

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1543 NEW SERIES. Vol. XXX. No. 23. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1922. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	293	MUSIC. By H. Rootham	300
THE NEW GERMANY. By Auriol Barran	295	THE NOTE-BOOKS OF T. E. HULME. Edited by Herbert Read. Bergson's Theory of Art (15—19)	301
THE GREAT A AND B PUZZLE. By Rev. N. E. Egerton Swann	296	VIEWS AND REVIEWS: Foxes have Holes. By A. E. R.	302
OUR GENERATION. By Edward Moore	298	REVIEWS: Two Plays from the Perse School. The Purple Sapphire. The Garden of Tears	303
DRAMA: Getting Married. By John Francis Hope	299		
ART NOTES. By R. A. Stephens	300		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN pursuit of its personal vendetta, for which nowadays the "Times" is distinguished, its readers have been treated, on the eve of Mr. Lloyd George's Conference at Genoa, to a re-hash both of the horrors of Bolshevism and of the reports of the revival of German militarism. Both accounts have, of course, some foundation in fact, and if the "Times" or the financial forces behind it, had an alternative policy worth calling a policy to set against the expedient of the Genoa Conference, there might be something to be said for Lord Northcliffe's mingling of private with public affairs. As it is, however, not only is the "Times" without an alternative policy, but its present course is one of reckless wrecking of every attempt at policy on the part of anybody who is concerned with European values. It is not so much the friend of England as the enemy of Europe; not so much the critic of Bolshevism as the enemy of Mr. Lloyd George; and not so much the protagonist of a new Government as the personal opposition of the present Government. This policy, however (to give it a name it does not deserve), is likely to lead nowhere and to yield only negative results. At worst it can scarcely even destroy, since there is now nothing much left to destroy; and at best it can simply delay by a few weeks or months the inevitable march of events. For there is no doubt whatever in our minds that though the policy of Mr. Lloyd George's Government is the best of a bad lot on the present political map, it is not equal to the situation. And it is not equal to the situation for the simple reason that its creators are totally unaware of what the real situation is. Our financial system, we say again and again, is at the root of the world's economic miseries, and unless or until this single fact is recognised and dealt with, there can be and will be no settlement either for this country, Europe or the world in general. Were the "Times" not as deeply committed to the maintenance of the present financial oligarchy as Mr. Lloyd George, its counter-policy would be easy enough to discover and it could immediately justify itself. Public control of credit for every country in the world, beginning with our own, as against the present private control of credit with its international organisation and national agents, would form a firm basis for a policy that would speedily dethrone Mr. Lloyd George and, at the same time, re-establish Europe. And only this policy can effect both these objects simultaneously.

The utter irrelevance of the mere verbal criticism of Bolshevism in Russia is apparent when it is contrasted with the wholesale manufacture of the conditions of real Bolshevism at home. Few people pause to calculate the actual trend of events that are nevertheless well known. We have two million permanently unemployed people in this country, a soil sufficiently rank for the luxurious growth of monstrous social vegetation. In addition to these, another million and a half are in receipt of pensions of one sort or another, still another million or so are in receipt of outdoor relief, and another million at least either eke out a living on public or private charity or are disabled by sickness or age from contributing anything whatever to the source from which their living is derived. And, as if this state of affairs were not bad enough in itself (having been blindly and helplessly arrived at), this is the moment chosen by the Employers to create one of the greatest lock-outs in our industrial history, a lock-out involving directly a million and more men, and indirectly and consequentially in all probability millions more. Is it really necessary, after this, to scavenge Russia for the bacillus of Bolshevism or useful to attempt to destroy the Russian breeding-ground? Here, in our very midst, under our very eyes, the bacillus stalks abroad and is encouraged to multiply with all the means and aid at our disposal. It is true that the body politic of the English people is sound or immune to a much greater degree than most people's; but our actual physical and psychic constitution is perceptibly wearing out under the strain of war, want and wretchedness; and, in the end, here as in Russia, the break is bound to come. It is impossible that the present condition of things should continue much longer. At the same time we fail to see the smallest sign that they are likely to change for the better. No one in authority has yet the glimmer of an idea how to begin such a change. The consequence will be that, in the absence of that new idea, the old ideas will run their course downwards, striking disasters at every revolution until the hour of catastrophe.

* * *

The leaders of industry continue to vie with one another in the rôle of prophets of the Greek Kalends. With the utmost confidence they repeatedly fix the day of that elusively movable feast when trade is really and positively to revive; and each time, as the revival fails to materialise, they remain as unabashed as an actor on his twentieth "positively last appearance." The time-table is revised by another three or six

months; otherwise they continue to say exactly the same thing. Lord Leverhulme is the latest to announce that the corner has now been actually turned. He thinks that "the present state of trade is merely a state of mind." Well, we are the last to minimise the influence of psychological factors. We have steadily urged a psychology of confidence and expansion; we have deprecated saving and called for the freest spending. And undoubtedly the more people spend such money as they have, the more the immediate severity of the crisis will be mitigated. But the most abounding confidence will not enable one, as a general rule, to spend more money than one has got. No doubt the stringency has been intensified by the fact that customers, as Lord Leverhulme says, "have been trained during the last twelve months to put off buying." But that is not the whole story, nor the greater part of it. The major difficulty is that the total amount of money in the consumers' hands has been far too little to satisfy their real demand. Lord Leverhulme alleged that "there is no overstocking of goods in the world." Relatively to the needs of the world there certainly is not; decidedly the reverse, in fact; but relatively to the purchasing power of the world, there quite obviously is. When standing wheat is burnt wholesale in North America and maize is used as fuel for locomotives in South America, it is absurd to attribute the disaster to any voluntary "consumers' strike." In the case of such necessities of life, people satisfy their needs up to the very limit of their financial ability. No one can deny that millions of families in this country would be only too glad to increase their consumption of bread and flour. Still less to be concealed is the vast and tragically unsatisfied demand in Russia. The world's machinery of distribution is patently unable to cope with the world's production. The rigid system of financial control forbids the people to consume adequately, and their underconsumption manifests itself as a relative over-production. Nor must we allow ourselves to be hypnotised, by the peculiarly sensational evils of a slump, into thinking that all we want is a revival of trade and then we shall all be happy. The only difference between a boom and a slump is that during the former the productive machine is in the act of over-running its market, and during the latter it has overrun it. The hard case of the consumer endures throughout, with only minor variations. The remedy lies, it is true, in a factor which is ultimately psychological, namely credit. But this must find for itself effective material expression and embodiment. There must be a constant and abundant issue of money credit, under conditions which will ensure a sufficiency of real purchasing power, and not merely nominal income, coming constantly into the hands of the ordinary consumer.

* * *

A strange jealousy is displayed in many quarters against the provision of road transport by railway companies. The North-Western and Midland group have at present a Bill before Parliament to confer on them powers for this purpose. It is meeting with much opposition. There seems to be a suspicion that the railway companies are aiming at a complete monopoly of the road services. It seems a somewhat perverse ground to take, seeing that Parliament would obviously be much more plainly helping to establish monopoly by refusing permission to a certain class of competitors to enter the field. Moreover, while the road motor companies are practically free from any legislative checks, the railway companies' Bill provides various safeguards. Thus it applies the provisions of the Railway and Canal Traffic Acts, designed to secure continuity of service. Further it brings the road rates of the Group under the control of the Rates Tribunal. This is at any rate a small, though unscientific, recognition of the principle of price regulation. We should greatly prefer the establishment of a Just Price for the service, regulated automatically by

the appropriate ratio. This alone could bring down rates as low as they ought to be. In some respects indeed the Bill unduly restricts the operations of the railways; for instance, the clauses permitting the conveyance of passengers and luggage by road have been withdrawn. We believe that the interests of the public will be best served by the present competition. If monopoly there must be (and the road motor companies are already combining in large groups), it had better be secured by those who, out of the widest possible field of entries, can establish it by providing the most satisfactory service. At any rate the evils of monopoly, in respect to the most dangerous point, that of rates, could be guarded against by means of the Just Price. The whole opposition, in fact, to the railway companies rests on a radically false foundation. It is all part of the vicious way of regarding industries and services as primarily designed to provide jobs. Particular groups seek to fasten on this trade or that, exploiting it to the full for their own private profit and using all means to exclude rivals. As many individuals as may be insinuate themselves into the processes of production and distribution, and claim a vested interest in the economic niche which they have carved out. Middlemen are multiplied to the utmost. Craft Unions fight to the last against mechanical improvements which would sweep away their obsolete and wasteful monopoly. Larger Unions strive to keep up the numbers employed in their particular industry, though many of them may be no longer wanted. We do not blame anyone for so acting, as things are; you cannot proclaim aloud that our industries exist to "give employment," and then turn on particular individuals or groups and upbraid them for their stupidity or wickedness in deliberately "making work." But our industry ought to be organised for the sole purpose of delivering the goods, by the labour of as few persons as can do it in the most efficient way and without unduly hard work. It remains of course that every citizen as such must be given an assured claim on the fruits of industry.

