THE
NEW AGE
A SOCIALIST REVIEW OF RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1513] NEW SERIES. Vol XXIX. No. 19. THURSDAY, SEPT. 8, 1921. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

[*The circulation of* THE NEW AGE *has fallen to within a few of the minimum required to cover the barest cost of production. If the fall continues, we shall have to cease publication.*]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WORLD-AFFAIRS would not have reached so perilous a pass as they have were not sincere political idealists so pathetically blind to the real causes of war. This lack of economic realism was the whole secret of the tragedy of President Wilson. As the proclamattion of an ideal his Fourteen Points were splendid, and naturally aroused the utmost enthusiasm among the mass of the democratic parties throughout the world. For most of these, and even many among the most clear-cut Socialists, utterly failed to *realise* (though themselves continually *asserting*) the irresistible dominance of economic factors. And so, when the new Don Quixote met his inevitable overthrow, he was very unjustly assailed with a general howl of "betrayal." In fact, his only fault was the initial mistake of setting out to fight economic forces with mere political idealism. That is as hopeful a proceeding as it would be for a football team to think that, by playing soccer, it could beat a team that was determined to play rugger. The most brilliant dribbling and the most delicate combination would be pulverised in no time by the brutally simple plan of picking up the ball and running. The Wilsons and Robert Cecils may cry out, "We have proclaimed a new era; a different code is now in force; you are breaking the rules." But there is no referee to whom to appeal; the dark forces of cosmopolitan finance are their own referee. In the face of relentless economic facts, the statesman armed only with "points," though they were a hundred instead of fourteen, stands ridiculously helpless. A timid bleat has recently been raised in the Liberal Press for the freedom of the seas as a plank at the Washington Conference. There will be even less freedom of the seas in the next war than in the last, and America, as the first Naval Power in the world, will, least of all the nations, desire or even tolerate anything of the kind. There will be no rules indeed in the next war, and no restraints of humanity or honour. As recently as the Crimean War, our Government could still reject with horror the proposal of a very mild version of a gas attack. But the romantic period of soldiering had not then closed, the economic motive of warfare was not yet fully developed. The full-blown economic war of the future will be a very different affair. It will be a naked struggle for existence in a world of intensive economic competition, in which it is increasingly difficult for individuals, classes, or nations to survive. A whole nation will be devoting its concentrated energies, by fair means or foul, and with the aid of all the resources of science, to destroy another nation, men, women, and children without distinction.

* * *

Unfortunately the Press only darkens counsel in this matter. Every now and then indeed it does print a sentence which seems to go to the fundamental issues. But it immediately proceeds to put on this the most banal interpretation it can find, and to switch off the discussion on to a cloud of minor details. Thus the "Times" tells us, "The grounds of war are to be found . . . . especially in economic relations." "If economic relations are put upon a reasonable footing, something will have been done to make . . . war impossible." Excellent, we begin to think; but then we find that the "Times" only wants to talk about the conference at The Hague on International Law. It has in mind such pettifogging points as rules relating "to the sale of goods, to merchandise marks, to companies, to contractual capacity, to jurisdiction." None of these things matter beside the fundamental fact that the internal economic system of each nation drives it irresistibly into war. If several leading nations were to agree together on a change of that system and cooperate in introducing the new industrial order, that would be best of all; any form of co-operative commonwealth must, for its perfect development, become international. But meanwhile it is open to a single nation to switch its own economic life on to a new basis, and if one important nation were to embark on this course, all the others would necessarily follow before long.

* * *

Exactly the same issue, as we have repeatedly pointed out, underlies all our intra-Imperial problems. A correspondent writing to the "Times" points out that the Irish question is one of the safety of the Empire. He quotes Admiral Mahan as to geographical facts and their strategic bearing; "independent action" on the part of Ireland would be intolerable for England and the Empire as a whole. To write in this vein produces an impression of profound learning and of a fundamental treatment of the question. But the *real* fundamentals are still ignored. Strategic considerations rest on economic. If we were not engaged

in a constant competition for foreign markets, which (granted the system) is a matter of life and death and which may at any time have to appeal to the forcible argument of war, it would not matter to us whether Ireland and the surrounding waters were under our control or not.

* * *

To a future and more enlightened age nothing will seem a more amazing token of the barbarism of our time than the outcry against men receiving as much when they are out of work as when they are in work. The "Times" treats it as outrageous that Boards of Guardians should give effect to the "suicidal policy" of "Work or full maintenance." It does not attempt to deny that many hundreds of thousands simply cannot get work, with the best will in the world. Does it seriously recommend that these should get less than "full maintenance"? £3 3s. 6d. is being held up to scorn, not for its inadequacy, but for its super-abundance, as a living income for a man, wife, and four children. At the present level of prices, it would be a desperate venture to try to keep six persons in any sort of decency on less. What do "Economy" fanatics suggest that the family should do, if the dole is cut down lower than this? Do they really think it desirable that the children should go short of food, or be too thinly clad as winter comes on, or either go to school in leaky boots or stay away from school for want of proper boots? And after all, what is there outrageous in the principle itself? A fixed annual salary, independent of the particular amount of work which a man is called on to do from week to week, and unaffected by the fact that a whole month out of one quarter may be taken up by holidays, is familiar enough among the professional classes. The manual workers have just as good a claim to be paid on the same principle; the Guilds are rightly aiming at establishing this system, as soon as they can "afford" it. But that is only a stepping-stone. The true principle of distribution is a social dividend, entirely independent of the obligation to work, since wealth is principally a social inheritance to which current labour is a merely contributory factor. We look to see both wages and salary increasingly superseded by dividend. We therefore rejoice that the unemployed are demanding income, and not saying anything about work, crude and (as a permanency) impossible as is the particular form in which they are pressing the demand. This testifies to at least a dim perception on their part of the truth that society, by virtue of our present productive powers, can guarantee a livelihood to all, but can never pledge itself to find employment for any given individual. The "Daily Herald" *more suo* is whooping for the unemployed's demand, forgetful of the fact that, a week or two ago, it was laying its hand on its heart and vowing that never, never would it consent, on any inducement whatever, to the immoral principle that anyone should receive something for nothing. Similarly, the upper and middle class denouncers of "wages for nothing" turn a blind eye to the fact that their own sort of people are already receiving their (often very excessive) dividend out of the community's wealth. Each party violently objects to "something for nothing"—for the other fellows. The two indictments cancel out. We are left, happy and justified, in our frank advocacy of "dividends for all."

* * *

While feeling nothing but contempt for the philosophy of the Gradgrinds and Charity Organisers, we yet (as we have already intimated) thoroughly disapprove of the policy that is actually being pursued under the powerful persuasion of the direct action of the unemployed. We cannot go on paying these doles indefinitely to a probably increasing number of the unemployed, while remaining unable to get the productive machine running freely. Obviously everything has, in the end, to be paid for out of production. But that does not mean that we have any truck with the "Produce more" stunt. The machinery of production is all right; it can do its job with overpowering efficiency. It only does not deliver the output, because the output cannot be absorbed. If as much organising ability and inventive genius had been put into perfecting the machinery of consumption as have been lavished on that of production, the problem would have been solved long ago. But, if we cannot solve it, and yet go on flinging about doles and subsidies for all kinds of purposes and to all sorts of classes of people, the certain issue is chaos and the end of all things. The evil is intensified by the doles coming out of rates or taxes, paid, in large part, by people little, if any, better off than the recipients. For taxation, as we know it, must be substituted drafts on the national credit, voted up to any desirable amount not exceeding our calculated capacity of production. Further, a dole, given *ad hoc,* conditionally on a person's being unemployed, undoubtedly does demoralise; a dividend, which a man feels is his very own property, and on which he can rely, as a matter of right, at all times, whatever the state of his fortunes, does not demoralise. The necessarily gradual building up of the new property-rights would be a guarantee against any possible ill effects of suddenly presenting every one, without explanation, with a handsome income.

* * *

But, for our sins, we are finding ourselves faced with a very peculiar species of revolution, so far perfectly peaceful in character. The organisers of the unemployed have already demonstrated the possibility of forcing on, without violence or bloodshed, a complete breakdown of the social system. That of course in itself does no good; and the revolutionaries are quite incapable of reconstruction, even if they could seize the necessary control without bringing on themselves forcible suppression. But such a purely negative revolution may absolutely force the ruling class to make some drastic new departure of a reconstructive kind. And we understand that the leaders of this agitation have plenty of pacific, but very disturbing, devices still up their sleeve. Even Communists have their uses. Their principles are radically wrong; and their social ideal, could it conceivably be realised, would be detestable. But they are practising, with a high degree of ingenuity, and on a social scale, the gentle art known, in its Parliamentary application, as "obstruction." That can sometimes be singularly effective for forcing attention to a particular issue. How the present challenge ought to be met, we are tired of pointing out; but, since our rulers are not willing to take our advice, we can only wish them joy of their task during this winter. In any case, we are thoroughly glad that the unemployed are not going to sit down under their grievances, or consent to serve as mere ballot-fodder for the political ambitions of the Labour Party.

