Imperialism had first been destroyed. For ourselves? co-operations. We agree too with his policy of agricultural regime. We certainly have no desire to continue. "For how long? It is clear that, in the introducing industries such as would, and capable of doing splendid work, if it were given a fair mould, naturally serve as handmaids to a primarily interesting question. If "A. E.'s" movement is so far as they see the rest of Ireland industrialised on Belfast lines. We wonder how many of the public will realise the suggestion. What is it asking the Government to do? If it merely demands adequate unemployment pay for all, it is quite reasonable (on its own presuppositions) to ask, where is the money to come from? We have already found that mere taxation is anything but a bottomless purse. If we cannot get a considerable volume of the right kind of production steadily going, and if we persist in paying out increasing doles and subsidies to right and left, there can be no end but State bankruptcy. Some allusions were made to a public organisation of production, particularly in regard to housing, but neither Collectivism nor Guildism in itself is going to make any difference. The problem is to get industry to turn out goods at a price at which people can steadily buy them. As we have repeatedly pointed out, this is really an exceedingly simple problem, granted (what is pre-eminently the fact) that our potentialities of production are sufficient to supply our needs. And supposing this solved, it is a matter of indifference how many of the population we can, at any particular moment, employ; in our Utopia the cure the evil. The chief interest which it displays in form. The Labour Party and the ruling classes likely to multiply, and that in an increasingly aggravated condition. But the Labour Party refuses to put its mind on this simple problem. It does not seem so very anxious to cure the evil. The chief interest which it displays in it is for the political capital that can be made out of it.

We wonder how many of the public will realise the significance of the fact that Spain can so readily recruit both officers and men from this country, to fight her battles in Morocco. It means that unemployment and general economic insecurity have already made thousands feel that the horrors of peace are worse than the horrors of war. At the time of the Armistice, four years of fighting had brought the armies almost to the pitch of refusing to march. It would have been impossible to have started another big war at that time. But already most of this psychological gain has been lost; and this latest incident confirms the view that large and rapidly increasing numbers would now welcome a war. There is indeed a spirit of desperation abroad. The riot and disorder in the East End has been followed by serious collisions between the police and the unemployed in Sheffield. Such incidents are but too likely to multiply, and that in an increasingly aggravated form. The Labour Party and the ruling classes alike may be very rudely recalled to realities, not once nor twice, before the winter is over.

In face of such a crisis as this Mr. Robert Williams can find nothing better to do than to earn a little cheap
applause from the revolutionaries of Vienna by a wild and whirling outburst expressing the hope ‘that British workers will drive monarchy out of Britain.’” He and his like are conscious that they have no constructive policy in regard to any of the pressing problems of the moment. They must find some way of keeping up their reputations for being “revolutionary.” So they temporize about any old thing, however apparently remote from realities, that lends itself to the purposes of loud-tongued declamation. We do not believe that even Mr. Williams is so simple as to suppose that the abolition of the monarchy would bring us one inch nearer the dethronement of plutocracy. In our money-ridden society, it is true that all institutions have become too pigeon-holed to travel far from the nest. The Belfast speech unquestionably carried a new departure through such an impartial source. The “New Statesman” well says, “The final Report of the Joint Committee of the Labour sections on the Cost of Living devotes its first part to a criticism of the Board of Trade’s method of fixing the index-figure. This is quite a trivial issue; but the second part may not yet be played in the Irish drama by a Jacobite. It is an immense asset to the British State that, in a crisis, there is always a mediator in the background, who is not, like an American President, in politics, and has not even, like a French President, been in politics. Besides, the Crown is the natural rallying-point of the aristocratic and (in the best sense of the word) gentlemanly elements in the nation. And we repeat that we shall need the help of these in the struggle with plutocracy.”

It is deplorable that another Labour report touching on high prices has appeared without a line in it that takes us any nearer the root of the matter. The Final Report of the Joint Committee of the Labour sections on the Cost of Living devotes its first part to a criticism of the Board of Trade’s method of fixing the index-figure. This is quite a trivial issue; but the second part may not yet be played in the Irish drama by a Jacobite. It is an immense asset to the British State that, in a crisis, there is always a mediator in the background, who is not, like an American President, in politics, and has not even, like a French President, been in politics. Besides, the Crown is the natural rallying-point of the aristocratic and (in the best sense of the word) gentlemanly elements in the nation. And we repeat that we shall need the help of these in the struggle with plutocracy.

In the “Times” special railway Supplement Mr. A. G. Walkden reproduces the familiar arguments for nationalisation. He shows no reason for believing that, under this system, the railways could pay their way any more than they are likely to be able to do under private enterprise; still less, that they could both do this and provide a reasonably cheap service. So long as it is assumed as a trite issue, yet the bottom line in all inquiries ignores is that the money going out from industry in wages, salaries, and dividends does not, in the aggregate, equal the price necessarily (as things are) asked for the corresponding product. So long, that is, as prices are equal to or greater than “costs,” consumption can never nearly keep pace with possible production, and the cost of living must be too high for the purses of the immense majority. As the present Report misses this crucial point, the remedies recommended in Part III are naturally futile. Nationalisation, of course; and seeing that we cannot (happily!) nationalise everything at once, there is to be costing, publicity, and a great deal of “control” of sorts and kinds. The “New Statesman” well says, “The constructive proposals . . . proceed . . . along orthodox lines of Labour policy.” It might be suggested that that policy is “orthodox” also from the plutocratic standpoint. We agree with out junior contemporary’s remark that “those who seek in the Joint Committee’s Report an easy short-cut to a fall in the cost of living, combined with a maintenance of purchasing power and production, will not find it.” But it is certainly urged by the business of a journal, professing to stand for a new social order, to repeat the plutocratic lie, “There is no such cut.” If there were not, the case would be hopeless, and we might just as well vote for the Coalition and urge on the Trade Unions an industrial policy of “Good Will and Hard Work.”

We are glad that Mr. Barnes’ amendment to the Railways Bill, for giving the railwaymen representation on the boards of the amalgamated systems, was not accepted. Workmen directors in a permanent minority would be rather hostages to plutocratic dominance than an instalment of “workers’ control.” Indeed, we are not in favour of Labour being directly represented on the directorate simply. Labour must, we think, wish to be misused. We are continually insisting on the supreme importance of the real credit represented by the Labour side of an industry. But, if this is to be effectively expressed in the control of the industry, it must first be capitalised, that is, turned into financial or money credit. What too many who talk about credit, particularly in connection with Guilds, fail to realise is that Labour’s real credit is straight away potential money, and it only needs the machinery of a “Producers’ Bank to turn it into actual money. If this is done, Labour can embark on a constantly encroaching ownership of the industry, and therefore on the most solid and effective form of “encroaching control.” But it is futile for directors representing only uncapitalised Labour as such to enter on a competition with the directors who speak for the owners of capital. It is incredible indeed that the latter should consent at any price to give Labour an equal or major share of the directorate. And even if we could imagine a Labour majority on the board, it would obviously suffer from a paralysing sense of lack of authority and find itself at a disadvantage in pressing any unacceptable policy upon those who owned the entire industry. Direction must represent the ownership of capital, but there is nothing to prevent the workers in an industry becoming by degrees the predominant partners in that ownership.

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lectivists." We endorse indeed what Mr. Cox says of the inefficiency of bureaucracy; but when he asserts that "there is absolutely no evidence" "that men will work better for the public good than they will for a private capitalist," he can be thinking only of collectivist enterprises, where men are still working for a master, but for a particularly slack and inept one. The lie is given him by the plain facts as to the Building Guilds, where men are at once working for themselves as against working for a master, and yet serving the public as against seeking sectional gain. With this example before our eyes we are encouraged the more to persist in advocating the only plan whereby the trade unions can be transformed at once from military bodies, pledged to the thrusting of spokes into the wheels of industry, into constructive organisations, undertaking a positive responsibility.

