NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The benevolent people, who are gently deprecating "frightfulness" in warfare, will find food for reflection in a recent address at Montreal by Sir William Pope, the eminent chemist. He stated that, at the time of the armistice, the Allies had discovered a new gas against which respirators would be useless, and the presence of which in the atmosphere, in the proportion of one part in five millions, would suffice to stop a man. So we know what to expect in the next war. That is what we are preparing for ourselves, if we continue to put our trust solely in Leagues of Nations and similar futilities. To meet the present world-situation with mere political incantations of this kind is quite on a level with fighting plagues by means of processional litanies, while ignoring such grossly material considerations as drains. It is interesting that Sir William Pope, in direct opposition to many of his colleagues on both sides of the Atlantic, thoroughly approves of the new developments in warfare. On humanitarian grounds he held that gas is more merciful than high explosives. It is no doubt arguable. For ourselves, we are indisposed to enter these discussions of "nicely calculated less or more," we wish, by the only effective method, to sweep away the whole barbaric business. If it continues, we know that wars will be fought out with the most efficient, that is with the most limitlessly destructive, instruments that can be discovered. We understand, however, and feel some sympathy with, the psychology that underlies this appeal to higher considerations. It is comforting to be able to persuade ourselves that what we are subconsciously aware that, for hard realistic reasons, we just are going to do, is also the more humane course.

There is a great demand for "schemes of work" as a solution of, or palliative for, the wave of unemployment. We attach only a subordinate importance to these. We contend that a scientific regulation of prices would, in itself, cause the standing system of industry to work out its own salvation automatically. Nevertheless, there are many public works of importance which ought anyhow to be carried out for their own sakes. And, to say the least, there can be no objection to speeding these up at a time when much "surplus" labour is available. But the current arguments for doing this are largely fallacious. It is urged that, by setting men to work at wages on these undertakings, they are enabled to demand the products of various industries, and so a spreading circle of employment is set in motion. This ignores the fact that if these things are paid for out of rates and taxes, there is only a redistribution of existing purchasing power. In some slight measure, it is true, this may effect an improvement. It may transfer a certain amount of expenditure from luxuries to necessaries; and the latter may be held to be a more reproductive form of spending. It may also cause the immediate spending of money which would otherwise have been saved, that is, made available for production, which could not be realised, for the time being, owing to the shortage of consumers. But it is only within narrow limits that redistribution of existing income can stimulate consumption. The problem is to issue fresh purchasing power. This would be accomplished, if "schemes of work" were financed by the issue of credit, that is, paid for in new money. But this in turn would mean a huge rise in the cost of living, unless prices were simultaneously regulated. Every way we are brought back to the Just Price. This is the necessary foundation-stone of any sound policy in regard to unemployment. Without this no programme could have more than a very slightly and temporarily palliative effect. Now the Just Price was the central plank in the programme of the Church in the ages when it was boldest and most active in giving a lead in economic and industrial matters. As a sheer matter of history, this is peculiarly the Church's own issue. The Churches at the present day are readily stirred to sympathy with the unemployed. But their witness in the matter is usually far too vague and sentimental. If they really wish to help in the solution of the problem, they should concentrate hard on the one demand to which, beyond all others, they are traditionally pledged—the Just Price.

As we plough through article after article in the Press, we seem to be walking through an endless avenue of gramophones all drearily grinding out the stock platitudes of the "Good Will and Hard Work" school of thought. Worst of all, our Labour leaders are continually helping to swell the chorus. Mr. Hodges has been zealously upholding his new rôle of...
a "same" leader. "We must face the hard fact," he says, "that coal must be sold at a price that will attract the buyers of the world." Like his capitalist instructors, Mr. Hodges always sees the foreign market practically filling the field of vision; the home consumers, for him, are fit only for the margins. Still, it is true that we must have exports, and that coal is one of our most obvious resources for supplying these. But if our scheme for financing industry were adopted, we could sell our surplus coal in foreign markets at any price, however low, that might be necessary to compete in the market, if certainly not at this very low margin. Still, we are equal to which, for some mysterious reason, "the present system" must continue, to be, then, in some equally capitalistic presuppositions. Why not set to work at once radically transforming the system, by repudiating those presuppositions altogether? The way thereto is exactly by scientific regulation of prices, which would also instantly reduce these by leaps and bounds in place of the cheese-paring cuts that can alone be secured by way of tackling costs. Mr. Clynes has been weighing in, in much the same sense. For him, too, the foreign market dominates the picture. He thinks that the country is "only able to produce an insufficient variety and abundance of food for its population." Apart from the "variety" this is, to say the least of it, very doubtful. At any rate, a very large proportion of our food supplies might well be raised at home. Replying to Sir Alfred Varroy, Mr. Clynes, after the manner of Labour leaders, indulges in a delightfully innocent display of judicial ignorance on the subject of "ca canny." He has persuaded himself that "there is very little evidence. But if a peculiarly wicked workman, here and there, is guilty of the practice, he thinks it "very reprehensible." Why do none of the leaders make the obvious retort? The capitalists avowedly restrict output wholesale; it is assumed as a recognised method in chairmen's addresses at company meetings and in leading articles in the most respectable journals. We think the whole system monstrous, but, given the system, we see nothing "reprehensible" in the conduct of the individual captain of industry. But Labour has exactly the same right to do its bit in restriction.

* * *

The return to the gold standard is still being persistently urged on all hands. Not long ago Mr. W. H. Clegg, Governor of the new South African Reserve Bank, presiding at the first general meeting, expounded the erroneous and strange doctrines of the gold neurotics. He spoke of gold as a "well-tried and never-failing basis." We should rather have described it as "tried and found wanting." It actually has "failed," not only in August, 1914, but on every occasion when it has seriously been tested by a crisis. At such times it is always promptly abandoned and the total real credit of the nation is called in, as the one saviour from the storm and stress. Mr. Clegg also described gold as "the universally accepted standard of value." This seems to imply the qualitative theory of money, now almost universally abandoned by economists. It has come to be agreed that the exchange value of money depends on the number of units of legally authorised currency, relatively to the quantity of commodities in the market. The intrinsic quality of the units has nothing whatever to do with it; given equally valid authorisation, paper is just as good as gold. The latter has no intrinsic power to serve as a standard of value, except when it becomes a commodity like other commodities, sought for the purposes of the art for art's sake. To serve this end, it has first to be destroyed as money. But the most extraordinary part of Mr. Clegg's address was that in which he explained the functions of a Reserve Bank. It is to step in and re-discount the bills of the ordinary banks, where they have exhausted their powers of lending, and so provide credit for the tiding of industry over what might otherwise prove a crisis. At such a time, ex hypothesi, the other banks have exerted their utmost powers of lending, and have therefore exploited to the full, as a basis of credit, their reserves, wherever these may be actually deposited. Yet Mr. Clegg mentions as one of the sources of the Reserve Bank's power to save the situation, the fact that "it holds the reserves of the other Banks." That is to say, the same sum in gold, which one of these banks has already used as the basis of as much credit as it is supposed, on the theory, to bear, is now used over again to bear an entirely fresh superstructure of Reserve Bank credit. One is reminded of the alleged buffet sandwich, which, somewhere in America, had served as chaperone to dozens of drinks "served only with meals." Is not the "gold standard" truly characterised as a gold confidence trick? * * *