* * *

We are glad that Mr. T. B. Johnston has returned to the charge, in the correspondence columns of the "Times," on the question of the Government's currency policy in relation to German competition. Writing with an intimate knowledge of the pottery trade, he has no difficulty in making hay of the suggestion that it is possible to reduce costs sufficiently to counterbalance the pull given to the German producer by the double value of the mark. The "Times" City Editor glibly remarks, with the superior wisdom characteristic of the City, "Surely it is possible for the workman in the pottery trade to accept a reduction to twice the pre-war figure." Seeing that the cost of living is far more than double the 1914 standard, and how very modest were the pre-war wages in the pottery trade, we wonder how this writer would like such a proposition, if he were a potter himself. Mr. Johnston rightly pours contempt on dreams of getting back to a "complete and effective gold standard." He holds that we should put our minds on "finding some other basis for

the regulation of currency." That is indeed the heart of the business. We wonder whether Mr. Johnston has ever thought of the matter as a problem of making financial credit automatically correspond to real credit. He goes on to say that, "What is really wanted is an international Bradbury." It is indeed a great desiderandum. As we have said above, Social Credit should be internationally practised. But such international paper will be most easily created as the result of several leading countries having put their respective internal affairs on the new basis.

* * *

Mr. Hyndman has rendered a public service in so forcibly drawing attention to the gross neglect of agriculture in this country. In the later stages of the war a considerable move was made towards making a full use of the land, but since 1919, as Mr. Hyndman points out, more than 1,000,000 acres have gone out of wheat cultivation. With proper cultivation, there is no need whatever for us to remain dependent on foreign countries for our corn supply. What is needed to set agriculture on its feet is, as with any other industry, a proper organisation of the credit of the industry. The vital point is the establishment of a just price, which must necessarily involve drawing on the national credit in aid of the consumer. The present abandonment of agriculture to its fate is part and parcel of the vicious policy, which at present governs the whole of industry, of producing such articles, good, bad, or indifferent, useful or useless, as we can most easily sell in any corner of the globe, in order to provide employment for our people. This superproduction needs a drastic purging. And while this would involve the sweeping away of masses of trashy products and articles of mere display, it would mean too a severe pruning of our exports. These should be reduced to the amount strictly necessary to pay for such things as we want and really cannot produce at home. A settled policy of making our country as nearly as may be self-dependent is an integral part of a sane economy. So long as we are dependent on overseas trade for the great bulk of our food supplies, we shall be continually under a severe temptation to plunge into a fierce struggle for foreign markets. Mr. Hyndman raises the issue of our grave danger of being starved out in time of war. Our policy would in itself ensure our ability to keep out of wars. Yet there might be another world-war before the other nations had followed our example. In that case, it would be an immense guarantee of our security, if we were in a position, at a pinch, to carry on for a time with practically no imports. The rights of neutrals at sea will, we repeat, receive scant respect from future combatants.

* * *

We have received the prospectus of the National Movement towards a Christian Order of Industry and Commerce. There has been of late years an extraordinary crop of organisations aiming at the moralisation, through religious influences, of economic and industrial life. They all insist strongly on a Christian spirit as the necessary foundation and driving force of social betterment. They all of them display, too, in varying degrees, a markedly socialistic bent. This latest movement seems to be neither better nor worse than most of them. We cannot see any evidence in the statements which it has put out, that it is at all likely to help much in leading people towards any definite conclusions of practical value. We hold that the primary and chief need just at present is intellectual clarity. We do not theerby disparage the importance of moral and spiritual factors in social progress. Our point rather is that a very large proportion of people have already moral ideals fully adequate to an incomparably better social order than the existing one. We do not get ahead simply because, with the best will in the world, such people do not see their way. Religious fervour does not make it any easier for a person to see that the money going out from the industry in wages, salaries, and dividends cannot purchase the product at the price necessarily charged for it under the existing financial arrangement. But that is *the* dominant fact behind all economic, and nearly all political, questions.

World Affairs.

THE great empires of the American Man and of the Slav are the two Aryan empires that can lead the human race towards a new dispensation, and towards a new body and a new consciousness. With America and Russia rests the human future in so far as the destiny of humanity depends upon Aryandom, that is upon the first self-born race of Universal Humanity; for the empire of the British essence, though it is the foundation of the human present, and the primary and primordial fact of the human world at this moment of history, is nevertheless an Imperium destined to pass; it is bound to be transmuted into that new and pan-human, supra-Aryan modality of flesh and spirit into which the American and the Slavonic essence are lifting the world. It cannot be disputed that the world is based upon the British Imperium to-day and that at this juncture the British Empire is the central and urgent problem of world-statesmanship. The human future and the new Aryandom, human progress and pan-human life, depend upon the superb childhood and infanthood of Columbia and upon the mysterious and glorified childhood and boyhood of Russia. But the mighty and Promethean Columbia and the chaotic and grail-like Russia depend for their life and function, their unfolding and self-realisation, upon Albion. The glory and future of the Slavonic empire, the power-body of the new Aryan soul and of the new human consciousness—and the splendour and future of the majestic republic of Columbia—the womb of the new Aryan body and of the new physique of men—both these wholly depend upon the historic conduct and the pan-human love of the dominant Imperium of the world to-day, upon Britain. Thus the future of Aryandom and of the human synthesis rests with Britain. This most essential and sacred future rests fundamentally with that one of the world-organs which dominates and guides the human whole in this Æon. The present Æon is a crisis. The present hour of the evolutionary ascent of mankind is the crucial hour of world-suspense, the terrible phase of Sophian resurrection and insurrection. This phase is the phase of the Aryan self-surpassing. Also, it is the phase of feminine insurrection and coming of age. Woman is becoming male in this hour. Man is becoming trans-sexual and supra-human. The femininity of the Sophian body, however, on the racial plane of the world and in its racial modality is the immense ocean of the coloured races. It is a fact that the Orient is awakening and taking its revenge to-day. Islam is an element of the world. Israel rules the world. In this surge of unconsciousness and semi-consciousness there is a mortal and abysmal danger for consciousness and supra-consciousness. The essence of Christ in the world is imperilled in this grave and gravest hour though only because of the mystic swing of Providence and Prometheus. Logos is becoming Sophia. Consciousness is becoming collective and supra-conscious.

* * *

In this resurrectional ascent of the spirit there are risks and there are great dangers. For the weakness and foolishness of consciousness unlooses the pit of the unconscious and the anti-conscious. Consciousness and reason are compelled to trouble the dark seas of the subliminal and irrational; compelled, for that which is higher than reason, and that which is mightier than consciousness, the seraphic instinct, the Awareness of

the Eternal, compels it. It does compel it, though the mystery of evolution is profound. For all is here one and the same divinity and mystery; the three hypostases of consciousness mutually impel and fulfil each other. The Universal Man, it is true, demands His radical and universal recognition in the Geon and in the human world to-day. The First Born, the first glorified and self-created Son of God, the founder of the New Aryandom and of humanity Universal, the Nazarene, is demanding His recognition by the human kingdom to-day. The focus and the centre demands His own recognition. Jesus of Nazareth is the centre and the focus of the Sophian or pan-human organisation of the world. For the need has ripened. Mankind is in need of the Sophian organism and organisation and has approached the ripeness of its need. The problem of Christology therefore becomes the supreme problem of human existence. We address ourselves to the noble. Mankind is now in search of its own centre. A man is and must be this point and this force. The incarnation of the Idea of Man in the evolution of the human kingdom is and appears to be Jesus of Nazareth. The super-conscious élan of the Geon, of the Earth, appears to be in need of the conscious co-operation of mankind. The unconscious need of the Species is and must be at this moment the recognition by Humanity Universal of the Universal Man. The solar moment, the hour of resurrection or incarnation, or personification, or theophany, or supra-humanness has come and is coming: the moment of the attainment of the Logoic state by many men and by the Species as a whole.