A steady propaganda continues in favour of a return to the "gold standard." The "Times" pooh-poohs the attaching of any importance to the double value of the German mark, and dismisses it as "a temporary phenomenon." We wish to make clear exactly to what extent we ourselves appealed to the example of Germany. We stated that she had "in some measure" followed other portents. She did so just thus far, (a) in a restriction (in the case of certain "necessaries") of prices, not necessarily limited by "costs" as a low-water mark, (b) in paying the so-called "subsidies," to compensate the producers (in some part at any rate) in new money, that is, by not really "paying" absolutely at all but by issuing credit. This was to begin to advance along the lines, or at least in the direction, of our policy. But we never suggested that this had been fully, or scientifically, taken up. Nor did we suggest that these makeshift methods could permanently solve any problem. The fact remains that even this rough-and-ready experiment in the calling-in of communal credit in aid of prices did have some degree of at least temporary success. Our own economic jingoes were gravely alarmed at the rapid recovery of German industry, and it was some of them who first attributed it to the device in question. But the key-point is, of course, the regulation of prices by a scientific ratio; and this was missing in the German policy. The "Times" goes on to denounce the "fallacy that the world can be made rich by printing paper money in unlimited quantities." There is a propaganda that the world can be made rich by printing paper money in unlimited quantities. There is a constant, eternal World-Miracle steps streams, into a blossoming splendour from which the higher life has disappeared. Overpowering throes are sending us, so that we must break, and in perishing give birth to something higher. The Need of Nourishment is supplied by the Need of Bearing. Hunger by Birth—we can no longer live; that is the Hymn of Modernity; that is the new Need.

How then did the new Need come to us? It came because Star and Flame, because Rose and Tiger died within us. All naturalness and nature are driven away by worldliness and the world. Worldliness is the breaking through of naturalness. Nature is not the all-embracing conservator of the mechanical; and the dogma of a materialistically scientific age wants us to believe. If our age understood this, there would be a spiritual revolution which would lead us into the middle of a new age of the Race. There where the earth trembles; where oxygen, puffing, burns into water; where the stars march noiselessly, there Nature is in being. There where the hot kiss is, where the clashing battle is, where the pounding machine is, there the World is in being. There where the infallible, driving, servile instinct is, the blind, ruling law, the hearth, food, crystal—there Nature is in being. Then is worldliness nothing but a fairy kingdom without truth, and useless. We do not mind his attacking the Labour Party, or protesting against crushing taxation, or deprecating an undiscriminating attack on "the capitalist," meaning anyone who owns any capital worth speaking of. We are always doing all these things ourselves. But when he calmly assumes that "in a couple of to-day every true son has his place," we can only faintly murmur that we did not know the "New Witness" was so whole-hogging an apologist for things as they are. This writer simply inverts the crude Socialist's fallacy about "the capitalist." He expressly defends, as a legitimate and useful functionary, every sort and kind of existing capitalist. Greatly daring, he even singles out for condemnation "the capitalist's" beneficent (pre-Revolution) control of the Russian peasant. He represents him as alone enabling the besottedly ignorant peasant to obtain seed for sowing, or to store or dispose of his crop. Now the present "capitalist," in question is the money-lender who, before the Revolution, was the hated tyrant of every Russian village. His operations were the quintessence, on a small scale, of the credit-monopoly that is strangling our civilisation. If he was a constructive functionary in the process of production, so are all those "Saxons" and Zanzibros and Stinneses and Morgans of the world. If the "New Witness" is not to reduce to a farce its claim to be an antiputocratic organ, it will have, with all dispatch, to hang or sack its City Editor.

World Affairs.

THE END OF A DISPENSATION.

(Concluded.)

Heaven and Earth have become too narrow for us, they have become the Land of Childhood, lostsome, hopeless, every-day, a fairy kingdom without truth, and less surprising than the old need. There, where is a Person; there, where is the experience of God—there is the World in being. There, where is a Person; there, where is the experience of God—the World is in being. Then is worldliness nothing but a fairy kingdom without truth, and useless. We do not mind his attacking the Labour Party, or protesting against crushing taxation, or deprecating an undiscriminating attack on "the capitalist," meaning anyone who owns any capital worth speaking of. We are always doing all these things ourselves. But when he calmly assumes that "in a couple of to-day every true son has his place," we can only faintly murmur that we did not know the "New Witness" was so whole-hogging an apologist for things as they are. This writer simply inverts the crude Socialist's fallacy about "the capitalist." He expressly defends, as a legitimate and useful functionary, every sort and kind of existing capitalist. Greatly daring, he even singles out for condemnation "the capitalist's" beneficent (pre-Revolution) control of the Russian peasant. He represents him as alone enabling the besottedly ignorant peasant to obtain seed for sowing, or to store or dispose of his crop. Now the present "capitalist," in question is the money-lender who, before the Revolution, was the hated tyrant of every Russian village. His operations were the quintessence, on a small scale, of the credit-monopoly that is strangling our civilisation. If he was a constructive functionary in the process of production, so are all those "Saxons" and Zanzibros and Stinneses and Morgans of the world. If the "New Witness" is not to reduce to a farce its claim to be an antiputocratic organ, it will have, with all dispatch, to hang or sack its City Editor.
daemons, and the glorious loosening of the wild nature-deeps. It is immovably established to-day, that Nature is uninterrupted mechanism. But the mechanical law expires on the boundaries of the natural kingdom, which far and beyond the mechanical is only the deepest chaotic self-expression of Divinity. Mechanism breaks up before the greater miracle of life. Mechanism dissolves in the smaragden abyss of the World and of humanity. But whence then does the dark force of mechanism proceed? For although it rolls on in worthless, senseless darkness, yet is it not as a whole the illuminated birth of Sense and Purpose? There are mountain and lightning; there are tiger and rose; there are lungs, oak, brains; planets; the numberless stars; river and meadow; and an ear, a bird, the sea-floor; geological epochs exist forged on the anvils of night—must not the fabricator of such highest sense and deepest beauty as a 'Whole' be meaning and significance and glory itself?

The phenomena of animism and of Nature-worship can signify nothing else than that the mechanism which shapes and drives Nature, cannot itself be senseless mechanism and chance, but the shaping, formative action of a divine mind. We cannot comprehend Nature. What we grasp at as Nature is only the natural life of our own "Ego," the thing-like, mechanical part of our existence, which still does not permit one to see Nature's deeps. Only are we that which wanders and which alters. We ourselves are the principle of change, transformation, renewal, which, Prometheus-like, roves in the terrible, sparkling distance seeking form and fulness. "Life" is that fineness which first gives movement, and which mystically returns home again. But the primordial in Nature is and must be the same, the same immediateness. Only Nature remains eternally hidden from desecration; and only that which is temporal, human, and worldly in Nature manifests itself. Nature is finiteness.

Science has not explained the miracle, she has only multiplied it to infinity. Modern biological inquiry has everywhere reached the boundary of mechanical explanation, and has shown that we cannot exhaust the life in causality and mechanism, not even touch it, for the "Life" is that fineness which first gives movement, direction, and form to coarseness, and this direction and form-giving is a sea round about the atoms of Causality. A gulf, not a mere difference of degree, lies between man and the animal. There nothing derives one from another, new and unique coming to birth from the gross, material undercurrent. But for him to whom we are something more than the white of an egg; to him, all that is ours of form, Life, Person, is an act of everlastung re-creation, which is, indeed, applied to the already existing, but which still does not permit one single being to proceed from another. The generative faculty does not belong to the material part of a being.

