

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE miners are going back. Assuming the lines on which they chose to fight the contest, they are to be congratulated on getting as much as they have got. They have secured the £10,000,000 after all. It might have been put to a far more fruitful use as the nucleus of the capital for a Miners' Bank; but they themselves have chosen otherwise. They need not waste tears over the National Wages Board (in their sense) and the National Pool. Neither would have amounted to very much in itself; they rested on no particular economic basis. And if, as has been hinted at various crises of the contest, the insistence on them was simply a strategic move whose true objective was nationalisation, we hope that the repulse will induce the miners to drop that ill-starred device for good and all. That does not mean that we are at all enamoured of the present scheme; nor can it possibly prove a final settlement. It is practically certain that it will not permanently satisfy the men. However magnificent 83 per cent. of "surplus" profits may sound, it will not amount to much as spread over a million miners, even at times when their 17 per cent. means a substantial bonus for the small group of owners. The only variety of profit-sharing that can be really satisfactory to Labour is a scheme which provides that the workers will become the holders of a constantly increasing proportion of the capital. That can only be secured by their capitalising their real credit through a bank of their own. However, the people really to be pitied, under the terms of the agreement, are the consumers; they are evidently marked down to suffer. If there should come a boom in the industry, owners and miners will combine with a right good will to exploit the purchaser. The hue and cry of "Syndicalism" might now, with the greatest reason, be raised by an alarmed public. We are glad that the question of price was raised in the House. The Government refused to consider the idea of a fixed price owing to its necessitating a return to control. Nothing was said about our proposal of *regulating* price by a fixed *ratio*, which would involve no State-control, and would, by its flexibility, meet all the changes and chances of this variable world. We urge the public to insist that no profit-sharing plan can safely be allowed unless the power of price-fixing is taken out of the hands of the producers. We trust that the miners also will see how shadowy are the benefits of the present arrangement

compared with those promised them by the Douglas Scheme, and that they will undertake for themselves a thorough investigation of this policy without waiting for the report of the Labour Party's committee.

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The International Chamber of Commerce has been talking the usual kind of nonsense that passes for wisdom in high financial circles, and has been passing the sort of resolutions that a council of plutocrats would pass. Even here, however, different schools of thought revealed themselves, and, with the "Times" acting as intervener in the debates, the plain man may catch gleams of light through the baffling clouds of obscurity that surround the operations of the money-power. Criticising a speech of Professor Cassel, the "Times" observes: "One of the chief causes of the world depression is to be found in the excessive post-war speculation which forced commodity prices above the level of purchasing power prices outstripped the volume of credit." But that is only the ordinary state of things. It may be a little intensified, from the point of view of the average consumer, by "speculation," that is to say, the activities of the profiteer. But these make no difference to the fundamental fact that there is never enough money in the hands of all the people to buy up the whole product of industry; the profiteer merely alters the distribution of some of this insufficient supply of purchasing power. Naturally it is convenient for the "Times" to keep off the fundamental question and to do its best to conceal the real state of things by raising clouds of confusing side-issues. Sir Felix Schuster, however, is an "ultra" even among the money-lords, and he proved a little too much even for the "Times." He wanted all countries to deflate until they had returned to their pre-war gold standards. The "Times" has little difficulty in showing the absurdity of this. But it nevertheless adheres stoutly to the necessity of basing all currencies on the gold standard. The answer to this is patent. The amount of gold available bears no relation whatever to the people's requirements in the way of currency. It is dependent upon such pure accidents as the discovery of gold mines, accidents utterly unconnected with the flow of general production or the volume of real demand. This is a fatal objection, even were the "gold standard" really a gold standard. In reality it is a fraud. There is not nearly enough gold to fill the bill. Consequently we have the utterly arbitrary fetish of the gold reserve. This small deposit can easily be, and actually is, seized almost entirely by a close ring

of the Sir Felix Schusters. These men, by sitting on the gold reserve, control the whole volume of credit which is based on it. What else they control, those will know who have learnt something of the mystically pervasive character of credit. There is not the least reason, then, to regret that we have got clean away from the gold standard. The present state of things has, of course, like all states of transition, its difficulties and dangers. But it was perhaps inevitable as an intermediate stage. The thing to do now is to get on as rapidly as possible to the firm ground of a true and honest basis for credit. All financial credit obviously represents, or ought to represent, real credit (that is, the power to deliver the goods). What is needed is a method by which the one will be kept automatically adjusted to the other, so that currency or financial credit will always be a true reflection of the nation's real credit.

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The "Daily News" has been running a series on "Muddled Finance," in which many well-known voices have been heard; we commented on one of them last week. The summing up by Mr. A. J. Cummings, the editor of the series, is extraordinary. He says all the usual things with the utmost propriety. But he deliberately recommends those "interested in a practical solution to study Major C. H. Douglas's book, 'Credit-Power and Democracy,' which is attracting a great deal of well-merited attention." If there is anything at all in Major Douglas's argument, then it knocks the bottom out of Mr. Cummings' findings. Either there is more behind this than meets the eye, or Mr. Cummings is a far more simple person than we take him to be. At any rate, he makes one really valuable suggestion, that the Government or "some trusted public man like Lord Robert Cecil or a bishop or a banker or a Labour leader," should summon "a representative conference" "able to speak authoritatively for every class in the community, to thrash out . . . the condition of England question." If the conference were really "representative," the public would at least have some fresh points of view put before them; we could name one or two bishops (to go no further) who would let in a startling flood of light. As it is, the power of suggestion is overwhelming. No doubt it gradually sinks into most people's minds, without any reasoning process, that things are as they are always being told that they are. So they become numbed into a despairing acquiescence in going on indefinitely working very hard for next to no return. And all for what end? Solely, that the financial dictators may not have to endure either the shock of the scrapping of all their cherished methods or the mortification of losing the power and ascendancy which they love.

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In all this sinister propaganda there is a constant harping on foreign trade. "Export credits" are a device that draw the heartiest applause of our business men. Why not draw on credit in aid of the home consumer? There is something insane in this obsession with foreign markets and this wanton neglect of the home market. The only legitimate object of having an export trade at all is to purchase from abroad what is needed for our own people. But as things are, we try to pour commodities abroad, wherever we can succeed in lodging them, merely to provide "work" for our people; as though "work" were an end in itself, or something one could eat or wear. And all the time they do not get enough in return for their work to buy the very commodities they are producing. Even the "work" itself is continually failing to materialise, in spite of the most frenzied efforts. A strictly limited ad hoc export trade to pay for such things as we must import would be a totally different matter. Since our potentialities of production are almost unlimited, and all that is necessary to keep the machinery of production running steadily is a little

economic greasing, we could easily turn out just as much surplus goods as our foreign suppliers might require as the price of our imports. In other words (to drop the language of barter) we could supply such goods just as cheaply as the state of the foreign market might necessitate. Indeed, if we look after the home population's ability to consume, exports may very well be left to look after themselves, just as, if we look after distribution, production will look after itself. If a whole nation is rich, all enjoying an ample share of an abundant production, obviously its people can afford to buy all they want from abroad. We need not worry about the exact methods of carrying out in detail the foreign trade involved; in the end these resolve themselves into mere questions of how best to keep the national accounts. The supreme need is for purchasing power in the hands of our people. Production is maintained by the controllers of credit banking on the ability of the producers to recover their costs. Consumption similarly can only be adequately maintained by our banking on our ability to deliver the goods, and distributing claims to the consumers in advance of production. There is no risk or gamble about this; the capacity of the productive machine to meet the claims is a certainty.

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Amid this flood of standardised misrepresentation, there is a refreshing grip with realities about an article by Mr. P. J. Hannon in the "Financial News." This throws some startling light on the remarkable industrial recovery in Germany, and incidentally destroys all the morals which most of our capitalists are drawing therefrom. It appears that Germany's "pull" is due entirely to the double value of the mark in the home and foreign markets, together with the ingenious financial policy by which the German Government protracts this state of things. The position is that, while the mark has sunk, in its foreign-exchange value, from the shilling of pre-war days to a penny or slightly less, German prices, measured in penny-marks, are only about one-third of English prices. This is, of course, equivalent to a heavy bounty to the German exporter. Germany is preventing her swelling exports from producing their natural result in a re-appreciation of the mark by a steady policy of inflation. At the same time she averts the natural consequence of this policy in a rise of home-prices by "subsidising" food, transport, and raw materials. But now mark the point. Since the new currency is used to pay the "subsidies," they are not subsidies, but genuine credits. Mr. Hannon very reasonably asks, what are we going to do about it? We are not much impressed by his answer: "Pass the Safeguarding of Industry Bill." We note that he points out that with us, "Purchasing power is, save in unemployment doles, distributed only as a factor in the process of production." Exactly; in Germany, as he has told us, the "only" has been abolished. Why not counter Germany with her own weapon?

