seraphic humanity. For democracy and liberalism were a great emancipation of human souls. Socialism and individualism are a still greater emancipation. Cosmic consciousness, seraphic transfiguration, will, however, be an emancipation yet greater. Awareness, awakening, consciousness is the vehicle of the Great Round, the closing and personifying, exemplifying and finiting the Infinite is the mystery of every incarnation. Our Æon, the cosmic cause of our terrible crisis, bears witness to the need of the Eternal to become flesh in Universal Humanity, to reach supra-humaness in all men. Our Æon is the swing of the Æon of and the Race on their way to their predestined maturity. Maturity, however, is responsibility. The Æon of freedom and consciousness is our time, of freedom and the dignity of all souls. Our time is the coming of age of Man, the entrance of the responsibilities of humanities into Europe. Our Æon is the merging of cosmic evolution into the history of humanity. From now onwards freedom, personality and consciousness will grow on earth, and the joy and fury of the spirit will become the very norm of living. Indefinite crisis, however, and crisis, a temporary eclipse and descent into the infernal regions, is a necessity and is the sacred necessity for Europe and the planet of mankind.

Europa is consciousness. America and Japan are not the leaders of the world. Europe is the leader of the world. The incipient dispensation of Sophia is the hour of the collective and universal incarnation of Logos in the world. Jesus of Nazareth is only the central and only technically the unique theophany and anthropotheosis. Europa herself is only technically and functionally the foundation of Sophia herself and of the world itself. Yet upon the basis of this continent the work must be built. Europe is consciousness in Providence, in Eternity, in God, though she is not consciousness just now in this hour of her prostration and fainting and unconsciousness. The problem of the world, the central and primordial problem, is how Europe can regain consciousness and show that she can still do this for the first time. For the obvious and popular wisdom that a league of States, that a world-State, that a universal State of the world is a necessity and the salvation—this ubiquitous and perfect wisdom is a wisdom of the world’s unconscious only; and it is only the unconscious want of the world, its want, not its supra-conscious need. What the world really and infinitely needs is only its own predetermined, eternally and providentially desired Life and Pleroma. The world is in need of its own organic life. Of its own fullness. The essence of humanity, however, is consciousness. The divinity of Man is self-guidance. Responsibility and choice are what constitute the function of man. And humanity is Sophian and collective just as much as it is Logioic and personal. Our crisis to-day is the convulsion of the world’s Providence and Destiny in finding their own balance and function in Freedom. And Freedom is the Anthropos. Responsibility and consciousness in the world is as much a distinction of races, classes, states, societies, movements, masses, as it is a distinction of concrete men, women and children, when children, women and men live for Humanity Universal. Our crisis is the attempt of Humanity to reach its own focus, Europe, and the search by Europe to find the principle of pan-human order.

M. M. COSMOL
A Practical Scheme

FOR THE
Establishment of Economic and Industrial Democracy.

THE (MINING) SCHEME.

[The following exemplary Scheme, drawn up for special application to the Mining Industry, is designed to enable a transition to be effected from the present state of industrial chaos to a state of economic democracy, with the minimum amount of friction and the maximum results in the general well-being.]

DRAFT SCHEME.

I.

(1) For the purpose of efficient operation each geographical mining area shall be considered as autonomous administratively.

(2) In each of these areas a branch of a Bank, to be formed by the M.F.G.B., shall be established, hereinafter referred to as the Producers' Bank. The Government shall recognise this Bank as an integral part of the mining industry regarded as a producer of wealth, and representing its credit. It shall ensure its affiliation with the Clearing House.

(3) The shareholders of the Bank shall consist of all persons engaged in the Mining Industry, ex-officio, whose accounts are kept by the Bank. Each shareholder shall be entitled to one vote at shareholders' meeting.

(4) The Bank as such shall pay no dividend.

(5) The capital already invested in the Mining properties and plant shall be entitled to a fixed return of 6 per cent., and, together with all fresh capital, shall continue to accrue to the depositors.

(6) The Boards of Directors shall make all payments of wages and salaries direct to the Producers' Bank in bulk.

(7) In the case of a reduction in cost of working, one half of such reduction shall be dealt with in the National Credit Account, one quarter shall be credited to the Colliery owners, and one quarter to the Producers' Bank.

(8) From the setting to work of the Producers' Bank all subsequent expenditure on capital account shall be financed jointly by the Colliery owners and the Producers' Bank, in the ratio which the total dividends bear to the total wages and salaries. The benefits of such financing done by the Producers' Bank shall accrue to the depositors.

II.

(1) The Government shall require from the Colliery owners a quarterly (half-yearly or yearly) statement properly kept and audited of the cost of production, including all dividends and bonuses.

(2) On the basis of this ascertained Cost, the Government shall by statute cause the Price of domestic coal to be regulated at a percentage of the ascertained Cost.

(3) This Price (of domestic coal) shall bear the same ratio to Cost as the total National Consumption of all descriptions of commodities bears to the total National Production of Credit, i.e.,

\[
\text{Price per ton = Cost per ton} \times \frac{\text{Money value of Total Production}}{\text{Money value of Total Consumption}}
\]

[Total National Consumption includes Capital depreciation and Imports. Total National Production includes Capital appreciation and Exports.]