Inspired modern investigation has proved beyond all expectation the nullity and the illusory character of the material; it has proved Maya in her laboratories. In the teaching of relativity Science has not only made the idea of measures relative, but has proved the astounding fact that no space or time measure is absolute, but that all measures have value only in relation to their immediate surroundings and place; that "a metre and a second" signify something different in different relations. Thewherewith, every idea of an absolute, real, material kingdom, is deprived of ground in a most radical way. For what can matter signify without an absolute measure? All laws of natural philosophy are relative; all group to groups; and which, however, have no absolute value or application to the whole. The same step towards the dissolution of the Absolute has been made in mathematics. We know to-day that our system of mathematics is a consistently relative system on the groundwork of a three-dimensional space; but a great many other equally consistent mathematical systems are built on another dimensional number, and we can also give space an interior curvature. As little, therefore, as the Whole of the Mechanical can itself be mechanical, so little can the mathematical itself rest in the long run upon a purely mathematical force, a mechanism of rigid, fixed quantity. The "ultimate" in mathematics we must push deeper back. It is rhythm. Mathematics become at last the teaching of rhythm, and into the mathematics of the future breaks the life of "time duration," far above the play of space and duration.

In the electron theory, experiment has shown that Mass can fall to pieces. The product of this falling to pieces—"the ultimate building stones of matter"—has been examined, and it has been found that its measure is equivalent to zero. But our times have set the royal keystone in the Law of Entropy, the greatest natural discovery of all times; because we have found the supreme law of all happenings in nature. The measures of energy, which shape the physical universe, are only apparently constant. The eternal transforming of species of energy is not our business; but is subject to a fixed direction. Like a waterfall which rushes to the valley, so all energy falls into heat, from which, however, it can only in part climb again. More and more energy deteriorates, and becomes imprisoned as heat; the Entropic factor grows incessantly, until all energy becomes active, deterermined, until all physical happenings end. To-day we know the direction of nature-happenings, their temporality; they are no longer an eternal, endless, directionless whirl. And more important than the preservation of strength and matter is its increasing and decreasing.

Like a clock-work which runs down is nature to us, but we can never discover how the clock is wound up. We may perhaps proceed into organic matter, but only so far as it is living, enigmatic, and therefore physically and chemically inexplicable. The nature which we experience is a constant falling into ruins; Nature ends; is enclosed in Beginning and End. The natural life of the divine revolutions can fluctuate down to zero, but its re-ascent, its re-creation, lies the other side of the Empirical, and is not physical. The knowledge of the finiteness of Nature can present the foundation of a new and mightier technique, which not only desires a gain of energy but guides energies from higher watch-towers. And Entropic technique will be that technique which makes use of the least resistance in the directing of the decay of energy which the wasting of the world and the ruin of the substance of our machine allows to be put in motion.

Where then do we find the Impulse in Nature if Nature does not rest in herself but is only the organ of the Universal? We said that the miracle was the World. The riddle of the egg solves itself in the bird that emerges from it; the seed declares itself in the blood and blossom. So does all the mystery of Nature declare itself solely in the world, which slumbers in the lap of Nature, like the bud in the seed. Alone the travail of the world in Nature shapes all Nature's shapes. Although Nature's kingdoms of shapes may appear boundless to us, yet she is governed by a simplicity, a uniformity, besides which a single human soul appears unspeakably richer and more complicated. Nature is more formless than the World, for ourselves are the meaning of the world. And in "Me" the miracle of Nature's shaping first unriddles itself. Every stone, every pond, every fish, are only stages in the development of that "Me"; all the manifoldness of the Natural has shaped itself on the growing "Me"; without that, Nature would be nothing but formless, consistent, purposeless. Then Nature is nothing but fragmentary Man, seen from the viewpoint of Chaos. There can be no conclusive physical knowledge of Nature's fullness without the key of the soul. The law of light-refraction, the chemistry of organic acid cannot be explained without the Gothic cathedrals, Bach's fugues, the Crusades.

From the German by VOLKER.
Our Generation.

"When man the toolmaker made his momentous choice did he forfeit the possibility of further intrinsic progress? . . . Outraged nature, as Gibbon says, has her occasional revenges; and civilisation is in danger of becoming a systematic and sustained outrage against nature. . . . Over-population and unemployment are the inevitable result of machine civilisation. . . . The future will show whether civilisation, as we know it, can be mendicant must be ended. The time seems to be at hand when we must decide whether we mean to be a new birth of religious and spiritual life which may remould society, as no less potent force would have the strength to do." Only a very superior person, it is obvious, could discuss questions such as these in a manner so airy, and that person, needless to say, is Dean Inge, writing in the "Edinburgh Review." Now the quality which distinguishes the Dean's writings from those of any other journalist of our times is a certain disrespect for mankind, an implication that things like civilisation, humanity, the whole drama of man on this earth, are the result of any of mankind's machinations. Is the human race likely to go forward to new conquests, he asks habitually, or is it likely to die out?— and he always replies with a sigh, whether of regret or of relief it is impossible to say: I'm afraid it is going to die out. The truth is that Dean Inge is a man of despair. He prophesies disaster, but there is no accent of anxiety or of apprehension in his prophecies. A man with a bet on the dissolution of the universe would be more concerned than he appears to be. The result is that his utterances are absolutely without use to men. He does not try to arouse men to action which will save them from the final calamity; he does not attempt to arouse them to action at all. His prophecies are therefore prophecies without significance, and even without reason. He does not warn men; he merely seeks to depress them. The grace of frivolity he certainly has; but, once more, there is no universality in it, no depth; he does not cry, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," but only: Everything may turn out to be vain, or may not. I expect myself that it will turn out to be in vain. But that men can decide the indifference of things, that in the exercise of their will and of the creative power that is within them they can become masters of their fate, the Dean does not so much as hint. Turn to the quotations at the top of this page. There is not an indication that men are endowed with a spontaneous and shaping force, or with anything more, indeed, than the faculty of adaptation. They must "adapt" themselves to the very tools which they have created; to create a new instrument for the conquest of nature is to add a new fetter to the chains which bind humanity. This not only has been, according to Dean Inge, but must always be; we can never expect to see the day when we can use the machinery of society instead of being used by it, for this would presume a creative and determining power in men. "Over-population and unemployment are the inevitable result of machine civilisation." There is no help for us, it will be seen; the machines decide everything, and Dean Inge is their spokesman. In the end, it is true, he does see a glimmer of hope, but that, too, he seems to infer, is something to be waited for something which will happen—or not happen; something, at any rate, which one cannot expect to see done. "The time seems ripe for a new birth of religious and spiritual life which may remould society, as no less potent force would have the strength to do." This, then, is the accident which is going to mend our ways; the time seems to be at hand when we must decide whether we mean to be a new birth of religious and spiritual life has, so far as we know, been snuffed out, unless Dean Inge has been sowing it with his left hand during the last decade; but in spite of this, and like Dean Inge's prophesied catastrophes, without rhyme or reason, it is going to happen. "The sun has risen for so many hundreds of years in the East," as Heine complained, "that it is time now it rose in the West." It is the best we can expect, for the times are indeed bad when the very prophets are vulgar.