We have received a statement of the progress made (or, for the most part, not made) in carrying out the recommendations made a year ago by the International Financial Conference at Brussels. The first of these is that public revenue and expenditure should be made to balance. As we do not hold that public expenditure should be balanced against "revenue," and that the whole category of "revenue" should be abandoned, we are not sorry that this ideal is not being fulfilled. It would indeed be disastrous that deficits should be made to balance by further borrowing at interest (supposing that Governments are able to raise any fresh loans), but the very desperation of the situation may drive them into the right course. This, we repeat, is to issue credit; in other words, to pay for public services in new money. Money is simply an authorised claim to goods; there is therefore no risk in this procedure, provided we are able to deliver the goods that we can afford to issue is merely a matter of a simple calculation as to our potentialities of production. Point II of the Conference was the abolition of subsidies for food, transport, and so forth. We are glad to note, in this country, the method of subsidies has been abandoned. But we profoundly regret that this has been done by reverting to the vicious system of making prices cover cost. In actual fact, prices ought to have been much further reduced, and the necessary indemnity been given, by way of credit, and not of subsidy. In Germany, it would seem, the so-called "subsidies" have been, in part, provided in this way, but the method has not been carried out in a complete or scientific fashion. Point III is that inflation of credit or currency should cease. Here again we are glad to observe that no country has been genuinely and consistently deflating, though we hold that, in this country, much harm has been done by the policy of eclectic deflation actually adopted. At such a time, what would be more fatal than a restriction of that credit on which any revival of industry must be absolutely dependent? But here also we insist on the need for the positive policy of the State to check and guide the indispensable inflation. The final point is the release of trade from hampering restrictions. This is the only one of the Conference's demands which we are disposed to endorse. And this, we regret, has been the one which is most universally and completely ignored. There is a general revival, even in Free Trade England, of the policy of protective tariffs. The State "controls" have indeed,
in this country, disappeared; and that is something to be thankful for. But even here we would enter a caveat. Vicious as is the method of “control,” it witnesses to the need of a more constructive attitude on the part of the State than laissez faire. The old idea of a "root cause" must be a regulation of prices, but this should be by means of a ratio, which would operate elastically and automatically. This would mean merely a slight (but all-important) readjustment of the conditions on the basis of which freedom would obtain. But, has the basis there, would in all the actual operations of trade and industry, complete freedom from all bureaucratic and inquisitorial interferences.

We hardly dare to read any article in the ordinary Press bearing any heading which promises to get down to fundamentals. We shrink with dread from the vexation of soul which we know awaits us from the belying of the title by the actual contents. We have seen in the “Westminster Gazette” the head-line, “The Root Cause of Unemployment,” we expected nothing but disappointment, but we felt some curiosity as to what particular bogus “cause” that journal would select from the hundred or more that have been proposed. Will it be believed that unemployment is the fundamental cause solemnly alleged to be the state of international relations in Europe? Greatly daring, the “Westminster” even asserted that unemployment would be “finally” disposed of, if justice and permanent equilibrium between the nations. Has it forgotten the various crises of unemployment during the first fourteen years of this century? Does it not know that such crises have been a recurrent phenomenon ever since the Industrial Revolution? Is it ignorant that the cyclical fluctuation of trade has been taken for granted by economists, who have exhausted their ingenuity in “accounting” for it by sunspots or anything else really remote from reality, while carefully turning their blind eye to the real seat of the evil? This obsession with the international situation is becoming a serious danger. Men are believed to be able to look abroad for the causes of evils for which the true responsibility lies much nearer home. The reaction of foreign affairs on our industry is only an occasional and intensifying cause. The original and permanent action is exactly the other way—from our domestic dislocation outwards into the international field. Deal with the true “root cause” of unemployment, and the action you must needs take will, in itself, strike at the deepest seat of wars and of warlike “peaces.”

In all the dreary wilderness of the recent Trade Union Congress debates there was one comparatively bright spot. This was the discussion and vote on the motion made by certain unions for an elaborate safeguarding of the resort to the strike-weapon. Mr. Smillie described this as a proposal “to draw the teeth of organised Labour and take away its arms.” He said that it would mean that the miners, for instance, would have to face six or nine months to consult everyone else in the country, before actually resisting a reduction of wages. We are no enthusiasts for strikes. We regard them as a last and desperate resort. We hold that the strike weapon is most successful when it succeeds through its mere existence in reserve, and when it does not have to be actually used. But the Right to Strike is quite another matter. The only alternative to this is slavery; and that is all there is to be said about the matter. The rejected motion did at least involve compulsory arbitration; but it looked in that direction. The overwhelming vote against it was a fortiori a rejection of the more thorough plan. At a time when powerful interests are diligently intriguing to introduce this, we heartily congratulate the Congress on turning down the whole policy with an emphasis that not even the dullest of industrial magnates can mistake.

On Foreign Affairs.

By Hilaire Belloc.

II.

In every department of Foreign policy there has been—since the revolution of December, 1916—a lack of judgment quite novel in the conduct of any great State. A complete breakdown. The most perilous act in this bad judgment, or rather, abandonment of judgment, has been the surrender of British interests to those of International finance. The orders of what is called throughout Europe “The International Bank,” that is, the comparatively few men who deal with the credit of the world and enrich themselves by its manipulation, has been substituted, since December, 1916, for the direct interest of Britain.

It is not difficult to see why uneducated and inexperienced men have so easily fallen into that rut, quite apart from the individual pressure exercised by concentrated wealth upon a corrupt group of politicians. Throughout the greater part of the Nineteenth century—until well within the last generation of that period—the centres of International Finance and of British external Activity very nearly coincided.

The occupation of Egypt is an example of this former—now past—coincidence. It was undertaken by British troops and at British expense, not only by the British officials and the British bureaucratic system. All this was done in collaboration with, and one might almost say under the orders of, International financiers—particularly the Rothschilds, who were the moneylenders in chief to Egypt and to whom their compatriot Goschen was the servant and tool. It was none the less a very wise and patriotic policy because, though the advantage to International finance—and especially to the Rothschilds—was the motive and condition of the occupation, it was also of advantage to England.

The tribute levied on Egypt was spent in all manner of places other than England. Wherever there was a bondholder or a mortgagee, or anyone indirectly interested in the mortgages and the bonds, luxury-expenditure took place, and was rendered possible, because of the English occupation of Egypt. There was fast life upon the Riviera and the giving of good dinners in Vienna, the purchasing of fine motor cars in Berlin and in New York and in Paris, as well as in London, as the result of that occupation. It did not specially enrich England. But it was worth England’s while, all the same. Though it was thus international in effect, it was also, and primarily, British in effect.

The occupation of Egypt immensely strengthened the British commercial system, and the British National system as well. It secured what has been well called “the waists” of what was more loosely called the Empire. It gave us in practice, what we have never had in theory, full control of the Canal. It made us for some years the dominant Power in all the Mediterranean. What is left of that power to-day we still owe to the wise policy of a generation ago in Egypt.

Egypt is but one sample of the way in which Financial interests in general and British in particular used to coincide abroad. This approximation of interest between International Finance and the British National system as well. It secured what has been well called “the waists” of what was more loosely called the Empire. It gave us in practice, what we have never had in theory, full control of the Canal. It made us for some years the dominant Power in all the Mediterranea. What is left of that power to-day we still owe to the wise policy of a generation ago in Egypt.

