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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A dramatic change has come over the coal situation. All the week confusion had been worse confounded than ever. Every manner of wild suggestion was being flung about by the men's leaders. Mr. Noah Ablett glibly remarked that "the larger the area to which they extended the battle, the more the Government would have to deal with." If experience has not yet taught our Labour "statesmen" that normally a strike does not become more effective, but very much the reverse, the wider it is extended, and if they have not yet grasped the terrific forces of resistance that a serious attempt at anything approaching a general strike would evoke, their ignorance must be super-invincible. Mr. A. J. Cook again declared that the miners were going to fight "directly against the Government" for nationalisation. We trust they are not seriously thinking of trying to resuscitate that unburied, but, we had hoped, forgotten corpse. Its unhonoured decease had at least left the field clear for some policy relevant to the actual issues. And were nationalisation ever so desirable, it does not fall within the class of objects for which the strike is an appropriate weapon. To declare a strike for a social change of that kind is to invite civil war. You may begin by striking, but, if you are to fight such an issue to a finish, you must end with machine-guns. The only other thing to do is to cry, "Our mistake! Sorry we spoke." In this country, the latter is of course what people actually would do. We notice too that some districts were even suggesting the desperate policy of "making the mining industry a failure" by reduced output. Are our proletariat really going to fulfil Dean Inge's prophecy that "they can and will destroy" capitalism, "but only by destroying themselves"? Even Mr. Cook, while deprecating this last piece of madness, yet talked cheerfully of going on to the bitter end, "even if it means smashing the present system." If people once start "smashing," "the present system" will not be the only thing smashed. To such a pitch of reckless resentment have our plutocrats driven the most docile and good-tempered working-class in the world.

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Mr. Hodges has been trying to brave out the situation at Brighton, but did any organiser of defeat ever offer so lame an apology? In face of the glaring facts, it is sheer impudence on his part to declare that "it is the Government, and the Government alone, that is responsible for the unhappy pass into which we have been brought." The indictment against the Government is indeed heavy enough, but they certainly do not stand "alone" in the dock. Long before the springing of decontrol, it was the business of Mr. Hodges and his colleagues to have been examining every proposal that was in the field for so re-organising the industry as to lift it out of the rut and start it rolling on the path of prosperity. We need not recount again the various tactical blunders committed since the stoppage. But we insist once more that Mr. Hodges has grossly failed to carry out his repeated offers to "explore every avenue." He and his Executive have steadily refused to take the trouble to examine the most constructive set of proposals that anyone has suggested—proposals offering *prima facie* a veritable new world for the miners. Can it be that our Labour leaders are more anxious for a Labour Government (with themselves in high posts) a few years hence than for a real social advance under the present political régime? It is at any rate disquieting to read Mr. Ellis Davies' recent statement in the "Nation" that a Labour ex-M.P. "only last autumn assured him that he would prefer to see the poor still suffering, and injustice prevail for twenty years, rather than agree to a political compromise." Was this the inner meaning of Mr. Hodges' concluding passage? However that may be, he made one amazing admission—that the stoppage was initiated by the leave of the bankers; or (as he more discreetly put it) "we started with overdrafts at the bank." For whose benefit does he wish us to suppose that the contest has, *in fact*, been fought?

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The agenda and the Press reports of the Labour Party Conference are melancholy reading. Even far better stage-management than the Labour Party is capable of cannot make a really enlivening spectacle out of an interminable procession of red herrings. We can get up no enthusiasm over the question, to which of the Internationals the Party is to belong. They are all three committed to some brand or other of Collectivism. If the Party is to do any good, it had better drop nationalisation and collective ownership altogether, and do some completely fresh thinking on the whole economic problem. Again, the whole of the resolutions bearing on international relations, with the exception of one clause in a voluminous essay tabled by the I.L.P., would thoroughly commend themselves to that ghost of nineteenth-century Manchester, that masquerades under the odd guise of "Common Sense." They

blankly ignore the real economic cause of wars. The excepted clause does begin to get on the scent when it speaks of "neglecting the needs of the home market"; but even this badly fumbles the issue. On unemployment, no more exhilarating suggestion was produced than the Labour Party's Right to Work Bill and a call to the State "immediately to organise production and distribution to supply social needs." We have, of course, a better plan even for the immediate purpose of supplying that odd necessity of our insane society—employment. But a Labour Party worth its salt would long ago have got on to the far more inspiring thought of establishing the Right-Not-to-Work. At the very tail of the long programme there did appear two resolutions of live interest—both from obscure local parties. One affirmed "Guild Socialism," the other, after "recognising the great service rendered to the Labour Movement by THE NEW AGE in formulating and persistently advocating the National Guilds idea," went on to demand "a thorough investigation by a representative and competent body of the 'Douglas-NEW AGE' scheme for the democratic control of credit." Of course these resolutions were never reached. But, even if the latter had been carried, it would not have produced the smallest effect. The Executive has already appointed its committee of inquiry; we need not repeat our former challenge of its competence and representative character.

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The Russian situation clarifies rapidly. The latest news will surely be an eye-opener even to the impenetrable complacency of the "Daily Herald." Another big step back into capitalism was taken last month. Private persons and companies are now to be allowed to rent big industrial works and sources of raw material. M. Lenin is naturally compelled to describe this as "a transition period, after which communism will be reinstated." But evidently the real "transition" is in exactly the opposite direction; we see a continual series of revisions, all making the same way. There is nothing to suggest any prospect of a sudden swinging round later on. What is happening is as plain as daylight. Cosmopolitan financiers are stepping in now that the ground has been so conveniently cleared for them by the Bolshevist orgy of destruction, and are snapping up cheap the depreciated assets of the nation. The larger concessions will be secured by these powerful financial rings, and the smaller entrepreneurs who take over the ordinary run of industrial concerns will be absolutely dependent upon them for credit. Industrialism will be extended far beyond the narrow limits within which it has hitherto been confined in Russia, and will assume an intensive form such perhaps as has never hitherto been known in any country. And the principal beneficiaries will be the foreign financial conquerors. For an indefinite period they may find it most convenient to continue to use the Bolshevist Government as their agents. The latter need not seriously alter their principles; at a very early stage of the Revolution M. Lenin was already waxing lyrical over the Taylor system of scientific management and similar pleasing devices of "advanced" capitalism. But whatever régime is nominally in power, the real ruling class will be the alien financiers. The monarchist and aristocratic elements which might have provided an opposition have been ruthlessly swept away; among ourselves the new plutocracy is at any rate kept a little in check by the Cecils and others of their caste. It is reserved for post-Revolutionary Russia to exhibit the disgustingness of plutocracy without palliation or disguise. We hope our own Communists will like it. For ourselves we declared from the first that England had nothing to learn from the Russian Revolution—except how not to do it.

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We see that Mr. W. L. Hichens has been unburdening his soul to a representative of the "Daily News." The remedy for our ills must be found, he thinks, partly in increased efficiency, "but especially by the reduction of wages." It is not so long since he wrote, "Reforms will be of little or no avail unless a high standard of wages is established." But that was during the war, when everyone was talking about "a new England," "fit for heroes," and Mr. Lloyd George himself could even tell a Labour deputation, "Don't go back to pre-war conditions. Be audacious, get a quite new world." But it is indelicate now to allude to these indiscretions. As Mr. Hichens puts it, "It is time that we faced the realities of a hard world, and abandoned our Utopian dreams." So he makes a manly effort and, resolutely forgetting his past, he solemnly reels off the now standardised formula, "We are far poorer than we were before the war, and it is obvious that the standard of living of everyone must be reduced." That is the Great Lie that must be fought to the death whenever it is met, if our society is not to perish. It is grotesquely and perversely false. It is a notorious fact that our equipment for wealth production is enormously more efficient than before the war. Our power to turn out commodities of all kinds has been multiplied many times over. If the productive machine were deliberately turned on to provide the needs of the people's life, as it was turned on during the war to deliver high explosives to the consumer in the German trenches, surely even Mr. Hichens would not venture to deny that it could pour forth the goods in abundance. If so, then clearly there is nothing wrong with our ability to produce; it must be distribution that is wrong. The machinery of distribution is money. Hence the hold-up must be to be found in the present control of money. Democratise that in such a way as to distribute to all ample purchasing power—that is, the *claim* to whatever each needs—and we need not have the least fear that our organisation for production will not be able to honour the claims.