Mr. Harold Begbie has been repeating recently a wearisome fallacy in a manner which, in him, is wearisome. "Our national salvation," he says with a pretence of profundity, "lies in individual salvation. Let every person, reminding himself of all those strong and tender things that the name of England has meant to mankind, address himself to his own heart and ask himself whether he does not find there the cause of his country's calamity. Let the employer ask himself whether there is no greed and hardness in his heart. Let the worker ask himself whether 'going slow' for eight hours a day is not eating into the very fabric of his moral life." Let him ask anything and everything, in short, except what is wrong and how it is to be set right. Mr. Begbie's "goodness" is of such a kind that even a sentimental criminal, romantically yearning for virtue and the nice feeling it gives one, would disdain it and would be justly indignant. Exactly how many there is in Mr. Begbie's advertisement of morality it would be interesting to discover. How much sincerity, for example, how much diligence in searching for the truth of the matter, how much painful and unwilling recognition of the facts, is there in Mr. Begbie's prophesied catastrophes, without which "puts everything right"; you cannot, perhaps, solve a problem in mathematics by it and alone, but you can solve by it, on the contrary, any problem in politics and economics. If we were all good we should be able eventually to abolish the multiplication table itself. Then we should be on the pinnacle of happiness; for if we could not count, there would not remain any cause of dispute among us. Reason is a snare, and Mr. Begbie has not fallen into it. But, supposing that we were all good, would the questions of production and distribution look after themselves without any help from us? And, looking at the matter again, how could we all possibly become good; where should we and Mr. Begbie be without the bad people, Mr. Begbie's audience? We should have to invent the devil all over again, and we should have to make him a clever devil. Where would Mr. Begbie be then? "Public opinion," said Nietzsche, "is private laziness." Our "goodness" is nothing more than public opinion; and there is, of course, a use for goodness. It must be difficult for clergymen to maintain any respect for themselves when they allow the Rev. B. G. Bourchier, the panegyrist of Lord Northcliffe, to speak of the Church as a business concern on the verge of liquidation. Writing in one of the Sunday papers he said recently: "Properly understood, the Church is one of the biggest—if not the biggest—of all businesses in the world." But he is concerned with the slowness of business at present. "What has happened to impair our efficiency?" he asks. "We profess to have the goods, the right ones and the best. Very well. Why is there no public taste for them? I find the answer in these two words—rotten advertising." What, we ask in alarm, is the Church not sufficiently advertised to-day with Dean Inge as its prophet and the Rev. B. G. Bourchier as its advertising agent? But note the lengths to which advertisement can go: "The Founder of the Christian Faith is credibly reported to have said: 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.' Surely there is our duty in a nutshell. To lift Him up. To advertise Him." It is not chiefly because it is in bad taste that we object to this sordid employment of it by a clergymen implies in him an envious and vindictive approval of a system that is evil and corrupt. The spirit cannot speak in a business man's vocabulary: that is the plain truth.

Edward Moore.
Towards National Guilds.

Mr. Dennis Milner's State Bonus Scheme, providing for a "pool of 20 per cent. of the National Income collected at source," to be subsequently distributed equally among the whole population without qualification, is less interesting in itself than for the marvellous reasons against it offered by the Labour Party. The "summary" of the Labour Party's objections to the Scheme is as follows: (1) The scheme is already covered by various measures; (2) it is politically inexpedient; (3) it causes great industrial disturbance; (4) its finance, etc., are almost unmanageable; (5) it establishes a low standard of life; (6) it conflicts with the Labour Party's principles of graduation and discrimination in taxation. . . . But is there one of these objections that can be called real? Would any proposal at present on the Labour Party's programme survive a similar ordeal of investigation? We find the real nigger in the fence against it offered by the Labour Party. "It seems desirable not to bind the Labour Party to a proposal of this nature, because we have to look forward to a time when the Labour Party will either form a Government or will dictate the policy of another Government." Powerless to-day because it cannot "form a government," the Labour Partlet intends to avoid commitments in view of its power to-morrow—oblivious of the plain fact, known to everybody else, that not in this or the next or any generation will the Labour Party, as we know it, ever form a government or dictate the policy of another government. So long, however, as the Labour donkey continues to follow that bundle of hay, so long will its "policy" be empty of results now and in the future. The first new truth for the Labour group to learn is that it will always remain a group and nothing more. Its policy ought to be framed upon that assumption.

A correspondent invites discussion on the effect of the "Douglas-New Act" proposals on (a) Foreign Exchanges; (b) Foreign Trade; and (c) Foreign Relations. The subject is too large to be considered on the present occasion; but we shall hope before long to publish a series dealing with these and kindred questions. That the institution of the Just Price at home cannot, or would not, be likely to worsen our international relations may be taken as an axiom; for if it were otherwise, not only would individual morality be incompatible with collective morality in general, but we should be compelled to assume that the world demands that every nation should remain in a state of injustice as a condition of international justice—a self-contradictory proposition which no casuistry could maintain. The actual mechanism, however, by means of which the institution of a domestic Just Price would produce beneficial effects on the three aspects of foreign relations just enumerated cannot be said to be immediately self-evident. It must be worked out in the form of practical propositions. Attempts are invited.

The recent financial difficulties of Henry Ford in America, culminating in his bankers' demand for the immediate repayment in money of a loan of 20 millions, have been attributed to his attacks upon the Jews. Whether this is true in the particular case of Mr. Ford, there is no doubt that the story is true; but not only are the Jews a considerable power in the Money Market, but their extreme susceptibility as a race to criticism is well known and often illustrated. Anti-Semitism in the ordinary sense of the word is, we cannot help thinking, so vulgar an error as it is also dangerous. Moreover, it usually masks a species of propaganda quite as anti-social in the European sense as the propaganda of Semitism. On the other hand, what are we to do, if we desire to bring Credit under the control of the community, and the Jews insist upon retaining it as a monopoly of the few? Are we to retire from the attack because the Jews choose not to identify themselves with the dictatorship of Finance? The means of escape for the Jews from their present situation are obvious. Let them disavow their apparent policy of financial control and assist us in subordinating the directive of Credit to a common good. The alternative is no less obvious. Should the Jews cling to the maintenance of the present financial system, and continue to permit themselves to be identified with it as the principal in the business, such a movement of anti-Semitism will be created as the world has never seen before. We should like to warn the Jews, in the friendliest manner possible, of the dangers they are running in obstructing Credit-reform and in assuming the leadership of the financial dictatorship. The financial dictatorship is doomed, and it will go hard with the race that last to defend it.

A correspondent sends me the following cutting from the American letter contributed to a recent issue of "Plain English," "A new secret order just forming in the United States, which will spread throughout the world, has for its main object the placing of government more securely in the hands of the Gentiles. The gold standard is to be destroyed by a new system of credit, and thus all the gold which is now in the hands of the Jews will become of little value. . . . There are only two countries at present which practically have all the world's gold—Russia and America; and the major part of the gold in America is in Jewish banks. The Jews are planning to make America their "nation," when Russia fails them, as it will inside of five years. Jewish Freemasonry is more powerful in the United States than anywhere else, and it is here that it will meet its Waterloo in 1925." Without endorsing every word of this significant extract, we may allow ourselves to say that much of it is confirmed by our own information. Undoubtedly the most tremendous factor in the present world-situation is the factor of Credit; and the movement, of which The New Age is privileged to be the pioneer journal, for the substitution of real Credit for Gold, as the new basis of financial Credit, is without doubt the most significant and far-reaching movement in the world to-day. We beg our readers not to take lightly the problem and task which they are invited to share. The substitution of "capacity to produce," a human quality, for Gold, a metal gift of Nature, as the basis of Money-values, may appear in one of its aspects to be a merely technical problem; and it is. But in its other aspects it is nothing less than the substitution of Christian values for the values of Mammon. Mammon, however, is a real god; a god of incalculable power. Already within the tragic recollection of the world's conscience Mammon has succeeded in crucifying the would-be Saviour of human values. And he is just as strong today as ever. His symbol is Gold and the system by which he controls the world is the present system of financial Credit erected appropriately on what is known as the Gold Standard. The movement to dethrone Gold and to set up human values in its place is, therefore, no trifling stir in the current of economic thought, but a realistic movement in the life of a world