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broad, divergence between the international money interests and the national interest. A drifting of our centre of gravity from that of the International Usurer. The same thing happened to Spain in the Seventeenth century; it happened to Venice in the late Fifteenth and early Sixteenth centuries; it had happened to other Italian cities earlier still. It happened to the cities upon the valley of the Rhine during and after the Thirty Years' War.

By a double of ill luck, the moment when this divergence grew serious, the moment when the straddle between international finance and British interests could no longer be maintained, coincided with the breakdown of the last shred of aristocratic national government, and the passage of power, by the revolution of 1916, into the hands of hopelessly incompetent-new men like Max Aitken, the Brothers Harmsworth, George and the rest of the crowd.

When this divergence between national interests and the chief Usurers of the time begins to be serious, it is mortal folly for the nation which had once been identified with International finance to continue that identification. But it takes some education and tradition to appreciate the beginning of these things. It needs especially some historical knowledge. The newspaper men and their dependent politicians, the Harmsworths and Aitken, George and Sutherland, Handel Booth, and the rest cannot be accused of these qualities. They are as ignorant as they are vulgar. They have therefore drifted into the simple formula of doing whatever International finance demands, and the kind of men they meet—now that the Foreign Office has ceased to function—assure them that whatever still serves the purpose of International finance still serves the purpose of Britain—or, at any rate, of their pockets.

To this must be ascribed the most absurd vagaries. For instance, quite gratuitously and for no conceivable national purpose, Great Britain—immediately after the revolution of 1916—undertook the defence of an odious piece of oppression in Palestine.

If you were to cross-examine the half-dozen men who let us in for that folly, you would find that their minds worked somewhat as follows: "International finance means the Jews; the Jews are Zionists; the Jews always succeed, as we know to our personal advantage, for they are generous to us, therefore we will back the expropriation of the people of Palestine to the advantage of the Jews. It's bound to come off." That is how their minds work; and it is a very good example of the quality of those minds.

Anyone with a general knowledge of Europe could have told them that the Jews are not identical with International finance, which, though it contains a very large proportion of individual Jews, is a force specifically dissociated from any racial or national ideal and consisting entirely of individual greed. A similar acquaintance with affairs would have informed them that the great mass of the Jewish race is poor—indeed, wretchedly poor; again, a general culture would have informed them that the great mass of the Jewish people distrust, and are fearful of, the Jews always succeed, as we know to our personal advantage, for they are generous to us, therefore we will back the expropriation of the people of Palestine to the advantage of the Jews. It's bound to come off." That is how their minds work; and it is a very good example of the quality of those minds.

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We have occasionally called these articles investigations and studies; but they are, in truth, contemplations and travails. For the method of our investigation is not science, nor is it politics, it has neither the laws of the one nor the mere opportunism of the other. Our purpose is to proclaim Sophia, or the miraculous realisation of the pan-human order, and the inauguration of a new aeon or dispensation in human life. And hence our method has been itself Sophian, corresponding in its course to the mode of the world's Sophian self-realisation. The problem for humanity to-day is the raising up of human consciousness as a whole, by means of a transmutation of the human essence, to a plane or height never before attained by humanity at large. This tremendous and Sophian act we call the Catastrophe of Ascension; since it involves the breaking of the plane and mode of present human existence.

For this reason, and against the accepted canons of sub- or pre-Sophian perfection, we have not submitted to science and politics. On the contrary, we may make science and politics subservient to our purpose, and use them as the mere foundation of our work. What is obvious is revelation itself. What is verity is divination. It is upon the obvious and the immediate that we desire to build; and upon this foundation that we have erected our sign-posts. Now what is the superhuman love and wisdom of Sophia declaring at this moment? What is the message of the Future to the Present? What apocalypse is contained, moreover, in the Past of the human spirit? The message, we say, is obvious, though not on that account a platitude. It is true and sensible, though not on that account commonplace. And it is this: the strength of weakness. Divinity is weakness and mystery. Worlds and aeons are sustained by weakness. And what is weakness? It is Spirit. Spirit is not force, nor is it matter. Spirit is Godhead. Godhead is spirit and weakness. The whole and the part, and therefore strength. Out of non-existence, out of spirituality, God creates the whole. Hope, faith and love create the divine threefoldness. Alone they do it.

The Holy Trinity, we say, is born from the divine conatus of the three human and divine virtues which we have enumerated. Sat, Chit, Ananda are the only constituents of all existence. Out of Life Eternal, out of the Splendour Infinite of divinity and weakness the
Holy Trinity itself is born. From nothingness is Eternity born. Of God let us speak in this hour, whether we find ourselves in the West or in the East. Of Durandus and of Zervane Akarne let us sing and speak even in this hour of the universal eclipse of heroic and Sophian awareness. Of Nothingness and objectivity. Out of freedom and out of virtue is let us sing and speak even in this hour of the universal of Sophianhood is humanity born. Out of mystery and by a miracle are born all force and matter, all causality are born. These three, Power, Reason and Love are the only constituents of Sophia. God the Creator, God the Awareness and God the Preserver are the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit; hope, faith and love are the heroism of virtue. And they are the self-begotten means, the creation out of nothing, and the mystery and weakness of life miraculous and life spiritual.

We answer our own questions: What is patience and weakness? What is man? What is virtue? What is human life? What is the heroism deific. And they are the self-begotten means, the creation out of nothing, and the mystery and weakness of life miraculous and life spiritual.

What is hope? Life itself, what is it? Is not action the duty of man? And omnipotence and wisdom—are not these two the same? Are not human weakness and the evolution of Being the deed and the self-revelation of one and single being? Are not God and the human race the same being? God and the Apeiron are not the same being. And Soph and God are not the same being. The Holy Trinity is God. Power, Reason and Love also constitute the whole nature of man and are the ground of Nature. Existence, Modality, Value—out of this stuff is Eternity made. Hope, however, is the ground and essence out of which existence itself is made. Faith is the mother of understanding. Grace and bestowing are love. Nobility and sympathy are love. Heroism of love is mercy. It is upon this abyss beyond the abyss, upon indefiniteness and the self-existence of Identity that creation is based. Hope, Faith and Love are the infinite abyss of the miraculous and unattainable beyond the infinite abyss of things ordered, whether they be things of the divine order or of the cosmic order, or of the human. The chaos of Identity and the womb of therurgy is this indefiniteness. In this chaos of greatest terror and infinite obviousness is the Infinite Other, the human Other, which always seems new, urgent, and real. And they are the self-begotten means, the creation out of nothing, and the mystery and weakness of life miraculous and life spiritual.

And now, at the end, the verihood should be given out. We answer our own questions: What is patience and weakness? What is man? What is virtue? What is human life? What is the heroism deific. And they are the self-begotten means, the creation out of nothing, and the mystery and weakness of life miraculous and life spiritual.

