TOWARDS NATIONAL GUILDS.

OUR RECENT VERSE. By E. M.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At the time of writing it seems that the coal dispute is to be ended; that is presumably the meaning of the decision to ballot the miners. The thing might just as well have ended on the second day of the stoppage as on the three hundred and sixty-fifth; and on the other hand there is no special reason for its ending now rather than at any other time earlier or later. The whole thing seems like an irrelevant accident. The mood in which the nation has taken the stoppage is an extraordinary one. No one has been very much disturbed about it, the actual discomfort having proved far less than was anticipated. There has been no thrill; no uplifting, if terrible, sense of a great struggle for the good of the ordinary newspaper reader’s soul to have well rammed home on him such unpleasant truths as these: “The outlook is indeed such as to stir the dullest wits. The coal dispute . . . still paralyses the trade, the industry, and, to a great extent, the communications of the country. To it is now added a dispute in the cotton trade that must affect directly more than a half a million men and women, and, indirectly, millions more at home and abroad. A further dispute in the engineering trade may at any moment be upon us.”

Unemployment benefit, now payable to nearly two million persons, is costing little short of £20,000,000 a week, while the reserve fund of £10,000,000 advanced by the Treasury . . . is not only exhausted, but has dragged after it another £10,000,000. The plight of the shipping industry is deplorable.” Unfortunately the outlook does not seem to have stirred the “Times” wits much. The coal dispute . . . still paralyses the trade, the industry, and, to a great extent, the communications of the country. To it is now added a dispute in the cotton trade that must affect directly more than a half a million men and women, and, indirectly, millions more at home and abroad. A further dispute in the engineering trade may at any moment be upon us . . .

We are glad to see that the “Times” in no degree underestimates the gravity of the social crisis. There is always the off-chance that a blue funk may prove the beginning of wisdom. At any rate it is eminently for the good of the ordinary newspaper reader’s soul to have well rammed home on him such unpleasant truths as these: “The outlook is indeed such as to stir the dullest wits. The coal dispute . . . still paralyses the trade, the industry, and, to a great extent, the communications of the country. To it is now added a dispute in the cotton trade that must affect directly more than a half a million men and women, and, indirectly, millions more at home and abroad. A further dispute in the engineering trade may at any moment be upon us . . .

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“A lasting solution . . . can come only through work, increased output, and the revival of trade which will assuredly attend an honest effort to ‘pull together.’” Seigel’s soothing-syrup for Noah’s flood! Can it be that these people are serious? Do they really believe, when the whole machinery of production and distribution works, with the dispute was that which the Bishop of St. Albans courageously made in Convocation. Still, all is not lost. The “settlement” can obviously only be temporary. We hope the miners will now lose no time in putting their minds seriously on our proposals.

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We cannot in the long run pay our debts by appeals to general interest. The stock of real credit, if he will follow up this line of thought, he will soon find himself drawn far along decreased rate! If he will begin to finger, daintily and hesitatingly, the right key to the problem of getting production going. He is not far from the kingdom of social credit. We are glad to see that the Post Office workers agree with Lord Blyth in demanding a policy of development and low charges on their lines. If almost the whole benefit is not, in the end, to be collared by the financier, they must put their minds seriously on the subject of credit control. To return to Lord Blyth, we have no quarrel with him when he asks, "Is it too much to say that if the Post Office services (including the postal, telephone, and telegraphs) were even partially denationalised, their efficiency would be doubled, and their cost would be halved?" We reply unhesitatingly "Denationalise the lot!" An uneasy doubt, however, haunts our mind that what Lord Blyth contemplates is to make the Post Office over to the tender mercies of the profit-hunters on the bad old plan. We insist that the only condition on which the denationalisation of any service could be tolerated is that it should simultaneously be Douglasised.

The game of reducing wages goes merrily forward, with the able assistance of our Labour leaders. Coal, cotton, wool, engineering, so the tale runs on. Besides these a crowd of minor industries have already been cut down, without the public hearing anything about it. We note with interest that, in the case of some of these, Whitley Councils have proved of great assistance to the employers (blessed Whitley Councils!) The workers of Australia are now threatened with a similar horror. The writers of Australia are now threatened with a general reduction on a large scale. Will they discover in time the weakness of the financial base on which they build, and have the same faint hope in the fact that the University of Sydney is studying the Douglas scheme. At home, at any rate, none of the Unions will look at the only plan by which reductions can be avoided. Our very trying proposals on their faces. It has fallen, alas! through a natural affinity between the financiers and collectivism. There is ample reason to believe that a certain type of collectivist propaganda on this side of the Atlantic is honeycombed with the sinister influences of the money-power. For all this Karl Marx, that woeful misleader of the people, is largely to answer. Crude Socialism is still in full cry down the false trails on which he started it. It is no mere accident that it was Marxians whom international financiers employed (even if as unconscious instruments) to sabotage the social heritage of Russia. An incidental paragraph in the "Daily Herald" the other day was highly illuminating. The writer's contempt was roused by the presumed economic "ignorance" of some speaker who had referred to the obvious truth that the capitalist advances wages, and thought to crush him by the retort that "Any child in a Socialist Sunday School could answer that." We have no doubt that he could, but his answer would be more helpful if it had some foundation in fact. Blinded by the crudities of Marxian economics, the "Herald" writer could not see a plain fact, which is just one of the most precious sign-posts to the real root of our economic troubles. He did his level best to head off from the whole subject of credit any of his readers who

the folly of demolishing it. It has fallen, alas! through its association with the vicious device of a subsidy. Given a Government of good will, it would have been well advised to issue credit to the same amount, instead of giving a subsidy. This would have laid the firm foundation for reorganising the industry on the right lines. Fortified by their minimum wage, the workers might, sooner or later, have developed sufficient intelligence and initiative to start a bank of their own. All the elements of a radical solution of the problems of the industry would then have been given. Nothing further would have been needed but minor adjustments in detail and small creations of administrative machinery. This would have been easily followed. But our "statesmen" are lacking alike in common sense, in vision, and in honesty of purpose.
might be just beginning to look in the right direction. So the Marxian democrat trundles the ball to the feet of the collectivist bureaucrat who dexterously passes it to the financial plutocrat, who lands it in goal every time.