The greater include the lesser mysteries; and if the attempt to dethrone Mammon is not a "moral" movement, it is only because it takes morality in its stride.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Reading the Shavian Pentateuch again, it is very easy to see that its chief feature is the rearrangement in series of the familiar theses of Mr. Shaw's plays. The process was begun in the scene in Hell in "Man and Superman"; it is extended and elaborated here into five plays, but the teaching is the same. Nature, as Don Juan called it, Creative Evolution as Mr. Shaw, borrowing from Bergson, now calls it, is aiming at brains. But the mental life requires special conditions which can only be attained by the abolition of every other interest. All the active illusions of the race of man against which Mr. Shaw has tilted in his plays are here stated and discarded in series; the serpent sheds skin after skin in his attempt to become, let us say, Pure Wisdom. Adam, according to Mr. Shaw, invented work as well as the limitation of the expectation of life; but Cain invented war, and glorified it in the terms of poetry. Cain is Sergius Saranoff, and all the other militarist butts of Mr. Shaw's plays, and as he quotes John Bull's:

When Adam delved, and Eve spun,
Where was then the gentleman—
he might have been given a variant of another ditty:

O! a soldier's life is a merry life
As he slaughtereth the other man, and steals his wife,
With a rattle-rattle bang-bang,
Rumpty-dumpty bang.
With a rattle-rattle, rumpty-dumpty, bang-bang-bang.

Eve replies to the romantic theory of war with the feminist argument, although not in the words of the American song: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier." She is tired of Adam's digging, and Cain's fighting; she sympathises with the lazy, dirty artists who invent labour-saving devices, or dreams of brains. But the mental life requires special conditions which can only be attained by the abolition of every other interest. All the active illusions of the race of man against which Mr. Shaw has tilted in his plays are here stated and discarded in series; the serpent sheds skin after skin in his attempt to become, let us say, Pure Wisdom. Adam, according to Mr. Shaw, invented work as well as the limitation of the expectation of life; but Cain invented war, and glorified it in the terms of poetry. Cain is Sergius Saranoff, and all the other militarist butts of Mr. Shaw's plays, and as he quotes John Bull's:

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Eve replies to the romantic theory of war with the feminist argument, although not in the words of the American song: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier." She is tired of Adam's digging, and Cain's fighting; she sympathises with the lazy, dirty artists who invent labour-saving devices, or dreams of a life without labour. "Now the labourer's task is over," is the only modern hymn which would satisfy Eve: "Man need not always live by bread alone. There is something else. We do not yet know what it is; but some day we shall find out; and then the life that now is will be no more digging nor spinning nor fighting nor killing." With these words, she ends "In The Beginning"; and work and fighting have been discarded, and the race is presumably led by the hopes of the artists.

In "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas" it is politics that is tried, found wanting, and discarded. Politics is represented as "having made its grave with the wicked, and with the rich in their death" (Mr. Shaw's judgments are so frequently Biblical paraphrases), and to be obstructive and destructive of purely vital values. It is inspired only by personal ambition, and only so far as a "vital" question will serve the personal ends of politicians will politics serve life. Politics, instead of being the light and leading of life, is only a sphincter muscle worked by reflex action; so politics is discarded. "The Thing Happens" develops the thesis, shows the politicians handing over the work of government to Chinamen and negroes, and devoting themselves to what they call life: "in devising brainless amusements; in pursuing them with enormous vigour, and taking them with eager seriousness, our English people are the wonder of the world," says the Archbishop. The Chinaman draws the moral that the English are not an adult race:

"Your maturity is so late that you never attain to it. You have to be governed by races which are mature at forty. That means that you are potentially the most highly developed race on earth, and would actually be the greatest if you could live long enough to attain to maturity." Creative Evolution, then, discards the English religion which is now preached every Christmas, and was called Peter-Pantheism by Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

"The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman" finally extinguishes politics and politicians in a riot of ridicule. By this time, the human race has been divided into "short-livers" and "long-livers," the latter domiciled in Ireland. The British Empire has transferred its capital to Baghdad, and there indolently pursues its avocation of political error in a highly successful attempt to make history repeat itself. Once again, militarism and politics are discarded; the oracle informs a Napoleon that the only solution to his dilemma is "to die before the tide of glory turns," as his genius for war is quite useless to the human race: the politician, worried about the next election, is told: "Go home, you fool!" the political game of ins-and-outs having no interest or value for life.

In the last play, "As Far As Thought Can Reach," the race is divided into youths and ancients. Individuals are born mature, and have four years of childhood, during which they cultivate the arts, and worship Love and Beauty. But as the brain matures, they cease to sleep, they seek solitude, they begin the life of contemplation and develop extraordinary powers of control over natural processes. Life goes on until an inevitable accident cuts it short; and as these people have nothing to do but think, everything that is necessary to a social life is discarded, even language. The ancient might sing with Moussorgsky: "I have attained to power!" but as there seems nothing to do with that power, except finally to abolish the body itself, Mr. Shaw seems to accept Olive Schreiner's definition, written when she was about eighteen: "Life is a striving, and striving—and ending in nothing." The she-ancient says: "The day will come when there will be no people, only thought!"; to which the he-ancient adds: "And that will be life eternal."

But it was the very difficulties of this "pure spirit" doctrine that led to the invention of the theory of evil, of the creation of matter, of the eternal recurrence. We have nothing here but an impossible and contradictory metaphysic; for if life in its very nature is eternal thought (Mr. Shaw's Adam is terrified by his immortality, not the immortality of the soul. This dichotomy of body and soul is simply a survival of primitive animism; it has come down to us through the mysteries, through the religions, and at last through the agnosticism of Mr. Shaw. And it means nothing except imperfect observation and inaccurate interpretation; it was superseded even by the Christian revelation, and the curse of damnation applies to those "who confound the persons, and divide the substance." "Back to Methuselah" by a means—but not by pure thought, but "one altogether: not by confusion of substance, but by unity of Person."
Readers and Writers.

Good criticism is so rare in our journals that I feel bound to draw attention to it when it does appear. I have in general not too much sympathy for the work of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, but an essay of his on Whitman in a recent issue of "The Nation" is to my mind as near perfect criticism as we can expect. The subject, of course, is an inspiring one; it has not yet been adequately explored and, because it offers no scope for the pedant of prosody, the literary genealogist, and other academic sleuth-hounds, the critic is almost forced to spend plain language and good thought. Mr. Lawrence responds to each of these demands, and though it is not my business to rehearse his ideas, I would like to emphasize a triumph of his analysis, which is the revelation of the extreme significance of that aspect of Whitman's genius best represented in _Calamus_. The polarity is between man and man. Whitman alone of all moderns has known this positively. . . .

