

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"  
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 1717] NEW SERIES Vol. XXXVII. No. 14. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1925. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At the time of writing (July 30) the chances for and against a strike on the coalfields seem evenly balanced. But since hints have been published in the Press that a subsidy may be granted to the industry we draw the inference that the higher powers have decided not to have a strike. The keeping of the public in suspense about the threatened stoppage until Big Ben draws breath to speak Twelve is one of those artistic pieces of embroidery with which our politicians embellish their reputations; and no doubt the delay in announcing the remedy by subsidy until the last moment is also designed to imbue the public with the feeling that it is a desperate emergency remedy, one that it is not to be regarded as setting a precedent. A few years ago subtle touches like this would have been unnecessary, for at that time the mere rumour of a subsidy to anyone would have aroused uncompromising hostility in everyone else on the abundantly sufficient ground that everyone else would have to pay it. The idea that a subsidy, instead of being handed to the few at the expense of the many, might be handed also to the many at the expense of nobody could only emanate from the brain of a madman; and no doubt even now such an attitude towards that idea will show itself pretty generally—but not universally. There are many quarters where the mystery of the origin of money has been probed, thanks to the active propaganda of our own circle of readers first, and subsequently by the endorsement of their teaching by, notably, Mr. McKenna. Leaving aside the effect of all previous efforts, the moment when Mr. McKenna stated that "a bank loan creates a deposit" an authoritative rationale for the idea of the *universal subsidy* was communicated to the listening public. For what did it mean but that the provision of new financial credit was independent of previous deposits—previous savings—and was, moreover, an *addition* to previous savings? And what does it mean in the present case but that a subsidy itself (which is an emission of financial credit) can be created, distributed, and not collected back in taxation. The old objection to a subsidy was not about who should get it, but about who

should be taxed to provide it; so now that it appears that nobody need be taxed to provide it, the truth needs only to be disseminated through the efficient channels of publicity controlled by our rulers to bring about a complete reversal of the public attitude towards the principle of this remedy. A remark made in our presence yesterday, "If the coal industry gets a subsidy everybody else will want one" will no longer have weight as a *reductio ad absurdum*, for it will be manifestly possible to let everybody else have one. The real problem will no longer be the hitherto supposed natural shortage of money (indicated in that old, old challenge, "Where is the money to come from?") but simply the problem of making the new money—the subsidies, if you like—release new activities; of ensuring that the extra credit shall bring about extra production and extra distribution. And so far as that "problem" is a problem (which it is not) it is a problem for the engineer and not for the banker; it lies in the province of Colonel Willey and the Federation of British Industries, and not in that of Sir Montagu Norman and the Bank of England. Not for a moment that there should be any necessity of a clash between the two bodies, but rather that there should be a new system of inter-relating their respective functions corresponding to the newly apprehended facts about finance.

In the meantime we notice that the report of the Court of Inquiry on the coal crisis states "Neither side is to blame for a crisis which is purely economic." This is sound enough. "The claim to a minimum wage is justified." This also. But the Court begins to hedge directly it comes to the question of the *precise point* at which the minimum wage charge is levied. Listen—

"The claim that wages must be a first charge on the *proceeds* of the industry is a contentious and ambiguous one. If the meaning be that wages . . . must be a charge before profits are taken we concur in that view."  
Of course they do. Notice the word "proceeds." By that they mean the *gross* profit of the coal in-

dustry. If wages are made a first charge on the gross revenue, it means that they must be paid in full whatever happens to other charges. Some of these other charges we specified in our Notes dealing with the accountancy of the coal industry. They include rates, taxes, reserve "funds," repayments of bank loans and interest thereon, State insurance, and so on, as well as "charges" such as "depreciation," which do not involve the actual expenditure of money. No wonder the claim is "contentious." It is just what we should have expected the Court of Inquiry to have reported. It may agree to the principle of the minimum wage, but it is not going to support its application if there is the slightest risk of the industry defaulting in its payment of these other charges. Justice to men, certainly, but justice to the system first. Well, there is a snag; and that is that the industry cannot pay tribute to its men and to the system at the same time. The Court shows evidence of suspecting this. "If wages must be a charge before profits are taken," i.e., just before profits are taken, i.e., after the rate collector, the tax collector, the banker, the debenture holder, the "reserve" and "depreciation" collectors have taken their fill out of the gross profit; only then is it permissible for the miner to come along and grub among the "slack" for his "minimum wage." It is just because no wage worth calling a wage will be possible on such a procedure that the necessity for subsidising the industry is being realised. Yet there are still dividends to be paid! After the miners, the shareholders. No doubt the miners will appreciate the compliment of being classed above the shareholders in the priority of their claim on the slack-heap, but if the whole heap will not satisfy their needs there is small comfort in the reflection that shareholders are getting nothing at all. You cannot keep body and soul together on spite—except, perhaps, between meals. Then again reflect, both these classes, the drawers of wages and the drawers of dividends, who are thus placed last in the order of receiving payments by the coal industry, are the very classes on which the coal industry depends for its next "proceeds." Payments, payments everywhere—except to potential coal-consumers. Truly the designers of our economic system are God. What mortals could move in such a mysterious way their wonders to perform?