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There is a definite movement on foot to reconstitute the Liberal Party. Unionists and Liberals are coming together on a basis of peace with Ireland, Free Trade, and economy. So far as regards economic and industrial matter this is a programme of pure negation. No party can live nowadays on that kind of thing. If they are to be saved the Liberals must get a positive and constructive policy in regard to the social problem. We note that they are "agreed that there must be no capital versus Labour issue in a Liberal programme." We are not going to quarrel with that. We are always insisting that the social problem can be solved and the wage-system abolished without raising the question in that form. Go straight for the real strangle-hold on the nation's life—the grip of the financiers—and Capital and Labour can at once begin to co-operate in working out their joint emancipation (and that of us all). The Social Credit policy affords a haven in time of need for this storm-tossed Party. We have already pointed out the electioneering possibilities it possesses. And it is at present at the service of any Party; which will be the first to appropriate it? Mr. Balfour, too, appears to be on an exploring expedition. He is much exercised about "direct action," he thinks that "the present system is barbarous and absurd." Unfortunately he has "*no remedy to propose*"; *he does not wish* "to suggest constructive legislation." He lamely concludes that it is for wage-earners and employers to do something about it. But they are both too busy with their special jobs to have other than a narrow outlook. It is surely the business of a detached and philosophical statesman to give a lead to society's foot-sloggers. The mystic word "credit" plus Mr. Balfour's worldly wisdom ought to equal something dynamic.

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In the current "Guildsman" the editorial notes deal with the position of the middle classes in relation to "Guild Socialism." They point out that those classes are a very tough nut to crack; on the other hand, they

frankly recognise that National Guilds cannot come into being without their help. The "Guildsman" puts its trust in the psychological reaction of the spread of professional organisation among the non-manual workers. But the problem raises far deeper issues than our contemporary realises. We are dealing with fundamentals here. Traditions, associations, and instincts are involved that reach down to the very foundations of all society. To put the matter bluntly, the vast majority of the middle classes will never touch any policy that looks like an attack on property. Propose to transfer possessions wholesale from private owners to the community and you will have these people against you to a man. Nor is there any hope of ever converting them. It is needless to go into the complex psychological and historical reasons for this. The fact ought to be plain enough to anyone who has been in the social movement for any length of time. What is the "Guildsman" going to do about it? After all, a Guild organisation in industry is not improved by being linked up with Collectivism (since *ownership* is what matters, collective ownership *is* Collectivism). The Guilds might just as well be associated with a distributivist régime as regards property-holding. This is, beyond question, the *only* policy of fundamental social reconstruction on which the middle classes and the wage-earners could ever unite.

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It is, of supreme importance therefore that social pioneers, and Guildsmen in particular, should clear up their ideas on these matters. A great many of them advocate the Social Credit scheme, and yet seek to retain alongside of it purely Marxian arguments, and scraps of wildly revolutionary tactics only to be justified on the Marxian basis. In reality, there are two integral, and violently contrasted, positions which may be adopted by those who are in fundamental revolt against the existing social order. There is the Marxian view, regarding labour as the sole creator of wealth, and advocating "the right to the whole product of labour," the dictatorship of the proletariat, the seizure of mines and factories by the workers, and so forth. It all hangs together quite consistently. On the other hand we have the new credit-economies. On this view, wealth is the product of a vast co-operative effort of society, very largely the effort of past generations still bearing fruit at the present day. If we are to give any one answer to the question, who or what is the producer of wealth? we should have to say "the machinery of production." This is a complex, consisting partly of actual machines, but very largely also of traditions, standardised methods, knowledge of scientific processes, and similar imponderables. Its principal creators are an apostolic succession of inventors, most of them long dead and buried. The major portion of the wealth produced to-day *has been earned* by these men; it is not earned by any now living labour of hand or brain. Of course, labour of both kinds is indispensable to the functioning of this machinery of production. So is fuel and lubricating oil. There is no more reason for singling out labour as *the* creator of wealth, than for pitching on coal or oil. When a machine is running practically by itself and pouring out manufactured goods, the labour of mere "minding" is only an incidental matter. Such labour might be justly and even generously paid, and yet leave the bulk of the product as a social dividend for workers and non-workers alike. As each generation simply finds these facilities for producing wealth on easy terms lying about, as it were, they can only, in equity, be regarded as a social heritage in whose fruits all are entitled to share. The mass of the people, in short, are robbed not, as workers, of the produce of their labour, but, as citizens, of their social heritage.

N. E. E. S.

World Affairs.

THERE are three things of primordial importance for the understanding of the British function in the world and all these three things are as deep and unrealised as they are verifiable and crying for recognition. We began this series on the British world-function with the fact of the racial derivation of the Englishman, of his Teutonic derivation, and with the fact that the Empire of Columbia, the Imperium of the far future, is primarily of British and Teutonic derivation. The speech of the British race and of Northern America is the mysterious English language, that multiple synthesis of the Western Aryan languages which leads the Aryan mind backwards again into monosyllabism and agglutination of the primitive and sub-intellectual utterance. This is a regression on the higher spiral and a progression at the same time, we have remarked and emphasised; a bending towards supra-Aryan thought and utterance; and the American Aryandom is moulding this supra-Aryan speech in its inception, moulding and re-shaping in considerable degree, and is conferring the gift and the mystery of this speech upon its new and supra-Aryan race in the making. We wish again to expose this fact to a glaring emphasis. With greatest hesitation and only compelled by truth we demand once more a recognition of the obvious. The English language is one of the foundations of the pan-human future and is one of the primordially important creations of the human soul. This language may become the vehicle of the future world-language, as the new humanity of Columbia, the titanic and great young race, the imperial young race, may become the *epigenesis* and the physical innovation upon the Aryan stock. A new and, partly, a supra-Aryan Humanity is in its inception in America. Universal Humanity, however, and the supra-Aryan evolution of the globe and of mankind are the fulfilment of Aryandom, its fulfilment and transcendence, not its annihilation. In America a new Aryan body is being born in these centuries, and the pan-human idea, in one of its aspects, is coming into existence in America. And just as England was born Teutonic and European, Columbia was born British and European. America is the evolutionary transcendence of England.

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The essential contribution of the British race to the world is, as we have said in the beginning of this series, the English language, an essential language of humanity and the British character. The sublimity and the theurgic potency of this character we propose to consider and to value at the end of our present inquiry. This character is the foundation of the world. The pan-human merit and contribution of British mankind can be compared with those of the eternal China. The contribution of the eternal soul of China to the world is the reality and the ideal of the Ineffable, of the Normal, of the Perfect; the reality and ideal of the Divine; the reality and ideal of the Simple. This ineffable gift of China to the whole is her religion of Tao and her æonian and lowly life in Tao. Tao is potentiality, and Sophia supernal herself, and continuity, and omnipotentiality. Sophia and Tao are Life itself, elasticity and life. Tao and the essence of Albion are indefiniteness and omnipotentiality. Childlike and eternally indefinite are Tao and Sophia, living, undying, neutrum. The essence of China is pan-humanness itself. The embodiments of common humanness on earth are, in the racial aspect of the world, the Middle Kingdom of Asia and the Imperium of Aryan synthesis and transcendence; this biological

and wise Imperium is the cosmopolitan and feminine empire of the Englishman. England is a mother and is passive both to Providence and to Destiny. Unconscious indefiniteness is her humanness. Womb and unconscious mother is England. Her pan-humanness is truly neutral and indiscriminate. England is China and nothing less, the immense and world-sustaining China, a victorious and cruel unconsciousness and mystery. America, and Canada and Australia are the progeny, and they are already the born, self-existing progeny of England. If the Son, however, if maleness, if reason and personality were not God Himself, if Man and his own history were not divine and equal in majesty to the Father, the end of England would be death and stagnation, the evolutionary and feminine stupor, just as this was the curse and the putrescence of China.