Even Whitman becomes grave, tremulous, before the last dynamic truth of life. . . . He tells the mystery of manly love, the love of comradeship. This comradeship is to be the final cohering principle of the new world, the new Democracy. It is the cohering principle of perfect solidarity. . . . It is the soul's last and most vivid responsibility, the responsibility for the circuit of final friendship, comradeship, manly love. . . . This is true analysis and the poet to whom it is applied, more innate and forceful in his work than any revelation or appreciation can make him, is profound—certainly beyond his own country and time—perhaps beyond our country and time. I do not know: I see but little active understanding of his significance. It is a female love, or an age of female attachment. Whitman is self-styled the poet of manly attachment and he will be the poet of a manly age. The greatest modern poet? Yes: I for one agree with Mr. Lawrence and acknowledge his sufficient tribute. And however neglectful we may be consciously of the greatness of this poet, I think that the world unconsciously begins to fulfil Whitman's ideal. He is almost the poet of the modern universal unconscious mind. He gives expression to the herd instinct of the male. For man is driven—defensively by the tide of feminine ideas, spontaneously by the aggression of economic factors—to formulate between man and man that fresh aspect of comradeship which, as Whitman said, "hard to define, underlies the lessons and ideals of the profound saviours of every land and race, and which seems to promise, when thoroughly developed, cultivated and recognized in manners and literature, the most substantial hope and safety of the future." . . . This feeling was given actuality for Whitman in the American Civil War; and "Drum-Taps," the finest war poems known to the world, remain as a testament. And it may be said that the fundamental experience in the recent war among those sensitive to anything fundamental was the birth or renaissance of his manly attachment. But that is something difficult to explain in emotionless prose.

Mr. Lawrence is equally acute in his analysis of Whitman's "element of falsity," for with all his greatness Whitman was not a perfect poet. But that aspect does not need stress—as romantic boundlessness and pantheistic diluquescence it is obvious enough—and there are aspects of Whitman, which, I am suggesting, that outweigh the multiplicity of the included sensations. In this sense, the best expression of his genius, the most complete definition of his craft, has been written by Whitman himself. It is an unobtrusive footnote hidden among the pages of "Democratic Vistas," and for that reason I may be justified in quoting it: "The culmination and fruit of literary artistic expression, and its final fields of pleasure for the human soul, are in metaphysics, including the mysteries of the spiritual world, the soul itself, and the question of the immortal continuation of our identity. In all ages the mind of man has brought up here—and always will. Here at least, of whatever race or era, we stand on common ground. Applause, too, is unanimous, and in all ages, to all moderns. Those authors who work well in this field—though their reward, instead of a handsome percentage, or royalty, may be but simply the laurel-crown of the laurel-crown or the personal truth. The Indian Vedas, the Na'kash, the ZaOroaster, the Talmud of the Jews, the Old Testament, the Gospel of Christ and His disciples, Plato's works, the Koran of Mohammed, the Edda of Snorri, and, as far as I can see, to Swedenborg, and to the invaluable contributions of Liebnitz, Kant, and Hegel—these, with such poems only in which (while singing well of persons and events, of the passions of man, and the shows of the material universe), the religious tone, the consciousness of mystery, the recognition of the future, of the unknown, of Deity over and under all, of the divine purpose, are never absent, but indirectly give tone to all exhibit literature's real heights and elevations, towering up like the great mountains of the earth.

This is a definition of the potentiality of literature other than of its intrinsic nature. It does not solve the problem of Whitman. . . . I mean Muhammad Iqbal, whose poem "Asrari—Kholi: The Secrets of the Shell," has recently been translated into English. Dr. Reynold Nicholson and published by Messrs. Macmillan. Whilst our native poetasters were rhyming out of the esoteric logic of the schools.

Iqbal specifically disclaims the influence of Nietzsche, but he cannot escape the comparison. The _Supreme_ of Nietzsche and the Perfect Man of Iqbal differ only in incidental characteristics, though the former is based on a false sociology of aristocracy, while the latter is, I think, on surer ground in that the Ideal aristocrat—the Socrates, the Christ, the Muhammad—is recognized as not social or pre-determined in origin, but as a sport of the creative force of nature. The Perfect Man is democratic in origin—"is a spiritual principle based on the assumption that every human being is a centre of latent power, the possibilities of which can be developed by cultivating a certain type of mind. It is an ideal much nearer to actuality, and in that respect has more affinity to Whitman's Divine Average. But the same initial desire seems to underlie the three ideals: they differ only in prevision. Religiously, the basis is the belief that man evolves by the attraction of a divine force called God. Scientifically the thesis that there is revealed in "the structure of events" a creative force which is manifest to consciousness and which will develop the mind's capacity for awareness
and understanding. Metaphysically, the scientific and the religious aspects are united: “Life (I quote from Iqbal’s Introduction to his poem) is a forward assimilative movement. It removes all obstructions in its march by assimilating them. Its essence is the continual creation of desires and ideals, and for the purpose of its preservation and expansion it has invented or developed out of itself certain instruments, e.g., senses, intellect, etc., which help to assimilate obstructions. The greatest obstruction in the way of life is matter. Nature; yet Nature is not evil, since it enables the inner powers of life to unfold themselves.” Life, therefore, is an endeavour for freedom, and the method of endeavours is “the education of the Ego.” or as Muhammad himself directed: “Create in yourselves the attributes of God.” This reminds one of Whitman: “I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser of things to be. And Whitman also wrote: “In the faces of men and women I see God and in my own face in the glass.” “Fellow creators the creator seeketh” is Nietzsche’s expression of the same ideal; and indeed, all religion and all philosophy ultimately concentrates in this doctrine of the perfection of the self. Man cannot psychologically admit any divinity of which he is not the expression. That seems to be a physical truth. Iqbal seems to realise this truth more certainly than Nietzsche or Whitman. Whitman’s Divine Average is vague, and not intense enough as an ideal, and Nietzsche’s Superman is anti-social and so instinctively false. But Iqbal’s Perfect Man is divine average, comrade: his divine average is perfect man—“both idol and worshipper.”

Herbert Read.


II.

After the defeat of Osiris, the creator of the Material Convention, Isis wanders in vain in search of his scattered limbs. At last she meets Plato, who explains to her the cause of Osiris’ fall:

Typhon n’existait pas en debors d’Osiris he says. And there follows a fine passage on the ways of the Evil One.

Car, Isis, en chacun des êtres perissables Habite le Mauvais, le Maître de Douloure; Le mystère de sa naissance et le terreur Des interventions passent nos esprits mêmes; Peut-être il a laissé au Seuls Pouvoirs suprêmes Isis, même les Lois, Saintes Conventions Tutélares liens de nos expressions Ont pour leur premier but de lier la Souffrance, Le Rodeur infini qui habite l’essence. Des choses et de l’être, en qui tout ce que fait Le Mauvais de sa main, pour son expression, qui rempart. Les besoins inconscients qui rôdent dans les êtres Les désirs redoutés que nul ne veut connaître, Et dans chaque douleur nos satisfactions. C’est la voix du Mauvais dans les goulfes intimes. Osiris was vanquished, then, because he had no defence against the Evil One. It is to guard Man against the Evil One, to fullfil what is imperfect in the Material Convention, that a new convention, the Moral Convention, is being created by Plato and his compeers, the Greek philosophers. But man alone cannot found a convention; there is needed a god, and Plato is awaiting the coming of the new god. Isis asks, filled with doubt:

D’où viendra-t-il ce dieu que veulent tes enfants? Maître de la Sagesse, homme au front triomphant? Existe-t-il, dis-tu, par délais les étoiles? Des mondes libérés des méprises fatales, Et des dieux inconnus qui nous contempleaient, Au dessus des destins qui se reposaient Hors de ce monde étrange que le Mauvais harcelle? Plato replies: that when Man needs gods he evokes them: the gods are the spirits of the peoples of the world:

Et c’est l’appel de l’homme à quoi le dieu repond, Quand il monte vers nous de l’abîme sans fond. L’âme du monde est lourde enfin d’un dieu prospere. But Isis asks despairingly:

“Ton Dieu me rendra-t-il la face d’Osiris?”