(4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage.

(5) The Price of coal for export shall be fixed from day to day in relation to the world-market and in the general interest.

(6) The Government shall reimburse to the Colliery owners the difference between their total Cost incurred and their total Price received, by means of Treasury Notes, such notes being debited, as now, to the National Credit Account.

What the Scheme Would Effect.

1. The former rates of Wages could be resumed at once: no reduction of Wage-rates.

2. The former Salaries and Dividends could be resumed: no reduction of Salaries or Profits.

3. The price of domestic coal could be reduced to one-quarter of its present level.

4. The existing ownerships, directorates and managements could be continued: no "attack" upon Capital, Private Property, or the legitimate exercise of the privileges of Capital administration—price-fixing alone excepted.

5. The Miners' Federation would be enabled to become (a) financial partners in the industry; (b) joint partners in control; (c) joint owners of the Capital and Credit of their industry.

6. The strongest incentive to efficiency in the reduction of Costs is provided.

7. At the same time, competition is maintained as the mainspring of enterprise.

8. Prices, beginning at one-quarter of their present level, could be progressively reduced as the efficiency of the nation's industry was increased.

9. The price of export coal could be fixed in accordance with policy and irrespectively of the "world-market." We could have all the trade we could handle.

10. No more strikes or lock-outs in the industry.

11. The Miners' Federation would become a responsible factor in the industry.

12. The example set by such a settlement in the coal industry would be quickly followed in other industries, with the result that prices all round would fall 75 per cent., while leaving all the parties satisfied.

13. The financial monopoly, now exercised by a few individuals to the disadvantage of the whole community, would be definitely broken.

14. An end would be put to the mistaken antagonisms of Labour, Capital, and the Community. These three are mutually necessary and have no real cause of quarrel. They have been kept divided by the private controllers of credit-power. The Scheme would reunite them.

15. No nationalisation is involved.

16. No expropriation.

17. No bureaucracy.

18. No trustification in the interests of high prices.

19. No political interference of any kind whatever.

20. No centralisation of power or control.

21. No violent or enforced change in any of the existing administrative arrangements. All that would immediately occur, on the adoption of the Scheme, would be (a) the resumption of work and (b) a 75 per cent. fall in domestic coal prices at the pit-head.

22. The Miners' Federation would be transformed from a Trade Union fighting for wages against the Owners over the greatest body of the Consumer into a Guild engaged in producing for itself and the community: end of the destructive period of Trade Unionism; beginning of the constructive period.

23. The practical answer to Bolshevism, Marxian Communism, and all other "Left" movements demanding the "abolition" of the "capitalist system."

24. The "poor" would tend to become rich, without requiring, as a condition, that the rich should become poor.

25. Except for a handful of power-fanatics, everybody in the community would find himself better off immediately, and on the way to progressive betterment. Nobody, save the aforesaid, would suffer in the smallest degree; but all would benefit.
Our Generation.

England—or at least the English Press—has during the last fortnight become a prophet of innovation. It has suddenly come to the conclusion that coal is not, after all, the fuel that will stoke the future—or is it the present? This conclusion has not been arrived at by anything so visionary as revolution, but by the concrete discovery of a new fuel which no one had heard of before. Oil! England has discovered oil. A providence assuredly watches over us—I mean those of us who will live in this favoured country. For it was just when coal seemed to be vanishing like a Governmental promise into thin air, just when our future, into which several hundreds of captains of industry hourly send their present gaze, appeared to be without promise or comfort, for finance or anything else, that the vision of oil was vouchsafed us; and now we know that the people will not perish, though the miners and their families may. Thus out of evil—we mean the blasphemous attempt of the miners to secure a living wage—good has arisen; oil has been discovered. But we are not dupes of reason to infer from this that the strike has in any way been justified. The strike was bad because it put us to inconvenience: oil is good because it is adding and will add more and more to our convenience. So with sound pragmatism we curse the miners and hail the new era which their crime seems to have inaugurated. There is really something farcical about every innovation which is introduced into this country; either it is forced upon us unwillingly by economic pressure, and at the sacrifice of vitality by one section; or it is the outcome of a belated, absurd discovery, like that, recently made, of oil. The fact is that we have to have anything forced upon us, even progress; and if we do discover something we prefer that it should have been discovered by everyone else, except the subject races in our dependencies, first. In a people constituted like us violent periodical action by sections is necessary if progress is to be made. We do not think unless we are compelled to; the strike of the miners was a shock which compelled our mind to make a response, to move and to move out of its beaten path. So our best and the worst reasons, in the necessity for crucifixion. So long as we remain what we are, that is, a people who will not think positively, it is obvious that we shall never take a step forward unless we are compelled to do so by suffering inflicted upon us generally, or self-inflicted by a vital section of us. Crucifixion is one of our “key” industries; we could not get on without it. It is more vital than the mining industry, for while we have “discovered” a substitute for coal, there is none for crucifixion—except, of course, positive reason and positive emotion, which demand, unfortunately, a willed revolution.