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One tag has of late been introduced into plutocratic sermonising which is somewhat novel in this connection, and has usually made itself heard on a very different type of platform. At the annual meeting of the Electric Construction Company, Ltd., the chairman, Mr. Philip Beachcroft, pleasantly observed: "As a devastating war has left the country immeasurably poorer, we require the recognition of the old saying that 'if a man will not work neither shall he eat.'" The Paulo-Marxian dogma has hitherto been the most cherished text of the Socialist movement; how often have we heard it from revolutionary platforms! It still constantly does duty at Labour Party meetings. We hope the use to which the enemy is now turning it will give pause to all true friends of the working-class. It is now coming from the lips which it suits best. It belongs essentially to the cruel philosophy of the Grad-

grinds of Big Business. We hope Labour propagandists will drop it. There is no reason whatever why everyone should be producing wealth, or even doing any kind of regular or routine work. Nearly everyone does, in fact, want to do something creative, and, if he is let alone and given a fair chance, sooner or later he will get something valuable out of himself. If a few do not, so much the worse morally for them; but the situation is not in the least improved by their being bullied or coerced into working. And economically society can well afford to carry a good many idlers. Further, it is easy to give too narrow an interpretation to a "useful" life. If someone merely bestows on, or evokes from, others affection which enriches their experience, he is doing something to justify his existence. Personally, we are not prepared to pass on *anyone* the Shavian verdict, "better dead." We wish, therefore, that Socialists would give up attacking the "idle rich," and concentrate their fire on the real enemy, the busy rich (we do not mean the industrial capitalist as such, but the financial magnate).

* * *

Mr. Gerald Gould, writing in the "Daily Herald" in reply to Mr. H. G. Wells, declares, with all the vigour of italics, that Karl Marx "*was fundamentally right.*" We insist once more that it was precisely *fundamentally* that he was *wrong*. His whole demonstration that the worker is exploited by the capitalist in the process of production is a tissue of economic jugglery of no value whatever for social reconstruction. As we pointed out last week, it is not true that the worker is robbed of the produce of his labour; it is the consumer, worker or non-worker, who is robbed of his social heritage by the money-power through the instrument of prices. We repeat therefore that all who are in the social movement must clear up their minds on this issue. They must definitely choose between the old, static labour-economics, that expressed itself in conservative fashion through Adam Smith and Ricardo and in revolutionary fashion through Marx, and the new, dynamic credit-economics. A patchwork quilt of ill-assorted shreds torn from both these fabrics is hardly a serviceable covering for one's economic nakedness. We therefore press once more the obvious fact that wealth is produced predominantly by the standing machinery of production. The Marxian, if pressed on this head, usually falls back on the argument that this machinery itself is the product of labour of hand and brain in the past. But this is an evasion. He had undertaken to prove something very different. The fact that wealth produced to-day is due to the toils of Watt, Bessemer, Roscoe, and other long deceased inventors, has no bearing whatever on the claim of John Smith, Tyneside engineer, to the whole product of "his" labour. Labour in short has no right whatever to seek to collar the lot. We are as anxious as anyone for the emancipation of the workers from the wage-system. But we refuse to kow-tow to the crude pro-working-class point of view of the "Daily Herald" and of Hyde Park on May Day. Labour needs at present to be told very plainly that it is not everybody. And it will become less and less everybody—a fact which Marxians refuse to face. We definitely look forward to a time when industry will be one specialised vocation among many, just like medicine or education, and when it will no more be regarded as the natural and normal thing for the ordinary man to be a wealth-producer than to be a physician or a teacher. In that day the children of the present proletariat will rise up and bless us for having defended their right to live.

N. E. E. S.

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[The article, "Unemployment and Waste," by Major C. H. Douglas, which appeared in our issue of June 23, has been reprinted for distribution in leaflet form at 3s. 6d. per 100, carriage additional.]

World Affairs.

THE end of the earth's providence is to become a Sun. The consummation of personality is to become supra-personal. The development of the Geon and of the ANTHROPOS is parallel and identical. The purpose of the earth and of Man is one. Correlative are Man and his cosmic incarnation. The Earth is the body and the cosmic instrument of the Species Man. The end of man's race and of his body and abode is Divinity and the Superman. The end of human being is divinity and magnanimity. The end of Man is majesty, and the Imperium, and the giving of life. Solar love is the only and universal majesty, however. The bestowing of virtue is the IMPERIUM. It is to the heights of Sophia and of Logos that the earth and its Inhabitant must ascend in their spirit to-day and ascend collectively. The human need is infinite in this moment, and Resurrection alone, the supra-humanness of desire and of reason, can raise the spirit of the prostrate. Resurrection from the dead is Creation. Nothing else is Creation from Nothing but Resurrection and the self-existence. So deep is the prostration of consciousness to-day that it is necessary to exist personally and to be infinite in self-resurrection. Self-resurrection and self-creation are the infinite need of the human race to-day. Self-creation and giving, the titanism of unselfishness, is the need of the Over-Soul in this day. Races owe self-resurrection to the Over-Soul to-day; classes owe repentance and self-transfiguration; empires owe self-revulsion and repentance. Beginning from the individual self-transcendence and ending with the resurrection of Sophia from her chaos human consciousness demands in this hour a new holy breaking up and a new mystery.

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A new ascent altogether and a new event are necessary if mankind is to transcend its humiliation and its deadlock of the present crisis. There is therefore the necessity for bravery and for sinlessness of the spirit. There is need of the fiery breath in the guidance of races and nations to-day. A new and fiery leadership the world needs. A new law and the realisation of the Infinite Law is the necessity of the Species. The Imperium of Man demands infinity and supra-humanness of its statesmen and leaders to-day, a new race of leaders. Unworthy is the statesmanship of to-day, unworthy of the superior and new majesty of the Race. What is this new liberation and ecstasy of mankind? It is the resurrection of the earth from its material state to its spiritual state. The globe of Man is Man himself. Each human being is also Humanity Universal itself. Each race of Man is the wholeness of Sophia herself. The world is one single organism. The earth is a living being and a spirit. Humanity Universal is the Eternal Son. And this Son is becoming a personality and one single consciousness to-day. Of this Eternal Son the statesmanship of the world should be worthy. In earthquake and in the convulsion of souls this Son is being incarnated to-day in the organisation of the world and in the functionalism of society. In earthquake and in a physical catastrophe will Universal Humanity be born on earth if the Freedom of men sides with fatalities and appearances instead of with realities and Providence. What the Solar law demands from the Species Man to-day is the breaking up of individual and patriotic and *hoministic* consciousness, and the releasing of personal, national and human consciousness.

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It is only from England or from Slavdom that the æonian call of universal human transfiguration and regeneration can come in this hour, though it is not

impossible, and it should be possible, for this call and proclamation also to come from the prostrate and humiliated land of Eckhard, Boehme and Hegel. We believe that from the basis of the world, from England and her Commonwealth, the invitation and call of self-creation and self-transcendence must in this moment be launched on Humanity. For England represents the responsibility of the earth to-day and the omnipotentiality of human freedom. England and the British dispensation on earth is the dispensation of this hour. England represents the immediate present of the world. England's opportunity is this hour and this minute. The German race has been broken and killed mystically, broken by its own æonian guilt and for the sake of its regeneration and resurrection. It does not seem, however, that the German people is any longer a mystic reality in the world. The Teutonic kernel of Europe does not appear any longer to be an Aryan force in the world. The apocalypse of the Christian Creed is not the spring of Teutonic repentance and atonement. The Teuton of Prussia still resists and declines the Socialist and the Seraphimic new birth. And the Latin humanity of Europe is a humanity irreconcilable to Christ and inimical to Pentecost, to humility of spirit. Europe's Providence is not with the Latin world, above all not with satanic and rationalist France. America, on the other hand, is a dispensation of the far future. England is the immediate present of the world to-day. France is the immediate past of Europe. Germany appears equally to belong to Europe's immediate past. It is in England that the destiny of mankind is being decided to-day; for Russia and Slavdom belong still to the future, though to the immediate future.