* * *

Mr. A. J. Penty, in his present series of articles in the "New Witness," has done good service by recalling the original object of the Socialist movement, namely, the abolition of the wage-system. It is true that he utterly, and even scornfully, rejects this aim. But the mere making of the idea clear is—however unintentionally—the best possible propaganda for it. Mr. Penty points out that Owen and other early Socialists saw that machinery could abundantly supply the needs of mankind, but would increasingly deny them employment. Hence its unrestricted use must be incompatible with the distribution of purchasing power solely, or mainly, in payment for work done. The Socialist pioneers therefore said, "Abolish the wage-system," and, unlike many of the more recent Socialists who have repeated the phrase, they really meant it. Unfortunately Owen thought it necessary to abolish also currency and private property. This would of course mean placing the ordinary citizen, so far as *status* is concerned, in exactly the position of a pauper in a workhouse. Mr. Penty naturally fastens on this faux pas of Owen's. He omits to mention that the Socialists of that epoch were not all Communists; Fourier made the much more sensible proposal of a dividend-system. Yet in the face of so obvious a way out Mr. Penty wants to disuse machinery wholesale and make society work very hard for an impoverished standard of living—and just in order to save the sacred principle of "payment for work done." It is as mad a proposal as any that the wildest Bolshevik has ever made. A certain limitation in the use of machinery in the interests of human conditions of labour and of joy in a man's work would be quite another thing. But Mr. Penty loses all mental balance at the very thought of machinery. Thus in his "New Witness" articles he points out the trend of industrial development as

it has actually taken place. The feverish pursuit of ceaseless expansion, the frenzied quest for foreign markets, the ever fresh necessity for "providing employment"—all this is what we have continually insisted on ourselves. But Mr. Penty has nothing to say about the present system of financial control. He seems to think that the evil is in some mysterious way inherent in machines themselves. He talks as though there were an inevitable fate which must drive these, if we employ them freely at all, to turn out more and more goods automatically and necessitate our finding a way of getting rid of them. But obviously men are, in the last resort, the masters of machinery; if at present the latter seems to have got the mass of men in its grip, this is only because financiers have got a grip on the machinery. But suppose that, by a democratised control of credit, we have switched the machines on to the task of delivering the goods the people need. In that case, there could be no necessity whatever to run them more intensively than required to supply fully the people's needs. Expansion for its own sake would finally cease to be a desideratum.

* * *

A number of ardent friends of international peace (by no means all of them "pacifists" in the strict sense) are arranging for a great "No More War" demonstration at the coming anniversary of the outbreak of the European War. The idea is to hold processions and meetings on as large a scale as possible throughout the country simultaneously with similar gatherings in other countries, such as were held last year both in France and Germany and with particular success in the latter country. We are bound to wish such an effort every success, though we may be more alive than its promoters to the necessary limitations of its achievement. Anything which helps to organise a solid mass of anti-war opinion and sentiment is so far to the good. It does something to heighten the barriers which either the sinister designs of chauvinist Governments or the mechanical onrush of economic forces must overcome before again plunging the world into sanguinary barbarism. At the present moment the conditions are undoubtedly favourable to the spreading and intensification of a peace psychology. Washington has at least done a little to promote the right atmosphere. It is significant that a Committee of Congress has appreciably cut down the demands of the American Navy Department, and in particular has shown itself somewhat indifferent to the precise maintenance of the relative strength as against the British Navy. It has been freely said that the idea of any menace from us may be ruled out. All this means that the time we may reasonably hope to be secured to us, in which to get to the roots of the matter, is a trifle longer than at one time seemed probable. But yet again, just therein lies a danger. The ordinary peace propagandist is too apt to be swept off on a current of amiable sentiment. The "No More War" movement will not, in the long run, do much good, if it only leads people to ask for much more drastic experiments in disarmament than those of Washington and for the perfecting of the League of Nations. Such demonstrations can do most good if they are definitely directed to making people *think* seriously about the causes of war. It is to be hoped that all the speakers will strongly enforce this aspect of the subject; is it too much to expect that a fair sprinkling of them will explicitly draw attention to the defects of the present commercial system and its financial control? Otherwise, things will drift on, till two or more nations find themselves locked in a situation where the only outlet is war. The Governments will suddenly spring the crisis on their peoples. The masses on either side will have no time to get together and organise a joint refusal to march by the respective armies. A handful of pacifist fanatics will stand aside, even if it means the subjugation of their country, and the multitude will helplessly fall into line.

The New Germany.

IMAGINE a tightly buttoned blustering officialdom that meets you at each turn of the road. An almost mediaeval Imperial Autocracy. Ordered routine and the "mailed fist" ready to strike at your most vulnerable spot! Substitute for this a negligent *laissez aller*, a lack of direction of co-ordination. Democracy at its worst and proletarian influence supreme at every corner of the street. Here, instead of the usual proverbial cleanliness of a German town, you are somewhat astonished by the neglected appearance of the thoroughfares. Picture the restaurants and hotels that formerly boasted of their chic clientèle, officers of the Guards in glittering uniforms, "high born ladies," to use a German expression, with fifty-two, or at least sixty-four, quarterings. Then shift the scene to another act! It is no longer 1914, or the seasons leading up to the fateful year. It is the grim present, and the shadow of 1921 with its attendant bogey is here. The gilt is off the cake, the glamour departed, and we are face to face with hard facts. The old order is swept away. What is to take its place? Turn again to the hotels, the restaurants and cafés. There, the change is significant, indicative of a new era. Filled to overflowing, not with aristocratic habitués, but with a different sort of clientèle. obsequious waiters bow to Mr. "War Profiteer" and his family. Suavely, they enquire what he will eat and drink. The latter is easily answered. He literally wallows in champagne, which does not prevent the consuming of other "consommations," followed by numerous and gigantic cigars. Madame has a large appetite, and is not indifferent to a good glass of wine. She is literally hung with jewels. Her dress is ostentatious, and bespeaks the most expensive Paris dress-maker. It must be confessed that these French creations are not worn in the Parisian style. That they almost exclusively adorn the "nouveau riche" is, to a large extent, due to the exorbitant price of these gowns. The theatres, which reveal a lowering of tone and morals, a lack of public taste and artistic sense, compared to former days, are largely peopled with this new "class," with sometimes a generous sprinkling of diplomats and their wives. The "Schieber," as they are called, literally "thrusters" or "pushers," do not always see fit to change into evening dress. Some of the attendants and ushers in the theatres and places of amusement still retain the Imperial manner of old days. Peremptorily, as before, they insist on relegating your coat, stick and hat to the depths of the "Garde robe." I believe they would insist on a lady removing her curls, if necessary. Trained by the "Count Pom-pous" of the past, they are still somewhat unaccustomed to the modern public.

In Berlin to-day the housing problem is very acute. This is due to the invasion of refugees and fugitives from annexed and occupied territory. From Alsace Lorraine, Upper Silesia, parts of Poland that belonged to Prussia and Posen, etc. As in this country, owing to the cost of labour and raw material, the building trade is practically suspended. With usual German thoroughness unimpaired by revolutions and change of Governments the magistrates of the town decided to take the matter in hand, by forming a bureau to obtain control of all houses and flats available. Without the permission of the said gentlemen, no accommodation can be let or disposed of in any respect, all contracts having to bear the stamp of these officials. Each person, in each respective house, is entitled to no more than one room, and the use of a common sitting room shared with others. As a result of this decree, any spacious house and flat can be commandeered at any moment, if considered too large for the number of its occupants. It is not uncommon to call on friends billeted on a doctor, dentist or a "Herr Professor." Thus, entire families of strangers may inhabit one small dwelling.

Many prefer to find shelter among relations, or to have "cousins" and "in laws" quartered upon them.