The Government has lost two more seats during the past week. Evidently the country is sick of the Coalition, though it hardly knows where to turn for an alternative. Heywood shows that there must still be many seats which can be won by the Labour Party; but these would leave it, even so, a very long way from having a majority, and the by-elections must only confirm the report that Independent Liberalism is dead; we knew already that it was doomed. Westminster is probably more significant. Such a signal success of a wild-cat candidate, backed by no regular party, in a constituency with such traditions, is indeed a portent. Clearly the comfortable classes see that we have come to the end of our tether on present lines. The obvious remedy to the unthinking is naturally "Save Money!" Hence it is the psychological moment for the Anti-Waste candidate. We should have no objection to him if he would concentrate solely on the right objects of attack. We protest as much as anyone against the waste on quests of Unholy Grails, flowing with oil, all over the Middle East, on such ill-favoured monstrosities as the Ministry of Transport, on our swollen armies, on our inflated bureaucracy in connection with services, the most needed in themselves, there is huge waste in officialism. We know something of close quarters of the web of red-tape through which, in education for example, an exiguous service is grudgingly filtered out to the consumer. But the Anti-Waste people have no ideas above a wretched cheese-paring in regard to every kind of public expenditure. A specimen of their work is the disgraceful sabotaging of the too modest and long overdue scheme of Continuation Schools. We cannot insist on too high a standard in education, housing, and public health. If we were producing the wealth we ought to, and easily could be producing, there would be no difficulty whatever in affording these things. Indeed, in the end they pay, and far more than pay, for themselves; they are the most fruitful of all forms of capital production. But no class of the electorate is awake to the things that matter. Every kind of incredible freak or stunt candidate has an excellent prospect of success at a by-election, but there is not a remedy to the unthinking is naturally "Save Money!" Hence it is the psychological moment for the Anti-Waste candidate. We should have no objection to him if he would concentrate solely on the right objects of attack. We protest as much as anyone against the waste on quests of Unholy Grails, flowing with oil, all over the Middle East, on such ill-favoured monstrosities as the Ministry of Transport, on our swollen armies, on our inflated bureaucracy in connection with services, the most needed in themselves, there is huge waste in officialism. We know something of close quarters of the web of red-tape through which, in education for example, an exiguous service is grudgingly filtered out to the consumer. But the Anti-Waste people have no ideas above a wretched cheese-paring in regard to every kind of public expenditure. A specimen of their work is the disgraceful sabotaging of the too modest and long overdue scheme of Continuation Schools. We cannot insist on too high a standard in education, housing, and public health. If we were producing the wealth we ought to, and easily could be producing, there would be no difficulty whatever in affording these things. Indeed, in the end they pay, and far more than pay, for themselves; they are the most fruitful of all forms of capital production. But no class of the electorate is awake to the things that matter. Every kind of incredible freak or stunt candidate has an excellent prospect of success at a by-election, but there is not a policy. The Dean of St. Paul's varies his outbursts of savage contempt for Christian morality with many bracing and penetrating judgments. Some of the wisest things he ever said were contained in a recent address to the British Science Guild. We will quote but one sentence: "One might suppose that the trade unions would hasten to use their immense coercive power to become producers, freezing out the old companies, but notoriously they would not look at any such schemes, preferring civil war, blackmail, and indemnities levied on the Exchequer." It is necessary in the honourable tradition of the Building Trades Federation—on whose constructive activities we have commented above—and of one or two unions in by-industries. Otherwise the Dean got right home; it is a fair blow, directly on the Labour movement's unguarded spot.

World Affairs.

The supreme mystery of Europe's function in the world is a great mystery and trial for Europe herself, and not only a terrible, and irrational, and meaningless, and intrusive riddle for the world. The meaning of Europe is so pan-humanly great and so profound that her riddle must be understood and answered, her convulsion and mystery must be divined and remorselessly penetrated. Awful and abysmal is the mystery of Europe at this juncture, abysmal and infinite, infinite, infinite. It almost must be the divine secret veiled to the Kingdom, to the Imperium; for one is the Imperium. One is Humanity; and its Imperium is the content of Europe. For Europe is the frame of Man. Because Europe is the centre of Man her mystery is great. From Europe, therefore, the cosmogony of the Imperium can start. It is from EUROPA and from Greater Europe alone that the Imperium can expect redemption and atonement. For conscience and consciousness are with European mankind. Europe is the synthesis. Europe's spirit is the world itself in its transcendental and eternal synthesis. Europe's history and idea is the entelechy of the Imperium of the human race. Of Christendom and of the Redeemer Europe is the power-body. Of the globe of mankind Jesus is the Messiah and the centre. And the Christendom of the Newer Man is Universal Humanity itself. The Messiah's Christianity is Sophia herself, the planet. Europe has failed in her function and is prostrate to-day, and is treated by the world as contemptible and evil because of her failure to identify herself with Universal Humanity itself. Her moral power and her intellectual infallibility have not been equal to her terrible task; therefore her emotion and intuition have betrayed her, gone away from her. The supreme secret of her existence in the world, however, can be known by the grace of the Grail alone, by the spirit of all excellence alone; it can only be known by her own infinity alone. Prostrate or not, the guide of the world or not, Europe can know the world and lead it. The whole, the content, the bulk, the stuff cannot know her. For Europe is the Idea, the Entelechy—that which is unifying and living, formal and spiritual in any living whole; the conception and the concept.