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The fact that Columbia is born and destined for a specific and pan-human rôle in the world, the fact that the American Aryandom is born, and born from the mother England—however supra-Aryan and self-opinionated this youngest Aryan child may be—this fact, we feel it our duty to say, is simply identical with the evolutionary fact that the anthropogenetic rôle of the sublime and imperial mother England is gloriously accomplished, fulfilled. We feel it our duty to take notice of the verihood that anthropogenesis and evolution have passed over from Europe and from Albion to the new continent across the Atlantic. For Russia and Slavdom, infinitely important as are their essence and their spirituality in the whole, are not an element of evolutionary, of somatic, of absolute significance in the Cosmos of Man. Russia and Slavdom are the gate and the way of the world's synthesis. Only in the spirit, however, and still more in the Psyche alone, is Russia the gate of the universal and supra-human humanity. The essence of Russia and of Slavdom is history. Evolution and anthropology are the dignity of America and England. From the British stock, and in America, and in Canada and Australia, the new soma of the Race is being evolved and prepared for evolution. The umbilical cord uniting the English parent and the American progeny, we have now to indicate, is broken. We say that America is born. And the autumnal fact that the speech of England is a born and perfect, fulfilled speech, is a fact demanding interpretation and attention. The Imperium of the British essence is the foundation of the human cosmogony to-day, and the primordial fact for pan-human statesmanship to-day. A new life and a higher life can come to England from history only, from human and logocic consciousness. Of the world England is the basis to-day. To-morrow, the Species Man can be the foundation of the re-born and new England. To-morrow, England will live by history if it be her destiny to live for Sophia and for Christ instead of for evolution and biology.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

EVERY newspaper is commenting just now on the unprecedented, unparalleled, incredible carnival of sport which is occupying the attention of unspoilt Englishmen; and, strangely enough, the more the newspapers say so, the more unprecedented, etc., etc., the carnival seems to become. There is, of course, nothing to be said against it; a game of cricket is, as an æsthetic spectacle, superior at any rate to any of the plays which are being produced in the West End. As for the newspapers allocating so much space to "sport," one is glad of it; it prevents them from talking foolishness, or as much of it as usual, on really important matters, such as Ireland, or the Miners' Strike which is now drawing unnoticed to an end. One is not so astonished after all at the present unexpected outburst of good feeling between this country and Ireland, when one recollects that the attention of the Press has been turned for two months almost solely upon the Australian cricket team. If there were a few more cricket pitches, tennis courts, golf courses and boxing rings in the country, and if the newspapers were to devote eight-eighths instead of the present seven-eighths of their space to them—who knows, we might be able to settle all our industrial and political problems before the advent of the football season. This supposition is utopian, of course, but there is something to be said for it. Axiom: if one must have a utopia one should choose the most likely one.

The "Daily News," having a soul above cricket, has recently made a flight into the realm of higher nonsense. "Are Good People Dull?" it asks, and it cites a Cynic, a Clergyman and the Rev. B. G. Bourchier, the panegyrist of Lord Northcliffe. The cynic thinks that "goodness is associated with dullness because goodness is necessarily dull. . . . It is always a monotonous thing to do one's duty. A man attempting to be good resembles an athlete undergoing a course of rigorous training." The clergyman is more humble, so far as we can gather, contenting himself with "be-moaning" "the fact that goodness was made to appear so dull." The Rev. G. B. Bourchier, that optimist, is convinced that, no matter how good it may be, there are some good points in goodness; or, at any rate, that it has its compensations. "Goodness," he says, "does not debar one from the legitimate pleasures of life. It is the lack of the human touch that makes so many professedly good persons unattractive." What, we begin to wonder at last, is this "goodness"? Not even the Rev. G. B. Bourchier tells us. Dullness we know, having lived for a few decades on this island, but goodness surely needs definition. Can it be that so far as we and the "Daily News" are concerned, goodness is still a question, and one which the "Daily News" would not dare to raise? Can one conceive, indeed, any newspaper in this country actually raising in its columns the question, "What is goodness?" Can one imagine any newspaper raising a question at all which was real and fateful? The characteristic of all controversies organised by the Press is a false simplicity, a statement of problems on terms so low that no intelligent man *could* take any interest in them. The questions are stated deliberately in the meanest possible terms, so that the populace, at the conclusion of the controversy, are no better off than they were at the beginning. Not a ray of light from a mind imperceptibly better than the worst is permitted to penetrate into these discussions, obscurantist from the beginning, and obscurantist by calculation. This is one of the unnecessary sins which the Press commits; for even upon the consideration of circulation the posing of problems at a level higher than the most illiterate would

be better than discussion which is not discussion at all. The spirit of the debate would be unaccustomed, and therefore interesting. As for the "goodness" which is being canvassed by the "Daily News," it is "associated with dullness" because it is, in fact, dull. Nietzsche described it in his section on "The Virtuous" in "Thus Spake Zarathustra." "There are those," he said, "who go along heavily and creakingly, like carts taking stones downhill: they talk much of dignity and virtue—they call their drag virtue. And there are others who are like eight-day clocks well wound up; they tick and want people to call ticking virtue." It has been left for the "Daily News" to let loose a flood of nonsense, and to call that, too, virtue.

A plain blunt doctor has been expressing in the "Manchester Guardian" his pained confusion in discovering in a scientific theory some signs of ingenuity. The ingenuity of the theory of psycho-analysis surprises him, but he speedily compensates himself for his surprise. For "it is an ingenuity utterly unconvincing to the plain man who takes common sense as his guide in scientific matters." We, in our turn, are surprised by this sentence, and, alas, can find no compensation at all. Is "plain man" a term of praise? And is common sense a "guide in scientific matters"—since Copernicus, Darwin and Einstein? This cant—for it is cant—of the "plain man" as the measure of all things is, of course, one of the best known ways of fortifying the public in their native stupidity. Our little life is rounded by a bluff hypocrisy. The "plain man"—how unlike he is to the cunning creature who desires not to think and yet to have the right to his judgment on all things; and who wishes above all to be well thought of, and uses with instinctive subtlety everything, the credulity of others, his own virtues, his own weaknesses, especially his weaknesses, to create in the mind of the world an image of him as the "plain man." The medical correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" plays up magnificently to this figure in his last sentence: "The real danger of the method [of psycho-analysis] lies in the fact that the whole tendency of its application is to stimulate the morbid egotism and the habit of introspection which are at the bottom of most of the complaints which it professes to cure." What science, what therapeutics, what morality! To consider "morbid egotism" and introspection as mattering very much in morality is the sign of the amateur. But in morality we are all amateurs, and, as plain men, we feel we have a right to be.

The Little Theatre has been covering itself with ignominy and limelight again. The other evening it staged a play in which three old madwomen picked out with a needle and to the usual accompaniment of sub-human noises the eyes of a young girl. The audience must have been in a quite interesting state at the conclusion of this performance. I did not see the particular scene; happily for me, I foresaw it, and went out for a walk. Why people should desire to see eyes picked out with needles is a question really too interesting to interest one. The sensation the Grand Guignol dramas evoke, however, is curious, and can be easily described. They strike one neither on the head nor on the heart, but directly on the pit of the stomach. They awaken an uneasiness there, and then one begins to think one is going to be sick; shortly afterwards a feeling of oppression supervenes, one goes red in the face and breaks out into a perspiration. An unfortunate woman here and there has to be helped out of the theatre. The effects are all, needless to say, physical. Now whether there are people who enjoy the sensation of sickness, or whether there are people who are not sickened—by no means sickened—by the picking out of eyes with needles: what a nice question in psychology and morality—or, perhaps, in art? Forward the "Daily News."

EDWARD MOORE.

Francis Sedlak.

OUR day is in need of real thought and real men, for ours is a day of reality and of need. Our need is great. Our spirit is eclipsed by negative values and is frozen, oppressed, by negative existence. In fact, chaos is our day. A deep descent into putrescence and death of reason is the fate of the present generation in the West.

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Neither from the Instinct and its blindness, nor from the Intellect and its Jewishness and formalism, can we expect a safe guidance and way out. Only from Intuition and its divinity can the world and the West expect this guidance, and only from ecstatic and magical Reason. It appears to us that Intuition and its divinity is the source of revelation and guidance. Reason, and not Intellect, appears to us to be the mystery of our need. Not Intellect but Reason is a glorious and real mystery. Virility and supra-humanness of Reason can guide the world to-day, the fulness and paradoxality of Reason. Intuition is the source of Reason. Reason is only the development and realisation of the infinite truth of Intuition; its development and unfolding only. Reason and its polar thinking, however, Reason and its pleromic quality, Reason and its dialectic omnipotence is the glorious and worthy realisation of inspiration, of the ineffable message of the Spirit. The Superman and Reason are the glorification of Providence.