A general topic of conversation is the French "chicane" or "heckling," which is the name given to the policy recently adopted by France when dealing with Germany. This theme finds favour with all classes of people, everyone displaying much bitterness on the subject, all being unanimous in their hatred of France, whom they hold mainly responsible for the present issue of the Silesian dilemma. To French intrigue is attributed the "ticklish" situation of the past month, the outbreak of hostilities—to passive, if not active assistance, or tacit agreement on her part. They blame France for not interfering with or preventing the march of the insurgents through the occupied territory of that province, when French troops were policing the district. Realising that France is desirous of the dismemberment of Germany, nay, more still, of her utter downfall and ruin, a feeling of intense bitterness and loathing is being built up even among Internationals and people with moderate views. This bitterness, which started after the Conferences at Spa and Boulogne, is daily sinking deeper into the heart of the nation as a whole. Ever on the increase, it is beginning to eat into her vitals. Who knows what this sentiment may lead to? Is it inconceivable that, as a result and primary cause, both countries will be the scene of future conflicts and upheavals such as have been witnessed in the past? Therein lies the danger of the French attitude and French methods. In Germany to-day, fostered by suspicion, fear and hatred, there is much similarity of feeling with that which found birth and took root in France after 1870. Many are of opinion that, if it were not for her enforced disarmament, Germany would attempt to renew hostilities against France. That, although the German nation is weary of war, the country would rise as one man to fight a common enemy that must be conquered before she can direct a final knock-out blow to the Fatherland! The security of either country, in their own eyes, depends on "who can crush the other first." When one considers all that France has suffered and endured, the ruin and havoc, the desolation of her invaded regions, the devastation of part of her richest possessions, French policy is more readily understood. However, one cannot refrain from thinking her somewhat unwise with regard to the future. The despatch of black troops to the occupied territory seems a tactical mistake, in spite of current reports and statements of exemplary behaviour on the part of these troops. The entire German nation is smarting under the indignity of such a measure. It rankles . . . and the inflicted wound being deep, will not heal so easily, may prove, in fact, an open sore.

In spite of these conclusions, the country inclines to peace, to the development of her trade. What is still more important, she has set her shoulder to the wheel, and is working harder than before. Owing to improved food conditions due to the importation of foreign commodities, there is comparatively little discontent among the working classes. Bolshevism, even in extremist circles of communists and such like, is practically non-existent. There is little disorder, little grumbling and no idleness; except that enforced through sheer lack of work, a direct result of the war, whereby numerous industries were suspended. At the cessation of hostilities, many were again thrown out of work. These, being engaged on the manufacture of shells, ammunition and the like, were no longer required. The unemployment problem is still acute, but it is gradually, and very thoroughly being tackled by Government authorities. Towards Italy and the United States much friendliness is manifested. Admiration for Count Sforza is loudly expressed. Germans think him a "big man." They also desire a "rapprochement" with America, with whom they would like to enter into commercial relationship. With this idea in view, they aim at getting

inscribed within the margins of her "good books." They look upon England as a Power they can trust, owing to her sense of fair play and justice. It must also be said that Germany covets her partnership in trade. It is not at all unlikely that, at the back of German minds, lurks the secret thought of an ultimate understanding, if not an alliance, with Great Britain in the future. I believe this "arrière pensée" governs her motives; this, and the desire of ensuring, first, England's friendship (with an eye to commercial expansion) then her support. For the most part, the old military Party, consisting of Junkers, ex-Army officers, etc., recognise the follies of the past. Realising their errors and mistaken views, they attempt the rebuilding of their lives on new and saner lines. Owing to changed conditions, the high cost of living and a crushing income tax, financial ruin practically stares them in the face. These unfortunate people are content to accept the humblest jobs for the smallest remuneration. They are to be found working as bank clerks, drawing a salary so small as to be scarcely worth considering at all. The same applies to other members of the aristocracy. Landed proprietors, and the happy possessors of a "Schloss," or a mediæval castle inherited from proud ancestors of glorious fame, retire to their country estates, there to cultivate the land, or enjoy their few remaining pennies (at least, such that neither war or a rapacious Government have seen fit to take). These gentlemen are seldom to be seen within the purlieus of any big city, for town prices are beyond their purses. A few misguided souls still talk of militarism, but it is largely talk confined to the gentle and persuasive art of conversation. In fact, these souls belong to the so-called "Hot Air Artist Class." To say that the old "Military Spirit" is dead would be untrue. Although not extinct, it lies dormant. Can one hope that this "Sleeping Beauty" will doze peacefully through the ages? Or, like the ancient legend, will it be roused in its slumber, awakened by the touch of a Prince Charming, attired as a Wagnerian hero in shining armour and glittering shield? Will he arrive crowned as Mars, to the sound of flourishing trumpets, a fierce warrior in a flaming chariot, come to claim Venus Aphrodite, and conquer the world?

AURIOL BARRAN.

The Great A and B Puzzle.

THE bottom proposition of the Social Credit case is that the money distributed out from industry in wages, salaries, and dividends combined is considerably less than the price which, under the system, must necessarily be charged for industry's total output of ultimate commodities. This proposition forms the principal bone of contention between the converted and the unconverted. People tie themselves up in inextricable knots through multiplicably ramifying arguments about A and B, "and find no way in endless mazes lost." Many more or less sympathetic, but unconvinced, persons plead that it is a matter of doubtful probabilities, which must in the end be settled by each one's subjective judgment, and that it is not susceptible of demonstration. Unfortunately too many of "the faithful" are willing to let it go at that. This is most needlessly to weaken our own case. A point may be, in fact, strictly demonstrable, though many not unintelligent people fail to see it. Psychological idiosyncrasy is one thing; objective science quite another. I have always maintained that the proposition is absolutely demonstrable as a matter of simple arithmetic. Mr. Douglas, in "Credit Power and Democracy," hints at this in passing. But he has not elaborated the demonstration fully enough to be convincing to the ordinary reader.

The matter will be clearer if we treat it as, in the first instance, a question of the accumulation of costs,

within a given period, as compared with the distribution of purchasing power during the same period. We shall then be in a position to judge, as an inference from this, of the relation of the "loose" money available at any given moment to the total price of the goods then on the market. Let us then imagine a cross-section, at any point whatever, of the time-series. In that cross-section various industrial concerns will be paying out sums of money. These will consist, in the case of any given firm, partly of (A) payments of wages, salaries, and dividends, to its own beneficiaries, partly of (B) outside costs for raw materials, plant, and so forth, paid to other organisations. The costs falling within the cross-sections of every concern, whether engaged in producing intermediate goods (raw materials, machinery and what not) or ultimate, consumable commodities, will consist of $A+B$. But *all* these will have, in the end, to be liquidated out of the prices of ultimate commodities, since there is obviously no other source from which they can be recovered. The accumulation then, within the time considered, of costs, to be charged sooner or later to the ultimate consumer, is represented by $A+B$; while the corresponding distribution of purchasing power is limited to A .

Further, if we consider an immediately successive credit-section, and then another, and another, exactly the same result appears. And by an aggregation of such cross-sections we can reconstruct the time-series. Hence what happens in any period of time we may choose, wherever selected, and however long or however short, may easily be represented diagrammatically. Imagine a vertical column, consisting of a series of horizontal lines. In each line we have A_1+B_1 , A_2+B_2 , A_3+B_3 . . . , and so on. Adding these vertically we get $A\pi+B\pi$. Still purchasing power distributed is represented by $A\pi$ only, while costs have simultaneously accumulated to the extent of $A\pi+B\pi$.

People are apt to suspect that there must be a catch somewhere in this, since, as they truly point out, B just as much as A must be distributed out at some time or other in wages, salaries, and dividends. But this, as Mr. Douglas points out, is to neglect the aspect of time. It is a question of the respective rates of flow; and the point that arithmetic irrefragably demonstrates is precisely that costs become piled up on to prices at a far greater rate than purchasing power is realised. A favourite way of meeting the argument is by assuming a self-contained country in which all industry was completely centralised in one gigantic "Universal Provider" business. It is pointed out that then there would be no outside costs, and our proof would fall to the ground. It is true that, in such circumstances, this particular method of demonstration would no longer be possible. But as, happily, things *are* so arranged as to show up the facts in this luminously vivid manner, the hypothetical case is totally irrelevant. However, the impossibility, in a particular instance, of using a certain form of demonstration need in no way affect the facts to be demonstrated. And, on the extravagant hypothesis suggested, the fundamental economic situation would remain exactly the same—namely, that the imaginary industrial Colossus would not be distributing out money to its beneficiaries *pari passu*—or even approximately *pari passu*—with the accumulation of its costs.

Opponents, again, are fond of trying to demonstrate that, in the complex flow of economic transactions, the thing somehow becomes compensated; that some factor which we have overlooked makes up for those on which we concentrate our attention. But such vague and view suggestions are futile against the irrefragable demonstration which they have to meet. *A priori*, it is true, things *might* work out as is suggested, at least for anything we know, till we have looked into the matter. But when we have looked into it, we find that arithmetic coldly shows that, in fact, they do *not*.