Captain Peter Wright's attack on the late Mr. Gladstone was the chief "sensation" of last week. It occurred in a book entitled "Portraits and Criticisms," published by Eveleigh Nash and Grayson. The offending passage asserted of Mr. Gladstone that he "founded the great tradition since observed by many of his followers and successors with such pious fidelity, in public to speak the language of the highest and strictest principle, and in private to pursue and possess every kind of woman."

Lord Gladstone's and Mr. H. N. Gladstone's hot protest followed in communications addressed to the author and his publishers. The latter hastened to deny complicity, explaining that the offending passage had been insinuated at the last moment into the page-proofs by the author, and had managed to sneak past their notice into the first edition. They reported that they had made amends by deleting from all but the first few copies of the book the two words "and possess"! They would have done better to let the passage alone, for in punching out the charge of possessing they have only embossed the obverse charge of pursuing, thereby provoking the incidental assumption among onlookers that their own code of morality would allow chasing to be chaste so long as it proved unsuccessful.

Captain Wright, on the other hand, stands by what he has written. He has "nothing to withdraw and nothing to modify." He declines to take legal action

against the brothers Gladstone, who have called him "a fool, a coward, and a liar." In a lengthy letter in reply to Lord Gladstone he states, among other things, that Gladstone "not only connived at Parnell's illicit relations with Mrs. O'Shea, but utilised them for his own political purposes," and comments that while "strong temptation might excuse his own departure from his own avowed principles, no such excuse can be found in the case of another"; and concludes: "Knowing he could commit the greater offence, I do not find it difficult to believe he could commit the smaller." This, and a reference to Lord Milner's remark that Gladstone was "governed by his seraglio," constitute as much of the justification for Captain Wright's indictment as he has chosen to plead. The *Daily News* is quick to pronounce judgment, which is that the whole episode "exposes finally and completely a particularly foul slander." The *Star* is "glad that Lord Gladstone has publicly branded the slanderer as a liar," and waits "with more curiosity than hope" to see if he dares to take legal action.

Now, the attitude of the ordinary observer will be that since the dead cannot answer a charge—true or otherwise—the action of Capt. Wright is indefensible. Even supposing it to be true, what does it matter now?—to whom the good of establishing it? Why cause shock and pain to the surviving members of the family? All these reactions in a disinterested on-looker point to a sane, healthy, and humane standard of judgment, and are entitled to their proper respect and weight. Nevertheless, when the reputations of men who have attained high eminence in the counsels of the nation are called in question, the onlooker is never entirely disinterested in the sense that he is indifferent to whether charges of this sort are true; he would prefer to believe that they are not. But, conjoined with this natural feeling of repulsion against them is the unsound assumption that they must be antecedently suspect. Charles Dickens (it is always Charles Dickens) crystallised this sentiment-eaten logic perfectly when he made the simple Mrs. Lupin exclaim, upon hearing of Mr. Pecksniff's duplicity, "I cannot believe that such a noble-spoken gentleman would go and do wrong of his own accord." Now, politicians are all noble-spoken gentlemen; *c'est leur métier*, as Heine remarked apropos of God and the forgiving of sins. So the public as a whole are not entitled to brush aside as mendacious every suggestion that these gentlemen go and do wrong—whether of their own accord or not. But it will be objected: why should the public take any notice at all? If they are told that their eminent leaders are men of like passions to themselves, will the discovery not do evil to themselves? Will it not weaken the authority of all Ministers of State besides lowering standards of conduct all round? Under social conditions as they exist to-day these objections are weighty, but they are not intellectually fit to hear the truth. For purposes of economy, the qualities of discrimination, discernment, and insight are not engendered by the educational curricula of our elementary and other State-aided schools, with the result that the mass of the electorate have not got beyond the *blob* stage of estimating character. A moral reputation must either be a white sheet or an ink-splash. They have been trained out of an informed standard of appraisal, which would recognise that just as in the presence of death, so in the presence of temptation, all men are equal—which would be aware that a man is not a single personality, but a conflux of several; that, as St. Paul bemoaned, "with the spirit I serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin"—or, as he might have expressed it, "some of my selves serve the higher law, but others of my selves the lower." As it is, the ordinary man behaves like an assayer who chips a corner off a bar of gold bullion, and if he find it so