The more one reflects upon the general impotence of our time; on the fact that great ability or great inability is present in no class in the “community,” but that everywhere there is uniform, respectable, maddening mediocrity, which can neither shape nor be shaped, for it is too impotent for the one and “intelligent” for the other—the more one reflects on this the more one is driven to the conclusion that with a populace absolutely ignorant, a populace which could neither read nor understand, there would be more hope for a radical change of our condition. As a nation we are literally the abomination which the New Testament tells us God spews out of his mouth: we are neither hot nor cold, neither bond nor free, neither good nor evil. In the world of thought we commit every mistake. We are not merely superstitious, merely slavish, merely apathetic; if we were, then, while we could not ourselves do anything, at least someone might do it with us. There would be hope at any rate. But we are superstitious with intelligence, an abomination humanly and spiritually, for intelligence is a shining sword to destroy superstition. We are slavish with a constant insistence on our independence, a worse state than the simple and terrible condition of slavery, with less dignity, less sincerity, and less hope for a revolutionary, antithetic act of emancipation. And it is the same with all our other qualities. We have virtues which are not attainment and vices which are not potentiality. If we were a little more ignorant, a little more slavish, it would be actually better, for our state would be such that we should be forced to feel shame, and therefore to act, and to act radically, to wipe out our ignominy. But the little admixture of intelligence in our prejudices, the smallest dose of freedom in our servitude, saves our self-respect and protects us from the shame which might be our salvation. The practical result is that we are not good enough to lead and too good to be led. It is universally assumed that among us no revolution such as Lenin created out of the natural force of Russia, that no kind of revolution at all, indeed, would be possible. One is supposed to be comforted by this thought. But it is small consolation to reflect that we are incapable of revolution; and that it is not self-restrained nor even restrained, merely spiritual incapacity which keeps us safe. For if we are not capable of a revolution by force, neither can we be capable of a revolution by thought, a thing requiring much more concentration. I am not of course advocating a revolution by the spiritual state of the nation; that would be sufficiently ridiculous; but that there is no danger of it shows also, one must conclude, that there is no opportunity of sublimating it into a revolution of ideas. However, we must continue to congratulate ourselves on our worst qualities; for we should be far worse without them.

The present preference of the English for dead forces over living ones has had a striking, almost an absurd, illustration in the last few weeks. Honour has been done to Napoleon; and it is good that it should have been done. The only fault to be found is in the manner of doing it; the men of letters have been altogether too official, too much like a toast; and too narrow; Napoleon has been honoured as a Frenchman and not as a European—and a greater misunderstanding and mockery of Napoleon than that not even his panegyrists could invent. But so may all of us. We are not merely superstitious; we are not merely apathetic; for while we have “discovered” a substitute for coal, there is none for crucifixion—except on the recollection that this is a providence assuredly watches over us—I mean those of us who will live in this favoured country.

Shelley, Hazlitt, Scott, even Wordsworth, were violently concerned; so were the common people, and the indifference of modern men to Napoleon, paid mostly by literary men. The inconceivable thing—except on the recollection that this is England—is that these same literary men ignore Lenin. For he is a force of the same scope; and to the men of letters who were contemporary with Napoleon took sides in the European issue which he raised, and espoused their cause with passion. Hardly a letter passed from one to another without a comment upon Napoleon. When the tidings about Waterloo came to Byron, he shook his fist in the air and exclaimed, “I am damned sorry!” Shelley, Hazlitt, Scott, even Wordsworth, were violently concerned; no, they were more concerned than the common people, and the indifference of modern men to Napoleon, paid mostly by literary men. The inconceivable thing—except on the recollection that this is England—is that these same literary men ignore Lenin. For he is a force of the same scope; and great forces must recognise one another.

Edward Moore.
the production of "Othello" at the Court Theatre, emphasizes Mr. Fagan's limitations as a producer. He fails with poetry, he fails with passion; nothing but Shakespearean humour seems intelligible to him. I came away protesting like Othello, that I was "not much mov'd"—a singular frame of mind after witnessing the most robust, I think, of Shakespeare's tragedies. If we may judge by the fact that this Othello has no fits (although Shakespeare's had two), we can only suppose that Mr. Fagan is really scared of passion— as scared as he is of sensuousness. Desdemona, although as virtuous as a Lyceum heroine, appealed primarily to the sense of Othello:

O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.

wast not spoken of the demure virgin in a fair wig whom we usually see. Desdemona was "a super-subtle Venetian," with a "hot and moist" hand; "for here's a young and sweating devil here," says Othello.

"'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well.

Observe her urging Cassio's cause, exploiting all her command of Othello's sensibilities, so that Othello has to beg her "to leave me but a little to myself"; and when so left, cannot settle down to work without explaining:

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Even Iago's salacity is not denied, it is only "sublimated," by Cassio; "she's sport for Jove," says Iago: "she's a most exquisite lady," corrects Cassio. "And, I'll warrant her, full of game," continues Iago. "Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature," prefers Cassio. And so forth. But whoever saw on the stage such a Desdemona, with her "inviting eyes," and "when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?" I have never seen a Desdemona who could even be suspected of adultery, and Miss Madge Titheradge's "Maiden's Prayer" in satin did not begin to suggest it. The only way to play Shakespeare is to build up a character, not merely recite the words, not merely of his terrible emotions; that of Shakespeare's Iago accusing Bianca of the crime, and moralising on "the fruit of whoring." It was impossible to understand from Mr. Rathbone's playing how Iago in "Othello" speaking of the embraces of Desdemona; Mr. Tearle delivered it solemnly like a requiem over Miss Madge Titheradge. It won't do; actors have got to add a physical expression to Shakespeare's words, not merely recite them.