Until our opponents directly refute our demonstration, on its own ground, all their ingenious dialectics merely amount to a spreading of a cloud of words over a fact which stares one in the face.

It is argued, for instance, that various programmes of production overlap, and that while the earlier disbursements in connection with the manufacture of a given batch of goods have been dissipated before those goods appear, this is made up for by the issue of the initial credits for the preparation of other goods, due at a future date. The answer is that arithmetic demonstrates that things do not adjust themselves; that the piling up of costs, of which these very credits are a signal instance, *is* (however this is to be explained) continually outstripping the issue of purchasing power. The true meaning of the very fact adduced by such apologists is that every credit is only, in the end, wiped out through the creation of a fresh, and still larger, credit. In exactly the same way the plain verdict of arithmetic refutes the attempt to show that booms and slumps compensate for one another. But it may further be pointed out that, though prices come down in a boom, this "compensation" is offset by the fact that, at the same time, the taps of purchasing power are turned off wholesale. Further, over any considerable period of time the total fall of prices in the slumps by no means equals their rise during the intervals of inflation. Their general course is an undulating ascent.

What, then, is the truth about the relation of the money in the hands of consumers at any given time to the total price of the goods then on the market? Since *invariably* the costs accumulating at any moment exceed the money then flowing out, it follows that, over any considerable period of time, the total price asked for the goods put on the market during that period must inevitably exceed the purchasing power issued during the same time. In the complex fluctuations of economic life, it is quite possible that there may be occasions when, *for the moment*, there is more money about than would suffice to purchase all the goods then available. But, demonstrably, this can only be a very temporary phenomenon. Normally, it is clear, the money at any moment in the hands of the consumers must be less than the total price of the goods then on the market or immediately on the point of appearing on the market. We must think, of course, of the price of *ultimate commodities*. But we need not let ourselves be confused by the facts of production of intermediate goods and of goods for export. The purchasing power issued on the strength of industry ought to be sufficient to buy up the *whole product* of every description. For the cost of intermediate products, if used at home, must enter sooner or later into the price of some ultimate commodities or other. Exports, again, whether of intermediate or ultimate goods, have it for their sole *legitimate* function to pay for imports. If our own people could not afford to buy up our exports as well as the goods which we produce for the home market, then they cannot pay for the imports which we get, or should be getting, in return. Exports, in fact, may be regarded in this connection as a symbol representing a certain quantity of goods to be enjoyed by our own people.

The argument appears to be absolutely watertight. Our people cannot receive, under the existing system enough money to buy up even the *actual* output of industry—far less, it need hardly be said, its *potential* output. Wages, salaries, and dividends all put together must, by the strictest demonstration, be less than prices. How can such a system possibly work satisfactorily? Such a glaring anomaly is obviously *the* significant fact. Until we have put this right, there is no need to look an inch farther for the root cause of our economic ills. Evidently, too, the only possible way out is by the method of selling below "cost" (as this is now reckoned).

N. E. EGERTON SWANN.

Our Generation.

Now that there seems to be a possibility, near or remote of that carnival of misrepresentations which we call a General Election, the politicians are furbishing up their vocabularies, and have begun to make one or two rhetorical flights, safe on the whole, in public. One can already see intelligence almost visibly dwindling; ambiguity on all subjects is slowly becoming the order of the day; issues are being defined by the honoured expedient of confusing them: in short, everything is becoming propitious for the selection of a Government to muddle our muddle. Mr. Churchill has spoken, or rather written, to his electors, or rather his Unionist electors, in Dundee, condemning "the crazy doctrines and anti-rational sentiments of Socialism," but without contributing a doctrine, even crazy, to take their place. His political theory goes the length apparently of hazarding the guess that "political confusion and violent agitations could only at the present time add to the widespread suffering which has followed in the wake of the war." "Britain," he added, "needs five years of public thrift and trade recovery undisturbed by foreign war or domestic tumult." This is the boldest flight in political speculation of one of our most audacious political leaders. He leaves nothing for the Coalition Government which he pleads for to do, but to watch the public being thrifty and trade recovering, and meantime, to remain in power so that no other party might be in the same position. He does not see, apparently, that this policy itself would provoke "violent agitations" and even make them necessary; he is only concerned with appearing to say something definite, while saying something vague and even ridiculous. We do not quarrel with Mr. Churchill in particular for doing this; it is what every politician does. We merely wish to point out the general absence of thought, or even forethought, in what is generally called politics. Sir John Simon, for example, if we can believe the reports of his speeches, is just as bad. The other week, a peroration of his was summarised in this way: "The claim of Liberalism for support essentially depended on two things: first, because (?) it stood for principles and not for mere party tactics, for sound finance, for economy, for Free Trade, peace abroad, and for no entangling alliances; secondly, because it was a policy for citizens as such and not for or against any particular class." How easy it is to "stand for" principles such as these! How difficult to face matters as they are, and to devise a solution for them! We know, of course, that an election, when it comes, will be fought out on issues such as these, fought over the abyss in which the real protagonists are clinched in a life and death struggle. How empty the phrases are! "Sound finance!" As if what Sir John Simon, Mr. Churchill and all the other bickerers meant by that were not the very nethermost gulf of unsoundness in finance! There is no doubt about it: the atmosphere in which politics are discussed and enacted in this country is impenetrable by ideas, or by true conceptions of things as they are. Principles, conceptions and prejudices which had reality fifty years ago, but which are now unreal, mere fiction: this on the one hand, and on the other, the recognition of concrete facts and necessities, which must be dealt with, by rule of thumb: this is politics, and politics, thus defined and practised, is not merely a riot of inefficiency, it is mere superstition and nonsense. We have, for our self-respect, to be as explicit as this about the matter, before we have to submit once more to the public indignity of a General Election.

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology is an association which carries out investigations "into such matters as the grouping of machines, the sizes of material in relation to convenience of handling, the weight and pattern of special tools, the introduction of rest-pauses, and benches designed to obviate unneces-

sary fatigue; the best arrangement of materials and tools to reduce the workers' fatigue, improved ventilation and heating, the development of selection tests to reduce the number of 'misfits,' and the training of new workers." It held its first annual meeting the other day, and Dr. C. S. Myers, the well-known psychologist, "who has given up his post of Director of the Psychological Laboratory at Cambridge in order to devote his whole time to the work of the institute," had something very interesting to say. He said that "employers were not as sympathetic towards industrial research as employees," and this judgment was reinforced by Dr. G. H. Miles, who noted that "the attitude of Labour towards the institute was on the whole one of great friendliness." Now one would have expected that the very opposite would have been the case. Here are the employers crying out for harder work and greater productivity. Here are, on the other hand, a set of psychologists who have studied the matter of efficiency from every side, who are prepared to advise the employers on "the best arrangement of materials and tools to reduce the workers' fatigue" and therefore to induce better and more work—but there is nothing doing; "the employers are not so sympathetic towards industrial research as employees." The attitude of the employees, indeed, is "on the whole one of great friendliness"; but what have they to gain from "industrial research" compared with the employers? Nothing at all, but more efficiency, and perhaps with that, at least in their imagination, the chance of being more quickly in the unemployed queue. Yet they were more interested than the employers in "the sizes of material in relation to convenience of handling," "the grouping of machines" and "the training of new workers." The reason for this is, we imagine, that modern industry is so run that employees are really more intimate with its expedients and devices than employers are. They have more sympathy with the process, and quicker appreciation of suggested alterations and modifications, than their masters. The workman has a natural love for the best way of doing things, even when it appears to be against his immediate interests; he has a respect for the process, whereas the employer seems to have a respect only for "results." Even admitting this, however, even admitting that the human satisfaction and contentment of the workman is nothing to them, it is difficult to understand why the employers should be less than enthusiastic about discoveries which will increase output, even if it benefits the workman by the way. The explanation is to be found in the unimaginative declaration of the engineering employers the other day, when in their reply to the A.E.U. they claimed that they had the right to conduct their industry as they pleased. The narrow-minded arrogance of this claim, the failure to realise imaginatively what is involved in it (as if the workmen also were not concerned, and as well as the workmen, the mere citizen!), arises from a fanaticism of possessiveness which makes men blind to everything else, even to their own advantage. The employers will not be interfered with in their accumulation of profits even by listening to outside intelligence which would increase them. The National Institute of Industrial Psychology are not the first who have been ignored in this way. As for those who would "interfere" with the running of industry on public grounds—words fail the captains of industry.