many points better or worse than "standard," attributes the same quality to the rest of the bar. But men could not be rightly judged by these methods unless their personalities were first made molten and stirred into homogeneity. And so we come back to Gladstone. If Captain Wright's charge were established, the only effect on an instructed community would be somewhat similar to that on the citizens of *Erewhon*, who regarded moral lapses as a kind of illness requiring medicine and sympathy. But the effect on the mass of cerebral Robots, which constitute "popular opinion" at this time, would be to blacken his whole character in retrospect, and tatter the mantle of an illustrious name which his sons now wear. On these grounds one might conclude that Captain Wright acted wantonly. At the worst, let the sins of the dead lie buried with the dead.

The tenor of Press comment on this episode is to the effect that if anyone has charges to bring against a public man he ought to do so during the life of the alleged delinquent, for that would give the opportunity for the charges to be rebutted. But would the charges be rebutted, in the sense of the mere issue of an explanation of the circumstances upon which they were founded? They would not. The person alleging the charges would be pursued for slander or libel, and the onus of proving them would be laid upon him. Not only that, but the evidence would have to be such as conformed to legal rules; and if this evidence were not sufficient to convince a jury, the result would be not simply the re-establishment of the character of the accused, but the imposition of monetary penalties on the accuser. "Serve him right," will be the comment of most people; and there is no question that the above procedure works equitably as between one ordinary citizen and another. There is no justification for a person to publish defamatory charges against another simply and solely because they happen to be true. "The greater the truth the greater the libel" is a just saying in this connection. Besides being true, it is held that the public interest must be concerned with their truth. Now, it is just on this question of public policy that the argument turns. If plain John Citizen happens to be detected "pursuing and possessing women" his sin cannot be said to involve the public interest; but if we substitute the *Right Hon.* John Citizen, it is the tradition to regard it as of public importance; so much so, that if his guilt be legally established his political career is finished almost as an automatic result. But just because the punishment is so severe the degree of proof required by a jury is so much the higher, which means that the onus resting on the accuser is so much the heavier. Again the comment will be: "So it ought to be." But that is a hasty conclusion. One has to take into consideration certain collateral circumstances, one of which is that in an issue between an accused person of high political eminence and, as would usually be the case, a person of much less influence, the probability would be, in the case of the alleged lapse having actually occurred, that obstacles of evidence. It is of no use glossing over the fact that a man in the full flood of a high career will take every means to protect his name under all circumstances. It is not always sinners who are privately blackmailed by their discoverers; sometimes it is the other way about. These considerations go some way to justify an accuser in waiting for the death of the accused before publishing his charges. Captain Wright has been called a coward for doing so, which, of course, implies that he would have run some risk in bringing his attack on Gladstone's lifetime.

The real issue is now becoming clear. It is whether charges against the private character of