* * *

Statesmanship and politics are matters of blood and iron, cruelty and commerce; but they are constructive also, and require cunning and cleverness. These two things, however, cunning and cleverness, must be only the manifestation and the power-body of the incarnational wisdom of Sophia. These two should be only the outwardness and the triumph of that wisdom which is the wisdom of life itself, the wit of the serpent of incarnation, of the Sophian serpent. Incarnation and flesh, however, are sanctified and vivified by *the purpose* only, by the divine and universal end only. Statesmanship, diplomacy, and politics are made pan-human and sacred only by the Sophian and deific purpose of their activity; and the wisdom of the serpent is joined in this case with the sublimity and goodness of the dove. Life, however, is not body alone, nor mortality alone. Flesh and blood and individuality and patriotism and nationalism and even pan-humanism itself, even the instrumental Pleroma, are the means only, not the end. Infinity alone is Pleroma. The Spirit alone, the Eternity of Spirit, is Pleroma. And the initial deed of all deeds of theurgy is the deed of right thinking, the mystic deed of inspiration. The problem of the world has to-day come to be one single problem. The statesmen of mankind throughout all the races and states should be the heroes of this titanic and world-saving deed of supernal thinking. Concentration of mind is the beginning of wisdom as much as the explosion of will is its end and the divinity of the wish its middle; it is this simplest of truths that we must insist upon. From abstract realms of spirit the inspiration descends. World-politics can only be a work of saints and supermen, for it can only be a work of cosmic responsibility. Human cosmogony, in short, has truly come to be what Providence and the Eternal willed and needed it to be, the conscious self-redemption of humanity. The making of history has come to be the Sophian cosmogony of the Species. Statesmanship is theurgy and divine magic from to-day onwards. The pan-human synthesis, the organisation of the world, presupposes world-statesmanship; and the technology and the power of realisation need and presuppose a plan, and a sanction; a sanction of both the Grail of grace and of the Prometheus of supreme pride.

M. M. COSMOI.

Generalities.

HERE is another psycho-analytic book* written by Miss Bradby. It is a great deal more comprehensive than Miss Low's book; but whereas Miss Low errs by offering us a one-sided and dogmatic picture of psycho-analysis, Miss Bradby has overcrowded her canvas to such an extent that we must be as careful in studying her as we were with Miss Low. She does some astonishing intellectual work on a tight-rope, but is so much in the clouds that one sometimes feels there is no trapeze at all there. The book is divided into six sections, and ranges from remarks on the unconscious mind through various psycho-analytic theories to dreams, symbolism and an attempted psycho-analytic study of certain biographies. As regards unconscious mind, Miss Bradby has nothing very fresh to offer, except a good example of unconscious drawing as frontispiece. She appears to regard all unconscious activities as primitive in comparison to conscious behaviour. Had she said primal we would have been able to agree with her without comment. The theories of Freud and Jung are given a not satisfactory description, that leaves the impression that she possesses bookish rather than practical knowledge. When she arrives at dreams, the same impression is created. There is nothing very definite for criticism, and at the same time nothing of great moment. A simple example of dream analysis is given, but spoilt by an excess of ingenuity that will bewilder rather than enlighten the reader. And this is followed up by an attempt to fit a subjective interpretation on to the well-known biblical dream of Pharaoh. Now, even if we set aside the fact that it is impossible to obtain Pharaoh's "free associations" however much the egyptologists are studied, it seems to me that no good purpose is served by Miss Bradby's speculations. When we have labelled them ingenious, we have said all there is to be said about them. They are not a demonstration of psycho-analysis, and they are not the results of an analysis justified by the data. Joseph supplied Pharaoh with a very efficient interpretation; and it is one that psycho-analysts might most profitably examine. For it raises some remarkably interesting points, and, if we let it stand, then the present psycho-analytic dream theory must be put on a more spacious foundation. Jung has already indicated this by his conception of the collective unconscious, which Miss Bradby incidentally equates with herd instinct, and it is along this path opened by Jung that explorers must venture. It is not possible to tie a "subjective" label to every dream without discrimination, as anyone who collects sufficient dreams will sooner or later discover. There are, as it were, different levels of dream perception; and which level any individual dreamer reaches appears to depend upon his psychological condition at the moment of dreaming. If personal problems are not bulking largely in his background psyche, the subject-matter of his dreams will be largely concerned with other phenomena. It is only natural, we may note, that this should be a comparatively rare state of affairs, at any rate with the vast majority of individuals. For personal problems, psychological anomalies, troubles of circumstance, are the first ditches to be jumped; and it is as though there were wire entanglements to be negotiated before open country can be reached.

Over symbolism Miss Bradby again tends towards the bookish, by which I mean that she appears to base her opinions upon theories rather than upon practice. There is nothing empirical, but she works always upon preconceptions. This is again, I believe, the effect of Darwin. If psychology is entered from that starting-point, there is of course nothing for it except to re-

* "Psycho-Analysis and its Place in Life." By Miss M. K. Bradby. (Oxford Medical Publications. 8s.)

gard the entire unconscious field as so much memory and instinct; and then naturally all unconscious behaviour of dream and symbol will have a subjective meaning, and a subjective meaning only. What Matthew Arnold should have said was that Darwinism and religion were incompatibles. It is extremely unscientific of scientists to wish to fit facts into theories, and it is not surprising that our so-called science is for this reason falling upon evil days. We have only the Victorian era to thank if some time there occurs a sudden surge into the crudest religiosity. It will only be the lifting of a safety-valve that cannot be sat upon any longer, repressed material that will overflow as a compensatory reaction to dogmatic suppositions. That the primitive exists in the unconscious is beyond dispute at this time of day, but, as I said, the primitive might perhaps be called the primal. It is only primitive, that is to say misunderstood, to consciousness, the present waking state of rational or—shall we suggest?—of herd thought.

Now let us consider Miss Bradby's studies in biography. She takes Nelson, St. Romuald and Michelangelo as examples of a man of feeling, a man of action and an artist. She is best in her description of Romuald, indubitably the least complex character of the three. A very good case can be made out for Nelson having been a man of action rather than of feeling; and I suppose he was, as a matter of fact, an extrovert in the original sense in which that term was employed by the Zurich school. It is not at all certain whether any distinct line can be drawn between men of action and men of feeling. Whether a man feels and then acts, or acts and then feels, is sometimes a moot question; and in either case the type is the extrovert, the Kshatriya as opposed to the Brahmana. There is a family likeness between Nelson and Romuald that makes of each a sub-species of extrovert, so that they are not really examples of different types at all. With Michelangelo we meet a tougher problem altogether, and Miss Bradby might have done better had she chosen Da Vinci as her example. Michelangelo does not permit the circumscription of any present-day catalogue. Once again Miss Bradby shows great ingenuity, but very little else. She does, however, here make a very pertinent remark, "What is wrong with conventional morality is not its morality but its conventionality." Morality, in the words of the Mahabharata, is a subtle thing, conventionality is rather the reverse.

Finally Miss Bradby proceeds to what she calls the all-round type and selects—Browning! Now, if ever there was a man who had opportunities to develop symmetrically, and who spent those opportunities in developing idiosyncrasies, that man was Browning. If we must use the phrase, we should expect the "all-round" man to appreciate beauty. But that Browning ever appreciated anything except a joy in tortuous speculation still remains to be proven. His sense of beauty was less than infantile—witness his terrible phraseology plus a complete unawareness of rhythm—and his philosophy, when not puerile, was sentimentally cynical. In fact, all he did with his opportunities was to take care to develop only the least of his potentialities.

In conclusion, we must note the most valuable point in Miss Bradby's book, her quotations from Blake. These she produces most appositely, but I am afraid we must again quarrel with her when she attempts a criticism of Blake. Blake, she states, repressed the desire for scientific truth, and "the repressed desire showed itself in his terror and envy of the very thing he professed to despise." What actually happened was that Blake lived on a level beyond the "scientific truth" of the times, and the only thing he ever expressed about it was a considerable impatience with it. I cannot see where any repression comes in here. Miss Bradby is, I think, not well attuned to the artistic, or she would have observed that Blake found the unconscious nearer to the truth than the conscious, and therefore did not deny so much as put the conscious in its proper place. He left it behind him, and only opposed it in so far as it appeared an obstruction or obscuration.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Towards National Guilds.

SINCE Sydney University adopted the Douglas Scheme as a subject for its Honours Economic Course, there have been several developments in other parts of the world. In Sweden, in Tcheko-Slovakia, in Yugo-Slavia and in Japan, groups exist for the study of the literature upon Credit; and everywhere, not even excluding England, interest is growing in the propaganda of THE NEW AGE. Professor Denis Saurat of Bordeaux University, whose "Metaphysical Dialogues" were recently published in these columns, now kindly informs us that the Economics Professor of his University, and, nota bene, the successor of the famous Professor Duguit—Professor Pirou, to wit—has been studying the Scheme and the commentaries with intense interest. And he has finally arrived at the conclusion that the basis is "sound and original," that Major Douglas is a master of the subject of Credit, and that he (Professor Pirou) could detect no blunder or fallacy in the Douglas thesis. It is needless to say that we are pleased by this testimonial, and the more so because it is just possible that Professor Pirou's position and reputation may open doors to our propaganda in this country which the fact that we are English keeps shut. The majority of our own Economics professors would appear to read only French nowadays, as formerly they used to read nothing but German; and an essay on Credit, expounding the Douglas-NEW AGE Scheme, delivered in French, at their address, may have the effect of stirring them from their lethargy.