Taste has sunk so low in England for the present that we do not know whether it is a piece of bad taste to mention taste at all. Perhaps our surprise that sentiments like the following can be expressed, and when expressed can be reported in the Press, justifies us. The first extract is from a Colonel Bromhead interested in the cinema industry: "If England lost her lead in this industry he predicted that her literature would soon be a second-class literature, and there would be an immediate and general decline in her intellectual life."

The second is from that ebullient hawker of salvation, the Rev. B. G. Bouchier: "The people might affect to ignore God, but not with impunity. The world's Creator and Owner declined to be crowded out." In a little time the art of parody will be outmoded, superseded by the mere fact. EDWARD MOORE.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

SHAW'S "Getting Married" is now being played at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, with the popular success that seems to attend all its revivals of Shaw's works. It is disturbing to remember that it is fourteen years, or thereabouts, since this play was produced at the Haymarket Theatre with a cast that would make the mouths of this generation water. One would like to ask why there should be an interval of fourteen years between production and revival of what is the wittiest and most exhaustive discussion of marriage in dramatic literature. In the interval, hundreds of plays dealing with some infinitesimal variation of adultery, which only acquaints a man with strange bedfellows, have been produced and forgotten; we have had lingerie farces, lavatory tragedies, bedroom scenes galore, and whether this man slept with that woman has been the stock problem of a generation of drama. But the dramatic discussion of marriage as a social problem has been ignored while the problem itself has been developing, and nothing has been done towards its solution except the appointment of a Royal Commission on the Divorce Laws, whose report has been ignored, as usual. The antiquity of the problem is undisputed; its difficulty of statement is no less undisputed, because divorce is not a solution but a dissolution of the problems of marriage. As Lesbia says in the play: "If you will only make marriage reasonable and decent, you can do as you like about divorce": but to alter the conditions of marriage would be to alter the structure of civilisation, and perhaps demand from human nature a greater variability than it is capable of. It is easier to provide legal remedies for cases of distress than to embark on a social revolution; but our reluctance to extend divorce, to go even so far as the Commission appointed by Henry VIII, which included Cranmer and Latimer, is undoubtedly one of the factors that is driving us towards that social revolution.

Shaw's "disquisitory play" only airs the problem without providing a solution (he offers that in his preface): indeed, for comedic purposes he shows the impossibility of a solution. He confronts sacramental marriage with contractual marriage, and scores heavily in comedy by showing the inability of a crowd of would-be reformers to agree on the first term of a model contract. The conservative conclusion that things must remain as they are is a perfectly legitimate one for a comedian; it does not satisfy Shaw the reformer, though, and he writes a preface to which the play is really only an introduction. But we may object, not on comedic but on social grounds, to the posing of the conflict as one between contractual v. sacramental marriage. The Bishop of Chelsea is an Anglican Bishop, although he calls himself an "Anglican Catholic"; there is no such thing, because the 37th Article declares that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this Realm of England," and the Catholic Church, I believe, denies that the Anglican Church is in the Apostolic Succession. An Anglican Bishop, like all Anglican clergy, is bound by the Thirty-Nine Articles, among other things; and the 25th Article plainly declares that there are only two Sacraments, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord. The others, including Matrimony, "are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have

grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apostles, partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures." Yet the Bishop of Chelsea declares: "To me there is only one marriage that is holy: the Church's sacrament of marriage"; and as the Church has no such sacrament, there is no holy marriage. That conclusion ought to be drawn in the play; it rules the Bishop out of court.

The difficulty in drawing up the contract is entirely due to the fact that these people have not accepted the implications of the contractual idea. They try to draw up a model contract, although no two of them want the same sort of marriage; in other words, they are really trying to legislate, not to formulate a contract, and for comedic purposes the resulting confusion is legitimate. As Alderman Collins says: "Why, you'll want half a dozen different sorts of contract": and probably more, for the whole essence of contract is that it is made ad hoc, subject to certain general considerations of public policy. There is not the slightest reason why each of these people should not have had the contract he or she desired, if he or she could get the other party to agree to its terms; but they were all trying to establish a new law of marriage, instead of assimilating marriage to the existing law of contract, which, by the way, contains provisions for the enforcement of "specific performance" of the terms which few married people would like.

It was a clever stroke of Shaw to make Soames, the solicitor, into Father Anthony, the celibate Churchman, before bringing him on the stage. The Bishop declared earlier in the play that we, in England, were coming to the point reached in ancient Rome "when the propertied classes refused to get married and went in for marriage settlements instead." People shy at that conclusion, although they want the liberties implied in that state; they want both to be and not to be married, and the comedy of the failure to draw up the contract may help them to decide on which side they really are. Soames, the solicitor, could have drawn up contracts or settlements for each couple in the play; Father Anthony, as a Christian, only reminds them that "the Church was founded to put an end to marriage and to put an end to property," and when they refuse Christianity as he understands it he only awaits their instructions. His refusal to advise them luckily does not symbolise the inability of the legal profession to assimilate marriage to the law of contract; Shaw has only very cleverly kept the solution out of the play to indicate it in the preface.

The performance on the first night was not so good as it will be; the voice of the prompter was heard far too often, and some of the players were slow in taking their cues. At their best, though, they will not repeat the wonderful performance at the Haymarket; some of them, too, are badly cast. But Shaw is actor-proof, and the audience thoroughly enjoyed itself—although one may legitimately doubt whether it quite understood what it was laughing at. Miss Gertrude Kingston returned to the stage, after an absence of some years (I saw her last as "Great Catherine"), and played Mrs. George with none too fine an appreciation of the trance scene. For the rest, it need only be said that they did not exhaust the possibilities of the art of acting as applied to the interpretation of Shaw.

MINSTREL.

Minstrel, singing at my gate
Of a heart left desolate,
Though you tell the tale so true
Not a whit has pain touched you.

Here I sit and every word
Of your singing is a sword;
I have felt the grievous thing
I am mute and cannot sing.

D. R. GUTTERY.

Art Notes.

GOUPIL GALLERY SPRING EXHIBITION.

ONCE upon a time there was a Serbian peasant who got so drunk that he could not get on his steed. Finding himself in this difficulty, he exclaimed, "Help me, good Lord and all the saints," jumped with all his force on the horse, and fell on the other side. Without rising from the ground he called out, "Go away, some of you; there are too many of you." This Serbian peasant tale may well be applied to the attempted revival of Impressionism by French art dealers and critics. Some years ago the dealers overcrowded their stocks with Impressionist works, and kept them too long under the delusion that prices would go on rising for ever. But now that El Dorado has vanished and the art dealers are anxious to get rid of their stocks, the first step towards this is to beat down those artists who are coming on. The complaint is heard everywhere, "There is too much modern art; there is no market for it." The young modern painters (by "modern" I mean more advanced) are refused shows, and often attacked by their former supporters. The benefit is double. If successful, the dealers will clear their stocks at a high price and then buy for next to nothing new paintings done by the very people whom they are cold-shouldering now. Of course there are very often art critics on the spot ready to follow an obliging art dealer, especially those critics whose knowledge depends entirely on art dealers' information and is expressed in vague phrases. As an example of this I may quote the case of Mr. Louis Vauxelles, editor of "L'Amour de l'Art" and a well-known art critic. This gentleman praises the cubists in the magazine which is under his direction and attacks them in "Le Carnet de la Semaine," where he writes under the nom-de-plume of Pinturicchio.* I wonder how many amateurs with a "refined taste" realise how much of their refinement is due to the simple fact that such and such an art dealer has invested his capital in such and such a kind of work of art?

English painting has not moved much since the days of impressionism and Whistler is still a demi-god for a fairly large group of painters. Judging by the recent controversy about Whistler and Walter Greaves I would not be surprised if the French art dealers attempt to extend their campaign to London. The fact that London dealers and art critics as a rule do not encourage modern art would make this quite easy. Even when they do take up a young painter he is often obliged to paint in the manner which the art dealer thinks is the most saleable. In other cases, when a modern artist has already made a name for himself the dealer often chooses for showing works which are not very representative and the result is in some cases the same as abroad, where some painters are painting in different manners for different art dealers.

The Goupil Gallery exhibition this time is principally an impressionist show. There are no less than thirty-three etchings and drawings by Whistler, about which I need hardly say anything. They have been already so much praised and abused that there is nothing more to be said. The few drawings by Wyndham Lewis are very tame, in fact they are scarcely Wyndham Lewis at all. The study in red chalk by Gertler is not an excellent one either. One gets the idea when looking at the catalogue that the range of the show is very wide, but in reality it is very narrow on the whole. The drawings by advanced painters look just as if they were purposely done to fit this exhibition. Among the oil paintings are four canvases by Sickert. "On the Quay, Dieppe," Nos. 1 and 2, are excellent examples of his work. I believe that Sickert is one of the best impressionists that ever painted. William Roberts'

"River" is a very good painting. It is a very happy arrangement and has good colour. Of course there is nothing "abstract" about it, otherwise very probably it would not be hung here. The other exhibitors have very good names for the market and paint pictures which I could not possibly describe as very satisfactory.