* * *

The Correlativity and Functionalism of things and processes, the polarity and dialectics of concepts and values, is the scheme of our faith. Anthropocentrism and egocentrism is the beginning of verihood in our own faith. The Creed of Christendom is the Omega and the Alpha of our own understanding. The solar conduct of Aryandom is the conduct of our own conviction and ideal. In the heroic and superb work of Mr. Sedlák, to which we draw the attention of our readers, we find much of our own Aryan and mystical faith. Reason and pan-humanness in the modality of maleness and personality is our own way out and our own policy and proposal. "Pure Thought and the Riddle of the Universe,"* is in our opinion a book of European amplitude and an act of central importance in the thought of our day. In the modality of Weininger and of maleness, in the Aryan modality of the Superman and of Nietzsche, in the modality of personality, in brief, this philosophical act is done. We do not hesitate in appreciation and acceptance of almost the whole of this noble and ecstatic work. With this masterly and sovereign exposition of the divine doctrine of Hegel we almost agree in every statement. Who is Mr. Sedlák we do not know, neither do we know what his past works may be, nor to what race and culture he belongs or did belong. From his work it can be seen that the spirit that animates him is the deepest and most real spirit of Europe, which, the readers of THE NEW AGE know, we in this journal identify with the spirit of completeness and harmony. "Pure Thought" is not only a solar and logic deed, but a work of beauty and completeness, of equity, of establishment. "Pure Thought" and its author are of Europe's character. There is much hope and much significance for Europe and the West in this hot and tyrannic creation of revealed truth, in this thinker of essence and of pure, blazing, triumphant Reason.

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The time is arriving and must come if culture and history are ever to become identified and both of them wholly fulfilled, the time, it appears to us, must soon

* "Pure Thought and the Riddle of the Universe." By Francis Sedlák. (Allen and Unwin.)

come when Humanity and Jewry will cease adoring and hallowing crucified and dead prophets only. It was in this same journal that an elevated mind, an Englishman, Mr. Allen Upward, put forward his theory of Christolatry, of the religion of the Prophet, of the Seraphic man. That essential and magical book, "The New Word," was a plea for living superiority and living excellence. It remained only a cry and a despair. England and humanity have not ceased suppressing the leaders and the sources of real history. Real history is culture and the production of divine values. The seraphic instinct for values is not yet a reality in England; nor is it in Europe. Nor is it in the world of humanity in general. In this, however, consists the mystery of the regeneration of the earth. Christolatry is the only religion natural for and worthy of regenerated humanity. The adoration of excellence and of divino-human values is the best adoration of God. Lower humanness is the Jewry and Jewishness of the earth; the historic Israel is the racial embodiment of the lower humanness of Man. For this reason Israel and natural humanness crucified and still desire to bring to death and to crucify Jesus and every Incarnation. The triumph of the Superman, however, is the resurrection of man and the identification of culture with history. The reign of the Son of Man on earth is the existence of humanity and of spirit on earth. The Incarnation of the Holy Spirit on earth is nothing else than the supra-humanness and divinity of the race as a whole, the bliss of souls, the bliss. Adoration and the cult of genius is the birth-right and the salvation of man.

We propose to be just and obedient to the essential message and to the eternal voice when it reaches us. The first duty of seraphic and pan-human socialism is the religious duty of the bliss of supra-human idealism. The Socialism of the Superman is a cult of values and the universality of divine action and of divine consciousness. Indeed, to the bringers of excellence, Socialism at least must be just. FILOQUE.

A Play.

By Paul Rorke.

[EVER since Sir James Barrie discovered Daisy Ashford's novel, I have hoped that someone would discover the early dramatic works of unknown writers. Mr. Rubinstein, I know, has written and produced "The Earlier Works of Roderick Athelstane," but that is not a genuine work of childhood. The only plays I know that are written by boys are those published by the Perse School, Cambridge, and they are so obviously inspired by the forms and traditions of literature that they lack the authentic naïveté of childhood. Master Paul Rorke, who wrote the play now under discussion is, I am told, nine years of age; and his tragedy, "The Lamp of Death," is an obviously untutored work of imagination. It does not even reproduce the classic form of tragedy; tragedians apparently believe that there is pathos in odd numbers, and recount the uses of human life in either one, three, or five acts. Master Paul Rorke, with commendable originality, tells his tale in four acts; and plainly four acts are enough for his purpose. Everybody is dead by that time; and as he has already had to introduce ghosts to carry on the action, the prolongation of the action by ghosts would have been tautological. I notice a certain restraint in his handling of death. Wagner, in his first opera, killed everybody in the first act, and had to continue the whole play with ghosts. The Japanese No plays, I believe, are performed throughout by ghosts; but Master Paul Rorke, with a truer symbolism, makes his characters pass from life to death serially. It is interesting to note that the "whitch," who may

reasonably be supposed to be invested with magical powers, is the last to die; and then it is no living person who kills her, nor is it one of the evil spirits who kills her, but a visitant from Heaven (note how Mumphy, the drunken servant, assumed that his master was in Hell; no man is an angel to his valet). Master Paul Rorke evidently has no doubt of the Divine origin of Justice. The theme of the play is, of course, familiar in other contexts. Light has always symbolised life, and although the candle is a more usual symbol ("Out, out, brief candle; life's but a walking shadow," said Macbeth), a spirit-lamp adds the subtlety of a double meaning to the idea. There is here none of the Freudian fatalism of wish-fulfilment developed by Balzac in his "Peau de Chagrin"; this lamp of death has none of the magical qualities of Aladdin's lamp, for instance, it grants him none of the wishes of his heart, it only registers inevitably the passage of life. "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live" if he burns a "whitch's" hut; but Master Paul Rorke is quite convinced, that although the "whitch" has the power to put limits to a life, she has no moral right to do it. The subtle distinction between "white" and "black" magic could not be more clearly expressed than in the altercation in the last act; certainly, Mr. Rainield ought not to have burned her hut, but no less certainly she ought not to have been a "whitch." The play is commendably brief; Master Paul Rorke has the dramatist's interest in action, and he goes straight to his point without preamble.—J. F. H.]

THE LAMP OF DEATH.

A TRAGEDY.

BY PAUL RORKE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DRAWING ROOM.

Mr. Rainield sitting with Peter playing soldiers.

RAINIELD: He's dead, isn't he?

PETER: Yes, Dad.

RAINIELD: Yes, and I killed him with a smaller gun. Do you want to hear a story. By the way, I ment to tell you before.

PETER: Yes please, Dad.

RAINIELD: It is true.

PETER: Cheers.

RAINIELD: Well, once I was in a wood and I burnt a whitch's hut and so I beged her not to kill me so she gave me a lamp and spirit to burn and when it went out I should dye.

PETER: Poor Dad (*cries*).

RAINIELD: Well it has nearly run out and I don't know at all whear it has gone. But still, lets go up stairs.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Two enter bedroom.

PETER: What have we come here for.

RAINIELD: Nothing but to pray to the gods that I may be helped from perishing under the end of that lamp. I wish I had never done it, confound it.

PETER: Poor Dad, what can I do for you.

RAINIELD: Nothing but pray my boy. The gods will shurely help me from dyeing.

PETER: What will I do if you dye dad.

RAINIELD: Mumphy will look after you but lets hope I dont. Now let us pray. (*Bury's his head on floor. Peter jumps on his back and all roll over.*)

ACT II SCENE I.

DRAWING ROOM.

Mr. Rainield alone at table reading.

RAINIELD: I wonder where all the spirit has gone. Mumphy might know. Mumphy, do you know where the spirits have gone. (*Enter Mum.*)

MUMPHY: Sir, I am sorry but I drunk it.

RAINIELD: Oh you drunkard, knew you not that that lamp has burnt for 100 years and when it has

burnt out I shall dye. Oh you cursed, you wretch you drunkard. Look now, it burns low and soon I am ruined—done. My son Peter will have to be in your charge (sinking down says) may the gods pity you for I am done (lamp goes out and he dies.

MUMPHRY: Dead Dead Dead. (*Enter Peter.*) *Exit Mumphry and enter with strechor and both carry him out.*

PETER: Is he dead poor old dad (*cries.*)

ACT II. SCENE II.

Rainield laid on a bed.

PETER: Is he rearly dead. No I can see him smiling. Mumphry here (*enter.*)

MUMPHRY: Yes, Peter.

PETER: Look he is smiling.

MUMPHRY: No he is not he is rearly dead.

PETER: I will pray for him.

MUMPHRY: That is no good he is dead for ever.

PETER: (*Climbs on the bed and hits Mumphry's face.*) Through you he died.

MUMPHRY: Naughty boy I never knew. (*Fall against each other in despair and exit.*)

Same bedroom at night.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mumphry gets into bed and puts light out.

MUMPHRY: Nice thing to sleep in the same bed as my master lied dead on. My room is flooded. (*Pause of two minutes. Enter Head.*)

HEAD: I am the head that fell to the floor throught you you cursed. (*Exit. Enter Hand.*)

HAND: I am the hand that lit the lamp. (*Exit.*)

MUMPHRY: Here is my dagger for the next one—I hear him now. I will get some poison from my trunk. (*Exit. Enter with trunk opens and out comes a ghost.*)

GHOST: I am Mr. Rainield come to haunt you. (*Mumphy throws dagger but it goes back and cuts him.*)

GHOST: Am I in heaven or in hell, if you are right you shall live, if you are wrong you shall die.