A correspondent asks us to repeat our assurances to the "rentier" class—the class with small investments, including the "widow and orphan" class—that under the Douglas régime they would be far better off. The assurances, however, are not due to that class alone, but to every class in the community. For it is the fact that by the adoption of the Douglas Scheme in its entirety not only would no class suffer, but every class and every individual in every class would at once experience an enormous economic betterment. How could it be otherwise? The concrete and immediate outcome of the adoption of the Scheme would be the multiplication by at least four of the present purchasing-power of money: with the result that from the word Go, every individual would find himself in possession of at least four times as much "money" as he now commands. For the moment, it is true, no other change would necessarily be involved. Everybody, that is to say, would go about his work or play exactly as before. But the mere fact that £1 would immediately begin to be worth £4 or £5 of present money would, it is clear, entail changes of a very considerable character. Take the case of the rentier class already mentioned and add to them the whole class of people living, in one degree or another, upon dividends, fixed salaries, allowances, annuities or what not. Suppose that the Douglas proposals regarding Price-regulation were adopted (as they might be) overnight—say, on a Saturday night to operate on Monday morning. On Monday morning, the appointed day, all these individuals would find to their astonishment and, presumably, to their satisfaction and pleasure, that the prices of all the retail articles in the shops were "down" by at least 75 per cent. Instead of having to pay £10 for a suit of clothes, they would find the price only about £2. Foodstuffs, groceries, household articles, boots, every

mortal thing for individual use, would be at least a quarter of their old price. And, in the meanwhile, not a penny of reduction would have taken place in the nominal income enjoyed by any of these people. Is it not clear that what we are proposing to do—and it cannot be too often repeated that the operation is simple, easy and immediately practicable—is to multiply, by at least four, the income of every citizen in the land? To those unfamiliar with the potentialities of Production, the prospect must, of course, appear Utopian in the extreme. It is much too good to be true, they will say. But nevertheless it is absolutely true. In terms of economics, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, within our easy reach. Marvellous, is it not, that so few people will take the trouble to hold out their hand? Less than a century hence, our happy descendants will have cause to laugh at us for our voluntary poverty and misery. Surrounded, they will say, by the means to ample wealth for everybody, surpassing all that ever Arabian romancers dreamed of, our poor old ancestors nevertheless lived in misery under the apprehension of complete destitution! Such was their superstition and the degraded character of their intelligence that they did not realise how wealthy they were!

In reply to a correspondent whose colleagues "flatly deny" that the banks actually lend more money than is deposited with them, the following letter has been sent by Major Douglas. We may add that the banking statistics for England and Wales for 1920 showed "deposits" as 1,961 millions and "coin and bullion" as 128 millions, or, almost exactly, a proportion of 15 to 1.

"In reference to your letter I enclose you the balance sheet of the South African National Bank, which happens to be the only one in this morning's "Times." On the face of it, it seems to be rather stronger—have larger reserves—than the average British Bank, but is otherwise quite typical.

In order to understand it, you must know:

(1) That under Deposits, etc., *are included all overdrafts,* i.e., each depositor's account is the addition of the sums he has himself placed to his *account, plus the sums the Bank has placed to his credit by means of overdrafts, etc.*

(2) The Bank's liability is to deliver *Cash—Legal Tender—on demand.*

Now, even if we accept the figure underlined by me on the right-hand side as being cash available on demand, you will see that it only represents about a quarter of the sum that the depositors *are in a position to demand simultaneously.* There must be something *called* an asset to balance this, and we find it on the right-hand side under the title "Bills discounted, Loans, etc.," £33,332,023 19s. 2d. The difference in the total is probably represented under the heading "Bills for Collection."

In other words, even as published, three-quarters of the alleged liquid assets and liabilities are *created by the Bank itself;* it makes a loan and calls it an asset, and then credits the same loan to a customer and calls it a liability.

But the facts are even more remarkable. Of the twelve million pounds, in round numbers, supposed to represent cash, it is most probable that not more than one-third at the very most represents cash absolutely and solely at the disposal of this Bank.

The rest is a credit with other banks, probably the Bank of England, which again only has a fractional cash basis. In short, the ratio of credit purchasing-power, the creation of which is almost entirely in the hands of private finance, to cash, which is the only purchasing-power in the hands of the public as such, is about fifteen to one. And then people wonder why we have so little control over public policy."

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Readers and Writers.

THERE is a fairly obvious correlation between the literary forms typical of any age and the general social character of that age—for example, our own Elizabethan style is genuinely appropriate to the ideals we then expressed as a nation. The same can be said of the age of Pope, of the France of Louis XIV, or of the Italy of Petrarch, and of almost any age definite enough to earn the term. To realise this is to invest our day-to-day discussions of literary form with a weightiness not often reflected in the protagonists. But luckily personalities, in the passage of time, are effaced by a subconscious drift within the mind of the community; and it is the effort to actualise this drift into intelligible statements that alone makes contemporaneous criticism worth while. It is from this point of view that the debate on verse form, on prose form, on prose-poetry, and on kindred aspects of literary technique may import more considerations than the mere technique of expression itself warrants. A break away from accepted formalism may indicate a change in the spiritual fund of the nation. The fact that Whitman wrote in vers-libre becomes serious and significant, for obviously he did not so write from personal whim, or by artifice. Some mute emotional force demanded that form, and it is the business of criticism to detect that force, and to define it. In the last year or two there have been to my present recollection three extremely able analyses of the problem of literary expression; and I think most of the truth of the problem is to be found within the limits of their rather divergent solutions. In the first place, very much on the right wing, there is a lecture by the Poet Laureate on "The Necessity of Poetry" (printed by the Oxford University Press, price 2s.) which would win me by the charm of its style if I were not forewarned of its prejudices. Equally perfect in style is the representation of the extreme left wing, which you will find in an essay by Mr. Flint, added as a preface to his recent volume of poems "Otherworld" (The Poetry Bookshop). A third source of many useful distinctions is a paper by Mr. T. S. Eliot included in the April number of "The Chapbook." Mr. Eliot's is not a very positive voice in the matter, but when we have applied all his negations, we are left with a very narrow field for possible errors.

* * *

Mr. Flint's essay is so clear, and I find myself so much in agreement with all it says, that I will only use it to point the moral to Dr. Bridges. Rhythms, the latter would argue, underlie all verbal expressions of the spontaneous imagination, and the poet selects certain of these rhythms and makes systems of them, which systems we call metres. What merit guided the poet of another day to the selection of particular rhythms for systematising, Dr. Bridges does not tell us; but he concludes that metre is so effective in practice (and he quotes Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley to prove it) that it cannot be wrong in principle. But his opponent—and I am one—can quote the free verse of the English Psalms, of Whitman, of Mr. Flint, and say that vers-libre also is so effective in practice that it cannot be wrong in principle. But having stated his metrical sine qua non, Dr. Bridges hastens to get away from it. The world would be a dull place, he says, if all roses were as regular as equilateral triangles. Which is very much the sort of thing Mr. Flint might say. But Dr. Bridges would only make slight variations of a definite form: he would have a world of roses, and no lilies or marigolds in his garden, nor anything that cannot be closely related to the one stock. Skill in verse (how dead and academic is the very phrase!) he sees as a balance between the expected and the unexpected, the poet pushing his disguises as far as he dare without breaking away from the type. This, of course, enables him to claim the irregular beauties of Shakespeare; but it is equally

open to the vers-librist to claim these irregularities as proof positive of the inaptitude of any system of rhythm to meet the demands of spontaneity, or to absorb the range of a strong emotion. And if Dr. Bridges can quote the comparative smoothness of "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank . . . ." as evidence of *his* theory, cannot we on the other side quote lines that are greater than these, and that by no conceivably legitimate disguise can witness to the necessity of metric formalism—lines such as these:

Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

I know of no words better fitted to describe this passage—and many others that are the most supremely sincere in Shakespeare's work—than Mr. Flint's term: unrhymed cadence. But whatever it is decided to call it, it will never be forced into the standard measure of a "system."