And why has Europe lost consciousness and is mocked at to-day, if her own essence and idea is the very hope of the world and the guarantee of humanity's self-fulfilment? Why is the consciousness of the world eclipsed and drowned in this hour? Why has Europe gone insane and become unworthy of her own immense and adorable name? Because her own ultimate body, because her own immense body, the planet of mankind, and Man himself, Humanity Universal, is in the eclipse of its consciousness. The pan-organism of Man, the world, is passing through one of its profoundest critical stages to-day. This is our understanding of the chaos and of the hell in which civilisations and souls are submerged to-day; an empty understanding and not adequate. This is the assumption and the faith before which we are compelled to bow in order to live. The spirals of human evolution and of human history, we believe, in this hour and the millennium the two contrary and polar levels and spirals of human creation. The physical evolution of Man, we assume, is the unerring work of Providence and of Destiny; the spiritual history of Man, on the contrary, must be the contingent and abstruse deed of Freedom and of Destiny, of human self-creation and of blind and unchangeable Fate. Ever and perpetually, we assume, all the three dominants of cosmic and human events, Freedom of Man, Destiny of Things and Providence of God, are present and active; ever they are all present; even the dominant of
Man and Freedom, human conscience and consciousness, is always present in the government of creation. Humanity itself also is an eternal and essential dominant of the universe and its worlds. This, we assume, is true. The cramp of the earth at this instant is the first and the greatest crisis of collective human freedom, of the universal and class freedoms of humanity; the crisis of the Sophian conscience and consciousness of the world. Our hour is the Sophian awakening of Man. Humanity is coming of age now, in these centuries and in these weeks. We have written of this our faith already and have repeatedly confessed what we, in our view, the sign and the cause of this collective and apocalyptic coming of age. The sign of this aeonian change is the omnipresence of human bewildermend and cruel suffering to-day, the depth of the pain of this hour. The cause of this crisis appears to be the necessary emergence of the supra-national and supra-Aryan dispensation in the world, the emergence of Universal Humanity and of Superman. It is this birth of supra-Aryandom that has caused the throes of Europe.

Europe has lost consciousness because she is raising humanity and the planet on to a higher and more cosmic swing and spiral of being.

The supra-Aryan or pan-human era of Man’s evolution on earth, the era of supra-individualism or of humanness proper, is breaking into the world; and the Humanity of the Earth, a race conscious of its own lifetime of the present confused and insane and overcoming and surpassing of racial Aryandom. For the negative, the anti-theistic, the anti-Christian activity of People Israel is redundant and senseless throughout the world. The Semitic desire of chaos, both the Mohammedan and the Judaic, is truly one of world-proportions and of cosmic vehemence to-day. The idea of Allah and of Humanity. Columbia and Russia are the hopes of already and have repeatedly confessed what are, in our dark day and during this crisis is only a symbol of the deepest things said and thought in the West. The consciousness and spirit of the West are shallow deeps, deeps without the power of Asia, the Semitic unconscious generation. For the negative, the anti-theistic, the anti-Christian activity of People Israel is redundant and senseless throughout the world. The Semitic desire of chaos, both the Mohammedan and the Judaic, is truly one of world-proportions and of cosmic vehemence to-day. The idea of Allah and of Humanity. Columbia and Russia are the hopes of already and have repeatedly confessed what are, in our dark day and during this crisis is only a symbol of the deepest things said and thought in the West.

The strike continues; this actually requires to be said, for nobody seems to realise it, or, at any rate, what it means. In reality there is a sort of cunning behind our conspicuous obliviousness to the strike; we desire to deceive ourselves and each other about it; we wish to pretend successfully that it is not there. And the reason for this piece of hypocrisy is that we are unable to deal with the strike, we are impotent in front of it; and our position is humiliating that we must entertain with performing animals; but what would happen if the aristocracy were not let loose, in the proper season, upon a fox here and there, with the collaboration of their only remaining admirers, the horses and hounds (but we forget the House of Commons) happen if the aristocracy were not let loose, in the proper season, upon a fox here and there, with the collaboration of their only remaining admirers, the horses and hounds (but we forget the House of Commons).

The kingdom of hell is within us; we suffer ourselves to think about the problem at all; we do not seek a solution, we drift on without hope.

M. M. Cosmio.
almost without fear; the abyss has no longer, apparently, any terrors for us. Our condition is perilous, and we have no sense of peril. And when we reflect that for this remedy; that this is a re-occurring problem, as the readers of The New Age know, could be solved immediately and painlessly; it is difficult not to become as hopeless as the times themselves. Of what avail is a truth that is powerless? Why should the way of national salvation be known at all, it matters not to how many or to how few, if it cannot become in fact the way of national salvation? A truth which cannot incarnate itself becomes bitter; and there is not for any man in our time a more bitter possession than that of a truth. To disintegrate passively with society, to drift on to chaos, is less terrible than to watch the disintegration and to know—that there is a way of escape, and that it will not be taken. Men must be whirled across the face with the truth before they will see it. In other words, they must learn by experience, that is, too late.