MUMPHRY: You are in hell. (*Falls dead on the floor. Ghost laughs.*)

ACT III. SCENE II.

Bedroom at morning. Peter call Mumphry but no answer is made so he enters.

PETER: What are you doing on the floor, you silly fellow get up pretending to be dead like that. Get up, I want you to lay brakefast I am hungry (*he pinches him hard*). He might be dead lets see. (*Gets a nife and cuts his hand*) no blood he is dead too. (*Exit. Enter with a dagger.*) He's dead Par is dead and so am I. (*Stabs himself and dies.*)

ACT III. SCENE III.

Scene II and III in Act IV are one. Same room at night. Enter ghost.

GHOST: Peter dead the Lord will forgive him he sais he does not know.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Whitches Hut.

WHITCH: Oh that whole which Rainield burnt is letting leaves in but worst of all cold he is a newsence. I will get my wand and put the lamp out (*Goes to the cupboard. Enter 2 ghosts from cupboard*) Occupy the only two chairs.

WHITCH: Whear am I to sit.

GHOST II: On the floor (*sits her down*).

GHOST I: Now my girl.

GHOST II: Now me girl.

GHOST I: I am Mr. Rainield come to haunt you because of your lamp.

WHITCH: You should not burn or at least trised to burn my hut. See now it lets leaves and cold in.

GHOST I: You should not have been a whitch.

WHITCH: Mind your own buissness. Does not hurt you if I am.

GHOST I: It hurts other people even if not me but It did hurt me.

GHOST II: It will hurt you now.

WHITCH: How?

GHOST II: Like this (*Throws a sheet over her and strangles her with string she turns into a ghost and all dance.*)

THE END.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

AMONG the interesting ventures of this season must be included the Playwrights' Theatre, which, on June 21, gave its fifth matinée. I was only invited to the last two matinées, and received no preliminary notice of the activities of this theatre; so the management have no one but themselves to thank for this belated notice. The directors of the Playwrights' Theatre are Miss Irene Hentschel and Mrs. Monica Ewer; its address for all purposes is 52, Acacia Road, N.W.8. It is, of course, a subscription society, but tickets for single performances can be purchased at ordinary rates. Its purpose, as defined by Miss Hentschel in a speech at the fifth matinée, is to provide a play-shop where managers may see on the stage the works they are asked to buy, while the public that is interested in drama may see various things "tried on" which it would otherwise have no opportunity of seeing. The cost of production is borne equally by the author and the management; any profit on the sale of tickets is equally divided, but the management take all risk of failure. If a play is accepted as a result of production, an agreed sum or a commission has to be paid to the management. On its business side, the Playwrights' Theatre is a very enterprising agency; as an artistic venture, it has not, so far as I know, yet overcome the initial difficulty that apparently no one is writing ordinarily good plays at present. Miss Hentschel told us that she is getting plays from all over the world, so that the obvious poverty of dramatic imagination is not exclusively an English failing. I can only hope that the prospect of getting a trial performance on reasonable terms, under conditions which provide the maximum of useful publicity, will induce some of the dark horses of drama to come into the light of day. This much I can honestly say after seeing two performances, that if skilful acting and production can recommend a play to an audience, an author need have no fear in entrusting his work to the Playwrights' Theatre. We all have our grievances against actors, but it is astonishing to observe the amount of good work they put into a single show on behalf of unknown authors. The fourth matinée consisted of five one-act plays, no one of which, except perhaps "The Goat," by Miss Dorothy Massingham, was worth a second thought; but it is not often that one sees such finished acting in curtain-raisers as these five plays received. In such a case as this, the Playwrights' Theatre offers practical opportunities to producers (of whom there were five) as well as actors; it is above all an experimental theatre.

At the fifth matinée were produced a one-act "scene from life in Japan," called "Sayonara," and a four-act comedy called "East or West." "Sayonara," by N. A. Pogson, might as well have been called "East or West"; for its theme is that of a conflict in the soul of a Japanese woman between the claims of her family and the love of her English husband. Ten years before the husband had shot a Japanese in a street brawl; but although he had been married for two years, and haunted for ten years by the fear that he had killed the man, he had never confessed the fact to his wife. It is revealed to her by her uncle, head of the family, that it was her father who was shot by her husband; and to her falls the "honour" of exacting revenge. It is the Hamlet theme again—but not the Hamlet treatment; Bushido makes provision for little

things like hesitation to perform the sacred duty of revenge, and O-Habna-San first poisons her husband, and then goes to perform a pilgrimage ending in "honourable self-immolation." Obviously, it is the development of the wife's internal conflict that is the real drama, but N. A. Pogson shirked it. Dramatists must learn that they cannot successfully treat tragic themes in the low-toned commonplaces of everyday life, however realistically they may be observed; certainly, the King in "Hamlet" drank poisoned wine, but a man quietly reading a novel and unconsciously drinking a poisoned whisky-and-soda (symptoms of arsenical poisoning) has not the same appeal. Besides, the interest of "Hamlet" does not lie in the slaughterhouse of the last act, but in the soul of Hamlet himself. As Emerson said in another connection: "We do not want actions, but men," or, in this case, women; and we must resist the degradation of tragedy to a mere murder. That may satisfy Bushido, but not drama. Mr. Lewin Mannering made an impressive figure of the Japanese uncle, and what little character Charlie-San had was quietly revealed by Mr. Ernle Chadwick; but the pretty-pretty Japanese wife of Miss Nora Johnston reverted to the English tradition of expressing emotion. She had a poor chance in the construction and development of the character; but she did not make the most of that poor chance, because she broke away, in her emotional passages, from the convention of character she had herself created.

"East or West," by Hugh Dalrymple, was an absurd comedy of "low life above stairs." Judging by a reference to "Enery Hainley in 'Pyolla and Franchesky,'" as well as other internal evidence, it must have been written about twenty years ago. I think that it was in 1884 that Sir William Harcourt said: "We are all Socialists now"; since that date the Countess of Warwick has become a Socialist, and even Lord Haldane flirts with the Labour Party. Why Lord Ronald Bainsquestre (we were carefully informed, several times, that the correct pronunciation was "Banks"—broken ones, I presume) should have become a bricklayer as well as a Socialist, was not obvious; nor why Lady Sylvia Weybridge (perhaps this should be spelled Weighbridge: I do not know) should have become a parlour-maid as well as a Socialist. The assumption throughout the play was that Socialists were costermongers (costermongers are confirmed individualists, like most small traders), and spoke like Gus Elen; and most of the "humour" of the play sprung from this assumption. Indeed, the Cockney accent finally cured both Lord Ronald Bainsquestre and Lady Sylvia Weybridge of Socialism—and I wonder what converted them to it in the first instance. Perhaps it was the poetical beauties of "Das Kapital." The bricklayer and the parlour-maid fell in love with each other—and what complications and contrivances the play had developed from the fact that each was concealing his or her identity from the other. The fact that Mr. Hugh Dalrymple refused to leave Greenock to witness the production of his play suggested that he had been observing Mayfair through a telescope.

The actors struggled gallantly with their parts; Miss Helen Ferrers could hardly make a mistake as a Duchess, and her experiment as a Coster Queen was a delightful bit of character acting. But I confess a preference for the performances of actors who are not familiar to me; and Mr. Darby Foster played Lord Ronald with an engaging frankness. Mr. Claude Allister worked hard and cleverly as the ass with a monocle who could "floor" Socialism if only he could think of the arguments; and absurd as the last act was, his performance of the Coster King (with pearlies and accent complete) was a delight to watch. Miss Margaret Hayward as the cook, Miss Esther Whitehouse as Lady Mattie, and Mr. Dernier Warren, gave performances that, I hope, attracted the attention of some of the managers present.

Art.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY. First exhibition of Russian Arts and Crafts. Russia began building up her civilisation much later than other European nations. Her history did not start till the ninth century A.D., and it was not until the beginning of the eleventh century that the Russians were converted to Christianity. Then Byzantine ikons took the place of the former gods, and almost immediately became the basis for all the arts in Russia. In the twelfth century the Mongols invaded Russia and so influenced her that original national art there may be fairly described as being based on three principal components, i.e., Slav, Byzantine and Mongol. By the end of the twelfth century the national style was already formed, and flourished in the towns and villages till the end of the seventeenth century, when the reforms of Peter the Great gave a deadly blow to Russian national art. Since then village and town have lost touch with each other not only politically and economically, but in art as well. The towns began to accept Western civilisation, and their art became an imitation of the art of the countries which served as models for Peter the Great. For two centuries there was only one artist—Ivanoff—who tried to go back to national art! On the other hand the peasantry could not reconcile themselves to Western art, and have kept up the old artistic traditions till to-day. Only at the end of the nineteenth century did the Russian artists begin taking an interest again in national art, and then only for decorative purposes. So it remained until the appearance of Michael Larionoff and Natalia Gontcharova.