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The character and the mental harmony of the British Man is the foundation of the world, and a safe and worthy foundation. Tao and what is easy and natural, common sense and what is simple and nourishing is the foundation of what is real and perfect. The Englishman's accomplishment is his practice of the Chinese principle. The Englishman's accomplishment alone can be the natural and given basis of the Universal Humanity of the future, and of all New Aryandom. There is such an ideal and such a necessity as the New Aryandom. Of Humanity Universal and of Geon the new Aryandom of spirit and self-creation is the precursor and the cause, and must be. The first Humanity Universal, the coming new life of Man, the great repentance and awakening that is to come soon, this first real humanity, because the first universal, will be in verihood the New Aryandom itself. For the Aryandom and the super-humanness of which the earth has need to-day is the Aryandom of Sophia herself, the Aryandom, or self-consciousness, of the whole Species. The incarnation of Sophia, of Universal Humanity, is the name of our Æon and the evolutionary stage of mankind. The birth itself of the New Aryandom, of the spiritual Superman, happened an Æon ago in the incommensurable act of a Semite and of a Superman. This act was the incarnation of the Universal Man in Jesus the Saviour. This act was the proclamation of Universal Humanity on earth. This Deed is the foundation of the New Aryandom on earth, and it was in Europe and in Aryandom itself that this solar Deed was understood and accepted. The primary fact of Europe's history and the secret of her primacy among the continents of the world is the majestic fact of the individualist or personalist tendency of EUROPA, and the religious manifestation of this tendency, EUROPA'S faith in the Divinity of Man and the Incarnation of the Christ. Logos and the Over-Soul of mankind incarnated and dwelt bodily in Palestine among the chosen and holy people Israel. In Greater Europe, in Palestine, the Messiah was sacrificed. It was in Europe proper and on the continent of Europe proper that Jesus and Personality were tentatively, initially, proclaimed sovereign and absolute. In EUROPA the Messiah was tentatively, essentially, glorified. Now only one aspect of the Godhead is greater on the plane of Duration and Realisation than the aspect of Logos. It is Pleroma. It is the Holy Spirit of God, the collective incarnation. Humanity Universal alone is more glorious than Man Universal. Sophia of God is more sublime than the Messiah himself. But in the aspect of Duration, of manifestation, the Son and his Freedom, personality and its egoic glory, is still more divine than the Creator. Unconsciousness and Providence are less messianic and consecrated in Duration than Freedom and self-guidance. History and self-guidance are Aryandom. In history and in self-creation lies the future of mother England and of all femininity in the world.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

A CORRESPONDENT raised last week in this column a cry for "spiritual bread"; I commented upon it, but I could not ask at the time what *meaning* the cry, coming at *this* time, could have. Does it mean that the old bread no longer satisfies us? In that case we should regard ourselves as favoured among generations; for to have a desire for a truth not yet uttered is not a hardship, but a sublime distinction. But does it mean, on the other hand, that we have forgotten the truths we knew, that human Truth has hidden her face from us, that we are bereft not only of our future but of our very past, and that we live in the terrible vacuum, the affrighting non-existence, of the present? Certainly we do not turn with the instinct of a few centuries ago to the past; we do not *feel* that our cry for bread should be addressed to anything that is established; we call to what is not yet in existence, not yet formed and articulate. And that being so, it may be that our desire is not a desire for truths, but a desire for the search for truth, for the awakening of our mind. We do not turn back to the common, traditional truths of the past, for these had been found; these we need not search for, and it is for the search that we unconsciously long. "Seek and ye shall find," for you shall find your seeking, and there is a realm in which seeking and finding are the same. This may be a ridiculously optimistic diagnosis of the spiritual dissatisfaction of our day; yet it is true that everywhere, except among those who take Mr. Chesterton seriously, there is a loathing of dogma and a revolt against it. And ridiculous intellectually as this revolt can easily be proved to be, it may yet be necessary and good; it may be the condition, a statement of the terms, which men have made in order once more to think, to live the life of truth within themselves instead of accepting truths external and settled. Either dogma outside or a living voice within men certainly must have. When they are asking for bread, therefore, as they are doing in our time, with all the spiritual granaries of the past open to them, it is almost sufficient proof that they desire unconsciously an inward life of truth, that something unattempted yet —for all ages thus far have been ages of faith and not of thought, of certainty—is on the verge of possibility. To withhold all ready-made truths, and to preach the awakening of the mind, and again the awakening of the mind, is our first duty nowadays.

Magnanimity is rare in all ages, but in some it is more rare than in others. It is the bad distinction of our own century to have made it foolish and contemptible, so that when a magnanimous action is done it is interpreted as something else, as weakness, perhaps, or as concealed self-interest—so inadequate is our conception of the spiritual potentialities of that almost unexplored creature, Man—so thorough is our subjection to the axioms of "business" even in our emotions, and our rare transcendence of emotion. An Irish family have appealed to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for mercy towards the murderer of one of their members. The word "forgiveness" is too weak, too petty, to give to this sublime action when we consider that it issues from the whirlpool of hatred which Ireland has become. We quote from the letter as almost the only thing not ignoble which has appeared in the Press within our memory: "The mother appeals to you in an especial manner to give effect to our wishes in this, and in doing so desires it to be understood that the sorrow and loss sustained by us will be all the greater should it entail the loss of a single additional life, and, above all, should it entail the execution of one who believed himself to be fighting legitimately for the independence of his country, and whose last act by the side of my dying son was truly Christian." How hard it must be for the combatants in Ireland

to acknowledge good-faith and heroism in each other, and how easy, on the contrary, it should be for journalists here, who are outside the conflict! Yet this letter, which by its mere accent would have convinced a cynic, is suspected by them. The "Daily Express" gives it the bleak and shameful heading: "Appeal for her son's murderer. Is it magnanimity or fear?" The assumed superiority to the greatest actions which this expresses passes characterisation. There is concealed shame in it; the shame of those who feel themselves to be ignoble and who therefore will not, for they cannot, acknowledge the existence of anything truly great. All that the Press was entitled to was a feeling of humility in admitting this letter to its columns; but it could neither sink nor rise to that.

Whether it is Mr. Bottomley or the Government who is paying for the national census the circumstantial evidence is inadequate to prove. Is the perusal of Mr. Bottomley's new Sunday paper a condition of our residence in this country? On these terms we should be compelled, as a matter of taste, to emigrate. Or is the Government so unpopular and Mr. Bottomley so popular that his magical name had to appear to reassure the people that any wrong the State does them will be righted in the pages of "John Bull"? Our birth certificates are not yet embellished with an advertisement of Mr. Bottomley; we can still die without fearing that his effigy will appear on our tombstones, but how much longer we shall enjoy even this modified form of immunity only the Government and Mr. Bottomley know. The shamelessness of advertisers is a commonplace of our time; but the most disconcerting thing is that the more shameless an advertisement is the better it succeeds. The public do not know that there is a point at which the importunity of advertisers becomes an offence against them: in fact, they are incapable of taking offence at anything which is done in the name of business. Meanwhile we may be sure that the signing of the Census has given Mr. Bottomley's new paper a good start. Perhaps it is the only thing about the Census of which we may be sure.

Nietzsche a few decades ago foresaw sadly the rise of small nationalities with suburban politics, "and the necessity of reading one's newspaper every morning." Unfortunately great nations are exempted least of all from this mean—duty; and it matters not in the least how great politics may be, the newspapers are always and everywhere suburban. At the present time, unfortunately, they are also neurotic. It is impossible to assess the misery that the reading of the newspapers at our breakfast tables must cause. Every day is begun badly; every day is darkened at the very start; we are inoculated with fear, suspicion, hatred, gloom—and hopelessness, or with silly "hopes." To read that Ireland, already living in a ghastly nightmare, is to be goaded to fresh convulsions by a new band of soldiery; to read always the account of some fresh piece of madness or weakness, or some reiterated failure or unforeseen danger, and never to be told what the remedies are, though they are in existence, and free to everyone if the Press would only permit them to be heard: this is the condition to which we have come to submit, and by this time it has become *dangerous*. Our civilisation—we mean the civilisation of Europe—may be disappearing in catastrophe, and still the Press ignores whatever men among us are creative, and drives the people to the point of despair and madness by putting before them, day by day, until they are nauseated, until they are beaten, an unbroken record of failure, misery and disaster. It is astonishing that the nerve of the nation continues to bear it. We have need of all our phlegm in these days. Perhaps we have need even of Mr. Bottomley, the Divorce Courts, and all the other stupidities—and especially the stupidities—of our time.

EDWARD MOORE.

The Price We Pay.

By Hugh P. Vowles.

[*From a forthcoming book, "Under New Management."*]

I SET down this episode in the mental evolution of John Citizen precisely as he related it to me, but with considerable diffidence; the more so that I am not myself competent to refute the extraordinary views that he holds. Yet it is highly probable that many of my readers will be able to point to fallacies in his statements, thus in due course enabling me to hope—like the pious Biggs in the Bad Ballads—"to bring this poor benighted soul back to virtue and propriety."