It is a pity that the present visit of the Russian Ballet to London cannot be made eternal, for certainly no people need the Russian Ballet more than we. The incapacity of the English for ecstasy was noted by a subtle observer, Stendhal, almost exactly a hundred years ago. Even Presbyterian Scotland, he found to his surprise, was more capable of joy than England. The Scotch Sunday horrified him. "That day set apart to honour Heaven," he said, "is the best image of hell that I have seen anywhere in the world." "But on the Monday," he added, "the Scotch dance with a joy and an abandon unknown in London." And that is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago. Those who know Scotland and have lived in it for however short a lifetime become conscious, when they find themselves in England, of this English unwillingness, amounting to refusal, to get out of themselves, to forget themselves absolutely and unconditionally, even for half an hour; to free themselves in an irrecoverable surrender to the moment. Dancing is a means of emancipation, and one which England lacks. She has actually forgotten her own dances. Almost any other nation in the world could have a ballet of its own; but England would have to undertake a work of historical research, or to go to Mr. Cecil Sharp, before she could have the beginnings of a ballet. Why have we lost, not merely the art, but the ability to dance? Perhaps the psycho-analysts can tell us. We are delighted, almost taken out of ourselves, in seeing the Russians dance, but, nevertheless, we should be ashamed to dance like them.

How fatally easy it is to rouse feelings of national hatred was shown absurdly and disastrously the other week in one of the London theatres. The occasion was a very foolish comedy, "The Tartan Peril," written by a Scotsman—the Scotch can be more foolish, in the Biblical sense, than the English can be. The "tartan peril," according to the author, was not the presence of so many Scotsmen in England, but the possibility that the Scotch would desert England, leaving the English to manage their own affairs. So he put on the stage an English employer who had some trouble with the Scotch section of his workers; he arranged a strike, which turned out eventually to be a strike of all the Scotch in England, and he compelled the English employer to give in at last. It will appear absurd, but by this time the audience had lost its sense of humour, and all the Scotch sentiments were booted, while the English employer was overjoyed, almost fiendish. The play was forgotten; the audience saw only a contrast between Scotland and England. When one reflects that the hatred here could have no meaning, that the English and Scotch are united for as long as the world lasts, one trembles to see with how much ease a feeling of hatred against a foreign nation could be created. The only hope for us and for the world is positive feeling and thought.

Edward Moore.

The World's Directorate.

Our present troubles are in chief part due to our usual Economic outlook being so restricted that it does not include the cause which really underlies our present greatness and also our present disasters. Were this cause recognised most of the divergent views as to the right line to pursue would lose their divergency.

It is well recognised that the present efficiency of business depends upon the co-operation of Capital and Labour, however much various schools may differ as to the comparative importance of the two. The output of a thousand men organised into a present-day business of money, brains, and labour is far more than one thousand times the output of one individual, and the increment of credit which results from their work is most fundamentally due to their co-operation. The present problem is how this increment should be rightfully apportioned to the various individuals. The solutions fail in that they almost always ignore this co-operativeness and treat the question as an individual one.

Now in exactly the same way all the activities in any Community owe their efficiency to the fact that they are in co-operation, indeed this co-operation produces what we know as a Community. We see too that the same holds good if we regard the various undertakings which owe the possibility of their existence and their operations to the Civilisation which Mankind has evolved through unknown ages.

All the individual members of a Community are in varying degrees guarantors of the existence and operation of all the undertakings in the Community. That must be quite clear on this point before proceeding. From this point of view an undertaking is not indebted to the individual only in so far as he participates in such undertaking, but also for a reason, behind and quite separate from this, viz.: that he is a factor in making present-day conditions possible. One of the most obvious and also most forgotten ways in which he does this practically at the present moment is by acting as Consumer. Were there no consumption no production for profit would be possible. It is not really too absurd a statement of the situation to say that every individual, as individual, is performing his part in the co-operation by consuming. Consumption is in fact the only activity which is still carried out on the old individual lines.

Hence each individual member of the Community occupies at one and the same time two, or perhaps three, positions, which are, and must be, kept quite separate. In his first capacity as member of the Community he is the heir and representative for the moment of his forefathers, who have by their energies built up the present condition of things, and as such is part owner of all the amenities of corporate life, including the mechanism of organisation and production, such as finance, coal mines, machinery, transport, book-keeping, etc., etc. Secondly he is one unit of the whole regarded merely as Consumer. Thirdly in some form he operates one or other of the possessions of the Community (of which he is also part owner by heredity). This third capacity is the only one now recognised.

We do not recognise the others because we are now all individualists whatever we may call ourselves. The Communist, for example, having caught a glimpse of the rights of the individual in his first capacity, cannot be content to leave them undifferentiated rights, but endeavours to divide them up again into individual ones, confusing them with those due to Capacity 3, thus ignoring the prime fact that it is their unindividualised condition that they have any value, and that were they separated they would only have a scrap value. To those who recognise this it becomes obvious that some new method must be contrived to avoid this break-up. But this new method is in all
cases only a permutation of the present ones, merely a removal of round pegs to square holes and vice versa.

Our mistake at the present moment is a very fundamental one and can be most easily brought within our outlook thus. If we now regard the Community as the unit comparable with the business concern in our previous paragraph, we see that the increment of National Credit is to be equated with the increment of Business Credit and as such should, rightfully, be distributed among all the participators in the business as Dividend.

On the smaller scale the bone of contention is the rightful apportionment of the increment of business credit between owners and workers. On the larger scale the real matter in context, outside the area considered by most of those who deal with the subject, is the apportionment of the Communal increment. At present this is undistributed, and in this condition is most carefully to be distinguished from Costs which are paid to the participators on account of their activities. On the larger scale the raison d'etre of what has gone before any one can do so for himself according to the lines which he is inclined to follow.

The actual crux of the moment is whether the “Board” of International Finance is, as a matter of fact, furthering the best interests of the Shareholder which is Mankind. This is the real matter which has to be dealt with, and in so far as we confine our reforms to the smaller reflections of this real principle we are only making departmental or shop changes instead of bravely tackling the basal question of the Directorate.