eminent men—especially politicians—should be brought at all, whether during their lifetime or afterwards. If not, then put all the obstacles in the way of "libellers" and "slanderers" you wish, and visit them with the direct penalties. But if yes, then at least put them on level terms with those they indict, and only punish them if the charges they have brought, or the suspicions they have disseminated, turn out to have been unreasonably founded, and thus appear to have been born of malicious motives. You cannot at the same time hold that the interests of society are vitally bound up with private behaviour of its political leaders, and yet leave those people who may feel impelled to test that behaviour under a legal and social handicap. There ought to be a way by which they could call for an investigation without risk to themselves. The venue should be not a Law Court, but an Arbitration Court. On the real issue, as above stated, there is a good deal to be said in favour of ignoring the private lapses of public men—lapses, that is, of the kind now in question. For instance, a statesman is not necessarily the less efficient, the less just, because he yields to certain kinds of temptation; and when one comes to envisage any statesman of genius one will not be far out in assuming he is paying to the Devil a quid pro God's quo. Conversely, a government by conventionally "good" men would be hell—there would be laid upon us the repressions of them all. But, having said that, we are brought immediately to our main point. It is this, that the contradictory attitude which we have pointed out in respect to these matters has not come about by accident, but has been deliberately engendered, and is consciously used in the furtherance of the policy of the *invisible government*, by which we mean government by Finance. What we are about to say will be the more readily appreciated now that the public are being initiated into what have hitherto been the mysteries of the financial system. Once conceive of a power higher than Parliament, higher than the Cabinet, higher than all Parties, that is, higher than the *visible government* in all its phases, and you perceive method in what would otherwise appear to be essentially self-contradictory. We refer here to the question of public policy, wherein the phenomenon appears in its sharpest outline. Whereas on the one hand it is popularly accepted that the public interest is subserved by the resignation of a recognition minister (which necessarily involves a recognition of the social value of the service rendered by the "informer") there is an opposite concept held in other than popular quarters, namely that the revelation of a minister's delinquencies is "not in the public interest" (which necessarily denies the social value of the "informer"). The explanation is quite easy. It is that there is not intended to be a rule on the matter at all, but that there shall be discretion exercised whether a minister who transgresses the moral code shall be exposed or whether he shall not. This discretion lies, where every intelligent person will suppose it lies, at the source of all governmental power—that is, within the competence of the controllers of the financial system. If this explanation be accepted—let us call it, if you prefer, a hypothesis only—it will find elements of support in the memories of all our readers, and especially those who come into touch with the intimate gossip of Fleet-street journalists. And we ourselves, but for the risks of the law, could cite definite allegations which ought, in our opinion, to be proved or disproved once for all. And the importance of the matter lies, not in the fact that Mr. This or Sir That is supposed to have done this or that, but in the much more serious fact that if Mr. This and Sir That have done these things, they are powerless to use their political influence for policies disapproved by their financial masters. We hold the theory that during recent years nobody has been admitted into the higher counsels of this nation who has not given

hostages to the high financial blackmailers. The hostages are not necessarily of the sort which we have been discussing; they may be of the "innocent" sort as measured by the lenient code applying within ruling circles—but generally they are such as would be condemned at once if measured against the stricter code which the electorate of this country has been *taught at school*. Thus, our very system of education is part of the whip which finance holds over the statesman. We do not ask anyone else to accept the theory; we write it down as a confession of our unfaith. When we observe the unanimity with which office-holders and obvious office-seekers in all three parties glorify the gold standard right up to the moment when finance itself becomes dubious, and *only then* see signs of doubt in any of them, in spite of the fact that we know they have all the time been familiar with the problems which that policy would raise, we have to ask ourselves whether the apparently independent and "courageous" opposition to it on the part of some of them (whose number will increase rapidly) has not been *permitted* by the higher power. When finance becomes dubious the statesman may express dubiety; but not before. Happily the wielders of the higher power are becoming more and more distrustful; under the pressure of the industrial and social revolt against the effects of the Old Economic system, these controllers of the system will fall out; the repression of politicians by blackmailing methods will no longer avail them—for where will be the good of coercing statesmen to administer a dead and damned policy? Then, perhaps, the visible government with all its "sinners" will take heart of grace, and, freed from the menace of exposure itself, will cleanse itself by inaugurating the New Economic dispensation.

But this is anticipating. At present the rate of progress, by all visible signs, is being impeded. And while that is the situation, and while high politicians nevertheless persist in ignoring the remedy which we discuss so patiently week by week in this journal, we are not in the mood to excite ourselves when people like Captain Wright take steps likely to undermine the public estimation of them. (It is a scandal of the first magnitude that not one of them has breathed even the name of Major Douglas—let alone expressed a view either way about his theories.) In fact, we are compelled to see in Captain Wright a rebel against the invisible government. To the extent to which that government maintains discipline by its power of revealing damning facts for its own purposes, to that extent Captain Wright is *challenging their right of initiative* for other purposes; and if his purposes are discouraged, his attitude carries our support. To discourage him would be equivalent to allowing that a highly placed minister could argue to himself like this: "Let me see. Yes, I believe that the direct financing of consumption would restore prosperity all round. And I am only too well aware of the widespread misery that exists in the meantime. But . . . but . . . that little affair of so-and-so . . . my good name, my career. . . ." There are other pains in the world than the pain of a disgraced name. It would be superhuman heroicism for any delinquent to lay down his own reputation of his own accord to wipe out the pain of poverty. But if he does not he is an obstacle to others who are free to attempt the task. We may be, probably are, infected with the exasperation that is creeping throughout society, but we are not in the mood to care if a thousand Captain Wrights published all the gossip and scandal of the clubs, the Café Royal, and Fleet-street, of the last decade and more. It might do for a few of the high and mighty; but what are they doing for us?