"COLOUR MAGAZINE" EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART. I have nothing but praise for the enterprise of the staff of "Colour" in arranging this exhibition, but I cannot say the same about the exhibition as such; it is much too far below the average to be taken seriously. Mr. Frank Rutter has burst into an ecstatic glorification of the exhibition which has spread itself over three and a half pages of the catalogue. It reads very much like Selfridge's advertisements, with the difference that the latter advertise goods worth advertising. I can realise the difficulty of organising a comprehensive exhibition, but I cannot understand trying to force on the public an entirely wrong impression. "Catholicity" has been claimed as the principal characteristic of the exhibition, but one glance at it makes one feel that Mr. Rutter has a little overdone it in his preface. Just for the sake of example I will mention that the most representative painters of the "London group" are not to be seen at this exhibition. The name of Wyndham Lewis in the same catalogue as that of an R.A. does give an impression of an extremely wide range, but when the former artist has only one drawing shown with 145 others, mostly very mediocre paintings and drawings which all belong more or less to quite another school, I do not see where the "catholicity" comes in. "Catholicity" combined with a bad choice is the worst possible policy for an exhibition.

R. A. STEPHENS.

Music.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Queen's Hall, March 23. Conductor, Mr. Albert Coates. At this concert Mr. Delius' "Requiem" received a first performance. A new work by Mr. Delius is a musical event, but at this concert there were disappointments even for his best admirers. The "Requiem" does not hang together as a whole, although there are beautiful bits in it; the solo parts are not specially interesting in themselves, and do not seem to be an integral part of the work. They could disappear without affecting the general composition. Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" was also performed. Mr. Albert Coates is never at his best in this work, and it seems an impossibility to find the right singers for the solo parts. My own opinion is that they should be found in the choir itself. I believe that four people who have been on the platform listening to the whole Symphony would be more likely to sing in the spirit of the work, even though they were not vocal stars, than four people who only come on to the platform late in the work, and as something quite apart and extra. I believe that what is wanted is four solo voices, not four solo vocalists. Also the choir is too big; one cannot hear the music for the noise.

BELA BARTOK. Æolian Hall, March 24. Mr. Bartok's Sonata for violin and piano (played by the composer himself and Miss Jelly d'Aranyi) has not a dull moment in it. It is not always easy to follow Mr. Bartok, but there is no reason why it should be. We are living in a period of new ideas and new outlooks, and a composer has a right to the limit of his possibilities, without troubling whether his listeners can follow him. He must necessarily have his eyes fixed on something which always moves ahead of himself, and it is for his listeners to educate their own ears. He is some rungs in advance on the ladder of his own development, and if the public wishes to understand him it must study the rungs of the ladder as he steps

* This is on the authority of "L'Esprit Nouveau."

off and up. Miss Jelly d'Aranyi played magnificently; indeed at times her playing was on such a very high level that it seemed possible she might be introducing new beauties even to the composer himself. The other Hungarian items in the programme were not in the same category as the Sonata, either as compositions or as performances.

MISS HARRIET COHEN. Wigmore Hall, March 29. Miss Cohen gave two very spirited performances of Mr. Arnold Bax's new piano Sonata. Mr. Bax, the composer for piano, and Mr. Bax, the composer for orchestra, seem to be two different persons. The latter is somewhat vapourish and weakly diffuse, whereas the former is brilliant and well-controlled. The new Sonata is almost overwhelming in places, with its clash of colour, and wave upon wave of sustained sound, and it is probably the most notable work produced by a member of the younger group of English composers.

MISS ELENA GERHARDT. Queen's Hall, March 21 and 30. It is a pleasure to welcome Miss Elena Gerhardt back to the English concert platform, and it would be a special pleasure to hear her sing a series of carefully chosen programmes, in a smaller and more intimate hall. The fine art of "Lieder-singing" is wasted in the Queen's Hall. H. ROOTHAM.

The Note-Books of T. E. Hulme.

(Edited by Herbert Read.)

BERGSON'S THEORY OF ART.

(Notes for a Lecture.)

15. From time to time by a happy accident men are born who either in one of their senses, or in their conscious life as a whole, are less dominated by the *necessities of action*. Nature has forgotten to attach their faculty for perception to their faculty for action. They do not perceive simply for the purposes of action: they perceive just for the sake of perceiving. It is necessary to point out here that this is taken in a profounder sense than the words are generally used. When one says that the mind is practical and that the artist is the person who is able to turn aside from action and to observe things as they are in a disinterested way, one should be careful to say that this does not refer to any conscious or controllable action. The words as they stand have almost a moral flavour. One might be understood as implying that one ought not to be so bound up in the practical. Of course the word *practical* is not used in this sense. It refers to something physiological and entirely beyond our control. This orientation of the mind towards action is the theory which is supposed to account for the characteristics of mental life itself and is not a mere description of an avoidable and superficial habit of the individual mind.

When, therefore, you do get an artist, i.e., a man who either in one of his senses or in his mind generally is emancipated from this orientation of the mind towards action and is able to see things as they are in themselves, you are dealing with a rarity—a kind of accident produced by Nature itself and impossible of manufacture.

The artist is the man, then, who on one side of his nature is born detached from the necessities of action. According as this detachment is inherent in one or other of the senses or is inherent in the consciousness, he is painter, musician, or sculptor. If this detachment were complete—if the mind saw freshly and directly in every one of its methods of perception—then you would get a kind of artist such as the world has not yet seen. He would perceive all things in their native purity: the forms, sounds and colours of the physical world as well as the subtlest movements of the inner life. But this, of course, could never take place. All that you get is a breaking through of the surface-

covering provided for things by the necessities of action in *one direction* only, i.e., in one *sense* only. Hence the diversity of the arts.

In one man it is the eye which is emancipated. He is able to see individual arrangements of line and colour which escape our standardised perceptions. And having perceived a hitherto unrecognised shape he is able gradually to insinuate it into our own perception. Others again retire within themselves. Beneath the conventional expression which hides the individual emotion they are able to see the original shape of it. They induce us to make the same effort ourselves and make us see what they see; by rhythmical arrangements of words they tell us, or rather suggest, things that speech is not calculated to express.

Others get at emotions which have nothing in common with language; certain rhythms of life at the centre of our minds. By setting free and emphasising this music they force it upon our attention: they compel us willy nilly to fall in with it like passers-by who join in a dance.

In each art, then, the artist picks out of reality something which we, owing to a certain hardening of our perceptions, have been unable to see ourselves.

One might express the differences in the mechanism by which they do this most easily in terms of the metaphor by which we have previously expressed the difference between the two selves. Some arts proceed from the outside. They notice that the crystallised shapes on the top of the stream do not express the actual shapes on the waves. They endeavour to communicate the real shapes by adding detail. On the other hand, an art like music proceeds from *the inside* (as it were). By means of rhythm it breaks up the normal flow of our conscious life. It is as if by increasing the flow of the stream inside it broke through the surface crust and so made us realise the real nature of the outline of the inner elements of our conscious life. It does this by means of rhythm which acts something like the means used to bring about the state of hypnosis. The rhythm and measure suspend the normal flow of our sensations by causing our attention to swing to and fro between fixed points and so take hold of us with such force that even the faintest imitation of sadness produces a great effect on us. It increases our sensibility, in fact.

16. What is the nature of the properly "aesthetic" emotion as distinct from the other emotions produced by art?

As I have said, I do not think that Bergson has invented any new theory on this subject, but has simply created a much better vocabulary. That being so, I think that the best way to approach this theory is to state first the kind of rough conception which one had elaborated for oneself, and then to show how it is all straightened up in his analysis. By approaching the theory gradually in this way one can get it more solidly fixed down.

Among all the varied qualities of good verse, and in the complex kind of motion which it can produce, there is one quality it must possess, which can be easily separated from the other qualities and which constitutes this distinctively aesthetic emotion for which we are searching.

This peculiarly *aesthetic* emotion here, as in other arts, is overlaid with all kinds of other emotions and is only perceived by people who really understand verse. To get at what it is quite definitely, I only consider it in as far as it bears on the choice of epithets and images. The same quality is exhibited in the other parts of verse, in the rhythm and metre, for example, but it so happens that it is most easily isolated in the case of epithets.

17. Could reality come into direct contact with sense and consciousness, art would be useless, or rather we should all be artists. All these things that the artist sees exist, yet we do not see them—yet why not?