The Iago of Mr. Basil Rathbone was the worst failure of all. We know that Iago was twenty-eight years of age; Mr. Rathbone looked that, unlike Mr. Arthur Bourchier's very battered "ancient"; we know that he was a fluent talker, although he accused Cassio of being "a knave very voluble" (no one who saw Mr. Frank Cellier play Cassio would think it); but he "weigh'd his words before he gave them breath," as Othello said, he impressed people with a sense of his "honesty," he carried weight, as Mr. Rathbone's light-tripping, casual stroller did not. As Cassio, he would have been cast to perfection; indeed, Mr. Cellier seemed more like the plain, blunt soldier, than the shrewd and subtle Iago" that Iago ought to seem, while Mr. Rathbone had all the graces and courtesies of Cassio. Iago, that "Spartan dog, more fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea," with the brain of a psycho-analyst of the Freudian school (see how he interprets even Desdemona's "padding with the palm of Cassio's hand" as "licheny," while Roderigo thought it but "courtesy"), impressing others by the weight of his seriousness and knowledge of the world, we saw nothing of him in the light-hearted joker of Mr. Rathbone. Even that derivative bit of business over Roderigo's corpse, the kneeling in mock piety and mourning for his friend, was a different mood from that of Shakespeare's Iago accusing Bianca of the crime, and moralising on "the fruit of whoring." It is only to Roderigo, his fool, and the audience that he betrays "his peculiar end"; to the rest of the world, he shows that "seeming" of "love and duty" that me and all accepted at its face value. It was impossible to understand from Mr. Rathbone's playing how Iago ever got his reputation for honesty or even good sense; for although, as he said, "this advice is free, I give, and honest, probal to thinking, and indeed, the course to win the Moor again," the manner of its delivery would have warned anyone but a ninny against it. I live in hope of seeing Shakespeare's "Othello" performed before I die.
A Reply.

Mr. Hecht, the author of "The Real Wealth of Nations," writes:—

From your review of the above in your issue of April 7 I understand that my "current delusion" is not that man's wealth is due to brains and brains used in production, for it is generally held to be due to some wonderous ratio of labour to demand, but that I ignore the fact that production is a collective function, or that wealth is created by association. But is it? It is true that the subdivision of labour, which is all that the collective function amounts to, is essential to the production of material wealth, but so is oil to the running of a machine, although no one has suggested that oil is the cause of its output. I maintain that the association of individuals of itself does not produce wealth, because 1,000 unskilled manual workers banded together can produce no wealth until, through the brains, skill, or inventive power of one, or some of them, are devised improved methods of production, the source being the intelligence of individual men who teach their fellows how more may be produced in a given time. Thus just as a toothed wheel is used in the production of wealth, and if a cog be broken it is useless, so is the personal labour of a man in a machine, and only because it is human is it entitled to a share of the resulting wealth.

Mr. Hecht endeavours to prove that there is only one source of value, whereas it is obvious that there are several. The oil argument cuts both ways. If 1,000 unskilled workers could produce no more collectively than singly without the invention, the latter is equally unable to carry out his ideas without their cooperation. However, 1,000 of even the stupidest individuals could lift weight, or defend themselves against attack, more effectively in association than singly. Moreover, "unskilled labour" is a purely relative term. Labour's intelligent effort, though the degree of intelligence exerted may differ widely. Some personal labour is always involved in the exercise of the highest intelligence; and some intelligence is required for the lowest type of labour. It is therefore impossible entirely to dissociate "labour" and "brains." On the other hand, it is necessary to distinguish clearly between the collective result of intelligent effort in the past (plainly a communal inheritance) and the additions made to that inheritance by the brains and skill of living men. It is just that the authors of all such additions should be credited (as far as is humanly possible) with the value of their contributions; but it is not just that they alone should inherit wealth due to the abilities of Gutenberg, Watt, and the thousands of known and unknown scientists, inventors, and organisers, but for whose achievements they would have started life with the mental and material equipment of the cave-man.

Nor is the subdivision of labour "all that the collective function amounts to." A civilised society promotes production by the family-life which develops the race; by the general level of intelligence ensured by education; by the civil administration which secures life and property. Again, production and consumption being two parts of a single process, the presence and wants of a population are necessary for its completion, and therefore factors in the value created. Planos turned out in the Desert of Sahara or at the North Pole would have no use, and therefore no value; while if all the world were vegetarian, the value of the most scientifically bred pigs would be zero. Demand is therefore a real factor, representing the value contributed (collectively) by the consumer. Mr. Hecht goes on:—

I also deny that skill is the product of education and training. Skill and brains are automatically produced, for you cannot teach an inventor to invent, every originator being opposed rather than encouraged by his fellows, and while an unskilled man can be taught to become skilled, that is only because, in the first instance, as individual, who is skilled of himself, was available to teach him.