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My name is John Citizen, and I have the misfortune to be at one and the same time a taxpayer, a consumer and a wage-earner. For many years I prided myself on being a "practical man," until one day I stumbled upon Mr. Hilaire Belloc's definition of the Practical Man as being one who suffers from "an inability to define his own first principles, and an inability to follow the consequences proceeding from his own action," both these disabilities proceeding from "one simple and deplorable form of impotence, the inability to think."

Now such severe stricture stung me into wondering whether there could possibly be a personal application in this definition. So I decided to prove the contrary by doing a little thinking on my own account, instead of taking my ideas at second-hand from the intensely "practical" newspaper which always fell into my margarine at breakfast and caused irritation in the congested tramcar which took me to my practical job every morning. And what more suitable as a starting point for my pilgrimage into the realms of thought than the taxes I paid, the goods I consumed and the wages I earned?

That I soon found myself, like another Pilgrim, with "a book in my hand and a great burden upon my back" is scarcely surprising. The burden, which was one of taxation, had indeed been there all the time, but I now became more acutely aware of it. And as I journeyed on my pilgrimage resembled that of Christian in many other respects, inasmuch as I soon fell into a miry bog, a veritable Slough of Despond known as Political Economy. Of my subsequent conversations with Talkative (a Labour Leader) and Mr. Worldly Wiseman (my employer), neither of whom could free me of my burden, of my adventuring through the valley of the Shadow of Statistics and narrow escape from destruction on the Mountain of Error, I will not tell you now. I am still wandering, spurred on by occasional glimpses of the Delectable Mountains; and in the meantime it may interest you to examine briefly some of the conclusions I arrived at by the way.

First, then, as to Taxes. I found that when a Government wages war, it borrows the money with which to carry on. A great deal of this "money" is borrowed from the Banks, which lend, however, not what they've got, but rather on the strength of what people think they've got. In other words they put a cash value on Faith, a process well known in Vanity Fair as "creating credit." Now although it is an offence against the law literally to coin money, yet this creating of credit—which is the equivalent of making fresh money—is curiously enough an everyday affair in the operations of an honourable profession. Very well. Having made this new "money" out of faith, rather like a conjurer drawing rabbits out of a hat, and "beating to a frazzle" the operation of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, the Banks proceed to lend it to the Government; carrying on with

the same procedure and lending fresh "money" not only to the Government but also to industrial undertakings until they estimate that the cash equivalent of Faith has been reached. Hope (but not Charity) enters into the transaction as well, since the lending is based on the well-founded expectation that the taxpayer, being a Practical Man, will carry his burden of taxes, grumblingly no doubt but without any inconvenient excursions into the realms of thought on the subject; and so enable the Government to cancel its indebtedness in due course.

The instrument which facilitates these transactions is known as War Loan, in which bankers and other fortunate people invest; and in effect such investors are guaranteed a lien on work still to be done in the future by taxpayers like myself, thus putting the Banks in the happy position of reimbursing themselves for that which they never in reality lent.

But this was only the beginning of the matter. I soon found that I was being taxed in another way, namely, through high prices. This led to a protracted inquiry from which I emerged with the conviction that if the money in a country is increased and circulated, without there being an immediately corresponding increase of purchasable goods, then each unit of money will buy less goods. In other words, inflation of credit leads to high prices. This made me more thoughtful than ever, since my newspaper had drummed it into me that the only thing which could reduce prices was "more-production-for-less-wages." It seemed to me that if inflation could put prices up then restriction of credit could bring prices down; and as a matter of fact this was soon afterwards confirmed for me by practical experience. But for the moment the matter of greatest interest was this method of taxing me twice over. Naturally I did my best to get my wages increased to offset these higher prices, and being fairly well organised with my fellows I did at length (after considerable loss of purchasing power during the period in which wages were chasing prices) to some extent succeed in this endeavour, but not without protracted agitation.

I realised, of course, that the big loans made to Industry by the Banks, being in advance of production, helped to send up prices; and this realisation was just soaking in when the Great Slump was upon me, confirming my belief that restriction of credit could bring down prices. I now had ample time to think these matters over, having, incidently, been thrown out of employment. I therefore extended my observation to the subject of E.P.D. which my newspaper had told me was a tax on the profiteer. In a flash of inspiration I realised that this was really but another tax on myself. Since all profits must be made out of the consumer, the profiteer was simply a private individual acting in the capacity of tax collector, drawing a tax (profits) out of the consumer and parting with a portion to the Government. I had read somewhere that the Government had a heavy contingent liability for the repayment of some of this E.P.D., but to my great disappointment I found that the repayment would not be made to me, the person really taxed, but to the profiteer; who as likely as not would receive an O.B.E. at the same time, much as one might get a mantel ornament given away with a pound of tea. And further, I should of course have to face further taxation to make up the loss in E.P.D. revenue to the Government.

I now began to see taxes whichever way I looked. I remembered the extravagance and waste in connection with my job during the period of E.P.D. and dimly recollected my employer saying that there was not much point in economising since this was only to increase one's liability under E.P.D. This was no doubt all very well for him, but for me as consumer it was equivalent to extra taxation, *since all waste is incorporated in prices and therefore paid for by the consumer in the long run.*

In view of the bad effect on my sleep produced by all this thinking about taxes, I decided to turn my attention for a while to the subject of Consumption, which soon led me to its converse, Production. How far was my daily paper correct in telling me that the only way to achieve Salvation lay through more and yet more production?

The first truth to dawn on me was that since the financier's credit issue (or should I say confidence-trick?) was based on the assumption that I, John Citizen, would ultimately deliver the goods, and the more the goods delivered the better for the financier, this reiterated call for production was probably not entirely altruistic. I further found that during the last year or so there had been an enormous increase in the capitalisation of many industrial concerns, without any corresponding increase in the plant available for productive purposes. So that where the capital of a company had been inflated say six times, the amount of work necessary previously to pay a dividend of six per cent., would now, other things being equal, only yield a dividend of one per cent. This threw a further light on the call for increased production, as it would only be by much greater intensification of work by people like myself that the new shareholders could expect to get a "reasonable" return on their shares. But I also found that in other cases there had actually been big increases in plant productive capacity during and since the war—so much so that the productive capacity of the Nation as a whole had increased by at least fifty per cent. Much of this extension work had been done out of surplus profits in order to dodge E.P.D. But since these profits had been wrung out of me as consumer, I had evidently paid for the plant as well as the goods—but only got delivery of the goods.

Being somewhat unsophisticated, I wondered why my newspaper had not called my attention to these aspects of "big production." Other aspects, however, now began to clamour for attention, and were so numerous as to preclude my mentioning more than two or three.

Production, I observed, could never by itself ensure reduced prices, since price depends on two factors, quantity of goods and quantity of money available. Thus if Finance performed its credit-issuing or confidence-trick on a scale comparable with increases in production, I should find myself in the position of producing at top speed but without any appreciable result in my favour in prices. The financier, in short, would reap all the benefit of my overdraft on the bank of Health and Strength. The wage-earner can scarcely be blamed in the circumstances for not evincing much enthusiasm for such proposals.

It was at this juncture that a friend working in a pitch distillery pointed out to me that in spite of greatly increased production, the price of pitch during the year prior to the Slump had risen from about 50s. to 240s. per ton. I also found that the rubber growers and tea planters were actually restricting production to keep prices up, at the very time that I was being screamed at to increase production to bring prices down. I further found that the motor workers of Coventry, and the shoemakers of Northampton, after being encouraged to produce to the limits of their capacity, were thrown out of employment in hundreds and thousands, the shoe-factors reluctantly admitting that their warehouses were stocked with shoes for which no market could be found.

Having read Mr. R. McKenna's speech to the shareholders of the London City and Midland Bank by way of checking my ideas on credit-issue, prices and production, I became a little weary of the subject, and resolved to focus my attention on the question of wage-

earning. Why couldn't I, out of my earnings, put enough by to become myself a capitalist, and so share in the adventures of "high finance"? I had, as will be seen, already tumbled to the fact that at every point in the industrial process there went on a ceaseless filching of my purchasing power. Nevertheless, having been urged again and again to be thrifty, and not to indulge in such luxuries as—for instance—a piano for my daughter, I did succeed in putting by a small sum in the savings bank. Disappointment once more awaited me, for I found that the rate of return secured by "high finance" in its collective capacity is usually two or three times the savings bank rate. "Indeed, with the increasing centralisation of credit control and the multiple use of credit made possible by the practice of credit deposits and the working of our rediscount system, only large scale thrift has a chance."[1] I discovered, in other words, the unwritten law that Much shall have more, and Little shall have less.