## The Arts in Utopia.

By Haydn Mackey.

IX.

In such arts as painting or sculpture, in which the medium becomes readily responsive to the artists' ideas, there has always been a tendency to break away from their parent craft: as Greek painting from the ceramic art in the fifth century B.C., or easel pictures in Italy in late medieval times, from mural painting and the goldsmith's crafts. So far as we can understand the history of every epoch of great art, the essential condition to such has been the pre-existence of a strong tradition of craftsmanship amongst the people. The break in manual craft traditions made by the power-produced increase in an unskilled population and in the elimination of the existing craftsmen by mechanical discoveries has made the Industrial period practically incapable of the great art. But in the changed mentality of the populace, innocent of traditional craftsmanship and after a century or so of machine production and the intellectual levelling of the classes by the broadcast- ing of ideas, it is possible a new direction may be found, which, going back to a fundamental primitivism, may use such free arts as drawing more universally and for a freer statement—as the average man to-day uses his execrable handwriting more freely than did the fine old scribes, though he has even forgotten the traditional methods of holding a pen. What has not changed is the desire to say something in a writing or symbol of some sort. And this universal desire to say something in a writing, whilst giving useful expression to many who would otherwise be restricted to their very, very narrow immediate circle of personal contact, has also many queer results to-day, if only in this business of art. There can surely never have been another period in the world's history when so much and so various has been said. Yet it is doubtful if there have ever been any very useful critics or verbal instructors in the visual arts. (To disarm probable critics, I gladly include my present scribbling in that remark. But I am in good company.)

What do we get from our modern experts in opinion? They enlighten us by their painstaking delving in odd places and old periods. Archaeology has become as much a—nay! a more (because better instructed)—futile obsession with the "Intelligent- isia" than it was with the Victorian Academician or the Georgian "Man of Taste." We are treated to much dogmatism, which, when not emphasising the existence or the advent of a strictly *conscious* art, is advocating a perfectly pure and "abstract" art, emotionally impeccable, intellectually incomprehensible, and not appreciable to any not blessed with a certain mysterious extra-human sense, as yet unformed or named! We are instructed by erudite treatises, supported by mathematical diagrams, queer equations, and algebraic signs and wonders, all very well, no doubt, if they can be used as a talisman to be potentised by faith. Theories of principles enunciated to make conscious a method for use, before production and not to be inspired by production; as if all art must always contain the old made-conscious principles, and not the *individually* intuitional; as various as infinity. It is the fallacy of all the schools. It is the attempt to explain a Shakespeare by a grammar, or to explain anything about, or even a probable method of, the Greeks, by a demonstration of the geometric methods of "setting out" an Ionic volute, beloved of the schools! *It is wiser to watch a child building sand castles on the sea shore in defiance of the tide!* Such treatises fall into the same category as nineteenth-century text books on "pictorial composition" for "art students" and photographers. A category comprising more expensive, but less useful works, than the "Vere Foster"

copybooks of the period! Most of the views of our moderns as have been popularised by print, or disseminated by our State schools, seem in support of an "art" involving a metaphysical position, claiming the object contemplated (whether Nature by the artist or the picture by the spectator) as a complete end in itself; and the insisting on the elimination of any qualities it may have acquired by human association. Such a metaphysic seems an attempted postulation of an object without a perceiving ego! Apart from the impossible effort to ignore all human association in art (I have already been at pains to explain that *our world is man-made*) an artist's work is the result of some human relationship. Fortunately for their work, most of such modern practising *artists* as we have are much too busy or simple to be able to take notice of our professors or our universities. *Analogy is the real essence of the artist's creative method; allegory its technique; and representation his conscious aim.*