TOWARDS NATIONAL GUILDS.

I have received the following letter:

Miss Frances Frewett refers in a depreciatory sense to G. B. Shaw as “advocating compulsory labour.” But surely Mr. Shaw only means the common sense view that all should do some share of the work of providing the necessities of life, whether in producing, or distributing, etc. If all adults do some share of the necessary work all will have ample leisure. But if all do not share in it, who is to select the workers, why should some work and some not? That only implies a new sort of slavery. If all share in the necessities work all have the “right to live.” Shaw’s insistence on compulsory labour for all implies the equal income for all. If all share in the work, all the work is equally honourable; it is not what your job is, but how you do it.

But we shall first be compelled to abolish production of things for a money profit; that will end wagery, the stupid “right to work” and give all a right to a share in the national products, the necessities; individual needs declaring what the share is.

And not till money-profit is abolished (the Disestablishment of Money, as I have always put it) will the Arts be free and men really be able to grow by them. Think of our concerts, theatres, picture galleries, all free from the tyranny of Gate-money!—FREDERICK H. EVANS.

In reply I would submit that my correspondent is mistaken in describing as “a common-sense view” the assumption that all should do some share of the work of providing the necessities of life. This is not sense, though it may be an opinion commonly held. In an age when mechanical inventions combined with association have so far facilitated production that the voluntary efforts of 10 per cent. of all can maintain the remainder in comfort, what sense? There is in insisting that all should work? For one thing, the other 90 per cent. are in the way. What is required in order to “deliver the goods”? is a small army of efficient highly skilled workers, specially fitted and trained. In Major Douglas’s words, “The essential nature of a satisfactory modern co-operative State may be broadly expressed as consisting of a functionally aristocratic hierarchy of producers accredited by, and serving, a democracy of consumers.” There is not enough work to go round, even under the present haphazard, wasteful system. What would then be the dilemma of Mr. Shaw in a society intelligently organised, when the 90 per cent. workless individuals passed in endless processions before his house blaring forth their lack of employment on multitudinous instruments?

Extremes meet, and Mr. Shaw, with his compulsory labour, would involve society in exactly the same destruction that Finance is compassing by other means—that is, loss of individual freedom. There is a remarkable passage in Dante’s “Inferno,” where the poet records a fearful struggle between a condemned soul and a serpent. To his horror, as the two rolled interlocked on the ground, he witnessed the transformation of one antagonist into the other until finally the serpent assumed human shape and the guilty soul was condemned to grovel in the loathsome form of his opponent. In like manner, it appears that Finance hitherto has had the power of transforming any scheme put up against its tyranny into its own likeness. It evokes a resistance which assumes similar forms. In truth, the ends of the Fabians do not differ fundamentally from Finance. They do not work for liberty but for wealth. They would replace the malevolent power of Finance by an omnipotent benevolent State.
And still, however well the State fulfilled its functions (or just because it worked better) the people would have been servile, since self-direction would be denied them. So subtly woven is the web of Finance into the very stuff of society that even many of those who would reform it are psychologically affected thereby, and can express themselves only in terms of slavery or violence.

Mr. Shaw is hoodwinked, vanquished and forced to assume the hated shape of his adversary, because his nimble imagination fails to expose the preliminary tactics. If the protagonist of a cause can persuade his opponent to accept without question certain fundamental assumptions—if his axioms are undisputed—it may be taken more than half is won. Now Mr. Shaw has swallowed whole the root conception, fostered in the interests of Finance, that work alone confers a right to live, and thereby he has sold the pass to the enemy. According to my correspondent, Mr. Shaw's insistence on compulsory labour for all implies the equal income for all, and a share in "the necessitous work" bestows on the worker the right to live. But Mr. Shaw must really bring his conceptions up-to-date. In primitive times, before man had mastered the secrets of Nature, and was ignorant of the controlling natural forces, such reasoning was excusable. It is no longer applicable, and as in the physical body vestiges are often a source of danger to health, so Mr. Shaw's vestigial reasoning is injurious to the community in proportion as he is able to persuade the public that he has succeeded in making statesmen say "It is astounding that he can make such statements in public without being challenged or that his audiences can calmly envisage the new slavery he advocates. It is probable that the explanation is that he makes his appeal to resentment. His hearers complacently figure compulsion applied to "the other man" and forget that a wrong done to one is done to all.

But it is just by making work a passport to purchasing power that Finance is enabled to maintain its hold over the nations. The banks, in issuing credit, are concerned mainly in getting back that credit with interest, and not at all in the quantity or quality of the goods produced except in so far as it affects the money return. It will be seen that their aim is opposed to the well-being of the community, and to obtain the co-operation of the public in assuring the rapid restoration of the credit-value to the financial system, the banks make use of their control of purchasing power. This is only granted in the shape of wages and salaries on condition that the work is done which ensures a quick return to the banks of their credit-issues. It is by this device for the distribution of purchasing power that the Financial Powers retain complete control over the policy of production, and hence over the destinies of the peoples.

Mr. Evans speaks of abolishing production of things for a money profit. How does he propose to do this if he is ready to consolidate the power of the banks by insisting that work is the only condition of existence? The Credit created by the community in the past and present should be a social inheritance, each individual being entitled to his or her share by virtue of being alive. The very act of being born constitutes a claim on the social inheritance. But the possession of purchasing power which this would give to the public would be fatal to the claims of Finance, which has been successful in intercepting Credit at its source. The dam it has erected in the shape of credit-issue and price-fixing automatically directs the main flow of benefits into its own hands, allowing a meagre streamlet to trickle through to the anxious crowd of humanity below only on condition that they work. And Mr. Shaw, endorsing that condition with his gospel of compulsory labour, is as much an enemy to individual liberty and to the conception of the dignity of humanity as any member of the Financial oligarchy.