And on that note the third canto ends.

The fourth canto, “Le Christ,” begins with a description of the decline of the antique world:

Deja le monde était vieilli; depuis longtemps, Les sages étaient morts, le courage se tarissait; Dans l’orgueil de sortir enfant de maladie; Le monde antique était malade de la vie.

Christ appears in this world of decadence and founds the Moral Convention. But the time comes when, like Osiris, He too must face the Evil One. In the desert he allows Satan to express himself in His mind:

Le Christ attentait dans l’être épouvantable lisait: “En moi se trouve le Savoir sans fond, La Science du Mal, qui est sa guerison, Afin de m’abolir tu devras me commaner Et nul ne me connaît dont je ne suis le maître Et le Christ répondit, calme: To conquérir Est savoir suffisant de toi pour mon désir; Les serviteurs savent tes voies multipliées, Et tu donnes aux tiens d’insensibles idées, Mais ils ne savent pas le Commandement Saint Qui seul pourra te vaincre et qui toujours les vainc."

Finally the Evil One threatens Christ and those whom He would save; and Christ accepts death as the refuge from the Evil One, but the Moral Convention is founded and goes on accumulating round Christ. Isis, who has watched with growing faith the success of the new God, falls into the stupor of despair; but Plato remains through the Dark Ages searching for a new light. At last he calls upon Isis to rise and join the last issue:

Isis, éveille toi! Souviens toi d’Osiris! Un géant s’est levé dans des races mystiques, Qui ne s’incline plus devant les dieux antiques Et nul ne me connait dont je ne suis le maître, Isis, l’heure est venue Four toi de t’éveiller!"

What he has discovered is modern humanity.

The title, a little cryptic, of the fifth canto is “Alma.” This celebrates, in a series of philosophical hymns, the advent and mission of womanhood as a factor in the struggle against the Evil One. Hitherto the conflict has been too precise, too actualised, and has given his opportunity to the Evil One by not taking into account the existence of the Potential. Woman as a being less actualised than man, as a sort of bridge between the Potential and the Actual, has a part of the greatest magnitude to play. I should have liked, had space permitted, to quote in the lyrics, excited and profound in thought and beautiful in expression, which fill his book, but I must content myself with quoting one striking verse, expressing the author’s conception of woman:

“Et lorsque votre main repose dans ma main, Comme un homme, pensif sur de puissants rivages Sent à ses pieds les flots réguliers et sauvages, Je reconnais dans votre pouls l’écho lointain Des battements des flots dans les époques mortes, Et tout mon corps frémit au choc des vagues fortes.”

The fifth canto, “Vir,” is a monologue of modern man, who has discovered the World of Ideas, and to whom the necessity for the foundation of the third convention, the Metaphysical Convention, is the greatest problem. The Ideas from time to time, according to the plan of the world, incarnate themselves in the minds of inspired men: that is the light
by which mankind must find its way. In his monologue Vir asks, How is man to express the Ideas? And he replies:

Commes des visiteurs puissants qui ont besoin D’un obscur artisan et ne comprennent point Qu’ils les fasse tarder, se pressent à sa porte Et puis impatientes les uns des autres, partent, Et le laissent obscur et mécontent de lui;

Les nombreuses Idées vont s’attrouper ainsi Aux étrètes entrées des cervelles humaines Et l’obscur ouvrier qui dans nos têtes peine A satisfaire le premier passant venu, Attend longtemps après son travail inconnu.

In dubious meditation Vir exclaims again:

Comme le Vin nouveau brise les jarres vieilles, Notre corps ne tient pas les forces éternelles, Car en nous les Idées ne peuvent subsister Lorsque la feuille oublie sa destinée A la Force future ; aux premières Fréquences En notre être la lutte implicable commence La matière se brise ou l’Idée disparait.

The final issue, “the resolution of desires into ideas,” has still to be settled. The last three cantos describe the drama of this final attempt and its issue.

E. M.

Views and Reviews.

ON GERMINATION—I.

The subject of germination is obviously very closely connected with “the law of fertility” which I have been discussing; and Mr. Baines writes so clearly and powerfully on the subject that it is simply a duty to draw attention to his work.* He holds and demonstrates that life is not a chemical phenomenon, but an electrical phenomenon accompanied by chemical changes (the electro-chemical theory of catalysis, the known catalytic effect of light (see “Catalysis in Theory and Practice,” by Rideal and Taylor, published by Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.)

The importance of such researches is obvious, not only from the economic point of view (Mr. Baines shows, for example, that by suitable electrification of the soil the quantity of water required by certain plants can be safely diminished, and thus makes possible their cultivation in land now held to be unsuitable), but from the vital point of view. That the air is positive and the earth negative is a simple demonstrable fact; that a plant has its roots in the ground and its leaves and flowers in the air can be demonstrated without a laboratory; that the plant is therefore in an electrical circuit is a reasonable inference until it is discovered that it, and every cell in it, is constructed on the same principles as a piece of electrical machinery, and does actually perform electrical work. Then the reasonable inference becomes a fact. For the details of the electrical structure, and the experiments which prove it, the reader must be referred to Mr. Baines’ book; it would be useless to give them here without illustrations or examples.

But Mr. Baines’ description of what happens in the cell may be reproduced:

The exoplasm is an enveloping insulating membrane or capsule, designed principally to conserve the energy of the cell, and the cell itself is a species of Leyden jar capable to some extent of self-charge. The nucleus and nucleolus are always centrally situated (a fact in itself suggestive of similarly electrified bodies) and the centrosome (the attraction sphere of physiology) is single.

Before reproduction can begin, the centrosome must be duplicated. The moment that occurs cell-reproduction commences, and the following changes take place with comparative rapidity. The two centrosomes, being similarly electrified, at once repel each other and move to positions as far apart as the structure of the cell permits. But inasmuch as the networking of protoplasm is not so closely interwoven as not to allow of this, the nucleus loses its membrane and breaks up into a skein, leaving the centrosomes free to move. The latter are then, in effect, two permanent magnets with their N poles opposed, and lines of force connect them as in magnetism.

Now the nucleus contains a number of threads or rod-like substances called chromosomes, and these are in the skein. They are always in multiples of two, and during the process of cell-division each of them splits into two parts. In parting with its membrane, the nucleus also parts with its insulation, and the chromosomes are deprived of theirs by splitting. The latter are thus, for the time being, electrically neutral or alternatively are similarly electrified bodies, and are accordingly marshalled by the lines of force—the lines from each centrosome—into the equatorial plane, or, in other words, into a position equidistant from the centrosomes.

After a brief interval the chromosomes insulate, and in accordance with the law governing electrified bodies (they are now oppositely electrified) are attracted in two equal groups by the centrosomes. Directly that occurs new nuclear membranes are formed, the exoplasm gradually contracts in the centre, the lines of force disappear, and two daughter-cells, each with a single centrosome, mark the conclusion of the process. These cells are then said to “root,” but of course they undergo further development, and await the duplication of the centrosome, before they can further reproduce themselves.

And this is the process concerning which even Thomson and Geddes told us:

That attractions and repulsions do exist within the cells is certain; an analysis of their precise nature—the final problem of histology—is still far in the distance. We cannot get within miles of it.

Yet the phenomena so obviously obey the laws of electricity that, if only as a provisional hypothesis, they might have been postulated as an explanation. It is Mr. Baines’ peculiar merit that he has demonstrated that the body is primarily formed for the exercise of electrical functions, that not only is it divisible into a constant generation of nerve-force within the organism (Mr. Baines uses the word “electricity” in this connection in a privileged sense, the force is “a cognate and, I believe, a more subtle and powerful force”)—but it be-
Reviews.