Between nature and ourselves, even between ourselves and our own consciousness, there is a veil, a veil that is dense with the ordinary man, transparent for the artist and the poet. What made this veil?

ACTION. Life is action, it represents the acceptance of the utilitarian side of things in order to respond to them by appropriate actions. I look, I listen, I hear, I think I am seeing, I think I am hearing everything, and when I examine myself I think I am examining my own mind.

But I am not.

What I see and hear is simply a selection made by my senses to serve as a light for my conduct. My senses and my consciousness give me no more than a practical simplification of reality. In the usual perception I have of reality all the differences useless to man have been suppressed. My perception runs in certain moulds. Things have been classified with a view to the use I can make of them. It is this classification I perceive rather the real shape of things. I hardly see an object, but merely notice what class it belongs to—what ticket I ought to apply to it.

18. Everybody is familiar with the fact that the ordinary man does not see things as they are, but only sees certain *fixed types*. To begin with, we see separate things with distinct outlines where as a matter of fact we know that what exists is merely a continuous gradation of colour. Then even in outline itself we are unable to perceive the individual. We have in our minds certain fixed conceptions about the shape of a leg. Mr. Walter Sickert is in the habit of telling his pupils that they are unable to draw any individual arm because they think of it as an arm; and because they think of it as an arm they think they know what it ought to be. If it were a piece of almond rock you could draw it, because you have no preconceived notions as to the way the almonds should come. As a rule, then, we never ever perceive the real shape and individuality of objects. We only see stock types. We tend to see not *the* table but only *a* table.

19. One can sum up the whole thing by a metaphor which must not, however, be taken too literally. Suppose that the various kinds of emotions and other things which one wants to represent are represented by various curved lines. There are in reality an infinite number of these curves all differing slightly from each other. But language does not and could not take account of all these curves. What it does do is to provide you with a certain number of standard types by which you can roughly indicate the different classes into which the curves fall. It is something like the wooden curves which architects employ—circles, ellipses, and so forth—by suitable combinations of which they can draw approximately any curve they want, but only approximately. So with ordinary language. Like the architect's curves it only enables us to describe approximately. Now the artist, I take it, is the person who in the first place is able to see an individual curve. This vision he has of the individuality of the curve breeds in him a dissatisfaction with the conventional means of expression which allow all its individualities to escape.

(To be concluded.)

WHERE GRIEF FAILED.

I saw a woman weeping at my tomb—
What wilful waste of tears—
What gloomless gloom.

And lo, as I lay dead,
I heard some children playing overhead . . .
Laughter and shout and singing thrilled their
game

I heard it all and back to life I came
And saw a woman weeping at my tomb—
What wilful waste of tears—
What gloomless gloom.

EGBERT SANDFORD.

Views and Reviews.

FOXES HAVE HOLES.

SIR ALFRED MOND, in an interview with a representative of the "Daily News," gave expression to some opinions that are interesting in many ways. As the Minister responsible for the Shortage of Houses, he had, of course, to demonstrate how well he had performed the duties of his office; and he did so in a series of aphorisms that, to those acquainted with history, revive painful memories. When Marie Antoinette suggested that those French people who could not get bread should eat cake, and Foulon suggested that they should eat grass, it was not long before Burke was able to declare that the age of chivalry is gone; and add a fine passage of rhetoric to the treasury of literature. So when Sir Alfred Mond suggests that those newly married people who want houses "should be so happy that they can enjoy living even in one room," we can only beg the shade of Burke to inspire another epitaph and threnody.

But I am most interested in the ingenuity with which Sir Alfred Mond bridges the gulf between Malthusianism and Catholicism. Asked whether he would advise family life in one room, this fine old English gentleman said "It isn't for me to give advice on such a subject—but there are people who say that the country is over-populated. In any case, no housing scheme could meet the needs of people who insist on having large families. Look at the houses we have built! They are not designed for large families." This will please Malthusians, who have been declaring that the country was over-populated ever since the beginning of the 19th century, when the population was only a quarter of what it is now. Malthus apparently did not include houses among the "means of subsistence," declared indeed that "the ultimate check to population appears to be a want of food"; but the careful policy of planning houses only suitable for the small family system advocated by the neo-Malthusians will, no doubt, stimulate the prudential instincts of would-be tenants, and perhaps assist by a process of selection in producing a sterile, or nearly so, working class population. People with large families will, presumably, have to live in the streets or the work-houses, for "no housing scheme could meet the needs of such people."

This is a peculiar conclusion for a capitalist to come to, for it is well known that capitalism depends on a surplus supply of labour; and the sterile population catered for by this housing policy is not likely to produce that "reserve of labour" so necessary to enable the capitalist to keep wages down to subsistence level. Perhaps, though, the capitalist is a shrewder psychologist than may at first sight appear. A Malthusian population distinguished above all by its prudential consideration, and its determination to cut its vital coat according to its economic cloth, would perhaps be more amenable to wage reduction than the unruly spawners of our present slums. One can imagine the Malthusian worker of the near future going home on Saturday night, and telling his prudent wife that because his wages have been reduced five shillings, she will have to do without that new baby, and had better smother one of the old ones, take a smaller flat, and generally approximate to the Malthusian ideal of one wife, one child, one room, and one pound a week. Quality, not quantity, is the modern cry; and the human quality most necessary to the capitalist is docility. The self-regulating prudence of the Malthusian is ideal for this purpose.

But Sir Alfred Mond, while apparently endorsing the Malthusian propaganda, cleverly avoids the Catholic criticism. "G. K. C.," and the "New Witness" generally, have argued that capitalism aims at the destruction of the family; and here we find Sir Alfred Mond putting in a good word for the family. "But

is not the demand of the newly married for a separate house a comparatively modern development? In China and the East generally, I understand they continue to live under the parental roof contentedly!" It is only fair to Sir Alfred to make it clear that he said this with an appreciable twinkle in his eye. Twinkle or no twinkle, people are being obliged to do it; and we need not go to China for the instance. This family system persisted in Slav countries, such as Russia and Serbia, certainly until the war; and may survive until this day for aught I know to the contrary. Here is Captain Temperley's description of the Serbian Zadruga, given in his "History of Serbia" published in 1917. "One can still get a good idea of it in some parts of 'Old Serbia' to-day. You can see there vast shapeless buildings, consisting of a number of rooms or lean-tos added on to a central cottage, containing in all some sixty or seventy persons housed under one roof. This is the Zadruga, or family. As each son marries, he builds a new room, and the total building represents a primitive communal house. It is now only a survival, but it represents the mediæval Serbian system. The eldest male was 'Pater-familias,' but his authority was not unquestioned; he was senior partner with the other males, and the women often had a share in the settlement of important questions. The whole system was far more primitive than the paternal system of the West. It was much more democratic, and therefore much more difficult to change or to make progressive. In primitive times democratic rule always means conservatism, for the daring few alone can be enterprising. As a military system, too, the Zadruga was not so good as the paternal, for absolute obedience could not be enforced. As a system for preserving the sanctity of the hearth, the sacredness of home, purity and moral discipline in a relatively large circle, the Zadruga had a great advantage. Songs were sung and stories told in the presence of all round the hearth, and customs were enforced by the moral weight of the whole family."

It would indeed be enough to make Sir Alfred Mond's eyes twinkle if, by compelling newly married people to live with their parents, we revived the primitive family system, and enriched English literature with legends (say, of the promised "Homes for Heroes") as the Serbian system enriched Serbian literature. Sir Alfred Mond says that "we must try to get the country back to the old economic system" of building houses by private enterprise; "he lamented the disappearance of the days when the employer himself housed his workpeople [think of the colliery cottages, for example] and the laudable vanity of the landowner who wanted to outdo his neighbour was responsible for the building of excellent cottages all over the country," many of which are hopelessly insanitary, and most are uncomfortable. It is perfectly clear that Sir Alfred Mond is stating the values not only of a pre-war system, but of a pre-industrial revolution system. The good old times to which he refers run back to the various Acts of Settlement that tied the workman to the soil, and with the Quarter Sessions Assessment of wages reduced the English working classes to a hopeless poverty. The fact that these values are restated at a time when a general policy of extreme wage-reduction is in operation has its significance; and Sir Alfred Mond's suggestion of emigration only transfers the problem from Mond to the other demi-monde.

A. E. R.

SURSUM CORDA.

A canopy obscures the stars,
A smoky pall, the breath of Mars;
Oh hearts of men oppressed with gloom,
You have the power to rend the tomb.

G. N. H.

Reviews.