A suggestive if rather indeterminate article, on the immemorial and ever-contemporary conflict between the old and the new generation, appeared the other week in the "Times." "Our bitterest disputes," the writer said, "are about matters of taste, because in such matters we can make no appeal to reason. Hence the quarrel between the generations, which is always breaking out and which always seems new, urgent, and real. That quarrel is really one of taste which cannot be decided by any argument." And he goes on to enumerate some of the particulars, in dress, in manners, in ways of life, in which the new generation are in opposition to the old. And having described these, he retires, giving us a nod (we hope we interpret it fairly) which seems to say: "There you are! The conflict exists; it cannot be decided by argument; therefore it cannot be decided at all. Let us learn toleration." Now this attitude is wise; there is in it the wisdom not only of age, but of all the ages; yet we cannot help feeling, with the profound emotion of hope, that to-day a different wisdom is possible for us. Certainly matters of taste "cannot be decided by any argument"; but that is not because they are irrational or arbitrary; but because they are integral and fundamental, because they express the attitude, not of our reason merely, but of our whole being, to what we call existence, value, life. For that reason, and for that reason alone, argument is incapable of bringing about a reconciliation in the tragic conflicts of taste which the natures of men make inevitable in the world. All that argument can effect here is an empty, intellectual, that is, a half-resolution of the problem, or a barren tolerance. But it does not follow that no true reconciliation or harmony is possible. It is possible; but it is possible not through a change of the intellect merely, but through a fundamental change in men's attitude. If we could but see into reality deeply enough, if we could but realise at every moment simply and almost as a truism that man is a spirit, we should effect a revolution compared with which all the intellectual revolutions of all times would appear barren, trivial and vain. Whether our time will see this apocalyptic revolution no one can tell; but nothing is more sure than that we, with a need greater than that of any other generation need it; for even if we are not intellectual in the grand style, there has never been a time in which intellect has been more cheap, more common and more barren. All values of all times are open to us; we know them all, and yet the inexplicable thing is that they are of no use to us; they are true and yet not true, or, rather, they are true and yet we are not really interested in them. We juggle with them, we combine and re-combine them; we search for "new meanings" in them, but in all this there is a sense of weariness and vanity. What can this mean, then except that knowledge is not enough and that our reason knows we must realise and feel with our whole being? To return to the article in the "Times," in this realisation we shall discover the reconciliation of the conflicts of taste which seem so irreconcilable. The West and also of the East that the earth and that the Seraphic dispensation which is the meaning of the earth can be liberated and made safe from the glorious and most potent power-body and imperialism in the world, from the protean and evil giant Albion. The English essence is the most potent essence in the world. That this essence has become wholly a negative function, an anti-organic constituent of the human race, is a matter of infinite importance. What is needed? Violence? Knowledge of Sophia is needed. By Sophian immortality and by creation out of nothing can Albion be made an element of the Imperium of the human race.

M. M. COSSON
wisdom which we are seeking for is, so far as our own time is concerned, the simple acceptance of our present generation, and the sublimation of it with all its hideousness, meanness and its evil.

We have the illusion which seems to be going on at present on education, the "Manchester Guardian" has intervened in the "liberal tone" to which it has accustomed us. "People sometimes talk," it said recently, "as if it would be a calamity if we were to give everybody, in every economic grade, the kind of mind which can get the full enjoyment of letters and art and the spectacle of the incessantly novel and thrilling adventure of current research in physical science—that is to say, a mind with an education really liberal." The "Manchester Guardian" believes, we are glad to say, that it would not be a calamity to do so; but the reasons it gives for its belief are, as in the case of so many merely liberal organs, so vague that, after considering them, we have no idea why it holds the belief at all. It seems to say that of course education—the full enjoyment of letters and art and of the spectacle of the incessantly novel and thrilling adventure of current research in physical science—is good; but if you press for its reason it has really none more profound than that this produces "a mind with an education really liberal," which is apparently to be considered as if it was an end in itself; whereas "a mind with an education really liberal" no longer appears to us to be an end in itself; there is actually in it something self-satisfied and vulgar which displeases us. The necessity to demonstrate that art, thought and religion are of some good, however, is still with us; Mr. Justice Eve in his pronouncement on music the other week showed this in a striking way, for we may be sure that what a judge thinks today the people thought yesterday. Well, to this interrogation of the value of all things not utilitarian the "Manchester Guardian" has replied, but it has not replied sufficiently. Its belief in culture is only a belief; and we can only call it therefore a superstition. To all those who, like Mr. Justice Eve, ask, "What good has music ever done?" or, like the business men of this country, desire to see potential citizens educated to be joiners, engineers, clerks, and no more, there seems to us to be no answer, and it is a simple one: Man is a spirit and he does not live by bread alone. Believe that, and how ever illiberal one may be, one does understand, one does acknowledge, the divine nature of art, thought and religion. Believing that, one does not say it is in the wrong direction, it is yet in some sense evil, Satanic. What can art, thought or religion be to these very good, respectable materialists who do not know that they are materialists? A luxury, something pleasant and corrupt, something to heighten their potential citizens educated to be joiners, engineers, clerks, and no more, there seems to us to be only one reply, and it is a simple one: Man is a spirit and he does not live by bread alone. Believe that, and however illiberal one may be, one does understand, one does acknowledge, the divine nature of art, thought and religion. Believing that, one does not say it is in the wrong direction, it is yet in some sense evil, Satanic. What can art, thought or religion be to these very good, respectable materialists who do not know that they are materialists? A luxury, something pleasant and corrupt, something to heighten their sen suality. But art, science and religion they will never be able to explain. For these things are only explicable on the hypothesis that man is a spirit; they are understood only by the soul, and their existence proves its existence, if its existence requires any proof but itself.

The tragic helplessness of our time is illustrated more dramatically than is usual in our country in the recruiting which has recently been going on of unemployed for an irrelevant Spanish war in Africa. What is any longer the signification of the word "city" when so many men whose labour should have added wealth to the nation are seen departing to a foreign war not merely without regret by the ruling class, but actually with thankfulness? Certainly it is not for anyone to blame the recruits; they are reduced to that state of need in which the only and the melan choly reflection that is left to them is that they must live, even if they die for it. But why the Government should allow the nation to go from bad to worse; that is a question easier and more difficult to answer.

Edward Moore.

The Electrical Theory and Reproduction.

When "A. E. R." first called attention to the significance of the works of Mr. Baines in reviewing my book, "The Law of Births and Deaths," I had already read with great interest Mr. Baines' book on "Electro-Hygiene," and since then have been following with greater interest his work, "Germination in its Electrical Aspect." It is rather remarkable that two such theories should appear immediately after the great war when the time is ripening for a vigorous attack upon the whole problem of population and reproduction. The hypotheses are obviously complementary, and how fruitful they may become if taken in conjunction will presently appear.

A review in the "Manchester Guardian," otherwise entirely favourable, spoke of my hypothesis of nervous energy as being unnecessary and unsound. But a working hypothesis of some description is absolutely necessary if any attempt is to be made to explain the facts at all, and where the unsoundness lies was not pointed out. And this "unsound" hypothesis, in conjunction with the principle of the vital optimum, has rendered it possible to produce order out of a chaos of apparently contradictory facts which completely puzzled Darwin and which involved Herbert Spencer in considerable confusion of ideas. How fertile and suggestive the hypothesis may be is shown by the way in which it links up with the hypothesis of Mr. Baines.

After all, the nervous system is merely a cell system—a specialised system of cells. Nervous energy is merely cell-energy, and the sum of the nervous energy of the body is the sum of its cell-energy. Now it is not merely a theory but a well-proved fact, established by the experiments of Maupas and others, that the conjugation of cells is governed by the principle of the vital optimum. And this "unsound" hypothesis, in conjunction with the principle of the vital optimum, has rendered it possible to produce order out of a chaos of apparently contradictory facts which completely puzzled Darwin and which involved Herbert Spencer in considerable confusion of ideas. How fertile and suggestive the hypothesis may be is shown by the way in which it links up with the hypothesis of Mr. Baines.