* * *

The matter does not end there. For if it be admitted that poetry is not a question of any metric system, however disguised in variations, we have still to determine whether it exists as a distinct art of writing or whether, as Mr. Flint holds, there is but one art of writing—"Wherever you feel the warmth of human experience and imagination, there is poetry, whether it be in the form we call prose, or in rhyme and metre, or in unrhymed cadence." Dr. Bridges does, of course, admit an art of prose; but he only distinguishes such an art from poetry by the absence of a system or an artifice of metre. The distinction is purely formal, and it is only in denying the existence of any categoric boundaries that Mr. Flint differs from Dr. Bridges. At one end of the scale of cadence the form may be conventionally called prose, and at the other end it may be regular metre; but between the extremes there is a perfect curve of cadence rising or falling according to the direction of progress. My only quibble against Mr. Flint is that I conceive he misuses the word *poetry* in saying that the one art of writing is the art of poetry. If we take a sentence of plain prose, say from Swift or Berkeley, of which the excellence is undoubted, we find it difficult to deny the art of it, and equally difficult to give it the name of poetry. It is good, honest, workmanlike, perfect of its kind, but it is not poetic. I find a solution of the difficulty where I have found so many satisfactory solutions—even to the end, I fear, of boring my readers with the repetition of the very name—I mean in the "Æsthetic" of Croce, where he says (chapter III):

The distinction between poetry and prose cannot be justified save as that of art and science. It was seen in antiquity that such distinction could not be founded on external elements, such as rhyme and metre, or on the freedom or the limitation of the form; that it was, on the contrary, altogether internal. Poetry is the language of sentiment; prose of the intellect; but since the intellect is also sentiment, in its concretion and reality, so all prose has a poetical side.

For our purposes I think we may express the idea in this way: beauty is a single and a definite element and wherever it is present—whether the form be prose, or a metric system, or unrhymed cadence—the expression is art. Where beauty is not present; where the content is intellectual knowledge devoid of emotion, there the expression is science. And this distinction between art and science is the only distinction we need make; it is, indeed, the only distinction we can make.

There, I trust, the matter may be left, though some jesting Pilate is sure to rise and ask, What is beauty? It is a question which each man must answer to his own satisfaction, but nevertheless I think a clue may be found among the negations of Mr. Eliot's essay, to which I have referred. It is only a clue: there is nothing very definite, and it is in the very last sentence of the essay. "I only wish to take the precaution," writes Mr. Eliot, adding this proviso to a doctrine of tolerance, "of making quite certain what, if any, solid and genuine bit of life (is) pounced upon and raised to the dignity of poetry." For poetry we can now substitute beauty. Confer dignity, then, upon a solid and genuine bit of life and you achieve, you define, beauty. And dignity, I will add—seeking a refuge that confounds all logicians—is in this sense merely an attitude that stands the test of all possible practice and experience. And because it is drawn from the pool of common life, it is determined as to its form by the conditions of that life. And in such a way, I imagine, the correlation I have mentioned between the literary style and the social character of an age arises.

HERBERT READ.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I OFTEN wonder what object our dramatists have in putting before us the women they do. Do they really regard women like Amelia Wynn, in "Threads," at the St. James', as in any way admirable, or are they chiefly concerned to show us women as they are? Mr. Frank Stayton apparently thinks his Amelia Wynn is an admirable person, as she gets her own way in the end; but he asks us to believe incredible things, and to scrap the values of simple humanity, to join him in his admiration of her. She was supposed to have been, and still to be, passionately in love with her husband; yet when he was charged with murder, although she believed him to be innocent, she did not attend the trial. When his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, she never visited him in gaol, and presumably had no communication with him, as she was surprised to hear of his release seventeen years later on the King's pardon, his innocence having at last been discovered. During these seventeen years, she had been the recipient of a legacy from her uncle, and had changed her name in accordance with the terms of his will; she had improved her social position, she had made friends and admirers (she was supposed to be a widow), and was apparently quite satisfied with the state of things. Her love for her husband was certainly not of the heroic kind; she could hardly have done less for him in his time of trouble if she had hated him.

But the man returns, and we may admit that the situation is a difficult one. Seventeen years is a long time, and it is not easy to renew friendship, to say nothing of the intimacy of love, after such a period, more particularly when the two people have been living under such totally different conditions as those of Portland Prison and those of a country house at Chalfont. But putting aside the question of love, or even of friendship, looking at the problem simply as one of common humanity, which of the two is the more deserving of consideration—the man who has unjustly suffered seventeen years of hell, or the woman who has enjoyed the same period of affluence and happiness? Mr. Stayton plumps for the woman. She confronts a man still dizzy with his long confinement with a subtle psychological problem. This is the twentieth century, as we are told several times in the course of the play; and in the twentieth century, a woman understands only her own psychology, she knows nothing and cares less for that of a man. Mr. Stayton has romanticised his released prisoner; those who saw Mr. Norman McKinnel's performance of "The Ninth Earl" will know that that was

a truer picture of the man who has served a life-sentence. A man does not preserve his nimbleness of wit, his spirit of ironical banter, under such conditions; he may recover it after a time, but at first he will really miss the routine so much that he will not be able even to enjoy his freedom. It is selfish of him, of course, as every twentieth-century woman will at once declare; but it is a simple fact that the power of adaptation to a new situation is somewhat diminished by a long incarceration under penal conditions.

John Osborne Wynn returns to a house in which another man, Colonel Septimus Packinder, is quite at home. It is true that he has not married Mrs. Wynn, and that she has been faithful, as the term goes, to her husband; but as she has made an errand boy of the Colonel for the last twelve years, and has got used to seeing him about the house, she feels entitled to retain his services, or, at the very least, to be treated as well as Mr. Shaw's Candida was treated, and have her scene of choice. The problem that she puts to her husband and her lover is this: she will not be taken for granted. Women in the twentieth century cannot be taken for granted; psycho-analysis would have no scope for practice if they could. She resents her husband's assumption that she had been faithful, and was willing to resume relations with him; she resents his willingness to be reasonable, and to assume that she had not been faithful; she resents the assumption made by both of the men that her only choice lay between them; when it was quite possible that she would choose neither. And she puts this problem not to a man in full possession of his senses, but to a man rankling with a sense of the injustice he has suffered, with his mind blunted by seventeen years of brutal routine, and his personal equation not yet determined.

I am perfectly willing to admit that Mr. Stayton's observation of women is correct; and it was clever of Mrs. Wynn to keep herself in the limelight, and to relegate her husband's psychological problem to obscurity. But in what way is she admirable, of what value is the "love" of such a woman? Certainly she comes downstairs in her nightgown for the reconciliation scene at the end of the play; but a woman who fails at every emergency to do anything more than think about herself, who resents every inference that her husband makes from her conduct (when she discovers that he has made over his estate to her, and intends to go away and leave her with her Colonel, she resents his taking it for granted that she wants the Colonel), is certainly not a "partner" in any sense of the word. Obviously, she has nothing to give; or, if she has anything to give, she does not intend to give it; apparently it is there to be taken by anybody who can find his way through the maze of what a woman calls her psychology, and, when obtained, it is not the finder's by right of possession. A woman, she says, must be won every day—to which I may add, but not necessarily the same woman. But (and I cannot get away from it) it is to a man just released from seventeen years of hell that she puts a problem that would baffle a psycho-analyst at his best.

But, after all, Mr. Frank Stayton is not the only observer of women; and those who can see things simply enough know that there is no fundamental difference between the psychology of men and women. Women usually have more leisure than men, and therefore make more of the few things they do; "idleness," as Nietzsche said, "is the parent of all psychology." But what a woman wants she goes for, just as a man does; when she wants to go to a "white sale," she does not go motoring in the Lake country; when she wants a man, she does not take the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience in a sisterhood. The approach may not always be direct, but a few observations will determine direction, or the centre of gravity about which she revolves. And as everything that Amelia Wynn does points in one direction, to herself, we cannot make Mr. Stayton's romantic assumption that she is, and always has been, in love with her husband. People make sacrifices for what they want; if they do not make sacrifices, it is because they do not want anything; and Amelia Wynn was prepared to sacrifice everything and everybody to her own idea of her own importance. We are not obliged to share that idea.

Our Generation.