Originality and skill are, of course, two different things. It is true that originality usually evokes not gratitude, but opposition; and it is very unlikely that the originator's full value will ever be acknowledged until it is too late to reward it. The higher the worth of the producer, the more obvious becomes the impossibility of allocating to him a proportionate share of material wealth. On the other hand, will always command a price. But Mr. Hecht overlooks the large traditional element in every kind of skill. Though progress in craft is doubtless due to the originality of gifted individuals, the handing on of what has been previously learnt is necessary; so an originator builds on the foundation laid by his forerunners. The passages in Handel's music before which Corelli threw down his bow in desperation are now played with ease by every fiddler. And the existence in industrial countries to-day of large numbers of skilled mechanics is a direct result of the condition which demands their services and facilitate their training. The letter continues:—

I am astonished at the statement that the unskilled manual worker does not under modern conditions "produce" even the fraction of the product equal to his family's subsistence, for if he does not he is a parasite. Indeed the value of the machine's output must exceed that of the full necessities of all those engaged in its production and manipulation, failing which the machine is not producing but destroying wealth, and the men should return to their primitive occupations. For example, a machine reaper must not only save labour in the fields but save more labour than is expended in producing it. As for the argument that automatic machines might dispense with all unskilled labour, even it was possible, that would represent an ideal condition, wealth being then produced in the fewest working hours. A shorter working-day would now be realisable for all, the most stupid being again of course taught to do the least skilled work.

The source of Mr. Hecht's astonishment is the "current delusion" implied in the phrase "increased productivity of labour." He identifies the output of the machine with that of labour employed in producing it. Machines clearly must return, not only the cost of subsistence of all those who produce and manipulate them, but more, otherwise there could be no accumulation of capital. But the amount of that value attributable to the labour involved does not exceed a fraction (Major Douglas puts it at 5 per cent.) of the total. Taking Mr. Arthur Kitson's estimate that the labour of 10 per cent. of the population of Great Britain would suffice to maintain the whole, and the proportion actually employed as not less than 50 per cent., it appears that at least 40 per cent. of the labour performed is (at present standards of living) superfluous; and that the workers, scarcely less than the "idle rich," are what Mr. Hecht—ignoring their right of communal inheritance—would call parasites. In fact the "ideal condition" of fewer workers, shorter working hours and increased efficiency (whereby production is now possible; the main obstacle to its realisation being the "current delusion") that every man (or every worker) must "earn his keep." Our correspondent adds:—

Although you conclude that I have failed to solve the problem of an equitable distribution of wealth between labour, skill and brains, at least I have shown how poverty can be abolished maximum standard of living secured, and improved conditions of living secured, and that the surrender of an ever greater share for the less fortunate by the individual material wealthers Skill be be the other through their recognition. At present the reward is reaped by the wealth-handlers or middlemen instead of by those from whom their great wealth is derived, viz.,
the skilled producers by hand or head, yet honour must be paid where honour is due.

We hope it is now clear that the community is the principal source of wealth, and that non-recognition of this fact by the individual producers stands in the way of maximum output and improved conditions of living. Recognition of the rights of all will abolish poverty more surely than the dependence of the masses on the charity of an aristocracy of brains.

YOUR REVIEWER.

On Tectonics.

I.

Spirit is Endlessness.  
Will is Spirit.  
Force is Will.  
Breathing is Force.  
Rhythm is Breathing.

II.

Shape is Existence in Tectonics.  
Function of Space is Shape in Tectonics.  
Purpose of Space is Shape in Tectonics.  
Meaning of Space is Shape in Tectonics.  
Room is Space.

III.

Room is not Space in Tectonics.

IV.

Expansion is Space.  
Image of Expansion is Space.  
Form of Expansion is Space.  
Shape of Expansion is Space.  
Explosion of Expansion is Place.  
The Void of Expansion is the Abyss.

V.

Mass and Space are Room in Tectonics.  
Space is Mass.  
Potentiality is Mass and Place in Tectonics.  
Potency is Shape and Space.  
Building is Potency.  
Engineering is Building.

VI.

Union of Space and Mass is Shape in Tectonics.  
Proportion of Masses is Harmony in Tectonics.  
Correspondence of Rhythm is Proportion.  
Space supports Mass in Tectonics.  
Mass incarcerates Space in Tectonics.

VII.

Confining is Fulfilling.

VIII.

Shaping of Space is Art in Tectonics.  
Proclamation of Will is Art in Building.  
Determination of Shape is Art in Architecture.  
Creation of Spaces is Architecture.  
Motion of Spaces is Architecture.  
Rhythm of Spaces is Architecture.

IX.

Visibility is indication.  
Indication is signification.  
Signification is substitution.

Point indicates a conatus in the Spirit.  
Line indicates direction of the conatus.  
Plane indicates expansion of direction.  
Space indicates endlessness.

D.

Music.