Moreover, Mr. Baines has provided the strongest possible reason for believing that nervous energy or cell-energy is a force of the nature of electricity; if not absolutely identical yet governed by similar laws. I confess that the controversy as to whether nervous action is chemical or electrical conveys little meaning to my mind. How can chemical action affect the matter at all except by generating or releasing a force which, like electricity, can travel along a nerve and carry impulses from the periphery of the body to the brain, or from the brain to the muscles and other organs? What application has chemical action to the complicated movements of karvokyosis seen during cell division? There is nothing in all our knowledge of chemical action to account for movements of that character which, on the other hand, are just such orderly, mechanical movements as a force like electricity might produce. Chemical action can only account for vital phenomena in so far as it increases or diminishes the supply of force concerned.

The first question which arises in attempting to apply the electrical hypothesis to reproduction is whether it will adapt itself to the principle of the vital optimum, the great reconciler of apparent contradictions in this particular sphere. If there is a certain state of electrical tension, or intensity of electrical charge, which is the most favourable for conjugation, that state will represent the optimum point for conjugation or fertilisation. Readers of my book, by turning to the diagram on page 150, can readily convert it into an illustration of the
Finally, it may be noted that these hypotheses open up tremendous possibilities of experiment and research. If Mr. Baines or any other scientist can show that the electrical theory can explain the complicated facts of fertilisation we shall be within range of results which will affect the whole future of the human race. In fact, the man who finally solves the riddle of fertilisation and enables us to control reproduction will leave a thumb-print upon history compared with which the achievements of all our Caesars and Napoleons will sink into insignificance.

Charles Edward Pell.

The New Russia.

By Hustly Carter.

I.

Some writers are disposed to represent Soviet Russia as a Garden of Eden for the emancipated worker. Mr. Brailsford has written a book on these lines. By his account the new Russia has assumed a form which is immeasurably impressive. So it is—on paper. The form cannot be accepted as the permanent one. The permanent one is still, I think, beneath the surface and inconsistent with the electrical hypothesis. These are the Lenin and Trotsky seeds. It is necessary for my purpose here to regard Soviet Russia as a wilderness which the new technique of creative credit might possibly transform into a Paradise. Actually, in many respects, it is a wilderness. You can travel for twenty days at a stretch to Vladivostock, moving day after day across a level with practically nothing to break the monotony but scattered villages and here and there a city of the plain like Poltova. Or you may travel through hundreds of miles see only ruins. Town and village after town and village have been ruthlessly swept away here as elsewhere in the Russo-Polish battle zone by a retreating Imperial Army that has left the country as bare as the Russians made it in the days when Napoleon marched on Moscow. There are no signs of restoration. The whole agricultural area of France has been put under cultivation and slightly new villa colonies are springing up out of the débris. In the Russo-Polish war zone one sees Dorf and many another town as flat as the army left them. And so they are likely to remain for many a long day. Thus while the sick agricultural area of France is gradually becoming convalescent, while 3,000,000 out of its 3,300,000 hectares of shell wounds have been cured, the Russo-Polish areas remain sick, or, to change the metaphor, potential fruitful oases of peaceful progress when once creative energy is liberated and in use.

I think it is as a wilderness that the two Soviet leaders, Trotsky and Lenin, regard Russia. In its many-milled immensity is still buried the regenerated Russia over which the one has placed an army to keep watch and ward and the other an ideology. To them the key to the regeneration is found in two processes, analysis and synthesis—the breaking up and destruction of an immoral and isolating economic system which has been superimposed on the natural economic system, and the bringing together of the natural elements into a great unity, and so far as is possible a separate and practically independent economic system.

It is said that the general ideology of the transition from a critical analysis of Capitalism to a constructive synthesis of Communism belongs to Lenin. After what I have seen and heard and read during the past four months I am inclined to say that the seed of analysis belongs to Trotsky, and the seed of synthesis to Lenin. These two amazing men reveal all the characteristics of the soldier and the peasant respectively. Lenin prefers...
to be associated with the workman. Actually he fills the peasants’ mystical part in natural economy. Zeno-view says he is of peasant extraction. Another less friendly says he combines in a remarkable degree the violence of a country squire with the artifice of a peasant.

The curious visitor who is permitted to enter Soviet Russia to-day will see miles and miles of great coloured posters. They begin to look down upon him the moment he reaches Jamburg, on the Russo-Esthonian frontier, and they multiply in mile after mile of approach in the Steiner, St. Petersburg and Moscow and wherever else there are acres of unoffending spaces to be filled. These posters exhibit the psychology of the two leaders of the Russian Communist Movement. They are, of course, primarily intended to educate and convert the soldiers, workers, peasants and visitors alike to Marxist Communism. All the subjects are chosen for the purpose of arresting attention, awakening curiosity and imparting essential information. If reiteration, effective form, colour and general treatment count as educational factors, then these posters are doubles: very successful. But to me and to any thoughtful observer they are symbols. They tell me a great deal about underlying realities. To begin with, they tell me just what Trotsky’s analysis is, how it arose and how it is working; likewise, all I need know about Lenin’s synthetical philosophy whichockey believes that Marxism is but one method of all a method of analysing—not texts, but social relations. His own task appears to be that of breaking up and determining the new political elements of unity and the destruction of the old administrative, military and financial power of absolutism by force.

Among the typical Soviet posters which I collected there is one which nicely illustrates Trotsky’s conception of the use of force. It is a cleverly coloured production map of Soviet Russia. On the left and right stand a soldier and a workman. The soldier is pointing with outstretched hand to the great acreage of prosperous territory. The rich stacks of corn in the Ukraine and on the Volga, the quays full of glittering fish at Astrakan and Archangel, the gushing oil wells at Baku, the peasant coal-mines on the Don Basin, the teeming factories of Moscow and St. Petersburg, the great forests in the Urals, to these and many other evidences of a vast agricultural and mining country he points. The gains which he, the soldier, has brought the worker under the Soviet military system. In short, he is telling the worker this is the fertile Russia which he has won with the sword for him. In fact, no such Soviet Russia exists. The picture is largely an invention. But Trotsky wants it to exist. At the moment, however, he and his soldier are engaged with the Russia which they have made a wilderness, which they are heaping up with the unsightly pile of the ruins of the old administrative, military and financial order. Though Trotsky is eager to show Russia to the worker as a land of drill and bonny, both in theory and practice he has got it in the clearing-house. He wants it to be, first of all, a waste.

This is entirely consistent with his historical and conventional view of Russia. To him, as to Lenin, the Communist economic system is in some respects a regressive one, in which occupational life recedes to the higher level of centuries past. Both live in the Middle Ages with their eyes fixed on the door of modern individualistic-social tendencies and achievement. But their perspective is marred by a form of materialistic Socialism which now seems obsolete—that of Marxism applied to every topic with all its consequences moral, constitutional and industrial. Thus he sees the new occupational Russia as a prerequisite of Marxian communism—and places them in order—co-operation, technique, and psychology. First must come conditions favourable to cooperative production on a large scale; next the development of technique which shall take its highest form in a single automatic mechanism which secures the raw materials out of the womb of nature and throws them at the feet of man in the form of finished articles of consumption; and then class consciousness necessary to effect necessary. Such is in accordance with his expressed opinion that “Socialism does not aim at creating a socialist psychology as a prerequisite to socialism, but at creating socialist conditions of life as a prerequisite to socialist psychology.” This is equivalent to saying that if we put a workman in a palace he will become in spirit, mind and body an emperor. Modern psychology and biology deny it. And so does Trotsky in more ways than one.