THE deliberations of the Modern Churchman's Congress which sat at Girton College recently are certainly more interesting than those which "true churchmen" sometimes permit themselves; but as the expression of a new movement in religion, of something which is capable of attracting the allegiance and the enthusiasm of men, they are certainly disappointing. An ardour and a faith these "modern churchmen" certainly have, but it is an ardour and a faith not primarily for and in religion, but for reason and in reason. Dr. Bethune Baker, for example, says with great plausibility: "The idea of the pre-existence of Jesus is an almost inevitable inference from the belief in His Godhead—an inference from an inference. We cannot entrench ourselves behind the thought of an ideal existence outside time in contrast with a real one in time. We are altogether out of our depths." But the question remains why we—we and the modern churchmen—should not be "out of our depths"? Why should we not remain out of our depths, and even go out of them voluntarily—in order to become deeper? All that Dr. Baker means when he says that "we are out of our depths" is that we have penetrated down to the bed of our intellect, if he even means as much; for the intellect, that instrument of sublime ingenuity, can go further than he has taken it. What he does, however, is to make the intellect the measure of religion. "We are out of our depths"; our intellect does not carry us as far as these beliefs; therefore we will not admit them. If this is the worship of anything, it is the worship of intellect. By leaving out intuition it would soon make religion a closed thing, upon which nothing more would remain to be said. This, then, is half the inspiration of the modern church movement. The other half is moral, and was stated by the Rev. Harold Anson. "Our present creeds," he said, "fail to exclude people who ought to be excluded, and often exclude the people who are the men we should want to include. As things are now, the profiteer, the stirrer-up of war, and the slum-dwelling owner, are not in the least excluded from the Church by creeds. But the earnest, critical student of science and philosophy, or the conscientious Labour leader, is excluded because his conscience will not allow him to give allegiance to expressions of faith which he feels to be of doubtful honesty. Christ uttered the most startling damnations not against people who had philosophical beliefs, but against the narrow-minded, intolerant, cruel, and uncharitable." There is no doubt that, naïve as this pronouncement is, it puts its finger on the great sin and scandalous weakness of the Church. It *is* true that the Church is full of "profiteers, slum dwelling landlords, the narrow-minded, intolerant, cruel, and uncharitable," and that it has no power to call these to condemnation or even to repentance. Any evil that is powerful enough, the Church will go on its knees to; any movement for freedom which is not fashionable it will try to strangle. In so far as with all their power and courage the modern churchmen are protesting against this, they are entitled to honour, for their protest is the action of honourable men. The official churchman, in his dead orthodoxy, is too pitiably beneath the level even of ordinary human decency to be susceptible to satire. We go to church to scoff, but things are bad indeed when we have to remain to pray—for the minister. It is against dead orthodoxy, then, orthodoxy blind, bowelless, cowardly, an abomination in the eyes even of the ungodly, that the Rev. Harold

Anson and his colleagues are protesting. Their protest, it is true, is mere Protestantism; but for that, again, the orthodox Church is to blame. The failure of the Church to incarnate itself, to become a little more than one part theory, one part superstition, an unreal hocus-pocus droning over the meaner meannesses of mankind, called sins, "a lighthouse on a sea of nonsense," has left nothing for these modern ecclesiastical intellectuals to do except to criticise the dogmas which have never come alive. But to do this, nevertheless, is to react ignobly to a miserable evil, and to remain within the circumference of it. Religion is so dead that nothing less than a rending of the tomb, a rock-bursting resurrection, can make it appear on earth again. Reformations in the end only re-form.

"Poplar at the present time," the "Daily News" told us the other day, "has half its population on the poverty line: There are 10,000 unemployed in the borough, and out relief is costing £5,500 a week." And things are as bad, or even worse, in a score or so of the provincial industrial centres. This as a material evil is bad enough, for it grinds down to an ignominious level and dowers with future disease those classes in the working population which for a decade and more have been able to attain a modified kind of health. Considering that in no country more than in England are men poor and hungry with a bad conscience, one cannot resist the conclusion that the present "depression," or, rather, the present starvation, to give the thing its proper name, must have effected a disastrous lowering of morale wherever it has been felt. This is bad enough; but worse still is the public assumption that the problem is not one to be dealt with, that periods of "depression" must in the nature of things come, and that in their good time they will pass away, allowing all of us once more to be well fed and happy. This theory of "depressions" is certainly more depressing than all the periods of depression put together. It justifies the unjustifiable present by holding in front of us a golden if somewhat bourgeois future, and what we are now suffering apparently does not matter in the least. But the truth remains that what we are suffering at this moment we can in no way cancel even when the expected and disappointing day comes. It is not enough to work for "the future"; it is indeed an error and a piece of cowardice, perhaps the most evil because the most plausible that ideologists have ever hatched for the stultification of men. We, the present generation, do matter; our self-realisation in this present life of ours does matter; nothing matters so much. To give up our own age as hopeless, as beyond help, and incapable of happiness, is the worst human betrayal and the supreme human folly. For we do not perpetuate our hopes merely in the next generation; we perpetuate also our attitude of mere hope. It is ignominious to prophesy when we can fulfil. But we are prophets by training and by tradition; for ages men have looked forward and backward; and it requires a new and revolutionary assertion of personality, of human pride, for us to be able to affirm *our* lives and *our* spirits as worthy, immediately and unconditionally, of emancipation and self-realisation. Wisdom and liberty must be in every moment as we live it, or we do not know them at all. Meanwhile, unfortunately, there are few signs that we are passing from the longing for the future to the realisation of the present. But one sign there is; and where one is there will two or three be presently gathered together. The sign which I refer to is the Douglas-NEW AGE Scheme. It is in nothing more revolutionary than in this: that it demonstrates what can be done to free society, not in the to-morrow which never comes, but to-day. This, perhaps, more than the intellectual difficulties which men profess to find in it, is the cause of the embarrassment with which it is so often received. People cannot comprehend that ideals can be realised in their own time.

EDWARD MOORE.

Aspects of the Modern World.

A FEW NOTES ON MODERN POETRY.

AFTER the fanfares of an impossible heroism had died down,—crawling from any decaying surfaces of the armour-plated and impenetrable world, came the false little poets—(little comedians swollen by a spiritual death into the vast semblance of past heroes and prophets). These absurd little creatures—an enormous bulk posed upon feet like pinnacles, a bemired parody of Destiny—stalk majestically from end to end of the steel-clad world, declaiming broken and meaningless words. These words are slightly deformed by the claws of the lion-like wind, having been sucked by its empty breath from the tombs of dead prophets. The faces of these little mimics are not as the faces of those dead poets—tragic masks through which strange gods have cried, seen through the Dodonian leaves of summer—faces like echoes of an enormous music, statues that had been washed by iron seas more ancient than Destiny. . . . . These new and modern poet-faces (masks for the empty wind, echoes of a "magie bourgeoise") are but meaningless grimaces, mimicking a terrified or complacent twitching and groping on the edge of a fathomless abyss.

Others of these bloodless intellectuals, taking upon themselves the semblance of Blake's "Soul of a Flea," leap, in a galvanised imitation of this mechanical world, over the institutions and the religions made by God and man, into the wide and shapeless inanity of space. "See our agility," they cry as they leap into nothingness.

Others, again, take refuge in the perpetual jestering movements of triviality (for to this modern world the very stars have simian gestures, plucking at and mimicking man), or they take root like the vegetable kingdom, in a false and falsifying simplicity, in a world of an unthinking, unsentient sensuality, a world whose very heaven has clouds of a thick fleshiness. Here they weave comfortable landscapes for themselves, where no wind can touch them, or lash their dust into flame. They poise thick clots of imponderable earth, with woollen houses thick with sleep, and nightcap trees too thin to bear their weight of dew, upon some small crest of the rocking world, and, tolling and waving like "the fat weeds on lethe's warf," at last they topple down into lunacy.

This bucolic invention is crying out for the hand of a master "pour animer le clavecin des près." But these intellectuals delight in the instinct that triviality kills, like some blighting, shallow and imperceptible dew of death. They know that

> It was no eagle, but a hen
> Who pecked Prometheus' fire-heart when,
> (Counting chicks before they hatched)
> The farmer's gay wife left unlatched
> The door of the crazy hen-coop Laughter—
> Never closing ever after.

Out of this debased, flat and unliving country nothing could spring into life. The eternal revolution of days and of seasons could give us no fresh impulse. The poetry of to-day cannot be made from silence, from stillness and inertia. So, far from the hairy and goatish-rank deserts, the real poets are building like beavers, humbly, among the common movements of life. They take refuge in the "magie bourgeoise" of the seaside where,

> Beside the botanic
> Gardens oceanic
> Where siren-birds dree their weird,

are patches of grass as dry as green Bohea. Blown along these by the cold wind, flap horses tattered by age, past the lean lodging-houses where ozone oozes like glycerine. Behind the dark windows of these lodging-houses lies, perhaps, nothingness, perhaps a per-

petual movement, landladies scuttling like crabs, retired generals with mayfly whiskers, and spinsters whose laughter has trills as shrill as the moon, and whose thin bodies are draped by the dust, beneath the curls that seem like wooden nutmegs that have grown a little dusty with Time. Outside, the wheezing wind's harmonium oozes out cold memories of ancient ragtime tunes; but the salt-water has got into them; they are no longer human and warm, but cold and dead out of tune as they blow in and out of the wind's inconsequent mind. And the horizon is like a pale portal with nothing beyond. This is the true modern world, and this is how we must show it. Or we can write of flower-shows where, in the coral tents of the noonday light, we can haggle for the no-longer disastrous stars, planted in earthenware pots. The people in their loud clothes, glazed by the heat, dance to tunes that are happy and yellow and blatant as calceolarias. . . . . No time for darkness there, excepting in the little cubes of their musical-box brains.