FRANCES PREWETT.
that if Athene can leave home, and go straight away to live with a man, she must have enjoyed considerable freedom while living under her father's roof. If Maud might become like her father; he might have retorted that if Athene can leave home, and

impudence to accuse him of being responsible for her liberty by a brutal father; Maud's ordinary manner to him was such that, if she were a man talking to a man, she would be knocked down for her insolence. He did at last shake her, and she stamped on his toes; he had manners enough to apologise for losing his temper, but she had not manners enough to apologise for refusing him common courtesy. Athene, too, had the

impudence to accuse him of being responsible for her

co-habitation with Guy Herringham, instead of accusing supposed that these were dutiful girls denied ordinary liberty by a brutal father; Maud's ordinary manner to him was such that, if she were a man talking to a man, she would be knocked down for her insolence. He did at last shake her, and she stamped on his toes; he had manners enough to apologise for losing his temper, but she had not manners enough to apologise for refusing him common courtesy. Athene, too, had the

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impudence to accuse him of being responsible for her
It is imper turbable nonsense, untroubled by thought. Mr. Holmes' feelings pop up so easily because they are lighter than air, because they are not real, but sentimental. The progress of the title poem demonstrates this. It begins:

The night was heavy with sorrow: I heard the flash of a tear.
I caught the breath of its sighing: I felt the gloom of its tears.

(Observe that, in the very first verse, the author puts himself in the front of the stage.) After an unbridled description of the dawn, he reverts once more to his feelings, under the impression that they are more than feelings:

A flame in my heart is kindled by the might of the moon's mere breath;
A passion beyond all passion; a faith that eclipses faith;
A joy that is more than gladness; a hope that outsours desire.

A love that consumes and quickens; a soul transfiguring fire.
My life is possessed and mastered; my heart is inspired and filled.

In short, the author thoroughly enjoys himself. A little later on he feels what has ne'er been spoken: (he) knows what has ne'er been guessed.
And on the other hand, the emotion and the antitheses become more stormy than ever:

I am more than self: I am selfless: I am more than self: I am I.

I have found the springs of my being in the flush of the eastern sky.
The last line, sentimental even for Mr. Holmes, puts him out of court: if philosophy is the love of wisdom, then this is nothing but call-love. It is not even his feelings that the author mistakes for thoughts; it is his self-deception regarding his feelings, and this self-deception he makes the key to life. Truth, however, is not to be found by bamboozling oneself. Mr. Holmes is under the impression that his verses are spiritual. As a matter of fact, they are not even sensual. They have their foundation in sensuality, however:

And I draw the world within me, and I send my soul without;
And God's pulse is in my bosom, and I lie upon God's breast.

There are, of course, different ways of getting a serious pleasure out of our fatigue and at the same time idealising it; youth, the sick age par excellence, knows them all by nature, but to man, whose rôle is purposive activity, they are not proper. This sentimentalisation of mere passivity increases our weakness; it does not help us to recover ourselves, but seduces us into the mere enjoyment of inactivity. Here, once more, the paradoxical character of Mr. Holmes' work is evident; when he speaks of fulfillment his readers, for men need often nothing more than the excuse to regress.

K. Knight Hallowes. Songs of War and Patriotism.

With a Foreword and Introduction from His Excellency the Rt. Hon. Lawrence John Lumley Dundas, Earl of Ronaldshay, G.C.I.E., Governor of Bengal, and J. A. Sandbrook. (Longmans, Green, 2s. 6d. net.)

The proceeds of the sale of this volume "will be devoted to the needs of our disabled soldiers through the medium of Lady Carnmichael's Fund... incorporated under the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem." If hatred of the Germans is always equal in degree to love of the British then Mr. Hallowes' love must be great:

Attack the Prussian hogs,
That Europe's flowers uproot,
Loose on them all your dogs,
Kill each destroying brute—
Lest generations, we unborn,
The savagery of man may morn.

The Earl of Ronaldshay in his foreword picks out for special mention this verse:

O for the crimson and gold of the harvest,
O for the laugh, the laugh of the moon,
O for the crowd of butterflies soaring
Over the meadows and over the corn!

Well, what could we say that would be worse!

E. M.

Music.

Mr. Brailowsky. The outstanding feature of Mr. Brailowsky's piano recital on Wednesday, June 1, was his playing of the Beethoven Sonata (Opus 53). The tendency of most pianists is to approach Beethoven in a spirit of reverence untempered by love. He is relegated to a dim, far-off region, populated by what is vaguely known to a large section of the British public as "the classics"; and the result may be summed up in a phrase which we lately heard from a well-known artist: "I do hate good music." But while the most rigid adherent to tradition could not quarrel with Mr. Brailowsky's attitude towards Beethoven, the most rebellious hater of "good" music could not be unaffected by the warm breath of his tonal quality. Unprejudiced by the fact that Beethoven died a long time ago, and is a "classic," Mr. Brailowsky treated his sonata as music, simply music, and though never taking any liberties with the form, allowed himself to infuse a glow and warmth into it which made his rendering a delight to ear and mind. There are few pianists who combine so much dynamic force with so much warmth and subtle variety of colouring. His performance of Liszt's "Campanella" at the end of a tiring programme was exuberantly brilliant. We may deplore, however, the hackneyed lines on which the piano programme, so often arranged, and the undue proportion of time given to works known by heart to most audiences. A pianist like Mr. Brailowsky should be able to introduce into each programme at least one big work by a modern composer, instead of two or three short pieces. We shall have to hear the big modern works played by more than one great pianist before our ears can get accustomed to modern effects. At present, the giants of the piano—with one notable exception—limit themselves to the smaller works of the new writers, and it is those who are not giants who present us with their big works. What we want is to hear the biggest players in the biggest works of the later composers. For these works have been written.