It is essential to a proper understanding of this Communist to analyse his analysis of contemporary Russia. Remove the ambiguous terms, philosophical, political and scientific, and we shall find he is nearer to realising Credit Power than is suspected. To begin with, he is fully aware of a Russia of the Middle Ages, or even earlier—that is an agricultural and peasant Russia based on a primitive economic formation. Then he is aware that the modern Russian State has been falsely erected by foreign Stock Exchanges on the basis of Russian primitive economic conditions. Neighbouring State organisations which had grown up on a higher economic basis—especially from the end of the seventeenth century—were laid upon and imposed on the natural economic development. New branches of trade, machines, big industry, factories, capital, were, in his words, artificially grafted on the natural economic stem. So one might say that Russian commerce, industry and science are the artificial products of an Imperial Government effort, which aimed to graft an artificial growth on the natural stem of national ignorance. Theoretically he wants to recover the energy or credit-power basis by removing the artificial economics developed under the direct pressure of the so-called higher and more developed economics of the West, and returning to the more primitive character of economic conditions. He wants to reconvert Russia into a broad belt of natural energy for the production, conservation, and utilisation of occupational energy; to make it a Paradise for the worker. Or in modern economic jargon, to set the worker free from the exploitation of the capitalists to give him Russia for his own use and enjoyment. But his practice opposes his theory. It is both political and military. It is clear that he wants to destroy by force every vestige of the upper crust of economic development without concern for the good there may be in it, and he wants to turn the political power concentrated in the hands of the worker by the Revolution into a mighty apparatus for the conquest of the entire industrial world. The political emancipation of Russia, led by the working class, will, he thinks, raise that class to a height as yet unknown in history and will transfer to it colossal power and resources, and will make it the initiator of the liquidation of world-capitalism for which history has created all the objective conditions.

Trotsky vitally sees Russia as a land of Real Credit, but it is with Russia as a land of Political Credit he is deceptively concerned with it. He has the prestige and the rewards (great as they must be) that will accrue from the construction and administration of credit-power machinery in the service of the new occupational Russia. He has conceived the idea that the political liberty of Russia must precede any other form of liberty as a creative instrument. He has devised military ways of converting the political machine into a means of directing energies towards his own purpose of liberation. But it is a long way from the making of bombs to the making of energy-credit cities.
Readers and Writers.

You can scarcely take up any French journal nowadays without finding some reference to Stendhal. Perhaps it is an article on some aspect of his “neglected” genius, perhaps it is some newly discovered correspondence, perhaps some biographical detail. The whole constitutes a definite movement—Stendhalism—and as such it has a good deal of significance. In nature it is rather too wide and too well authenticated by the best critics to be described as a clique. You might imagine the rather esoteric admiration of Donne in this country magnified many times and so get an English parallel, though Donne, in my opinion, would be more deserving of being home than Stendhal. Donne is the most underrated genius in English literature, whilst Stendhal is probably the most overrated genius in the world—for Stendharians are to be found in every civilised country; we have quite a bunch of them in England. Both Donne and Stendhal were egotists, but Donne was more: he represented to himself the human problem of good and evil, and even solved the problem with his own life. But Stendhal had no interest in anything but individual psychology—and the development of his own unique personality. Life was a negligeable manacle of the woman he loved, whereas Donne, though from many points of view a perfect Stendhalian hero (a kind of Fabrice del Dongo), did, nevertheless, dramatise his conscience and make the progress of his soul an impersonal tragedy. This you can read between the naive lines of that perfect piece of English prose—Izaak Walton’s “Life of Dr. John Donne.” You can read it openly in Donne’s own amazingly sincere Epistles and Sermons. Stendhal moves you to sneers and sniggers, or at most compels you to hold your breath and cry Bravo! But Donne moves you to silence and contemplation, and even at his most profane he is not cynical, but pitiful. Cynicism is the attitude of a superior, detached egotism, whereas pity or sympathy is the surrender of the ego to universal fatality. The first necessity, we might say with Pascal, is to forget the ego. But Stendhal crowns and sanctifies it, gloats upon it and worships it, and for this reason is to be held as one of the unenlightened idolators of literature.

These remarks on Stendhal are aroused by a particularly provoking example of Stendhalism reprinted in the August number of “La Nouvelle Revue Française,” namely, M. André Gide’s Préface à “Armande,” written for a new complete edition of the Master’s works. “Armande” is Stendhal at his best and worst: it is full of keen observation and analysis of the sexual emotions, but all to no end. Why all this pother, we are driven to exclaim, about a tiresome, impotent lover? What possible pleasure or profit is to be derived from this diagnostics? And M. André Gide’s Préface is but more pother about—not Stendhal’s art, but the impotence of the lover:—

J’imagine Octave épousant Armance ; j’imagine celle-ci perplexe d’abord, puis doucereusement résignée (et je ne parle ici que de la résignation amoureuse ; mais pour nombre de femmes le renoncement à la maternité qui s’ensuit est plus cruel encore, sans doute, et plus durablement). J’imagine . . . J’imagine . . . . .

as only the French genius can imagine.

I fancy that the egotism I object to in Stendhal is much the same as “la morale du beau geste sinon du beau crime” for which M. Gillouin has condemned him, thereby incurring the critical scorn of M. Thibaudet on another page of this same number of “La Nouvelle Revue Française.” M. Thibaudet, I am always willing to admit, is a brilliant critic, but he continually parades an assumption I mentioned when referring to certain English art critics: the existence of a separate aesthetic plane in life, free from the restraints of moral judgment. The main thing in a writer, argues M. Thibaudet, is the artist, and what remains over when one has eliminated the artist, whether it be sentiment or idea, is merely an arbitrary abstraction of doubtful value. And so you cannot condemn Stendhal for his Stendhalian conception of virtue: it is an artist’s conception, and as such has never done any harm, but has engendered among peaceful folk like M. Thibaudet certain artistic sentiments devoid of any moral consequences. All can reply, in answer to this, is that in the first place I do not believe in the existence of a separate aesthetic sphere of thought and feeling: the life of the senses and of the mind is one continuous interlaced stream, and it is futile to imagine these lawless realms of the artistic spirit. The artist is primarily a human being, and we must admit, is a brilliant critic, but he continually parades to create a special aesthetic sanction for his benefit, and for the benefit of his kind, is a trivial subterfuge of criticism.

But Stendhal could write—could express himself. There are pages in “Le Rouge et le Noir” and in “La Chartreuse” that are matchless for vigour and impressiveness. And this, and other examples of the same phenomenon, force me to the unwilling conclusion that a good writer—an artist, in fact—is not necessarily a great writer, or a perfect artist. I have looked round for a workable differentiation and this is all I have been able to find: that the test of a good writer is sincerity, whilst the test of a great writer is the possession of truth. Truth and sincerity, however much we would like to imagine otherwise, do not necessarily go together, though I am inclined to think that truth in itself ensures sincerity. But so does false belief, and that is why the final test of expression is not aesthetic, but rather rational or intuitive. Style can be explained psychologically, but the value of art is not psychological, but rational—or, if you prefer the word, spiritual.