Poetry is no longer a just and terrible Judgment Day, a world of remorseless and clear light. The poet's mind has become a central sense, interpreting and controlling the other five senses; for we have rediscovered the truth uttered by Blake, that "Man has no body distinct from his soul; for that called body is a portion of soul discern'd by the five senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age." Modern poets are discovering an entirely new scale of relationship between the senses.

Yet we have not altogether forgotten our ancient friendships; there is more than one young poet who has heard "les églogues en sabots grognant dans le verger." And though, intoxicated by the sound, they may run like a delicate and fantastic madness, swifter than the spring wind, from end to end of this new strange earth, yet these "bêtes d'une élegance fabuleuse" are reflected in every lake in this new and reversible world, in "la mer étagée là-haut comme sur les gravures," in "la cathédrale qui descend et le lac qui monte," in every fluid and musical form which, when crystallised, will make a new Spring and a new earth.

EDITH SITWELL.

Views and Reviews.

PROOF "SPIRITS."

THE case for spirit photography is not necessarily bound up with the general theory of the survival of personality. Precisely because the photographic plate is sensitive to wave-lengths beyond those of the visible spectrum, photography might very well reveal things not normally visible without in any way establishing the general thesis of spirit survival. Unfortunately so far as our present inquiry is concerned, it only seems to do so when manipulated by spiritualists; a mere scientific experimenter like Dr. Walter Kilner, who made the human aura visible by the use of a dicyanin screen, which he argued conferred upon the eye the power of perceiving ultra-violet rays, tried but failed to photograph the aura satisfactorily—although he was "certain that a photographic picture of the size, shape, and condition of the Human Aura is not only possible, but will shortly be made, thus enabling the aura to become a still greater assistance in medical diagnosis." As the ultra-violet rays have been known for years to produce photographic and other effects, the difficulty in photographing the human aura is not easily explicable, more particularly as auras are "generally clearer on days which, as tested by the actinometer, are most favourable for photography." The fact that, so far, the aura of living persons has not been satisfactorily photographed strengthens the presumption against photography of dead persons—more particularly as Dr. Kilner has shown that the aura disappears at death. In discussing "spirit" photography, we are discussing something which, on the available evidence, is unlikely, and philosophically considered, is impossible.

How then, are "spirit" photographs produced? Mr. Vincent Patrick* gives about twenty methods, and does not pretend that his list is exhaustive; more, he has produced "spirit" photographs under severer test methods than those which are usually employed. The fact that he has produced "spirit" photographs by trickery is admittedly no proof that no genuine "spirit" photographs have ever been taken; unfortunately, though, it seems impossible to produce "spirit" photographs which will bear inspection. The difficulty is to find the "evidence" which we are always being challenged to examine; and the history of the subject offers only the usual features of fraud, detected or detectable. The authors have done their work well; they give us an historical section; a section on fraud, in which Mr. Patrick details "general methods," "experiments in fraud," and "internal evidences of fraud"; a criticism of "spirit photographs obtained by amateurs," and the recent "fairy photographs" which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has sponsored. Mr. Whately Smith deals with "the reliability of witnesses," "the value of recognition," "recent literature," and "real test conditions." We know that it is impossible to convince a true believer; (was not Lieut. Jones, the author of "The Road to En-Dor," told that some of the phenomena he produced by trickery were undoubtedly genuine, in spite of his confession?); but those who have not yet argued themselves into insensibility to reason and evidence may be saved from wasting their time in delusive "investigations" by reading this pamphlet.

The "spirit" photograph originated in America, where the Spiritualist movement itself came into being. It is also, I believe, the land of the wooden nutmeg.

> One Mumler, an engraver by trade, made chemistry and photography his hobby; and having among his friends a professional photographer, he was frequently dabbling with plates and chemicals in his studio. Up to this time [1862], he had shown no mediumistic tendencies.
>
> But I have no doubt that the "spirits" were preparing him for his mission; they "developed" him while he developed his negatives.
>
> One day Mumler suddenly produced a photograph of himself, standing, with a chair by his side supporting a shadowy female figure. The face of this figure was not clear, though the upper part of the body was fairly well defined; below the waist it faded away. The chair and background were distinctly visible through the extra.
>
> He declared that this was an untouched photograph, taken by himself, and recognised the "spirit" form as his cousin who passed over about twelve years before. He became a "medium," and developed a business which seems to have been very successful. His "spirits" were always without legs, and usually on the right of the sitter. He was induced to take photographs in the private house of an investigator—but nothing abnormal appeared, as camera, plates, and chemicals were all provided for him. In February, 1863, it was shown that one of his "spirit" photographs was the likeness of a man still alive, who had had his photograph taken by Mumler only a few weeks before. Mumler disappeared from Boston; turned up in New York six years later, was arrested by the authorities and prosecuted for fraud. The Boston evidence was not allowed, and as he had been practising only a short time in New York, very little positive evidence could be brought against him. He was acquitted for lack of evidence; but as no more was heard of him, it is to be presumed that he photographed no more "spirits."

Three years later spirit photographs were being taken in this country by Hudson, who was introduced by Mrs.

* "The Case Against Spirit Photographs." By C. Vincent Patrick and W. Whately Smith. (Kegan Paul. 2s. net.)

Guppy. He was exposed by Beattie, a professional photographer, who showed that not only did the background appear through the "spirit," it also appeared through the material bodies of the sitters. This was too much even for the editor of the "Spiritualist," who joined Beattie in denouncing Hudson. In 1874 a Parisian photographer named Buguet came to London:

The spirit faces of Dickens, Charles I, and other celebrities appeared in his photographs. His spirits had clearly defined features, and were much better than anything that had appeared before. Many well-known people sat to him, and were duly rewarded with the spirit features of their equally well-known friends.

Shortly after his return to Paris in the following year, the police raided his studio, "and a large stock of cardboard heads, a lay figure, and other incriminating paraphernalia were found." He was charged with fraud and made a complete confession.

Witness after witness came forward to defend him. They said they had sat to him and obtained unquestionable likenesses of their dead relations, and had satisfied themselves that no tricks were played upon them. In spite of Buguet assuring them in court that they had been deceived, they maintained that it could not be so. Buguet pointed out to the court one face which had been recognised as the mother of one sitter, the sister of a second, and the friend of a third. One spirit, recognised by a sitter as his life-long friend, was declared by another man to be an excellent likeness of his still-living —and much annoyed—father-in-law.

And so on up to Mr. Bush's recent exposure of Hope, of Crewe.

Mr. Bush laid a trap for Hope by writing to him under an assumed name, and enclosing a photograph of a living person which he represented as that of his deceased son. Hope returned the photograph and gave Mr. Bush an appointment for a séance, which he attended, still under his assumed name (Wood). He duly received an "extra" in the form of the face portrayed in the photograph which he had sent, together with a "psycho-graph" beginning "Dear friend Wood."

The history shows us that not only are "spirit" photographs never taken under real test conditions, but that fraud obviously explains their production, and that the value of recognition is nil. If there are any genuine spirit photographs in existence, the authors would like to see them; and those who think that they have such photographs would be well advised to examine them for the signs that Mr. Patrick has made clear. The camera does not lie—but one needs to know what it is really saying, and Mr. Patrick is a good interpreter.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

My Years of Exile. By Edward Bernstein. (Parsons. 15s. net.)