At the Whitechapel exhibition are represented practically all phases of Russian art, although the exhibits of academic art do not at all do justice to the Russian masters. The crafts are fairly well represented by Miss M. Porohovchihova and L. Pogosky; traditional ikon paintings are shown by W. Astafiev, and Russian national decorative panels by Vladimir Polunin. A great number of paintings is still under the spell of the West; these I would call pseudo-Russian and will not write about them (although among them are such painters of note as Feder, Barth, Grigorieff, etc.), thinking it better to concentrate on Natalia Gontcharova and Michael Larionoff, who are the most important figures in Russian modern art, and whose works are the principal feature of this exhibition. Having in mind their great influence on Russian and European contemporary art, I think it necessary to devote the next two articles entirely to discussing their art, and so have limited myself in this note to a short introduction.

INDEPENDENT GALLERY. Jean Frélaud. If there was ever anything emotional in painting which does not depend upon the subject of the picture, it is certainly to be found here. It is not the actual choice of subject, or brush-work, or brilliant colouring, which attracts attention to Frélaud's work, but an extraordinary feeling for emotional quality and a quiet but exceedingly powerful harmony. I cannot refer to any particular painting because all of them possess more or less the same qualities. There is always breadth of conception, extremely clear observation, and balance of design. If one cares to look carefully through his etchings and to try to connect them with his oils one realises that this artist does not approach any subject with a preconceived idea of treatment, but with the intention of getting its inner pictorial meaning, which is exactly what nine out of ten painters cannot get. Judging by his achievement so far, we profoundly believe that Frélaud will take one of the foremost places in contemporary art. If nothing else, the unusual simplicity of his painting, whose appeal is direct and comprehensible to the public in general, will secure him this place.

R. A. STEPHENS.

Felix.

It can hardly be denied that the Wormses have been uncommonly successful. Felix, my brother Daniel's son, is the solitary exception; but is there any one family of which a close scrutiny would not reveal a ne'er-do-well? Adela, my daughter, is also unlike the rest of the Wormses; she is curiously indifferent to wealth and display, her interests are centred in her husband and children. She is merely a maternal instinct. I can imagine her being perfectly happy yoked to a stalwart navvy and living in a three-roomed cottage. But Adela is divinely stupid.

Felix is not stupid; he is mad. How shall I describe him? He is a sort of Ishmael, born discontented, at war with society, unbalanced, neurotic. He was ever a sore trial to his poor father while he lived. Wayward, capricious, taking up now with art and now with literature, and failing in both, he is now bitten with some latest craze in socialism, and lives in the East End of London, where he shares three rooms with a Russian refugee in a smelly tenement. About two months ago I chanced to have some talk with him. He is a shy creature, but talks volubly when once he is started. He holds extravagant opinions. When I made a few objections to this or that, on the score of its impracticability, he grew flushed and angry, and finally shut up.

I still remember his talk. He looks forward to an era, which, according to his account, is even now upon us, wherein men will establish a community of goods and live together in peace and amity. But this golden age he is prepared to see ushered into the world by a liberal use of fire and sword. Felix—my morbidly sensitive nephew Felix—does not shrink from the prospect of bloodshed. He is opposed to moderate measures on principle. He pours scorn on all such as rest content with a slow and gradual process of social change, of social amelioration. Pet panacea of the bourgeois, he says—of the mere Liberal! Of course, the middle class reformer is in favour of a gradual change, decries radical measures. Like the saint who prayed that he might have chastity, but added, "O Lord, do not give it yet," he desires to put off to the future the good he dreams of for humanity. In this way he is spared the unpleasant experience of bringing his humanitarian theories to the test. He can remain the self-righteous humbug that he unconsciously is. He is able at one and the same time to cherish the pleasant thought that he has the welfare of mankind greatly at heart, and to go on munching his bread and butter comfortably in the meanwhile. He incurs no danger of any one asking him, in his day, to share it. The present social conditions are of course deplorable; but it is satisfactory to think that they will be got rid of in due course of time.

Felix, on the other hand, is all for change, and the more drastic it is the better. He would establish the Kingdom of Heaven here upon earth, and to-day; or if not to-day, at any rate not later than to-morrow.

To my objections that a sudden radical change would entail a great deal of misery, and that we risked losing whatever good there was in our civilisation in the process of pulling it to pieces in order to build it up anew and reconstruct it aright, he rejoined, not without scorn, that some fifty, or a hundred, or even two hundred years spent in turmoil and anarchy, would, rightly considered, be but a small price to pay if at the end of that period of trial and experiment we succeeded in discovering and establishing, for the life of humanity, a true and equitable basis; that we need not fear for civilisation; that the seeds of art, science, and literature, being implanted in the breast of man, will spring up and flower again in due season; and, in short, that it would be the height of folly to spare an ugly and dangerous ruin, tottering to its fall, for the sake of the

pretty tender things, flowers and weeds, that flourish on it here and there, in odd nooks and corners.

"The immediate task before us," he went on to say, "is one of destruction. The year is red and yellow, with decaying leaves; let us rake them together and burn them, with other rubbish. Our eyes will smart during the operation, the clouds of smoke be unpleasant, but they will disperse in the wide vault of heaven. Look at our governing classes; they are revolutionary enough upon occasion. If they conceive that there is some good to be gained by it they do not shrink from plunging the nation into war, pouring out blood and money as freely as water. Let the masses take a leaf out of their book; that is, act boldly, resolutely, in the interest of their own ulterior welfare. Taken in hand in good time and performed with skill, a surgical operation may do wonders in the way of restoring an ailing organism to a state of pristine health. The saviour of society is often no other than the individual who assails it—the rebel, the revolutionary. He rescues it from lingering disease, from gangrene, from death."

Thus Felix. He is amazingly sanguine. But he gave a further reason for extolling the benefits of immediate action; it was exquisitely absurd.

He is seriously apprehensive that humanity may arrive too late at its far-off goal of felicity unless it speeds up its efforts to reach it within a measurable period of time. The laurels of victory will otherwise prove a crown of sharp thorns. Our satisfaction in our hard-won happiness will be poisoned by the memory of our sorrowful past. Any tragic poet can tell one that at the end of the fifth act of an eventful drama there exists but one elegant solution, one true and appropriate ending, for the tribulations of his much-tried hero—he must die. Nothing short of that will do; it would be an error in good taste, in poetics. There are memories that cannot heal; they have cut too deep. How pass a sponge of oblivion over the dreadful past? The grave alone possesses the needful balm of forgetfulness. Now, according to Felix, we shall find ourselves in this position at last, unless we are careful. Arrived, at long last, at our far-off goal, our troubles over, the "far-off divine event"—so dear to the pious Liberal—at hand, we shall look back on the long road we have traversed, and we shall sicken at the sight. Arrived, at long last, at our journey's end, at the welcome hospitable inn, we shall be invited to sup on—horrors. Only some fool-conqueror, after a bloody victory, finds satisfaction in shouting a cheerful paean. We have heard of the ruthless sultan who wades to a throne through a sea of blood and reigns thereon happy for ever after. Is this figure to stand as a type of our future blessedness? Fie upon it! An overpowering nausea will overcome us, and we shall have no other desire but to turn our face to the wall and to die.

Felix would have none of this. He confesses that he shares the smug bourgeois's commonplace dislike for any other but a cheerful ending to an eventful story. He has no love for tragedies, however sublime. Yet it is not inconceivable that a disastrous fate is awaiting humanity. Felix finds the thought revolting. Therefore he prays that we may without further delay find a way out of our muddle, and save the situation before it is too late. Let us therefore be up and doing, wave the red flag of revolt, sound the tocsin. And now—now!

But Felix is mad. And he is a Worms too, that is the surprising part of it. The Wormses profess to be eminently sane. Perhaps the marked neurotic strain in him has come from his mother, Arabella, whom my brother Daniel, being at the time a disconsolate widower, picked up one day out of the gutter, took a fancy to, and, to our disgust, ultimately married.

HENRY BISHOP.

Igor Stravinski and the Modern World.

By Edith Sitwell.

(Continued.)

ONE of the characters in Mr. Shaw's "Heart-break House," fumbling, as it were, amid the dusty lumber of years, cries suddenly: "I have a terrible fear that my heart is broken, and that heart-break is not like what I thought it was."—This cry, so piercing and revealing in its disillusionment, sounds over and over again in this music, which is the epitome and revelation of the modern world. Stravinski, the Isaiah of Civilisation (crying to us, as he does from strange and desert places, amid the eternal reeds), knows that heart-break is no longer the gigantic wreckage left from the combats of beasts and of gods, but a little and gradual change, melancholy and shallow as the withdrawal caused by the slow dropping of water upon some vast stone image. This slow withdrawal will change the tragic mask through which strange gods have cried, until, seen through the death-cold rents in the saturnine leaves it seems, almost, to echo in its form the cold laughter of the water. And this, too, is the fate of the comedy masks, smiling and clear as vermilion fruits. Modern heart-break is merely a dulling and a retrogression, a travelling backward: till man is no longer the bastard of beasts and of gods, but is blind, eyeless, shapeless as the eternal stones, or exists with the half-sentience of the vegetable world—a sentience that is so intensely concerned with the material world (as apart from the visual) that it is like the sentience of the blind.