This matter may be well illustrated by reference to the English school of philosophers. At one time I always proclaimed an admiration for these writers because I conceived that they expressed themselves with such clarity that they could not be any doubt of their proximate truth. Hobbes, Locke and Hume I had chiefly in mind, and later Huxley, and perhaps, of our own day, Mr. Bertrand Russell. Berkeley I held to be an anomaly: he wrote so beautifully from a kind of intense intrigue, as of a game played with all possible vigour. But my doubts began when I found Mr. Russell, with no detraction from his style, indulging in a theory of impulse: I could not possibly subscribe to; and when I saw the mechanistic philosophy of Huxley’s school disintegrate under the onslaught of modern physical philosophers like Professor Whitehead. Ranging further afield I found the genius of Pascal, and there the clearest and most beautiful style of the modern world; mathematically precise. Yet while I might, under some law of progressive development, reconcile Hume and Huxley, and even Mr. Russell, I could not possibly in the seriousness of my mind, consider, is of criterion of truth; we must seek some more intrinsic sign, or use some faculty that will enable us to see all art and all philosophy in the same even light. And in this lies the justification of that kind of criticism, which in this case I would rather call it, since philosophy is such a wide and doubtful word.

HERBERT READ.
Shaw has told us in his preface that "John Bull's Other Island," although written at the request of Mr. Yeats, "was at that time beyond the resources of the new Abbey Theatre." I have never been quite sure what Shaw meant by that, because "J. B. O. I." is not an expensive play to produce, nor a difficult one. But after seeing the performance of the Irish Players at the Court, I understand that cryptic remark: "J. B. O. I." was, and is, beyond the acting resources of Irish players. I have a very distinct recollection of the original production at the Court, with Louis Calvert as Broadbent, Edmund Gwenn as Hodson, Granville Barker as Peter Keegan, Norman Page as Patsy Farrell, Edmund Gurney as Father Dempsey, and Lillah McCarthy as Nora Keilly; and although I am not sure who played the other parts, the memory of their performance is surprisingly vivid after sixteen years. The more I see of Shaw productions (with the solitary exception of the Aldwych production of "Pygmalion"), the more I am convinced that only one man, Granville Barker, has the secret of Shaw. The very qualities that made him great as a producer of Shaw made him pernickety and abominably intellectual as a producer of Shakespeare; he is always nibbling and picking at the productions of Shaw (I cannot at the moment recall one instance of infelicitous casting), and there was a general effect of tradition. The performance is intolerably slow (it lasted when I saw it from 8 o'clock to 11.20), it imposes conventional stage values upon well-marked types that are not constructed on stage models, it tries to be emphatic all the way through, and therefore makes real emphasis impossible, it lacks emotional intensity, and frequently alters the type of character beyond recognition. Tim Haigfan, at the beginning of the play was deliberately intended to be a caricature of the stage Irishman; the whole point of his existence was the exposure of the truth that the Pat Rafferty type was at all representative of the people of Ireland. Perhaps Mr. J. P. Kennedy never saw Pat Rafferty; he was probably studying real Irishmen at the time that Pat Rafferty was representing Ireland to English music-hall audiences; so he gives Tim Haigfan as a man of perhaps sixty with possible manners, instead of the "stunted, short-necked, small-headed, red-haired man of about 30, with reddened nose and furtive eyes . . . secretly pursued by the horrors of incipient delirium tremens" that Shaw described. The man ought to be a waster and ne'er-do-well, what we used to call a "mumper," obvious to everybody but Broadbent; Mr. Kennedy showed us a quite credible person, an easy drinker but obviously not a case of alcoholism, and he missed his chance in that last speech of hysterical blubbering at express speed his natural request for a loan.

But it was just the same with Peter Keegan, played by Mr. Fred O'Donovan. Here is a Catholic priest who has come into contact with the theories of Re- Incorporation and Karma, and apparently accepted them in addition to a Franciscan view of human relationships (a view that the Darwinian theories have corrected and amplified) and perhaps a final descent into Buddhism. One knows so well this type of mystic, living the contemplative life in the "desert" that he found at Rossycullen, just as Nietzsche found it in the Piazza di San Marco in spring, between 10 and 12 in the morning. A somewhat "inefficient" person because he does not desire to exercise authority over others; a man born to be a candle-holder, and then our — a poet without the gift of song, possibly the saddest of Nature's misfits. I got that impression of him both from the play as written, and from Granville Barker's playing of the part; that quiet, melancholy voice without depth, without sonority, without obvious emphasis, expressed a character like a quiet stream at sunset. But as Mr. O'Donovan plays him, he is just Father Dempsey out of a curling bladder; he preaches and prates without reflection, and the weeping Nora to his broad chest, sweeping aside all the stolidly stupid passages. But he forgets that Broadbent's energy harnessed to practical purposes, is Broadbent's strength harnessed to practical purposes, is Broadbent's salvation harnessed to practical purposes. Instead of gathering the weeping Nora to his broad chest, sweeping aside all her defences with irresistible vigour, there the pair stood holding each other off at short-arm length. The text is clear on the point: "But when you found me here that time, I let you be kind to me, and cried in your arms, because I was too wretched to think of anything but the comfort of it"; said Nora; but Miss O'Malley had neither elbows against his chest, both fists just under his chin. She was seeking "comfort," but preserving her maidenly modesty: and the embrace looked ridiculous. There used to be a tradition among actors that is worth reviving; it was to the effect that whatever one's personal feeling, one must not spoil a man's show; put poison in his beer afterwards, if you like, but play up to him on the stage. I think that Miss O'Malley ought to be told of it.

That is the chief trouble with the company. It is a scratch lot, chosen without any sense of balance; and it has no sense of playing into each other's hands, of making effective contrast of types and situations. It is Broadbent's energy harnessed to practical purposes, that is his chief characteristic; and when one remembers how Mr. Louis Calvert over-rode all obstacles by sheer expansiveness and weight of presence and insensitiveness to delicacy and refined moral standards, I find Mr. Clark, much to my surprise, underplaying Broadbent. Unless he altered his performance in the interval between the production and when I saw it, the critics who accused him of caricature and over-playing were evidently judging him, not by the text, but by the egg-shell china standards of boudoir drama.
Views and Reviews.

GRAND GUIGNOL HISTORY—II.

Let us be quite clear about our point of view towards Mrs. Nesta Webster's* book. Nobody denies the important part played by secret societies in revolutions: Tower Hill is soaked with the blood of conspirators, as they were called when they were Royalists, who met and organised in secret long before Weishaupt was born. The part played by secret societies in the history of Italian freedom, of Russia, of France, even in the early days of Trade Unionism in England, is well known—as is also the part played in those societies by the spies and agents provocateurs of the various Governments. The Hammonds' delving in the records of the Home Office shows us that there is more than one side to this question of organising revolution, and that Governments represent one, and that not the most pacific, of those sides. But Mrs. Webster asks us to believe that all revolutions are inspired, guided, and controlled from one centre, with one programme and one object, which has not varied since it was stated by Weishaupt in 1776. This programme is thus summarised by Mrs. Webster in six points, not to be confused with the six points of the Chartists.

1. Abolition of Monarchy and all ordered Government.
2. Abolition of private property.
3. Abolition of inheritance.
4. Abolition of patriotism.
5. Abolition of the family (i.e., of marriage and all morality, and the institution of the communal education of children).
6. Abolition of all religion.