Herr Bernstein's genially simple style produces the effect of paradox. Revolutionaries, as Shaw used to tell us, are the mildest of men; did not his Anarchist in "Man and Superman" rise to points of order? Herr Bernstein was not an Anarchist, but he was a revolutionary Socialist, editor of the "Sozialdemokrat" when that paper could only be smuggled into Germany, himself an exile from Germany and banished from Switzerland at the request of the German Government. It is difficult to realise while reading these memoirs that the author is writing of that period of Socialist persecution that made Bismarck infamous; and indeed the ease with which Herr Bernstein outwitted the secret service at times makes the German Government look rather ridiculous. Herr Bernstein writes of the whole period in a quietly matter-of-fact style that must be contrasted with the speeches made in support of the anti-Socialist legislation before it can be properly appreciated; the accounts of the various "secret" congresses of the International, for example, read like mild practical jokes played upon the Government. What is most surprising is that these memoirs, written in Germany in 1915, manifest no rancour towards those English Socialists who proved their patriotism by denouncing the German Socialists; on the contrary, they are quietly explanatory of the conduct of people whom Herr Bernstein understood very well. The London passages of his book are, of course, the most interesting to English readers; all the familiar names of English Socialism, from Marx and Engels to Shaw and Ramsay MacDonald, crop up here. Bits of forgotten history, like the tragic affair of Eleanor Marx and Dr. Edward Aveling (which Shaw treated in the comic manner in "The Doctor's Dilemma"), are revived again; and Herr Bernstein notes quietly but curiously how unclerical in appearance several of the Socialist clergymen were, such as Stewart Headlam, the Rev. William Morris, and Percy Dearmer, and how like a preaching clergyman Charles Bradlaugh looked. We are reminded of Nietzsche'e gibe at George Eliot: "In England, for every little emancipation from divinity, people have to re-acquire respectability by becoming moral fanatics in an awe-inspiring manner." The Atheist cannot ignore God; he has to *preach* against Him, excommunicate God in the priestly manner. To the Atheist, God is an immoral person, at whom all good people should be shocked; and what we call the clerical manner is simply the expression of moral shock. Bernstein has some interesting things to say about London life; notices even that the Cockney's preference for misplaced aspirates will extend to foreign languages, to mention one detail, and generally throws a very kindly light on our differences from other people, and he can sum up a personality in a phrase when he says: "I have seldom been in his [Keir Hardie's] company without experiencing something of the feeling which comes over a cosmopolitan when he finds himself confronted by a religious penitent." Like Pilate, Herr Bernstein washes his hands, and declares: "I have never seen anything in him that could prejudice me against his personality." Altogether, a very pleasing series of memoirs, once Herr Bernstein got away from Lugano.

Over the Fireside with Silent Friends. By Richard King. (The Bodley Head. 6s. net.)

We do not know why Mr. C. K. Shorter should have described Mr. King as "a man of genius," but as Sir Arthur Pearson says, in a preface, that Mr. King "has arranged to give half of the profits arising from the sale of this book to the National Library of the Blind," we may say that he has at least a kind heart. The various essays show also that he has common sense, which, if not a substitute for a distinguished style, is at least welcome for itself. He writes easily of many things, but more like a man whose opinions are formed by newspaper headlines than as an original thinker or a stylist. "Women have no 'political sense,' it is said. Well, thank God they haven't, say I! They have the *human sense*—and that will be the only political sense of any importance in the world of to-morrow." The fact that the statement is not clear, and is not true so far as it is clear, does not diminish the force of the criticism that it has no style.

The Free Churches and Re-Union. By T. R. Glover. (W. Heffer and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Nonconformist reply to the Lambeth overtures is not marked by any warmth of enthusiasm. In effect Mr. Glover says to the Anglican Church: "We have never refused to recognise *you* as fellow-Christians; we are not prepared to make concessions for the privilege of being recognised by you." He regards the "catholic" churches as the representatives of magic, the "free" churches of rationality, in religion. But magic is the great re-discovery of the new psychology; and Mr. Glover's assurance that "when they [the younger generation] know conviction of sin there will be a real Christianity again" does not suggest a religion founded on reason. This is perhaps why he thinks that "at present nobody in England is much interested in religion."

Pastiche.

DO WHAT THOU WILT.

In the deep night I heard the voice of God :
Nothing is true, all is permitted; do thy will;
The hour had struck, intoxicate the view;
The rising sap, the apple of knowledge, the mystic thrill :
Oh Life! What shall I take from you?

Youth of my lissom body, shall drink its fill,
Young Assyrian captains to my nod;
The fathers shall feed me but the captains shall have wine,
Drowned in a madness deeper than the vine;
Man has bethumbed the last of a million pages,
I will lay waste the Ravager of the ages,
Without scruple, regret, or fear of fabled wages.

Arms stretching over envious dwarfs to dare,
Wings broad to cirrus drift on thinnest air;
By my secret flame one god is born anew;
By the fruit of that Tree, the Old One's word is true :
Life! Life! What shall I take from you?

BERNARD GILBERT.

"AUTUMN QUIET."

A gentle peace pervades my garden old;
The spell of night descends with brooding calm;
Soothed are the senses with its healing balm—
My footfall rustles 'mongst the red and gold.

No more the multitudinous rush for birth.
Each eager plantlet striving for the day
Heedless if others perished in the fray—
All equal now return to Mother Earth.

And she enriched by gifts her children bring,
Contentedly prepares for Winter's sleep.
Locked in her breast her treasures safe she'll keep
Till mounting suns again proclaim the Spring.

E. ANDERSON.

SLEEP.

Wherefore doth Love look kindlier upon sleep
Than when the spirit waking is unvailed?
Most smiling when the beloved most is mailed
In taciturnity, and the eternal deep
Of silence doth him keep.

One sayeth that Love is deceived in worth,
Most happy in his own imagining;
Expecting of his Love some rarer thing
Than any, even he, may bring on earth,
Dreadeth the waking death :

And others, the dream-eyèd, say not so,
But that the happy sleep's rich silence is
The abiding-place of wordless mysteries,
Greater than from the mortal lips may go,
Though spoken very low.

Thou knowest, O God! Thou knowest the breathing rest
Looketh more near Thee than our small employs,
And the strait compass that our sight enjoys;
Which laid aside leaveth us worthiest
Darkling upon Thy breast.

RUTH PITTER.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates :—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	**30s. 0d.**	... **30s. 0d.**
Six Months.....	**15s. 0d.**	... **15s. 0d.**
Three Months.....	**7s. 6d.**	... **7s. 6d.**

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The idea of increased "control of industry" by the workers employed in each industry takes various forms, and has been worked out in various ways. . . . It has been claimed by enthusiastic advocates of this idea that "the question of poverty has now given place to the question of status," but this is an exaggeration. The problem of poverty will continue to exercise men's thoughts, as long as the fact of poverty remains a reality, and the idea of a more equal distribution of an increasing income obtained with diminishing effort will not easily be surpassed in practical importance or in vividness of appeal to modern minds. (Pp. 15-16.)

It is sometimes argued that the ideal price level would be one that remained perfectly steady, while production increased. But another ideal, for which there is much to be said, is a price level steadily and gradually falling during a period of economic progress. If this could be provided for, it would constitute a steady tendency towards a reduction of inequality, and would automatically transfer to wage-earners, salaried persons, and many of the poorer property owners, a portion of the increasing real income of the community, independently of any increase in their money incomes.—"Some Aspects of the Inequality of Incomes in Modern Communities." HUGH DALTON. (P. 350.)

There was during the war a very striking experiment of real workers' control in this and in every field at a Newcastle aircraft factory—John Dawson and Co., Ltd. A joint body representing management and workers exercised almost the full powers of an ordinary board of directors. . . . . The exclusion of the Works Council from financial control was explained by Mr. G. H. Humphrey, the proprietor and originator of the scheme, as a matter of banking accommodation :

> "Dependent as we are on loans and the Banks, we have to maintain a Capitalist front to the world and a Democratic one to the workers. As we are financed by loans we have to give personal guarantees, and our personal guarantees have no weight unless we own half the organisation. I have, therefore, given away only one half of the voting stock of the Company, retaining the other half which I use as my ballast for my personal guarantees."

This must, of course, be understood as one man's experiment, and not as an illustration of a large body of experience, and it is an experiment that is no longer in operation, since John Dawson's, though highly successful in war-time production, was unable to finance the readjustment to peace conditions.—"The Frontier of Control." C. L. GOODRICH. (Pp. 232-3.)

Compare the tonnage that can be moved by a railway goods train in the twentieth century with the few hundredweights that could be moved by the eighteenth-century train of pack mules, and it is easy to see the tremendous material advance that steam caused in the transfer of goods. Compare the feeble scratching of the surface, which was called mining in the seventeenth century, and which could not go very deep because of flooding by water, with the vast amounts of coal and ore that can be extracted from great depths by modern methods of pumping and hauling by steam. Compare the output of a modern blast furnace with the old forge, or that of a power loom with that of the hand loom weaver, and the enormous importance of modern mass production and modern driving power—mainly, up to the present, steam power—becomes obvious. (P. 18.)

An article on Merchant Shipping in the "Quarterly Review," 1876, Volume 141, p. 263, says that the proportion of men to each 100 tons was, in 1852, for sailing ships, 4.55, and for steamers 8.04. In 1874 the proportion for sailing ships, 3.19, and for steamers, 4.10. . . . "A great deal of the heaviest work formerly done by men is now done by machinery, especially in steamers. The steam winch is the best man in the ship." (P. 300, foot-note.)

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.4.*

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE (A. R. ORAGE), 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4, and printed for them by BONNER & CO., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.