Two Plays from the Perse School. With a Preface by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, and an Introduction on Dramatic Teaching in Schools by F. C. Happold, D.S.O., B.A. (Heffer. 3s. 6d. net.)

Readers of THE NEW AGE, already familiar with the lyrics written by the boys of the Perse School, will be interested in these examples of their dramatic work. Mr. Happold has worked with older boys than those of Mr. Caldwell Cook; but although the initial difficulty of self-consciousness was greater, the Play Way of teaching literature has justified itself again. Both these plays, "The Death of Roland" (in verse) and "The Duke and the Charcoal Burner" (in prose), were intended to be group work; but the scheme failed (as one would expect) with the verse play. Everybody seems to have written bits of "The Death of Roland," but the bits did not fit together; and the chief author found it irksome to write in conjunction with others. Gradually he took complete control, wrote the parts that most appealed to him, re-wrote what was retained of the group work, and worked out the accepted suggestions of the group. There is no need to pretend that the result is either great poetry or great drama: boys of fifteen have not the vital experience that is necessary to both, but a boy who could write the last line of the Prologue:

We made them, sang them, loved them, scorn them
not!

has certainly got a grip of the iambic pentameter. What is astonishing is the fluency and freedom of the blank verse: this boy, Hugh Richmond, has no difficulty in saying what he wants to say. Take, for instance, Charlemagne's dream, which was the first thing that he felt inclined to write, although it does not occur until the end of the fifth scene.

Nay, do not trouble me, my lords and friends,
I am right weary of this revelry,
And I would fain that I were now alone;
For as I slept last night, I dreamed a dream.
Methought I stood upon a rising slope;
The sky was dark and drear, and low'ring clouds
Hung black and pall-like o'er the silent land;
Beneath me lay an open sandy plain,
Even as that which lies behind the pass,
Stony and barren underneath the stars,
And on it lay distorted heaps of dead.
Roland was there, clutching in death the horn,
And by his side, mangled and in the mire,
Lay Oliver, twisted beneath his horse;
And ringed around them lay the noblest knights
Of those who went with them to guard the rear.
The slinking wolf howled to the sickly moon,
And vultures sat with eager necks outstretched
Thinking upon the feast that lay before.
And then, methought, out of the darkness came
A mighty voice that cried into the night,
"The dead are dead and shall not rise again
Till the last trump of time is sounded out
And echoes through the mighty universe,
Calling the dead to rise from tombs and graves.
Roland is slain, and Oliver lies dead,
Betrayed were they by one who was their friend."
And then I woke uneasy in my mind.
Again I slept, and dreamed this time I saw
A plain, hot, shining in a burning sun;
About me gathered my victorious knights;
And on the plain around the Moorish host
Lay beaten, dead and bleeding in the dust.
And then the vision passed, and I awoke,
But still a dread foreboding hangs on me.

The easy flow of the verse (with only two elided syllables in the passage) is as remarkable as the vividness of the visualisation. It is true that the images are

usually familiar, being derived from literature; the boy is describing descriptions, and not an actual experience; but the passage is alive with his sense of reality. The play, like its fellow, is as interesting for its revelation of the boy mind as for its mastery of the form; the *veni, vidi, vici* touch is over it all, even in these lyrical passages. When the Ambassador offers terms of submission, for example, Charlemagne only replies:

Away, a tent shall be prepared for thee.

Everybody in the play is purely "functional"; he does not exist as a dramatic person. A similar instance occurs in "The Duke and the Charcoal Burner," which, although it was inspired by the story of Abu-Hasan in "The Arabian Nights" reminds us of Christopher Sly. When the charcoal burner is feasted as the Duke, the Seneschal takes twelve lines to describe what he may have to eat; but Peter, and the Jester, and the Seneschal together have only ten lines to speak while he eats it. The importance of food to a boy has somewhat overshadowed the importance of keeping the audience interested; true, a song is sung during the meal, but unless the actors kept the scene alive with "business," this three-course meal in about a minute would fall very flat. Peter, as the Duke, lives a very fast life; he feasts and drinks, dispenses justice, condemns three people to death, and makes love to the Duke's betrothed, all in five pages. The drug that the Duke twice uses on Peter is very potent; it acts immediately; "Say, do," is the motto of everyone in the play. All the dramatic devices of suspense, surprise, re-action, are dispensed with because the boy's mind works directly in action towards an object. So urgent is the action, so simple the development, that the play produces the effect that the boys were in a hurry to get it over. The impression is wrong, of course; the eagerness to achieve is a sign of a boy's willingness, of his liking, not disliking, of an activity. Obviously, the plays cannot be judged by any adult standard, except that of doing what they set out to do. Within the limits of their intention, these boys are masterly in expression, but as befits their age their lyrics are better than their drama (the Minstrel's song and Ogier's song in "Roland" are particularly good), and their poetry is better than their humour. But there is a freshness, an eagerness in their handling of English and dramatic form which is delightful.

The Purple Sapphire, and Other Posthumous Papers. By Christopher Blayre. (Philip Allan.)

Mr. Christopher Blayre, sometime Registrar of the University of Cosmopoli, is a new name to us; but these papers, "selected from the unofficial records," make us wish to hear of him again, in spite of the hoax of "The Cheetah Girl." These short stories are supposed to have been contributed by members of the Professorial Staff; and after we have overcome our astonishment at the extraordinary literary ability displayed by these scientists, and seen the double meaning in the statement that "The Cheetah Girl" was contributed by the Biologist (biology is becoming a hoax), we can enjoy unfeignedly these more or less scientific romances. Mr. Blayre has an active imagination, and a sense of the horrible that, fortunately, he does not exploit to the full. "The Thing that Smelt" nearly sickened us with its Grand Guignol dénouement; but in its own way it suggests that Spiritualism may be true, but perilous, Sludge's "something in it, tricks and all," but that something a foul bestiality. "The Demon" deals with a case of possession, although we are not sure whether the demon was introduced by Cynthia's husband or the quack who cured her cancer by conservative cooking. Ghost stories abound; "The Book" is a very good one, and Mr. Blayre does not

offer any explanation of physical impossibilities such as a materialised and self-luminous hand carrying a taper, and dematerialising a book, the taper, and itself at the same time. "The Purple Sapphire," which gives the title to the book, is a not unusual story of an unlucky stone, stolen from an Indian temple; but a detail reveals a deeper mind than is usually exercised on the subject. This stone cannot be replaced in the temple, and cannot be got rid of by the descendants of the original collector; it clings to the family that did it wrong, and permits no redress of the wrong or evasion of the consequences. But in spite of this variation we think that "Aalila" and "The Cosmic Dust" should have been given the place of honour in this volume; here Mr. Blayre is working with known scientific processes, applying them to the subject of inter-planetary communication, and producing results which seem as credible as they are extraordinary. It is a capital piece of work, a blend of science and mysticism and sheer invention that makes us wish that there was a whole volume of it. "The Blue Cockroach" is a chemical fantasy of a laggard lover and love frustrated by a sugar-substitute; the toxin of love conveyed by the bite of the cockroach being neutralised by the antitoxic properties of the sugar. By the way, Mr. Blayre's use of the word "prophylactic" is not clear in this story. Altogether, it is a delightful piece of work, to which we can suggest only one improvement. As all these stories are written in the first person, it would be as well to restate their reputed authorship under their titles, as well as on the contents page. The reader is pulled up with a shock when he discovers that the "I" in one story is not the same as the "I" in another, and nobody ought to be asked to read a contents page. Apart from that, we recommend them heartily to the notice of all lovers of scientific romance, and we hope to hear more of Mr. Blayre.

The Garden of Tears. By Dorothy Parry Lloyd. (Stockwell.)

We cannot suppose that the readers of THE NEW AGE are young enough to enjoy this novel, but it may be recommended as a suitable gift for the younger housemaid. The heroine loses her mother, and for some unknown reason runs away to work for her living. By doing so, she leaves the young doctor who attended her mother with a sad longing in his heart, and also is for the time being deprived of her mother's "large fortune." But she finds a kind benefactor, who has her trained for the operatic stage; and people who heard her private performances used to murmur: "Beautiful! Lovely! Exquisite!" But the "very clever, widely travelled man of culture," Mr. Algernon Peigham-Bryce, said: "Oh, I should like to capture you and run away to a desert island where your glorious voice would answer the sea and the birds only. I hate to think of you singing to the world." We wish he had; but Mary Ann says that it's a lovely story. Anyhow, the heroine has two happy marriages, two (no, three) fortunes, several spiritualistic experiences, no babies, no operatic career, but settles down to a life of love and philanthropy, and apparently never has more than "two happy tears" in her eyes at a time. Mary Ann can have the book to keep.

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.

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