It is this world which we are given in such works as the "Chansons Plaisantes"—bucolic comedies full of a subtle meaning. We are always given sharp and bare winter aspects, beneath the hairy and bestial skies of winter. And beneath these skies, the country gentlemen are rooted in the mould; and they know that beyond the sensual aspect of the sky (that harsh and goatish tent) something hides—but they have forgotten what it is. So they wander, aiming with their guns at mocking feathered creatures that have learnt the wonder and secret of movement, beneath clouds that are so low-hung that they seem nothing but wooden potting-sheds for the no-longer disastrous stars. (They will win the prize at the local flower show.) The water of the shallow lake gurgles like a stoat, murderously; the little unfledged feathers of the foam have forgotten how to fly; and the country gentleman wanders, hunting for something—hunting.

These queer folk would, however, be among the first to laugh at the clown Petrouchka, at the terrible galvanised helpless twitching on the very brink of the abyss. Through fear of life they have become part of the stocks and stones. But Petrouchka, through the very fact of movement, is reaching into life. Consciousness pursues him like a curse, amid the festering triviality of the crowd. How unalterably different is he from the other puppets—from the black stupidity of the Moor, as he lies longing for the "pavillon en viande saignante sur la soie des mers et des fleurs arctiques—elles n'existent pas"; as he tosses, worships and threatens his round and compact gold ball, image of this small, hard world, squeezed dry of sentiment. How different is he from the Dancer, with her cheeks dyed pink as the school-girlish, the insipid and empty-tasting fruits of summer. He longs to alter those heart-strings that are nothing but an echo of the worn-out and jangling strings of a piano on some hot afternoon. He longs to alter those brains that are nothing but a musical-box, giving out a little vacant tune. . . . but they will not have him; they drive him out into the coldness of death. And the perpetual festering movement goes on—a movement that is one step further into death than the stillness of the country gentlemen.

Perhaps the reason why the genius of Stravinski is

greater than that of other modernist artists is because he sees not only the details (so disturbing and arresting), but the whole of the human tragedy, whereas most modernist artists are too impassioned by their discoveries to heed where those discoveries are leading them. He knows that life is energy, and that the very fact of that life will eventually push us over the abyss, into the waiting and intolerable darkness. In the "Sacre du Printemps" he gives us the beginning of energy, the enormous and terrible shaping of the visible and insensible world through movement. I cannot write of this as I had intended, because the new ballet seems to me to blunt and dwarf this giant music, this vast and remorseless construction. For amid this music, "virement des gouffres et chocs des glaçons aux astres," arises the Destiny of the new world.

Views and Reviews.

THE ANSWER TO MALTHUS—I.

THE Malthusian heresy has been hotly debated for over a century; its fundamental proposition that social evils are not due to social institutions, but to the everlasting tendency of population to increase up to the limits of subsistence, has been denied again and again. The practical consequences that Malthus deduced from his principle, the chief result of which was to add to the severity of the conditions of existence of the working classes, have, as Mr. Walter T. Layton says in his preface to the "Everyman" edition, become embodied in the subsequent policy of this country to a large extent. It must never be forgotten that Malthus' "Essay" was not a dispassionate scientific inquiry into the law governing the increase or decrease of population; it was an ad hoc argument against the Utopianism of William Godwin. It was deliberately constructed to oppose the improvement of the conditions of the working classes of this country; it was one of the most important incidents in what Thorold Rogers called "a conspiracy, concocted by the law and carried out by parties interested in its success, to cheat the English workman of his wages, to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to degrade him into immediate poverty." Mr. Pell summarises Malthus' argument fairly enough in these words: "The evils which you deplore are necessary for the purpose of keeping down the numbers of the population. If you improve the condition of the mass of the population, you will cause a fall in the death-rate. The fall in the death-rate will be proportionate to the degree of improvement which you effect in the condition of the people. Therefore, the closer you approximate to an ideal condition of society, the lower will be the death-rate, and consequently the more rapid will be the increase of population. The geometrical rate of increase will be realised in exact proportion to your success in improving conditions. As the resources of any country, and even of the world, are limited, it follows that the increase of population must rapidly exceed these resources unless you can keep down the birth-rate. Unless you do so, your efforts for social progress will be self-defeating."* Malthus argued in the name of true religion, but obviously his argument was opposed to the extension of civilisation. That it was untrue was only what every idealist would expect; for if the social virtues could not justify their existence by their results, evolution mocked itself.

But the fact remains (and was obvious to Thomas Doubleday in 1837: Mr. Pell devotes a chapter to Doubleday) that instead of the social miseries being checks to population, they are stimuli to it. If Mal-

* "The Law of Births and Deaths: Being a Study of the Variation in the Degree of Animal Fertility under the Influence of the Environment." By Charles E. Pell. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

thus had read the first chapter of Exodus, he might have noticed that the more the Egyptians afflicted the Jews, the more they multiplied and grew. If he had really understood the evidence that he quoted himself of the Jesuit Premare concerning China, he might have hit upon the truth that poverty and fertility are allies. Premare says (Book I, chap. 12): "It cannot be said in China, as in Europe, that the poor are idle, and might gain a subsistence if they would work. The labours and efforts of these poor people are beyond conception. A Chinese will pass whole days in digging the earth, sometimes up to his knees in water, and in the evening is happy to eat a little spoonful of rice, and to drink the insipid water in which it was boiled. This is all that they have in general." The inference that Malthus drew from the fact was that "all that has been added [to the population] by the encouragements to marriage has not only been an addition of so much pure misery in itself, but has completely interrupted the happiness which the rest might have enjoyed." But the important fact is not that so many of the Chinese existed miserably, but that these miserable people were so astonishingly fertile. The "niggardliness of Nature" is not obvious in the birth-rate of China—and there were phenomena nearer home that might have opened Malthus' eyes to some defect in his argument.

For, apart from the fact on which Doubleday insisted, that the rise in the birth-rate in England in the 1830 decade was closely connected with the fall in the standard of living, with the implication that the only way to check the excessively heavy birth-rate was to improve the condition of the mass of the people, there was a passage in "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," published in 1813, which Mr. Pell quotes: "It is very certain that high living vitiates the humours and prevents fecundity. We seldom find a barren woman among the poor, while nothing is more common among the rich and affluent. The inhabitants of every country are prolific in proportion to their poverty; and it would be an easy matter to adduce many instances of women who, by being reduced to live upon milk and vegetable diet, have conceived and brought forth children, though they never had any before. Would the rich use the same sort of food and exercise as the better sort of peasants, they would seldom have any cause to envy their poor vassals and dependents the blessings of a numerous and healthy offspring, while they pine in sorrow for want of a single heir to their extensive domains." Indeed, far from agreeing with Malthus "that population does invariably increase where there are the means of subsistence," history shows us that abundance of subsistence tends to sterility. Darwin noticed in his time that 19 per cent. of the English nobility were childless, which was more than three times the average for the rest of the nation. Mr. Walter Layton, in his preface to the "Everyman" edition of Malthus, says: "Two phenomena stand out as characteristic of the latter part of the nineteenth century: 1, the decline in the marriage-rate, and 2, the fall in the number of births per marriage." Of the latter, he says: "Civilisation has perhaps introduced some influences which may have diminished the ability to bear children: but, though the point is not capable of statistical proof, there is little doubt that the decline in the birth-rate is in the main due to an intentional restriction of the family. [Mr. Pell, as I shall show, disproves this assumption.] This tendency seems to be almost a universal one, though it is most marked in the most wealthy communities [where, according to Malthus' theory, it should not be manifested]. In Australia, for example, where the working classes are perhaps better off than in any other country in the world, the decline in the 'fertility' of marriage is almost the greatest of all. Differences of creed, race, occupation, or domicile, have sometimes been brought forward to account for differences in the 'fertility'

ratio; but statistics show that it is an invariable accompaniment of increasing wealth and culture."