Mr. Pouishnoff, Queen's Hall, June 2.—Listening with shut eyes to the Bach Chaconne in D minor with which Mr. Pouishnoff opened his recital, it was difficult to believe, and quite impossible to realise, that he is the possessor of only two hands and only ten fingers. So far, however, Mr. Pouishnoff seems to have resisted the temptations which so often assail pianists with a transcendental technique. He does not interpolate cadenzas and runs in thirds into works already pre-eminently pianistic, nor does he invent difficulties in order to show how easily he can overcome them. He does perhaps occasionally play a little faster than he need, and only those who have heard Mr. Pouishnoff can imagine what in his case "a little faster" means. The difference between Mr. Pouishnoff's glissandos and his runs is one of method, not speed, and there is the same crystal clearness of tone in both. At the end of his programme Mr. Pouishnoff gave three encores which included Liszt's "Campanella," and it would be interesting to know how long it took him to play. He had finished it before we thought of looking at a watch. From a comprehensively musical point of view the most satisfying performances of the evening were the Bach Chaconne and the Mozart Larghetto; but from a pianistic standpoint alone the whole programme was a delight.

H. R.
Views and Reviews.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST IN POLITICS.

A book* by M. Le Bon is always interesting for its explanation of them. It is interesting to discover, for example, that from the beginning of the war to March, 1915, our Allies, the French, had not made more than 250 new rifles, that the factories were for the most part closed and the specialists mobilised... and that no one knew where to find the dies, gauges, etc., for their manufacture. It is still more interesting to discover that long-range artillery fire was a heresy condemned by the French regulations: "the result was that from the beginning of the war to March, 1915, the Commission in Lunacy could do justice to the state of mind of those responsible for the conduct of the war. But apart from such interesting details, I am at a loss to discover why M. Le Bon habitually speaks of psychology as a "science," and enunciates "laws." Here is one example of a psychological law: "When, under various influences, one of the elements of the personality acquires a preponderant importance, it annuls, for the time being, the action of the other elements and assumes the exclusive control of conduct." The statement is obvious: one element does not "annul" another, although it may subordinate it. It is simply impossible for one element of the mind to function by itself, and the further statement that this important element "assumes exclusive control of conduct" admits that this precious "law" is simply an assertion, in other words, that activity is the exclusive expression of one element of personality; but far from being a "law," it is a common observation which we all make when we say that a man is "angry," or "in love," or "pugnacious," or "enthusiastic," and so on; as Dr. Hollander says, the "phenomenological" theory survives in social psychology. M. Le Bon means by "elements," certain "affective or mystic elements," passions, or ideas that are the focus of passions; and no one denies that we are more easily swayed by "passion" than we are by "reason." But if this is psychology, we are all psychologists; a "science" should at least offer us something more precise than common observation.

But M. Le Bon draws certain deductions from this law. Just as a passion will unify a personality, so a personality may unify the activity of a nation. M. Le Bon argues in favour of the "unity of command," for example, as opposed to the council of war, and says that "all the councils of war of which history has kept a record have proved to be very well adapted to criticism and very ill adapted to action." This is obvious; we act most easily when we do not have to explain our actions—in short, we act most efficiently in the absence of obstacles to action. But, curiously enough, the virtues of "unity of command" are only realised in France, and in war; when M. Le Bon considers Bolshevism in Russia, he comes to the conclusion that an absolute despotism may indeed destroy a society, but is powerless to reconstruct it—a singular judgment in view of the fact that modern Russia was made by an absolute despotism, although not the one that M. Le Bon objects to. There was a considerable degree of "unity of command" or "absolute despotism" (whichever the reader prefers) in Germany; and "psychology" apparently approves of both the German and French experiments, but disapproves of the Russian. But Russia is not the only place where "we have empty factories, cold blast furnaces and thousands of unemployed."

It is indeed difficult to understand M. Le Bon on this question of unity of command. It is supposed to have won the war; but the consequence of winning the war is that England's hegemony has replaced that of Germany, but history shows that hegemony upon military force have never been enduring and have engendered many wars. On the other hand, France, which exercised the unity of command, is "completely deprived of the industry of a region which used to produce 94 per cent. of our woollen fabrics, 83 per cent. of our cast iron, 70 per cent. of our sugar, 60 per cent. of our cotton fabrics, 55 per cent. of our coal, 45 per cent. of our electrical energy," etc., in short, she seems to be nearly as badly off as Russia. One wonders whether unity of command, in spite of the fact that it facilitates action, is to be commended if these are its results.

It is difficult to separate M. Le Bon's psychology from his politics. He believes in the unity of command in war: "imperious military necessities forced the rulers to absorb all the energies of each country in order to direct them towards a single goal. Only a dictatorial power could achieve such a concentration"; but when he comes to consider Socialism, for example (he equates the "German peril" with "the peril of State intervention"), we get the usual arguments that State action paralyses individual initiative. Fortunately for this argument, his chapter on "The Psychological Causes of Industrial Inferiority" revealed the fact that, before the war, the French manufacturers were showing no initiative whatever. He quotes from a report in sixty volumes which shows that France before the war, the French manufacturers were already ceasing to produce a great many articles, and were confining themselves to selling at a profit apparatus made in Germany. M. Le Bon sums up: "Among the most disastrous defects of character we may count the absence of solidarity, which renders the manufacturer incapable of disciplined and co-ordinated collective effort; the spirit of routine, which makes it impossible for him to introduce any change in established methods; and the dread of incurring risks, the timidity and lack of initiative which make him fearful of large undertakings." These are the people whose initiative would be paralysed by State intervention—not without reason, I may add. But the upshot of it all is that M. Le Bon wants to improve everybody's character without making any alterations. He proves that our opinions are "collective" opinions, caught up from the environment or accepted as a consequence of "affirmation, repetition, prestige, suggestion and contagion"; but he also proves that any suggestion of change in the environment is revolutionary, and therefore an illusion. He seems to be the arch-creator of social myths, but prefers the social myth of individual initiative to that of Socialism. This may be psychology, but it is not science; it is not even politics.