I will not weary you with further details of my journey. My pilgrimage still progresses, not yet have I reached my journey's end. There are times when I take a wrong turning which leads to Doubting Castle where dwells the Giant Despair. This is when I find myself described as a "commodity," as though I were nothing but a spanner or a gallon of oil: "One of the commodities needed by the employers as a means of production and distribution,"[2] or see myself as simply a unit in "one of those armies of discontented workers with individually hopeless outlook" to which each community is being reduced by the international financier "who is concentrating in himself everything that is worth while in the world of trade and commerce."[3] Or again, when reading such a diagnosis as this: "Jealousies and anti-foreign enactments, tariff manipulations and commercial embitterment, destructive foolish exasperating obstructions that benefit no human being. . . . . Nearer and ever nearer, the politicians of the coming times will force one another towards the verge, not because they want to go over it, not because anyone wants to go over it, but because they are, by their very nature, compelled to go that way . . . . and consequently the final development will be . . . . at last, irresistible and overwhelming, the definite establishment of the rule of that most stern and educational of all masters, War!"[4]

Such a diagnosis finds ample support—albeit made twenty years ago—in post-war conditions of politics and trade; trade which must find a vent in export for the huge increase of capacity in the productive machinery of this and other countries, leading to fiercer and fiercer competition for foreign markets and for "control" of the raw material producing regions—particularly coal and oil areas—and so to another large scale war beside which the last will pale into insignificance, a war possibly with America, as part of the price I have to pay for the goods I buy under the present system. Many other items I have also entered up which do not commonly figure in a manufacturer's cost accounts, although they must inevitably be paid for all the same—neglect of science, neglect of health, neglect indeed of all that might *to-day* make life fair and gracious, simply because industry is run from the point of view of "frenzied finance" and not for the service of mankind. . . . .

Nevertheless, in spite of all my doubts there are times when I am upon the whole more hopeful of the world ridding itself of its innumerable burdens; when I see signs of more and yet more fires being kindled in the minds of men; smouldering as yet, but soon it may be to blaze up and spread the knowledge that a time of great change is at hand.

[1] American "New Republic."
[2] Jenks. "State and Nation."
[3] Sir Oswald Stoll.
[4] H. G. Wells. "Anticipations."

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, is, at the moment, the most vital dramatic enterprise in London. It seems to have the most energetic actors, and certainly the most alert audiences; it continues to attract, even if it has not yet succeeded in satisfying. If I may regard myself as a typical member of the audience, I may say that our general attitude towards this enterprise is one of expectation; sooner or later, we feel sure, the perfect work must emerge. Certainly they have played Shakespeare and Shaw like amateurs, and kept me cursing; the fact is that Shakespeare and Shaw require special gifts of understanding and technique for their interpretation. But Mr. Norman Macdermott apparently does not intend to accept artistic failure quietly; he has "devised and produced" an entertainment called "The Pedlar's Basket," which, apart from its interest as an entertainment, has the positive merit of trying his actors in a variety of styles. Some of the items, such as "Old Songs Decorated," "An Art Collector's Dream," and "Some Pennyworths," were unnecessary elaborations into action of finished works of musical art—not always adequately rendered by the orchestra. Mr. John Goss's singing, and Mlle. Rambert's dancing, would have been better enjoyed without this distraction; but one of them was "mimed" by Mr. Wm. Armstrong and Miss Mary Hughes, and they revealed a new talent in the performance.

An operetta, "The Red Feathers," was not produced on the first night, as one of the chief characters lost his voice; but the rest of the performance consisted of an old Japanese tragedy, "Bushido," translated into English clichés by M. C. Marcus; Schnitzler's "A Farewell Supper" in Granville Barker's version; a first performance in England of "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill, which seems to have shocked the Censor as well as Mr. Macdermott and the actors, but not with the same words; and a Molière farce, "Jealous Barbouillé," in Mr. Macdermott's version. There was no lack of variety, although the only finished study was Eugene O'Neill's "naturalistic" study of the forecastle of a tramp steamer. It is not a work that shows any special ability for dramatic writing; the purely literary device of developing the theme by reading a man's letters betrays the amateur. But it gave opportunities to Mr. Joseph Dodd, as a Welshman, Mr. Felix Aylmer, as an Irishman, and Mr. Harold Scott as a Cockney, to show their skill as character actors—which they did. Mr. Brember Wills, as the gentleman who tried to cure himself of drunkenness by shipping before the mast, was smothered by his part; an actor who is bound and gagged has few opportunities of expressing his feelings, however refined they may be. But it was a good ensemble, and the point of the play was well made by it.

The Schnitzler sketch at last revealed Miss Muriel Pratt in a part that she understood. As the sentimental chorus-girl, with an extraordinary appetite, she was perfect; not a moué, not a shrug, not a smirk, was overdone or out of place. She drank until she drivelled common sense and cynicism; as always happens when actors know what they are doing, she was alive in every detail, every intonation. She failed as Juliet, as Ann Whitefield; but it must be recorded that she played Schnitzler's Mimi like a finished actress. But Mr. Nicholas Hannen, though, made nothing but a clumsy brute in evening dress of Anatol; Schnitzler's delicate derision of the sentimental professions of the gentle-

man in love was shattered by Mr. Hannen's vigour and insensitiveness to style. Points that we ought to see, he tries to make; his abounding energy always misleads him into trying to do more than the part demands, with the consequence that he does less. I have puzzled for some time about Mr. Hannen to discover what is his real talent; his performances in Henry James' "The Reprobate," in "Reggie Reforms," and now the Doctor in "Jealous Barbouillé," have revealed it. He is the Hotspur of the stage; he "wants work"; he is an actor before all things, an interpreter very seldom. That is why he succeeeds in farce and fails in comedy; his Doctor is not an interpretation, it is a caricature of human nature—and Mr. Hannen is obviously delighted with the part, and delightful in it. He has plenty of "business" with his book, and his hat, and his "tenthlies"; and he keeps things going with unflagging energy and humour throughout. It is in farce, as a caricaturist of human emotions, that Mr. Hannen's talent is expressed.

Mr. Macdermott seems to have taken more than a hint from Mme. Donnet in his production of "Jealous Barbouillé"; it was difficult to remember that it was a farce, and not a ballet, that we were witnessing in some parts. But the technique was consistently used throughout the play, and was not limited to two or three characters as it was in Mme. Donnet's disastrous production of "The Beaux' Stratagem." The consequence was that it was a good Macdermott, although a bad Molière, that we saw; and the fantastic extravagance of it kept the actors well employed, and the audience vastly amused. The two old men, with their everlasting skipping up two stairs and skipping down one, gave Mr. Brember Wills and Mr. Harold Scott the opportunity to show that they, too, had the caricaturist's talent; while Mr. Joseph Dodd, as the jealous husband, and Miss Muriel Pratt, as the wife, were quickened into ballet farce with excellent results. "Jealous Barbouillé," as played at the Everyman, is the funniest thing I have seen.

The Japanese Tragedy was not a success. Mr. Felix Aylmer did not shuffle, Miss Margaret Carter's emotion was too English in its full tones, Mr. Brember Wills forgot the impassivity of his wonderful Envoy in "The Faithful," Miss Muriel Pratt—I wish that I could find the word to describe accurately the silly noise she makes to express tragic emotion. The nearest I can get to it is a throaty, mezzo-soprano snivel, and she would not make that abominable noise if she had either suffered, or observed anyone suffering, from a genuine emotion. She is as bad as Miss Marie Löhr when she does it—and she does it so often, did it almost all the way through Juliet. Before she will be of any use in the expression of emotion she will have to learn modulation of the voice and to cry in character—and that requires sensibility and understanding as well as vocal technique. Mr. Joseph Dodd, as the brutal soldier, gave a powerful piece of work which I shall remember against him when he tries to fob me off with a low-powered study. He has a great voice when he likes to use it—and he did use it as Gembah.