The concluding sentence has the support of history as well. Ancient Greece and Rome perished for lack of men; the declining birth-rate was their problem as it is beginning to be ours; and Exodus suggests that Pharaoh himself was perplexed by it. To France, whose population in 1919 was three millions less than in 1914 (I take the figures from Dr. Saleeby's new book "The Eugenic Prospect," also published by Fisher Unwin), the problem is most urgent of all; and Mr. Pell's study "of the variation in the degree of animal fertility under the influence of the environment" is aptly produced.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Karl Marx and Modern Socialism. By F. R. Salter, M.A. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

The Life and Teaching of Karl Marx. By M. Beer. Translated by T. C. Partington and H. J. Stenning, and Revised by the Author. (Leonard Parsons. 6s. net.)

There is much similarity between the conclusions of these two writers: the one cautiously anti-Marx, the other critically Marxian. Mr. Salter's survey of Marx's teaching and influence is complete and moderate, but is open to the same objection in most refutations of Marx: viz., that it destroys his theories without suggesting any adequate alternative. As Herr Beer admits, "Marx is, in respect of economic theory, predominantly an agitator." The value theory, says this candid disciple, "has rather the significance of a political and social slogan than of an economic truth;" and he adds: "It is with such philosophical fictions that human history works." There is much truth in this view, and it serves to explain why the Marxian creed needs something more than refutation. A body of aspiration and emotion, such as has gathered round the ideas of economic determinism, the class-struggle and surplus-value, will not be seriously affected by purely negative criticism. Only when these ideas are challenged from the standpoint of new conceptions, equally vital, and better fitted to explain existing facts, will their power over the general mind be shaken. The academic critic proves to his own satisfaction that the predominance of the class-struggle is a delusion; but he offers the worker no satisfactory explanation or cure of his hardships. He disposes of the Marxian theory value, but puts forward others calculated to demonstrate that there is nothing seriously wrong with the present distribution of wealth. It is not surprising that the Marxian dogmas survive his death-blows. Mr. Salter is by no means convinced that all is well with the world; but his hesitating conclusion that self-government in industry may be the workers' salvation is based on no diagnosis of their complaint that can in any way compete with the explanation provided by Marx.

Herr Beer does not claim finality for Marx's doctrines, but only the distinction (which few would deny him) of having "thrown potent thought-ferment into the world," and "bequeathed . . . a multitude of ideas and expressions relating to social science, which have become current throughout the whole world." Not the value-theory (which, as we have seen, he throws overboard), but the Class-Struggle, is for him the corner-stone of Marx's teaching. Yet this is closely dependent on the theory of surplus-value; and it is a question whether, in the form in which Marx stated it—the opposition between "bourgeoisie" and "proletariat" constituting the final phase—the class-struggle itself must now be ranked as another "philosophical fiction." Herr Beer does not raise this question; which, however, is not of merely academic interest. Whatever the answer, it is vital to civilisation.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

If the sympathy of the Catholic priest and the Catholic social worker is on the side of the victims of economic oppression, this is a sufficient reason for directing attention in the "Irish Theological Quarterly" to what are undoubtedly thought-impelling studies of the root causes of the present world-wide industrial unrest and threatened revolt against the Capitalist system. Under the title of "Economic Democracy" we have an analysis of the present economic structure of society—an analysis which aims at bringing to light as the fundamental iniquity of capitalism the usurpation and monopolisation of Financial Credit, which belongs of right to the community, by the world's big lords of finance, who are thus enabled to exploit indefinitely the mortgaged labour power of the present and future generations of the world's productive workers. The thesis is not exactly a new discovery, but it is, perhaps, not too much to say that it is novel and startling to the general public. The author's attempt to vindicate and illustrate it obliges him to grapple with the very fundamentals of economics—with the aim of production and distribution; the cost of production; labour and capital and wages and profits; the just price of commodities; the nature and function of credit; purchasing power, and the medium of exchange, and so on. This he does, on the whole, successfully, indeed so successfully that these remarkable books—which are reprints from *THE NEW AGE*—form a serious challenge to the whole financial credit system of Capitalism. He points out that financial credit in the Capitalist system is simply a mortgage or lien on the potential labour capacity of future generations of the world's workers; that it belongs of right to the workers, or rather to the community; that it should be drawn upon only by public authority; that its advantages, belonging to the community, should accrue only to the community; but that in defiance of natural equity it has been usurped by the world's finance magnates; that they operate it through the credit banking system to keep the real purchasing power of the medium of exchange ("money"—which is mostly paper, i.e., credit) so deflated that the worker is kept on the verge of starvation despite any rise in wages.

What, then, is the remedy? "There is no doubt whatever that the first step towards dealing with the problem is the recognition of the fact that what is commonly called credit by the banker is administered by him primarily for the purpose of private profit, whereas it is most definitely communal property. It is in its essence the estimated value of the only real capital . . . the potential capacity under a given set of conditions, including plant, etc., of a Society to do work" (E.D., p. 120). Recover that financial loan credit for the community. The author thinks that the remedy can be put into operation without a military or bloody revolution. On this point we confess to some misgivings, as all the powers of capitalist finance will be mobilised against every effort to introduce the changes. The author would not nationalise or confiscate plant, or disturb the actual process of production. But, holding as he does that "Natural resources are common property" (p. 110), his restoration of all the advantages of financial credit to the community would have the effect of gradually extinguishing the real value both of these resources and of all existing credit or loan bonds and securities to their present possessors. It would mean the extinction of private credit by a certain number of years' purchase; accompanied by an increasing growth in the real purchasing power of labour. Decentralisation of economic power, and the direction of production towards real human needs, would mark the transition to the new economic system. The means of effecting the transition are suggested only in outline, and mainly in the volume on *Credit-Power*.

The author's analysis of the factors in the production process which determine the "just price" (E.D., ch. 5), is too condensed for the ordinary intelligent reader. Indeed, over-compression characterises the exposition and arguments throughout. Nevertheless, both books are profoundly suggestive, and will well repay the serious student of the social question both for the cost of procuring them and the labour of studying them. We have no hesitation in recommending them to the serious study

of all Catholic students of the labour and capital problem. The economic system advocated in them, while recognising and approving private capital ownership, would effect a sweeping and radical reform of the Capitalist system. It is, moreover, quite in harmony with Catholic moral teaching.—P. COFFEY in the "Irish Theological Quarterly."

It is to the interest of many people that economics should be complicated. The best way of keeping it complicated is by encouraging the notion that we can begin by studying a part of the economic process, and proceed from that part to the next, and thus in the course of time embrace the whole. But every part is determined by every other part, and thus to the man who studies economics in this way it appears to be an enchanted world; as soon as he has grasped one thing, it changes into something else. The right way to approach economics is to have a very simple and clear idea of the economic process as a whole, and then to observe in what respects the actual economic system diverges from it. We would say, without wishing to give the remark an absolute value, that the man who approaches economics must carry about with him like a talisman the conviction of the essential simplicity of the economic fact. Look at that man on his island. There are only two things in the economic situation: production and consumption; and the two are in natural and unobstructed relation. What is the difference between that man and a society; what is the new factor which, in a society, destroys that relation? Why does not a society produce and consume, according to its capacity, the goods it needs? This is the problem of economics. There is no other problem in economics but this. This is economics.—"Capel Court" (March).

Why cannot a modern community, with the powers that natural science has put into its hands, produce in sufficient quantity that which it requires? What is the point at which the powers of civilisation are short-circuited? It is not that there is any defect of productive capacity. During the war the population of this country enjoyed in an economic sense unexampled prosperity. The millions of men engaged upon military service were supported at a standard of living very much higher than the standard of peace. They travelled up and down the world. Vast quantities of food and stores accompanied them. Medical science on an unprecedented scale attended them all over the globe. And in immeasurable addition to all this, millions of tons of highly organised material wealth were blown to bits on the battlefields of the world. All this wealth in the fundamental sense of that term; that is, actual goods produced and consumed; all this wealth was produced, at the time, in the absence of millions of men from productive labour, by the remnant of the population that stayed at home and engaged in production. This remnant also enjoyed, upon the whole, unusual prosperity. The productive capacity of the country is not less now than it was at the time of the war. It is greater, much greater. If it is insufficient, it can be improved without limit. Science is as yet only at the beginning of its conquests. We have not yet begun to turn the force of the tides into electrical power, although this is now an old idea, dating from the reign of Victoria. But, once again, even if Science were to succeed in tapping the source itself of universal energy, and to draw power at will from an illimitable reservoir, the only result under the present system would be universal unemployment. The population would not be able to find work. It would starve in the midst of plenty. The productive power exists, therefore, but at present it does not function properly. This is not the fault of the productive power itself; it does not indicate any flaw in the productive machinery. Each economic function is dependent upon the other parts of the machine. The power to produce does not operate spontaneously. It has to be set in motion from outside. In ordinary language it is necessary that the goods should be ordered. In war when the orders for goods were abnormally increased, we saw that the producing function proved itself capable of responding almost indefinitely. It must be that in peace there is something wrong with the ordering function.—"Capel Court" (April).