Mr. EDWARD CLARK. Of this most interesting series of orchestral concerts the main features on April 20 were the ultra-modern works—not however on account of their own intrinsic merits, but because the Scarlatti and Mozart items were so indifferently performed. Anything which opens up new roads in any art should be welcomed, but we have a right to examine the direction of the road we are asked to take. It does not so much matter if it is an already beaten track, still full, perhaps, of obstacles over which we trip and stumble; but it does matter where it leads. Is it leading to the open, or is it going to land us in a quagmire, or is a disused quarry? The quarry is too often unprofitable because it shows us that others have been there before and have moved away taking the best building material with them. Thus we feel that M. Jean Cocteau, whose "poems" were set to music by M. Francis Poulenc, led us to a worked-out quarry, a quarry with a number of angular pebbles lying about, over which holiday trippers had wastefully splashed much highly painted stone. For M. Cocteau's colours are applied. They are not an essential part of his scheme, the inseparable and vital glow which pervades and illumines matter. The stones here are not even imitation precious stones, for these also hold their colour within them. They are just odd and ends of stone left over from another's quarrying; and coloured from another's paintpots. M. Poulenc's musical setting, moreover, was in the nature of a quagmire and offered no amusing contrast. Humour is an admirable thing, but where exactly lies the humour of "Cocarde"? Is M. Cocteau making fun of M. Pouleuc, or is M. Pouleuc making fun of M. Cocteau, or is each making fun of himself? Only the latter explanation would give point to an otherwise pointless joke.

Mr. Arthur Bliss easily carried off the honours in this ultra-modern competition. He has knowledge, and he keeps his head. Mr. Bliss may whirl musically like a dancing Dervish, but he is neither pretentious nor pompous. He does not behave as if his gyrations must disturb the stars in their courses, dragging them willy-nilly out of their own orbits into his.

On May 6 Mr. Clark conducted Schönberg's "Kammersinfonie," and it was in a perfectly lucid and carefully studied performance of this work that he revealed himself as a conductor. Schönberg indeed leads us into a quarry, but it is one which he has opened himself; we can follow him through it and watch him building on the other side. The stone which he hews and chisels into shape is used for an austere building. There are no mosaics or coloured frescoes, no stained glass. For M. Cocteau's scheme, the inseparable and vital glow which pervades and illumines matter. The stones here are not even imitation precious stones, for these also hold their colour within them. They are just odd and ends of stone left over from another's quarrying, and coloured from another's paintpots. M. Poulenc's musical setting, moreover, was in the nature of a quagmire, and offered no amusing contrast. Humour is an admirable thing, but where exactly lies the humour of "Cocarde"? Is M. Cocteau making fun of M. Pouleuc, or is M. Pouleuc making fun of M. Cocteau, or is each making fun of himself? Only the latter explanation would give point to an otherwise pointless joke.

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Recent Verse,

NANCY CUNARD. Outlaws. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)

Miss Cunard's greatest virtues are energy and economy, and she possesses them in such a degree and exercises them so fearlessly, that by sheer will, by sheer intrepidity, she lifts herself above the throng of poets of our time. There is something great in the unconditional exaction of a gift, in the undeviating and inflexible following of it wherever it may take us, and this kind of greatness, the greatness of intensity, Miss Cunard most certainly does possess. She is concerned, in this first volume of poetry, with the fundamental and common experiences of humanity, and she makes us listen to her, chains our attention almost violently, by her energetic sincerity of her spirit. Her style, if one may call it a style which is so closely knit to what she says, is as relentless as her sincerity, is simply the powerful onward rush of her sincerity before our eyes. It is so dynamic that, if we do not read with close attention, it leaves us behind; and so sparing, not from deliberation but from intensity, that the impression—almost unique in present-day poetry—is left that everything is not said. Miss Cunard is prolific in lines such as—

Love that was proud
And tightly clasped the honourable sword
Of disillusion to a passionate breast.

—a phrase which expresses at once poignant emotion and disdain of it. And in all these poems this mood is expressed—the desire to experience all passion dominated by a pride which makes one superior to passion. It is daring of the authoress to insert her "Prayer," yet the spirit of her work justifies it:

Oh God, make me incapable of prayer,
To be too brave for supplication, too secure
To feel the taunt of danger! Let my heart
Be tightened mightily to withstand pain,
And make me suffer singly, without loss.
Not too alone in the unending night,
On firmer shoulders than the giant Atlas.

Make me symbolically iconoclast.

The ideal Antichrist, the Paradox.

The attitude is justified in Miss Cunard because, we feel, it is an expression of her spirit; she is herself in writing it, that is, an "outlaw," an authentic rebel. The title poem is the longest in the book, and its theme is constructed to rhyme with the second, and for the rhyme sense, vision, everything is distorted; while the first three lines are good; the fourth is obviously amateurish is exemplified almost painfully in a stanza on the next page:

On mount a little wind
Whispers downward from the hill,
Driving scarfs of mist to find
Slopes on which to work their will.

The faults in this passage lie on the surface; they are frank, as in, for instance, "that no fear might quell." Not even the freshness and speed of the lines can atone for them, for faults of this kind are the great blemish on the book. But even carrying them on its back Miss Cunard's style can do fine things, as in

Outlawed, aloof, like thunderclouds they sped
Over the restless breathing of the sea;
And those around shook at their liberty
And trembled at their power,

which delight one by their sheer energy and speed. It is a relief in our day to find such integrity of passion uttered so intrepidly.

MARY E. BOYLE. Drum-na-Keil: The Ridge of the Burial Place. (Mackay. Stirling. 1s. net.)