On the whole it is a very interesting show. It reveals the fact that Mr. Macdermott is an artist who has not quite found himself, but will be a force to reckon with when he does. We have had, and have, all sorts of attempts to restore the art of drama, and I fancy that they are coming to a focus at the Everyman. The whole mood of the place is different from that of any other theatre known to me; it is alive, and its very crudities (like Mr. Macdermott's tilting at the Censor) are the crudities of young blood. "The Pedlar's Basket" more than once came perilously near to beauty—although the miracle did not quite happen. But we expect it to happen at the Everyman.

Recent Verse.

AN ANGLO-EGYPTIAN CIVIL SERVANT. Lyrics of the Nile. (Essex House Press, London. 7s. 6d. net.)

The author of this volume has displayed good judgment in restricting the edition to 250 copies, for it will appeal only to those—a small number—who are attracted by irony. His very pseudonym is ironical, for while he may be a Civil Servant, he certainly did not write these poems as a Civil Servant. Could one think of Heine as a Civil Servant? Well, the author is as ironical as Heine—at a distance, it must be admitted, with infinitely less poetical power, perhaps with no poetical power at all, for his talent is not peculiarly poetical—but still authentically ironical. His irony differs from that of most contemporary writers in having in it nothing hysterical; it is not a mere cry of pain distorted into laughter; it is not personal, neurotic, violent—in one word, "strong." No, it is an irony —if one may use the epithet in the psychological rather than the philosophical sense—objective rather than subjective; the irony not of mere disillusionment, but of scepticism, which is disillusionment with a good conscience triumphing over itself. Irony is in the strong an indulgence, an enjoyment which they *dare* to allow themselves; while in the weak it is an attempt to present their weakness in a strong attitude. The author's irony belongs to the former class, and we can afford therefore to enjoy it. Like Heine's, it is directed towards the gods. This is a characteristic comment, for instance, on the deification of King Pepy:—

> Come, clap your hands now, all you gods;
> A beautiful god, say what you will—
> And raise your voices—
> Should be carved and set up high on a hill,
> And an honest god—do what you can—
> Remains the noblest work of man;
> So man rejoices.

But the irony in the volume is so pervasive that quotation will not do it justice. It is generally one line that makes each of these poems mocking, and unfortunately the line usually loses nine-tenths of its force without the poem. Take, however, these two verses from "Arsinoé of the Fayoum":

> A great Greek Ptolemy offered once a prayer
> To his own gods: "In all this stifling heat
> Oh for a breath of Hellas, cool and sweet
> And quickening to intellectual fire!
> I'll plant a city there,
> Shall give me something of my heart's desire—
> There, on the oasis, under the strange trees—
> Hellas!—Ah, me!—Homer, Euripides!"
>
> He swore to it. "This overwhelming Nile,
> These mummied gods that never come to be,
> This Sobek with his beastly crocodile
> Belly and teeth! For heaven's sake something human!
> Ah, the divine in woman!
> Pallas! They shall have my Arsinoé
> To worship as the Goddess of their Rome;
> Out in the desert there some touch of home!"

The last line is amusing, and suggests Heine, and yet it is by no means a reminiscence of Heine. And how neatly does the anti-climax

> For heaven's sake something human!
> Ah, the divine in woman!

follow the exasperated enumeration of the "mummied gods" and the "beastly crocodile"! What the author lacks is not irony, but style. Lines like

> Priests have a way of shining in the dark,

please us and displease us at the same time, for we feel that while this is witty it should have been more witty. To say that the priests "have a way of shining" is, we feel, not to exploit the situation with sufficient subtlety. Heine, to return to a master of irony once more, would have raised the witticism to the realm of imagination, and we should have *seen* the priests in some ludicrous attitude.

Occasionally "An Anglo-Egyptian Civil Servant" slips out of irony into satire, and he is not then so successful. This is perhaps his happiest sting; the victim is the shade of Lord Cromer:

He strode, "a leopard among dogs!"
(I, too, can stride that way down street
When I have at my back the British Fleet.)

That verges on the crude, and the following passage, on the "Osiris of Abydos" is almost violent, almost modern:

There, as I watch and listen, alone
In the gold sunlight, where the pewits sing,
You come to life in the cool stone,
Engendering strength, sweetness, and grace.
I look into your face
Triumphant over death and our mean fears.
Away with this self-torture, tear the thin
Drab veil of self-begotten sin!

What though some precious saint here whines, and smears
Coarse, bloody Coptic crosses on your throne,
Or eats cold pulse.
And stands on one leg for a thousand years!

When one thinks how much that would have gained in wit by a little restraint and detachment, one must be sorry that the author allowed his feeling to run away with him. What a figure of comedy that saint could be made if "An Anglo-Egyptian Civil Servant" did not dislike him so much! It is seldom, however, that he is guilty of this fault.

EVA MARTIN. The White Road. (Philip Allan and Co., London. 3s. 6d. net.)

Miss Martin possesses—for good or for evil!—a certain intensity of feeling, and her feeling appears to be equally intense whether what she is saying is sincere or insincere. Here she is obviously sincere:

Let me not feel. I would be dead to feeling.
Sink down, wild pain, into the depths of the heart—
I press you down, deep down!
I will go out and seek some balm for healing
The burns and scars left by your scorching fingers.
I will seek cool water to drown
The pitiless flame that lingers,
Flickering, loth to depart.
I will seek faint music to still
The fierce, insistent pulse whose steady beat
Aches in my veins, as a shrill
Cry in an empty street.

We are moved by that because a cry of distress must always move us. But the emotion is not one that we desire to experience; we are distressed and not gladdened, as we are by all æsthetic expression. The proper thing for the author to do, as a poet, was not to "press down" the emotion, or to "go out" in search of distraction, but to carry the emotion into the æsthetic. An example of insincerity intensely expressed:

on these
There sat enthroned, and reaching to the stars,
God—alone, intense,
In His magnificence—
And between Him and me only great space—no bars.

Was it Mr. Masefield who introduced in one of his longer poems inspired by the "Police Budget" the dramatic phrase "thumbs down"? We are reminded of it by the last words in the above passage. Surely this is not the language of passion—or, rather, it is nothing more than that. Miss Martin is occasionally pretty, as when she speaks, apropos a Bach concerto, of the

Sweet murmur of thy heav'n-reflecting tide,
That sweeps with crystal waves the barren ground,
And floods the rocks with silver, cool and wide.

But we wish she were not so obviously intense.

LLEWELLYN E. WILLIAMS (Lieut., Royal Engineers). Knights Adventurers. (Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. 6d. net.)

Poems about the war, mainly realistic. They are not remarkable for thought or expression. Perhaps the best is "Le Roi s'amuse":

There was a poet. Lord; he was a fool!
He wrote of war; called it the sport of kings!
If only he were here, I'd show him things
To put his poor fantastic Muse to school.

The sport of kings? Perhaps he may be right;
But see me train my gun on yonder men
And scatter them to bits. O poet, then,
Sing in what dirty pastimes kings delight.

Lieut. Williams' jauntiness is occasionally overdone, but it sometimes jumps with a sort of good-sense, as in this verse in commendation of the demi-monde:

Dear fairy godmothers, the demi-monde
May cast a stone at virtue for your sakes.
Chaste maidens, frozen faces, brown or blonde,
When mended you our socks or made us cakes?

But the volume is, on the whole, undistinguished.

E. M.

Aphorisms by Weininger.

In the things around him man recognises his own being. Every cognisance is salvation. System and conception are repentance. Every cognisance is a new birth.

Human willing is not directed towards pleasure. It is directed towards that which is called Value and which I call Life, or Existence, or Reality. Pleasure is related to value and can never directly be attained, but only through value.

Only affirmation of Life is pleasure.

Even a corpse belongs to God and not to the Devil.

I affirm that Will is ever good, and therefore that the Will to Evil simply does not exist. There is no Evil Will.

Evil is the renunciation of Will and of the impulse from Will. The proof of this is that Will is always conscious, pure instinct is unconscious.

One must never deprive a man of his own will; no one is entitled to replace Providence; it is immoral to think of men as marionettes, immoral even if such thinking is well meant and when it actually serves the best purpose of those concerned.

All evil is revenge.

It is neurotic to feel oneself guilty when confronted by nature.

Unity and Totality are so difficult; the neurasthenic renounces Totality, the criminal renounces Unity. The neurasthenic is too weak for Totality, the criminal for Unity.

The moon is the exteriorised dream.

Nothing is the mirror of Something.

The hatred against Woman is nothing else than the hatred against one's own unconquered, unsurpassed sexuality.