Cocoa and Chocolate: their History from Plantation to Consumer. By A. W. Knapp. (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

We were wondering whether this book will convert Mr. Chesterton. Cocoa has not always been associated with a blameless life; on the contrary, we are told that "the gamblers shook their elbows in White's and the chocolate houses round Covent Garden," and the fact that the "Cocoa Tree" was first the headquarters of the Jacobite party, and later "the resort of Tories of the strictest school," should induce Mr. Chesterton to reconsider his position. Why, Cardinal Richelieu was cured of general atrophy by its use; and it might conceivably modify hypertrophy, on the homeopathic principle. Poets have tried it; and if it no longer inspires poets, perhaps the reason is that they drink other beverages which stimulate what one called his "long, green desires." One likes to think of Montezuma drinking his "fifty jars or pitchers" a day, of Cortes, not "silent upon a peak in Darien," but demanding "20 chests of ground chocolate, 20 bags of gold dust," and so forth. It is true that a Bishop at Chiapa excommunicated women for having hot chocolate in church; but as he "was poisoned for his pains," the hierarchy probably modified its opinion. If cocoa be really Theobroma, then to drink it is probably the easiest method of becoming god-like; and charitable people, instead of giving half a pound of tea, might well consider the spiritual possibilities of a quarter of a pound of cocoa. Mr. Knapp is a research chemist to Messrs. Cadbury, and he summarises, with remarkable brevity and clearness, every process from the grower to the consumer. The chapter on the fermentation of the pods reveals the fact that a fluid "tasting like sweet cider" is produced; and we are told that "if the fermentation of the cocoa were centralised in the various districts, and conducted on a large scale under a chemist's control, the sugars could be obtained, or an alcoholic liquid or a vinegar could be easily prepared." Obviously there are possibilities in cocoa not yet developed; the sugars could be obtained, or an alcoholic liquid or a vinegar could be easily prepared. Obviously there are possibilities in cocoa not yet developed; the sugars could be obtained, or an alcoholic liquid or a vinegar could be easily prepared.

Constantine I and the Greek People. By Paxton Hibben. (The Century Co. New York. $3.50 net.)

The case of Greece during the war is but one of the many failures of the allies to practise what they preached. Mr. G. F. Abbott, during the war, gave us reason to suppose that the propaganda case against King Constantine was susceptible of criticism; Mr. Paxton Hibben, who was in Greece for three years as an American Press correspondent, and was in constant communication with all parties during that period, indicates very plainly that the whole case against King Constantine was the reverse of the truth. This book was written in 1917, but its publication was delayed until last year in deference to suggestions made in certain quarters that its publication then "would embarrass our [America's] associates in the war." The gravamen of the case is thus stated in the author's own words: "What is of great consequence, however, is that during the war and after our [America's] entry into it as an ally of France and Great Britain, without our knowledge and consent the constitution of a little, but a brave and fine, people was nullified by the joint action of two of our Allies; the neutrality of a small country was violated, the will of its people set at naught, its laws broken, its citizens persecuted, its Press muzzled. By force a government was imposed upon this free people, and if force that government has been and is to-day maintained in alliance with the words of General Sarrail: 'Venizeliot Greece has become a British dominion.' He might have noted a French colony as well, and been within the truth."
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

GUILD BANKS AND CREDIT.

Sir,—A few weeks ago I stated at the Building Guild Conference that we must ultimately organise a Guild Bank and if necessary Guild currency. One of your comments on this was that I had said it "without express acknowledgment." I replied that I had advocated a Guild Bank so far back as 1912, and gave chapter and verse. You appended a footnote to my letter in which you remarked that "Mr. Hobson cannot have it both ways. If he wrote and published and emphatically urged our present proposals long before Major Douglas's contributions appeared in The New Age why did he ostentatiously set out to oppose them as soon as they began to be re-formulated?"

If you will read my letter again, I think you will agree that I never, even remotely, urged your proposals. The point of the letter clearly was that I had urged my own proposal of a Guild Bank and not yours. The reason why I do not urge it is simply because I do not accept Major Douglas's analysis either of credit, banking or the productive processes. It is, of course, trivial, so far as the substance of the matter is concerned, but I do not care, when advocating a Guild Bank or Guild credit or Guild currency, to be charged with adopting your ideas without acknowledgment. Sooner or later, you must learn that these particular problems are neither your monopoly nor patent. Nobody will more readily than I admit the tremendous and valuable efforts you have spent upon Credit and its cognate problems; nevertheless, the fact remains that you have no overriding rights, literary, scientific or historical, in the words Banking Credit or Currency, and I propose to use them when so minded "without express acknowledgment." On this point I add that I did not "ostentatiously" set out to oppose your proposals. I spoke against them at the National Guilds League Conference and have written perhaps a couple of thousand words what time you have been penning a quarter of a million. Probably I realise more vividly than you the difficulties of the problem. Certainly I am not so cocksure.

To the second part of your rejoinder it is not possible to reply because it is all compact of misstatements or half-truths. You state, for example, that the first act in the life of the Building Guild should have been credit. That is what its first act was. You suggest that our system of cost production is merely a leaf out of the Capitalist book. It's rather odd that it is the Building Guild and credit. If and when we can speak freely, without being charged with plagiarism or ignorance, it is just possible that we can learn from each other. Possible, too, that we may help each other.

S. G. HOBSON.

Pastiche.

CE QUE FEMME VEUT DIEU LE VEUT.

A man will often strive and fret
To gain his end, and still may fail.
He'll turn to any shift and yet
Find ev'rything of no avail.

But woman knows no door that's shut;
She gains her ends with smaller pains,
God may assist her brother, but
What woman wishes God ordains.

A man will often have to fight
A hearty battle in Life's game;
It helps not, though, if he be right,
He may get vanquished all the same.

But woman does not fight unless
She thinks she has already won.
God may assist her brother—yes!
But woman's feuds and God's are one.

A man will often lose his heart
To one who has no heart to lose,
And practises every lover's art,
Yet still his lady may refuse.

But when a woman's eyes implore,
Her prey already lies in chains,
No pow'r on earth can save him,
For what woman wishes God ordains.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

ENCOUNTER.

Immediately
I saw you sitting on the low divan,
At the end of the half-lit room with its quivering
Intriguing Jews,
My ego felt
The vitality of another.

The conversation was perfectly normal,
A shake of the hand, some words of argument,
But underneath the swift subconscious jumped
To the soul's surface.

Then circled round your ego, drew away,
Approached again, played round, then tested yours
With tentative grapples,
And though the actual words that flew about,
Your own opinions and my sudden spasm
Of brusquish argument
Were just the vague generalities of conversation,
With here and there the individual touch,
Through the thin veil of words
The ego gazed—
Speculation—
Toying with broken dreams,
That suddenly crystallised into a weird tenseness,
Bracing themselves,
With tentative grapples,
Braving being broken again—
My ego gazed into yours—
And as you drove away in your major-curt out of my life,
You too must surely have felt somehow somewhere in
Your own ego,
The vitality of an other.

H. B. SAMUELS.

WAKING.

Like an early violet stirring
In the bursting woods of Spring,
She woke and looked about her
With quiet wondering.

Like primroses near water,
That suddenly crystallised into a weird tenseness,
Braving being broken again—
Our egos gazed into yours—
And as you drove away in your major-curt out of my life,
You too must surely have felt somehow somewhere in
Your own ego,
The vitality of an other.

F. A. ANDREWS.