The argument of the poem is given in the foreword: And that? Why, that's a Sacrificial Stone. Yonder the place unchristened babes were laid. A hundred years ago an unknown maid

Was buried there too. Why? I know not why. They say she would not wait her time to die,
Life was too heavy, or a spell was cast. . . .

A lovely place to rest with sorrow past,
And fairy babies to save one's feeling lone.

The theme is developed with a natural skill which throws in relief the writer's lack of technique, and shows also that with practice she could do much better. She has imagination; her treatment of the different parts of the theme in a loose sequence of varied metres shows an adroitness almost amounting to taste; and her fancy is not artificial, but natural and fresh. Occasionally she falls into sentimentality, especially in the lines on the "unchristened babes," but she has the hard and real virtue of writing with her eye on the subject. When she sees clearly she is felicitous:

The night is still, the sword of sound a sheath,
The oaks beside the river hold their breath,
The water has no glimmer and no voice.

Nature asleep, and lost to power of choice
Is one-toned, neutral tinted, heavy eyed,
Her melodies are mated or low keyed.

Shadow embraces shadow, dark meets dark,
Merge in obscurity and leave no mark.

All, all is indistinct, colour is not,
Nor form, nor contour, nothing but a blot
Of black and denser blackness; light of day
Will surely ne'er return the eastern way.

That is well observed; the second and third lines show subtility; and the end

light of day
Will surely ne'er return the eastern way
—is inspired, there is in it the truth not merely of observation but of imagination: it makes us realise the scene, and not merely see it. This faculty of grasping the spiritual content of a situation or a landscape is always peeping out in this volume; the more pity that it is obscured by an imperfect technique.

The writer owes it to herself and to us to give her talent a chance—by harder work. Her amateurishness is exemplified almost painfully in a stanza on the next page:

On the moor a little wind
Whispers downward from the hill,
Driving scarfs of mist to find
Slopes on which to work their will.

The author can do better than this.

Mrs. Warren has done her best to add to the misery of nations. Almost on every page there is some reference to pious wounds or death; we protest that life is more than dying daily, and that the last act of wisdom left for us is to die gaily. The author is very doeful indeed, as witness these extracts:

What do you carry through the golden bracken,
Men of the shuffling feet, and downcast eyes?

What do you carry through the golden bracken,
Men of the shuffling feet, and downcast eyes?

the pessimist says: The Sword.

(Blackwell. Oxford. 6s. net.)

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At last he turned and looked at me: "O Love, I have been crucified—laid dead, lain dead.

Now I shall rest awhile beneath the sod.
Views and Reviews.

ANOTHER VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

The historical method applied to modern Spiritualism by Mr. Joseph McCabe showed it to be a commonplace record of detection, and frequently admitted, fraud. Mr. Edward Lawrence, in this essay,* applies the anthropological method, and shows us that spiritualism is, as I have always contended, nothing but a revival of savage animism. It would be interesting if some sociologist were to turn his attention to this subject; we need some explanation of this trend towards a negroid view of life. I remember that, when I used to go to séances, media were nearly all furnished with at least one negro "control" each one since that time; and as negroes became popular, there have even been "race riots" over white women in some of our seaports, the tendency towards nudity in female fashions may conceivably spring from the same root, and if we accept this theory, we may hope for the introduction of some of the exorcists of India to our asylums, of one of whom Mr. Lawrence reproduces a photograph.

There are, of course, some differences in the deductions drawn from the primary belief in a spirit body by civilised and savage people. "Savages believe that if a man loses a limb in this world, he will be minus a limb in spirit-land; and as yet they have not told us how to prevent him from doing any harm to the living; but sometimes he was made to drink a magical draught from "the slaughter-pot," which would kill his soul. But civilised spiritualists have added the concept of immortality to that of a spirit body; and as "Raymond" tells us, when a body has been blown to pieces by shell-fire, it takes some time for the spirit body to complete itself. It is only John Brown's body that lies mouldering in the grave; his soul goes marching on, presumably still helping the slaves to escape. Certainly, if the soldiers go on fighting and swearing on the other side, stabbing spiritual opponents with spiritual bayonets, as we are told, even the spiritual children weave spiritual daisy-chains, and go to spiritual schools, while the adults drink in spiritual whiskies-and-sodas and smoke spiritual cigars, we cannot deny John Brown his life-work in perpetuity. Why, we are even told (in Ward's "A Subaltern in Spirit-land," and Elliott O'Donnell's "Animal Ghosts" and "By-ways of Ghost-Land") that "Ghost-land not only contains the spirit forms of everything that has existed since man lived on earth—good and wicked, mineral, vegetable, and animal—but everything that has appeared on this globe for millions and millions of years has its shadow form in the world outside our own. Half-men and half-scorpions or half-crocodile exist, with all kinds of headless cats and dogs; forms, hideous and grotesque, of every conceivable shape and size are there. Grizzly bears and mammoths, pterodactyls and paleolithic savages, elves and sprites, little fellows that ride on brooms, as well as astral forms of roasted legs of mutton, each find their allotted sphere in that world to which we are bound." The Theosophists, I remember, used to urge the theory of Re-incarnation on the Malthusian ground that if every life represented a soul, the spiritual world would be even more crowded than it is and would have to adopt a theory of conditional immortality to make the spiritual world habitable for man. Surely there must be some spiritual diseases that will kill these spiritual pre-historic monsters, at least unless he lacks conviction. The tendency to revert is well marked; it is approved by Spiritualism, it is proclaimed in the name of the brotherhood of man, and from a quotation made by Mr. Lawrence from an article by the negro Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, it seems to be welcomed by the negroes themselves. The race problem is already pressing for solution in the British Empire; and the Spiritualists begin their contribution to its solution by adopting the negro's religion.