All animals are criminal.

I believe that the power of my spirit is such that I have come to be in a sense the solution of every problem. I do not believe that I could have remained in any error too long. I believe that I have merited the name *Solver*. Mine is a nature that solves problems.

Lying is always sloth.

A man who can remember every single one of his experiences must be a good man.

The category of morality is always superior to that of intellectuality. A wizard can know everything but God.

The *Doppelgänger* is that man who knows all about a man, even that which one does not confess to anybody.

All evil is one in space and time.

The Jew knows only what doing is, not what the Deed is.

The cracking of a room is our own inward breaking-up passed into the unconscious.

The transcendental or criminal liar dies from the inner serpent-bite; the natural liar dies from the outward, material bite of a serpent. The criminal liar, however, experiences the hallucination of a serpent biting him and dies from ungrounded fear.

The saint (that is the inverted criminal, Jesus, Augustine, Kant) suffers most painfully from the problem of Time. The Greeks had no saints and did not know the problem of Time.

Translated from the German by Z. Y. X.

Music.

MR. IGOR STRAVINSKI. Le Sacre du Printemps. Queen's Hall, June 7 and June 23. Mr. Ernest Newman complains that "some (not much) of 'Petrouchka'" and "a good part of 'Le Sacre du Printemps' sounded to me flat, formulistic and démodé." With all respect for Mr. Newman, we think he must seek the cause of this disaster in his own mental attitude, and not in Mr. Stravinski. It is Mr. Stravinski's misfortune that a great many young men of small musical talent and no originality have tried to imitate him, but even the most captious of musical critics should not let the unhappy results of this fall upon Mr. Stravinski himself. Mr. Stravinski is the giant, the prophet, and the seer of earth-bound things, and he shows a great and terrible genius in his use of the instruments which are their man-made voices. That he can write melodiously when he pleases, he has shown in the "Oiseau de Feu," but melody, or the lack of melody, seems devoid of importance in connection with the "Sacre du Printemps." Not only the unseen forces, but also all tangible and visible things in Nature, all the various aspects of animal, vegetable, and mineral life, participate in the Spring rite. Mr. Stravinski's genius divests his instruments of their usual literary and sentimental associations, and makes them instead expressions of the essence from which they spring. He recaptures the significance of their origins in the world of nature, and makes audible that conflict which is for ever rending and tearing, *not* in order to destroy, but in order to emerge. It is not the sound of death battering down and *in*, but of life knocking, hewing, and tearing apart, that a new birth may issue *out*. "Petrouchka" is a work of great and original genius, but we do not think it has the profound musical significance of "Le Sacre du Printemps." The terror and the anguish of "Petrouchka" are the terror and anguish of human consciousness, and Mr. Stravinski uses his instruments to depict—wonderfully and poignantly—something entirely outside themselves and their own mechanism. But in "Le Sacre du Printemps," minerals, wood and reeds are as essential a part of the rite as man himself, and it is here that we feel the supreme importance of Mr. Stravinski's genius. His instruments express not only some emotion or aspect of conscious man in his relation to Nature; they are given their own self-expression as in their origins an inseparable part of Nature's organism. We doubt whether there could be a finer rendering of "Le Sacre du Printemps" than that given by Mr. Goossens and his specially selected orchestra. The actual playing was magnificent, and we think that the composer himself could not ask for a better understanding of his work than was shown by Mr. Goossens as conductor.

MR. ARTHUR BLISS. Wigmore Hall. June 11. Mr. Bliss announces his "Concerto for Pianoforte and Tenor Voice" as "pure, abstract sound." It was stated on the programme that there was "no literary reason for employing the combination of voice, pianoforte, strings and percussion, the words putting no constraint on the mood of the music." None the less, the music was entirely in the spirit of the words at such moments as they were distinguishable, and we doubt whether a composer of Mr. Bliss's gifts and intelligence could write a vocal work of serious intention and entirely dissociate his music from the words. Even if he took a sequence of phrases which had no intellectual relation to each other, we suspect that some one of these phrases would—unconsciously perhaps—fasten itself upon his mind and influence his music. Miss Myra Hess and Mr. Steuart Wilson were the soloists. A striking feature of the concert was the beautiful performance of the Scarlatti Andante. H. R.

Views and Reviews.

THE SUBJECT-MATTER OF PSYCHOLOGY.

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL'S book* appears in the nick of time. Like so many of us, he found himself in sympathy with two different tendencies which, at first sight, seem inconsistent. The "behaviourist" school of psychology, which is the only one that produces positive evidence, "tends to adopt what is essentially a materialistic position, as a matter of method if not of metaphysics. They make psychology increasingly dependent on physiology and external observation, and tend to think of matter as something much more solid and indubitable than mind. Meanwhile the physicists, especially Einstein and other exponents of the theory of relativity, have been making 'matter' less and less material. Their world consists of 'events,' from which 'matter' is derived by a logical construction. Whoever reads, for example, Professor Eddington's 'Space, Time, and Gravitation,' will see that an old-fashioned materialism can receive no support from modern physics. I think that what has permanent value in the outlook of the behaviourists is the feeling that physics is the most fundamental science at present in existence. But this position cannot be called materialistic if, as seems to be the case, physics does not assume the existence of matter." The truth probably is that we are getting nearer to reality, and the old-fashioned assumptions and categories of observation are simply obstructions to understanding. The old language, with all its associations, no longer is capable of even approximately accurate description; and the attempts of some psychologists to invent new words, lamentable as they are from a literary point of view, is indicative of the fact. Certainly, if, as William James argued and Mr. Bertrand Russell supports in these lectures, "the 'stuff' of the world is neither mental nor material, but a neutral 'stuff' out of which both are constructed," all the logomachy of mind v. matter, all the theories of psycho-physical parallelism, materialism and idealism themselves, are swept aside as irrelevant. Psycho-analysis and the theory of relativity alike make it practically impossible for us to accept the evidence of consciousness, or even to accept consciousness as a datum. Psychology, linked with physics on the one hand and with theory of knowledge on the other, has talked physics and philosophy alternately in the vain belief that it was establishing its own autonomy as a science. Mr. Bertrand Russell has made a gallant attempt to distinguish its subject-matter.

The six conclusions at which Mr. Russell arrives after an exhaustive analysis may be stated in his own words:

1. Physics and psychology are not distinguished by their material. Mind and matter alike are logical constructions: the particulars out of which they are constructed, or from which they are inferred, have various relations, some of which are studied by physics, others by psychology. Broadly speaking, physics group particulars by their active places, psychology by their passive places.

2. The two most essential characteristics of the causal laws which would naturally be called psychological are subjectivity and mnemic causations; these are not unconnected, since the causal unit in mnemic causation is the group of particulars having a given passive place at a given time, and it is by this manner of grouping that subjectivity is defined.

3. Habit, memory, and thought are all developments of mnemic causation. It is probable, though not certain, that mnemic causation is derivative from ordinary physical causation in nervous (and other) tissue.

* "The Analysis of Mind." By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. (Allen and Unwin. 16s. net.)

4. Consciousness is a complex and far from universal characteristic of mental phenomena.

5. Mind is a matter of degree, chiefly exemplified in number and complexity of habits.

6. All our data, both in physics and psychology, are subject to psychological causal laws; but physical causal laws, strictly speaking, can only be stated in terms of matter, which is both inferred and constructed, never a datum. In this respect, psychology is nearer to what actually exists.