And she asks us to believe that this programme emanated from the Illuminati, and is still being actively propagated by them, that organisations like the Fabian Society and the "Guild Socialists" (curiously, she does not mention The New Age, but Mr. G. D. Cole will be pleased to learn that he is one of the "open revolutionary forces" derived from Illuminism in a prettily printed black and red chart) are doing the dirty work of Weishaupt and his imps of Satan. And let us never forget, brothers, that the Jews crucified Christ, and therefore must be the chief movers in this conspiracy against Christian civilisation. Did not a member of the Russian secret police paraphrase a pamphlet by Maurice Joly attacking Napoleon III, and call it "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion"; and thus prove to demonstrate the existence of a Jewish plot against Christendom, "a conspiracy of the Jewish race that began perhaps at Goggotha, that hid itself behind the ritual of Freemasonry, that provided the driving force behind the succeeding revolutionary upheavals, that inspired the sombre hatred of Marx, the malignant fury of Trotsky, and all this with the fixed and unalterable purpose of destroying that Christianity which is hateful to it"—as Mrs. Webster declares on p. 296. Oh, them Jews! Perhaps they paid Nilus to forge the "Protocols"; it would be quite in keeping with the contradictory history of Illuminism.

Mrs. Webster is, I admit, a magnificent advocate; she not only advocates her charge, but she makes it impossible to offer any defence without thereby proving that the defender is a criminal. If one points to the fact that these six Abolitions are implied in the Gospels, that proves that one is an Illuminatus, because Weishaupt laid down the tenet that "Christ was to be re-

* "World-Revolution: The Plot Against Civilisation." By Nesta H. Webster. (Constable. 18s. net.)

presented as the first author of Illuminism, whose secret mission was to restore to men the original liberty and equality they had lost in the Fall." If one points to the fact that the historians do not mention Illuminism after its suppression in Bavaria in 1786, it is only to discover that the historians are in the plot:

This apparent break-up of the society admirably served the purpose of the conspirators, who now diligently circulated the news that Illuminism had ceased to exist—a deception carried on ever since by interested historians anxious to suppress the truth about its subsequent activities.

If an historian does not mention Illuminism, or if he mentions it only to declare that it did not survive its suppression, he is an Illuminist. If Jefferson, of the United States, only three years before he became President, "strenuously denied all imputations against the Order, and described Weishaupt as 'an enthusiastic philanthropist,' and Barruel's revelations [on which Mrs. Webster relies largely] as 'the ravings of a Bedlamite,'" well, "Morse declared that Jefferson himself was an Illuminatus," and "the very violence of these disclaimers shows how truly the shaft had gone home." It is impossible, therefore, to meet Mrs. Webster's case by denial because that would prove oneself to be an Illuminatus; on the other hand, if like Mounier, proposer of the Oath of the Tennis Court in 1789, and all the other contemporaries who testified to the influence of Illuminism on the French Revolution! Nothing is believable except what has been written against Illuminism.

But how did these men obtain their information? The Abbé Barruel, for example; was he an Illuminatus turned informer? If so, his information is no more valuable than that of Mounier; and one wonders why the punishment for treachery was not inflicted. In the case of Robison, another of Mrs. Webster's chief authorities, she tells us that he knew nothing of Illuminism from personal experience:

Robison states that his interest in the Illuminati was first aroused by an invitation to enter that Society from a "very honourable and worthy gentleman" who informed him "that the King of Prussia was the patron of the Order, and that its object was most honourable and praiseworthy." Robison, however, declined the invitation because "there was something in the character and conduct of the King of Prussia which gave me a dislike to everything which he professed to patronise," and he was not surprised when later the "same honourable and worthy gentleman" confirmed his suspicions of the Order, and said, shaking his head very emphatically, "Have nothing to do with it, we have been deceived, it is a dangerous thing.

Apparently out of that honourable and worthy gentleman's emphatic shake of the head Robison developed his "Proofs of a Conspiracy." But Mrs. Webster has forgotten her canon; no Illuminatus ever admits the fact, therefore, Robison must have been an Illuminatus. She tells us that Mirabeau, whom the Abbé Barruel declared was "initiated into the highest mysteries of the Order" by Mauvillon ("there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed," Matt. x, 26)—Mirabeau, "with supreme effrontery published a pamphlet entitled Essai sur la secte des Illuminés, purporting to expose the follies of Illuminism, but in reality describing the sect of the Martinistes, so as to throw a veil over the manoeuvres of the real Illuminati of Bavaria." I am more impressed by this double-dealing that I have become more suspicious than Mrs. Webster is: I believe that the Abbé Barruel and Robison were also in the plot to deceive the world.

A. E. R.
An Open Letter to the Unemployed.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,—When you were required to fight in a war produced by an evil economic system you gave the lives and the blood of yourselves and your comrades; and because the Government had pledged your honour to Belgium and to France. That pledge you nobly redeemed by your valour, and the cemeteries of Flanders are an everlasting memorial to the price your comrades paid.

To-day you demand the opportunity to work to provide your families with the necessities of life. You have the ability, and you desire the opportunity to rise to higher standards of living, in order that as the burden of labour is shared more and more by machines produced by the inventive genius of the race, your creative energies may be released to serve your country in other ways. Indeed, you can never hope to educate yourselves or your sons and daughters as you would wish, or as the world needs, until you have leisure without pauperism, and wealth without excessive manual toil.

In 1914 and to-day it is your Real Credit, the firm faith of this nation and of all nations in your abilities, from which the nation draws its life. In 1914 it was your Real Credit which enabled the Government to challenge Prussian militarism, and without that Real Credit in your Real Abilities they could never have carried that challenge to a successful issue. The Moneylenders, the great Banking Houses, used that Faith to lend the Government money which in many cases they forged (or as they politely term it, “credit which they created”). Behind every Treasury Bond was the Government’s trust in your energies and your valour. And the Moneylenders were content with that security. Thus the Government went to the Moneylenders to Finance the War.

To-day, there is no Money forthcoming to save you from hardship and misery. There is no Money forthcoming to Finance the Peace. Yet your employers have the plant—more than before the war—and you have the ability and the will to produce all the goods which this nation needs, including the goods to export in return for food. But the plant lies idle and you are unemployed.

In spite of the fact that your Real Credit still holds good, that you and your employers have the Real Ability to produce all the goods you both want, the Government refuses to find the Money necessary to set the wheels of industry spinning.

The Moneylenders show no desire to finance the Government; and the Government refuses to finance itself. Although the Moneylenders financed the War, and have amassed fortunes squeezed from the agony of the armies, they refuse, and the Government supports them in their refusal, to finance the Peace.

But a way remains.

Demand that your Unions shall go to the Employers’ Federations. Give the Employers the chance to unite with you against the Moneylenders. Together you will be strong enough to claim for industry freedom from the Economic Tyranny of the Banks.

A few weeks ago, the Federation of British Industries protested to the Government that the Moneylenders are to blame for this misery. But their protest was half-hearted and therefore weak. For they have reserves to fall back upon during a trade slump, while you have nothing.

If the Employers refuse, you must rely upon yourselves. Even alone you are strong enough to demand that the control of industry shall no longer be in the hands of the few powerful and selfish ones who control the policy of the Amalgamated Banks.

Secondly, demand for your Trade Unions the right to form Producers’ Banks, which shall finance industry on YOUR behalf. When the Employers cease to be Directors of their companies, they give up their salaries. But they refuse, and the Government supports them in their refusal, to finance the Peace.

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