* "Spiritualism Among Civilised and Savage Races." By Edward Lawrence, F.R.A.I. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Residents in Chelmsford district interested in THE NEW AGE Credit Scheme are invited to communicate with M. H. JESSIMAN. Great Baddow, Chelmsford.
Pastiche.

THE DEAD AUTHOR.

He was one of those silly asses Who think they can ignore the masses And yet make money by their pen! Nor did he care to sport the label Insisted on by Kate and Mabel, By Isabel and Imogen.

To colleagues, whom this Vale of Sorrow Finds in a fix about to-morrow And ready for an early start! The dead man's record is instructive; It warns them, firstly: "Be productive!"

And, secondly: "Keep out of Art!"

Accepted views and stock conclusions— A Nation's sacrosanct illusions, Her Past, her Power, her Progress— Were sometimes handled by this writer (Too old to make a decent fighter!) Without the fact that spells success!

His irony was far too biting For home consumption, uninviting To Britons of the purest blood, Who do not want to be dissected Or in whatever way directed In matters settled since the Flood.

He thus deliberately narrowed The area he plotted and harrowed, In vain attempts to raise a crop; His output, as to bulk, was meagre, His tenacity, though select and eager, Too small to blemish to the top.

Now, don't make a mistake and gather, From this description, that he rather Looked down upon the human flock; In matters settled since the Flood.

By nature simple, though romantic, His style was manly, never frantic, And he loved experiment! . . . .

The central figures on his block. As fashion, flea-bites, heart disease; Depended merely on their merits, And not on popular consent.

He liked his work . . . . when work was over, And he felt free to roam and rover Somewhere in Devon or in Wales; Instead of copying a winner, In other words, "the other view?"— For there is money in the mob.

"Then—full of passion and ambition— How could I judge my own position, Or having critics' wives to dinner, Or those who meant to see me rise; From taste and feeling, as related To his lofty standard was a pity:"

"This blessed state of shortage, brother, Means more than just respite from bother, Means more than just respite from bother, But he who tries is always mad!"—

His soul, to-day, has revisited The suburb whence he once emitted A steady and peculiar light. By Jove! it was a weird sensation To enter into conversation With one long dead, and yet all right!

"Ah!" he began, "where were my senses When, in the realm of mad suspenses, I chose an artist's ill-paid lot! Till, keeping straight at tempting offers, The net result was empty coffers. And civic fame that found me not!"

"You mean to say," I asked, perplexed, "That you, so rabid once and vexed, Have now sworn off your haughty creed? That, could you be restored to action, You would feel perfect satisfaction In writing for the vulgar need?"—

"Of course, this strikes you as amazing," The honest soul replied, while gazing At me as though I were abstract; And yet, a moment's calculation, Or even faintest contemplation, Will reconcile you to the fact.

"My views have changed because I changed, My in- and outside, re-arranged, Or, more correctly, gone in smoke, Know nothing of the earthly letters. That bound me, while a man of letters And, in a way, explain the joke.

"Then—full of passion and ambition— How could I judge my own position, Or those who meant to see me rise; That some day—not too long delayed— They might regard themselves well paid For running risks, perhaps unwise?"

"Just look at me, emancipated From taste and feeling, as related In books that never brought renown. Of course I feel a little sorry For all the nuisance and the worry Caused by impulses, once my own!"

"Just look at me, completely altered, Well balanced, where before I faltered And often, I confess, lost heart. Behold my brain-pan, quite relieved Of matter that too often grieved. Where is my tongue that prattled Art?"

"This blessed state of shortage, brother, Means more than just respite from bother, Like fashions, flea-bites, heart disease; It means a mind, detached and sober, Cool as cucumber or October, A judgment, faultless, prompt, at ease!"—

"In other words," I interposed, "A brainless intellect, not closed To what is called: 'the other view?' "—

"My publishers," he said, with feeling, "Were right in tactfully revealing The risks of writing for thefew?"—

"The pudding's proof is in the eating," I ventured next, before retreating, "So books that sell, cannot be bad!"—

"The public taste," he said, much moved, "Can in the long run be improved, Or, more correctly, gone in smoke, The honest soul replied, while gazing At me as though I were abstract; Of course, this strikes you as amazing," The honest soul replied, while gazing At me as though I were abstract; And yet, a moment's calculation, Or even faintest contemplation, Will reconcile you to the fact.

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"The public taste," he said, much moved, "Can in the long run be improved, But who tries is always mad!"—

"That sounds," I laughed, "too pessimistic, Too absolute and realistic; It has a ring of bitterness!" He did not speak, but nodded only, And then—I never felt so lonely!—

Dissolved—(his time was up, I guess). W. DE VERE.