These conclusions, it need hardly be said, are not final conclusions. "The question whether it is possible to obtain precise causal laws in which the causes are psychological, not material, is one of detailed investigation. I have done what I could to make clear the nature of the question, but I do not believe that it is possible as yet to answer it with any confidence." Certainly, if habit, memory, and thought are developments of mnemic causation, and mnemic causation is probably derivative from ordinary physical causation in nervous (and other) tissue (Conclusion 3), it is difficult even to understand what a "psychological cause" can be. The bio-chemical work to which Mr. Russell refers becomes subtler than he thinks in the explanation of habit, for example, in Brailsford Robertson's theory of auto-catalysis, quoted in an appendix to Boris Sidis' "Normal and Abnormal Psychology." The extreme probability that catalysis is an electrical phenomenon would, on this showing, definitely hand over habit to physics; memory would go with it, and thought would not be long in following. Mr. Russell himself admits the cogency of the work in physiology, and is apparently inviting psychology to take refuge in logic before it is kicked into it. I take no exception to the subtlety of Mr. Russell's analysis of mind; it contains some finely destructive work, as well as some delightfully clear and luminous expository work. But his conviction that "an ultimate scientific account of what goes on in the world, if it were ascertainable, would resemble psychology rather than physics in what we found to be the decisive difference between them," like all arguments based on ignorance, has very little cogency. If "there is a certain subject-matter, namely images, to which only psychological causal laws are applicable," and "we found no way of defining images except through their causations: in their intrinsic character they appeared to have no universal mark by which they could be distinguished from sensations," and if their causation, as seems most probable, is shown to be physical, physics will simply have extended its causal laws from "those systems of particulars that constitute the material units of physics" to the particulars themselves that constitute the subject-matter of psychology. Whatever Mr. Russell hopes, the fact remains, as stated by himself, that "it is probable that the whole science of mental occurrences, especially where its initial definitions are concerned, could be simplified by the development of the fundamental unifying science in which the causal laws of particulars are sought, rather than the causal laws of those systems of particulars that constitute the material units of physics. This fundamental science would cause physics to become derivative, in the sort of way in which theories of the constitution of the atom make chemistry derivative from physics; it would also cause psychology to appear less singular and isolated among sciences. If we are right in this, it is a wrong philosophy of matter which has caused many of the difficulties in the philosophy of mind—difficulties which a right philosophy of matter would cause to disappear." But the right philosophy of matter will obviously come from physics, whose province it is; and poor old Psychology, although "nearer to what actually exists," is still dependent upon physics even for its initial definitions.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Industrial and Commercial Revolutions in Great Britain During the Nineteenth Century. By L. C. A. Knowles, Litt.D. (Trin. Coll., Dublin). (Routledge. 6s. 6d. net.)

The story of the stupendous development in industry and transport through which Britain revolutionised "the agriculture, the distribution of the population, the industrial code, the sanitation, the labour movement and the commerce of the globe," is of the utmost interest and significance at the present time. But Dr. Knowles so carefully refrains from relating his facts to existing tendencies that he almost appears anxious to conceal their meaning. After a thorough study of successive improvements in transport by roads, canals and railways, we should expect at least a mention of the road motor, especially as the term "nineteenth century" is wisely extended to cover the period 1789-1914. The possibilities of electric power are only referred to in a foot-note. In social matters, the nearest approach to a forecast is a prevision that the railways of Britain will be nationalised. An instance of the "impartiality" which, instead of delivering impartial judgment, shirks the responsibility of judging, is the author's attitude towards the grievances of the factory hands. "It is always difficult to realise that those who are articulate are often a minority. . . . *What is so difficult to measure* is the proportion between those who have given expression to their grievances and those who are perfectly satisfied." What but the capacity for measuring rightly in matters psychological distinguishes the historian from the pedant? The book is printed with an exasperating dearth of commas.

Pithead and Factory Baths. By Edgar L. Chappell and A. Lovat-Fraser. With Introductions by Robert Smillie and Frank Hodges, and D. Lleufer Thomas, M.A. (Welsh Housing and Development Association, 38, Charles Street, Cardiff. 2s. net.)

There is a strong case for charging industry with the responsibility of divesting the worker of occupational dirt. But the advocates of pithead baths and changehouses have somewhat queered their own pitch by coupling the demand for such facilities with the proposal to make their use compulsory. This has naturally made it suspect in the eyes of the workers, and owners are able to plead that there is no demand. Britain is far behind the Continent in the provision of this kind of accommodation, and this book is an appeal to public opinion.

The Child's Path to Freedom. By Norman MacMunn, B.A. (Oxon.). Chief Adviser to the Children of Tiptree Hall. (Bell.)

Mr. Caldwell Cook and other teachers of genius opened up the "play way"; after them comes the crowd of the mediocre and the well-meaning, who trample over their footprints. No recognition of the naturalness of this development should reconcile us to the obscuring of truth with platitudes. Nor is the crowd on this path yet so great that originality should be despaired of. Mr. MacMunn is right when he says, "Nothing is more distressing than to hear men who should know better endeavouring to represent present-day schools as places filled with teachers of a changed heart and a love of experiment." "They tell me that the changes in schools are so wonderful, but I see children still leaping mechanically to their places on the elementary school benches, and standing like Prussian soldiers on parade." That is true, and needs repeating; but the book in itself will do little to hasten the change. We suspect that Mr. MacMunn, the author, does less than justice to Mr. MacMunn the teacher. There are indications that his practice is better than his advocacy. Probably he does know, for instance, how to help a baby "play," and was able to show an audience how he did it. But the mere record of the fact conveys nothing to a reader. There is plenty of room for records of experimental teaching, but they must record, not vaunt, results.

Pastiche.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.

This narrow house has grown too high
With emptiness. Here crawls the sly

Sunlight whose shrill soprano plays
A duet with the dust of days

Upon the sharp wires in each head
That's dull and dusty, deaf and dead.

A child with black-fringed hair, I creep
Through sharp-edged crazy noon. I peep

Through slits of windows, and I find
The house flaps like a tall wet wind

At the little people of the earth
Who, whispering, speak but of the birth

Of plums and pears upon the trees.
When the Moon's hurdy-gurdy wheeze

Grinds out her slow mummy dust,
Their whispers tear like a knife thrust

Holes in that canvas, painted smooth,
My face. My eyes seem slits in the booth

Of life—strange Fair with peepshows. I
Through the hoarse shades of noon creep by

To where the beguines walk the plain
And forget the old world's bane

While they enjoy the grassy smells
In their gowns like large slow bells,

Whose cold sound brings the darkness down
Sinking about us till we drown.

* * *

But where the leaves are dark and moody,
The fruit shrills like a Punch and Judy

And the large rain comes pattering
Like some strange awakening.

The small wind, sour unripe as grapes
Hardens the mind into new shapes

And my black hair seems like the frondage
Feathered life grew when the bondage

Of earth-sense broke and music shrilled
Into new sense that thrilled and killed,

And grew to Love. . . . . Between the trees
(Metallic cranes to lift degrees

Of feathered life from that below)
I see a Punch and Judy show

And all the green blood in my veins
Seems jerked up on the trees' tall cranes,

Mimics each puppet's leap and cry,
Shrills to the Void, hung up on high,

Limp in bright crackling rags of laughter—
Ventriloquism following after

Dictates of strings my ancestors
Jerk from my memory's corridors.

EDITH SITWELL.

A VISION.

A little saint in a cloud,
Hands folded, head bowed:
Lambent discs in a shower
Pearlen : a flower
Like to Narcissus, wide
Petalled—gold-eyed.
A Venus de Milo, rough—
Hewn out of stuff
Such as suns are. Gold tressed
In a panel of gold—
Seeming to fold
Her hands on her breast
A maiden. Have drifted
(And flower—like cover)
Her gold panel over
The lambent discs—shower-like.
See her face lifted!
Would she to lover
The saint in a cloud
Hands folded, head bowed,
Shining above her?

A gleam!
A gold dream!
Shapes that quiver yet stand!
A quavering blot
Of amber : gold sand
In a glass. They live not,
Yet live, maiden, and saint,
And Venus and flower;
Frail discs in a shower . . . .
The vision stedfast
Groweth faint . . . . and is past :
Shadows of ivy on
A whitewashed wall
Sunlit—that's all!

M. M. JOHNSON.

A MODERN BRONTE.

The children shouted noisily, and ran
And pulled at her, and scrambled on the ground.
She sighed, and strove to quiet them, but they fled,
Shrieking along the patchy grass, and round
The smoke-grimed evergreens; responding to her pleas
With cat-calls from behind the little stunted trees.

She drooped, and sat, a weary, patient thing,
The sport of ill-bred children; her wan face
Turned to the iron railings and the street.
These city gardens were a prison place.
Ten dreary years of this . . . . and yet another ten. . . .
Of other people's homes and children . . . and what then?

MARGARET SANDERS.

June, 1921.

ERRANT.

Went I forth, or didst Thou send
Thorough life so far in the dark,
Thy servant to an holy end?
Silent is the earliest lark,
And hadst Thou not forbidden fear,
I might weep that I can mark
No light along the heaven drear.
And I have suffered woe, and still
Some woe must see, and after, death;
Then (though I went not of my will)
I will climb up Thy shining hill,
Proud, like a child, to have kept faith.

RUTH PITTER.

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