A. E. R.

* "The World in Revolt: a Psychological Study of Our Times," By Gustave Le Bon. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
Psyche's Lamp. A Re-Valuation of Psychological Principles as Foundation of All Thought. By Robert Briffault. (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Although Mr. Briffault's style in this essay is more sober than it was in his prose lyrical, “The Making of Humanity,” his reasoning is not less cogent nor is his aptness of illustration less marked. He has a remarkable sense of fact; when he has finished with a concept or a postulate, what remains seems to be the most obvious commonsense; and he has an almost surgical skill in demonstrative analysis. The difficulty of defining the province and subject-matter of psychology is well known, and Mr. Briffault begins by showing that “when psychology, ambitious of following the example of the physical sciences, likewise protests her unconcern with ontology, the profession is not at all so easy, is in fact desperately impracticable. For the very enterprise upon which she is embarked, the exploration of the inner world of mind, posits a stupendous ontological dogma, namely, that there is a distinct and self-contained world of mind separated from all else by the unbridgeable abyss of substantial disparity, and co-extensive with conscious experience.” That dogma of substantial dualism has its roots in the classical thought in the notion of the soul as a double of the living body; but it was elaborated in Neoplatonic theosophy and Patristic theology, and “was set forth with uncompromising emphasis by Descartes.” The audacity of positing two distinct substances can be estimated by the fact that we have no conception of what a “substance” is; and the Berkeleyan attempt to reduce the universe, but to know that we can trust it—and to rejoice in it. That is the faith that is needful. And is it not established by the fact that the forces that move it and those which actuate us are identical? In a postscript he warns against the vicious theomysticism which might ensue if we were to fall in. Every such operation is an intellectual felony. A mystery is a problem that we have not solved, a question to which we have no answer.” It is fortunate for Mr. Briffault that autos-da-fe are no longer inflammatory.

Nationalism. By G. P. Gooch. The Swarthmore International Handbooks. Swarthmore Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

In this volume Mr. Gooch brings together in condensed form the main facts (with the curious omission of the United States of America) of the rise and organisation of the European States and their imitators. The narrative is clear, but throws no new light upon the problem of nationalism. The author's point of view is the liberal nationalism of last century. He recognises that the national spirit does not always work on the side of the angels; but gives no help in answering the all-important question of what is to be the future of nationalism. The coincidence of the rise of the modern state with the rise of industrialism, however, we may interpret the fact, is too marked to be passed over; yet Mr. Gooch ignores it, as he does the phenomena of Imperialism and Bolshevism. His definition of nationality as “the resolve of a group of human beings to share their fortunes, and to exercise exclusive control over their own actions” may serve as a starting point, but does not go far towards preparing the ground for a theory of internationalism.

Handbook of Local Government for England and Wales. 1920. (Published by the Labour Party, 33, Eccleston Square, Westminster, S.W.1., and by George Allen and Unwin, Ruskin House, 40, Museum Street, W.C.1. 5s. net.)

The Labour Advisory Committee supplies in this handbook a store of useful advice to Labour members of local councils, from a warning to rely more on committee work than on “eloquence at full meetings” to an exposition of the principles of rating. There is also a bibliography and a directory. The chapters on housing and town-planning are of general interest. But, as usual, while Labour has been busy oiling the engine, other powers have been letting the fire out, and the advice on the Housing and Education Acts no longer seems as practical as when it was written.
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—While thanking "E. M." for his appreciation of my "Fleurs de Lys," I would beg your kind leave to point out that my version of de Vigny's "Maison du Berger" does not profess to give the whole poem, but only "Fifteen stanzas from a total of forty-eight."

I fear lest a reader who may inject me forthwith for a slim pretence to giving mine more than is really offered; but where I have rendered only a portion of a piece or where I have defied the original with especial hardship, he will find the fact confirmed (if defended) in my notes at the end of the volume.

WILFRED THORLEY.

Pastiche.

THE PLANET.

Towards the closing of a Cosmic Day
God sat enthroned like a setting sun
Wheeling in silence its abyssal way.

"It is all good," He said. "The work is done."

Saw how in unison the systems spun,
Heard the harmonious ringing of the spheres
Chiming the dawn of 1921.

While on the borders of the dark Inane
"It is all good," He said.

"Another Cosmic row!" said Gabriel,

"The work is done."

Saw nations on the move
And the racket grew in volume and in vim.

"Another Cosmic row!" said Gabriel,

"The work is done."

As we determined when the Day-Dawn rose.

Saw how in unison the systems spun,
Heard the harmonious ringing of the spheres
Chiming the dawn of 1921.

Wondering what Man was e'er created for,
"Another Cosmic row!" said Gabriel,

"The work is done."

Saw how in unison the systems spun,
Heard the harmonious ringing of the spheres
Chiming the dawn of 1921.

Saw nations on the move
And the racket grew in volume and in vim.

"Another Cosmic row!" said Gabriel,

"The work is done."

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