The tendency to-day is towards an enhanced and direct expressionism. The growth of the "imitative" during the last few centuries, vying with photography in irrelevant detail, whilst a logical development of traditional seeing, lost most of the intuitive expression by the loss of the emphasis inherent in the earlier and essential simplifications. The pride in manual labour as skill rather than in the gift of conception, as conception—a pride somewhat chilled to-day by the intellectual achievements of the machine inventors, so that it is safe to affirm that some forms of manual skill will never be resurrected again, unless all mechanical knowledge be again lost)—which accounts for much extraordinary and meticulous elaboration, such as may be found in much Eastern and Western work of many periods; in some of the little Dutch Masters of easel pictures, or our own space fillings, fan vaultings, canopies, etc., in Perpendicular building,\* which largely overlaid and forgot the necessity in art of placing emphasis on a strictly finite statement, not on a continually enlarging elaboration of secondary aspects and statements. The lack of concentration which causes subsidiary aspects to usurp the presentation of the primary expression and allows the motives from *libido* to conglobate in thought, not around the primary impulse to art expression, but in mere elaborations of the secondary fortuitous incidentals of an acquired conscious rationalism.

If the technical ideas which underlay the revolt and chaos in art of the first quarter of the twentieth century; the "greater directness of expression"; "swifter grasp of certain essentials"; the "emphasis of effect"; the rejection of worn-out formulas and of the pride in manual labour as labour, are reviewed in relation to any exception of the coming circumstances to be achieved by the New Economy, it will be seen that certain beginnings have been refound of that technique which it can be deduced will prevail in an age when the displacement of manual labour in most of the affairs of life by power production has further developed the quite natural aversion to laborious methods in the achievement of a required result. When there is a sense abroad of the shortening of time, as even now in matters of travel and the carriage of messages and in the enhanced variety of possible interests and the possibilities of swift fulfillment of material desires. When the greater speed and sprightliness of mental comprehension is made general by a multiplication and universally wider experience of it and an ample leisure to pursue the plays of imagination.

\* I am aware that there is an objection to this illustration on the grounds that a Gothic building was the product of not one but of a community of artists working together, and that its ornament was the expression of the individual free worker—but with this reservation, it can stand for my present purpose.

An extending of the wants of a people is certainly an extending of their consciousness, and if, as in Herbert Spencer's famous definition, evolution is a progress "from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity,"—it is an evolutionary progress in individual variety through a widening liberty. It will doubtless be a technique which is the shortest cut between the creative imagination of the artist and its comprehension in a material expression. For the real artists aim at being comprehended, even though they must always be some little way beyond it. For they are *re-formers*, and their expressions are in the nature of a minority criticism of the accepted—aiming at a variety; for the very object and process of their creation appears as a breaking up of the stereotyped, whether of thought, convention, or institution. The expression of the individual, the unit of human variety, in conflict with or as addition to the mass conception.

It has been said that we are now back at the beginnings of art, and that a technique for inspiration is desired, and the quest has begun. Without attempting any definition of "Inspiration" or "Intuition" or "Imagination," it may certainly be said to be unconscious in its origins.

Where do ideas or conceptions come from? Can one trace them back? Is there an Infinity inconceivable by the finite mind where creation starts? Or is the mind itself that Infinite?

The recent return to an interest in drawing amongst artists is symptomatic of a return to natural sources. That return bids fair to refine something of the method and foundation in the drawings of those Masters which, whether accomplished or technically naïve and childish, are the most freely direct and natural to all mankind, East or West. That instinct which runs through all fine drawing, prehistoric, ancient or modern—whether of the "Reindeer Men" or the Greeks, or the Medievals or the men of the Renaissance, down to our own times. To be found, expressive of sensation, whether by analogous representation of form, texture, or light, in the intuitive technique of scribbles that make a drawing of a beggar or an elephant or a carriage by Rembrandt, or the running line of "distortion" in a nude by Ingres; or the rhythmic structures of a dancer by Degas and—oh!—the achievements of a multitude of past masters.—the achievements of a multitude of past masters.

A method of drawing, not by reason and mechanical aids, but by *vital* hieroglyph. A method which, whilst depending on a conceptual grasp, with analogy as its essence, inevitably causes in practice a concentration on something in the nature of a spell—a kinetic spell, formed by the physical circumstances of the most direct and simple hieroglyphic technique employed by the conscious intellect, but being of a continuous motion and growth as the work proceeds, too rapid for strictly conscious control at each instant, becomes a continuous drain on the *unconscious*, tapping the infinity of unknown, unsuspected, and Man-old ideas; confronting them with a problem of the material expression of the primary unchanged concept for which expression was sought, wed to a conscious purpose; thus giving an unconscious, intuitive, individual distinction; an expression of personal imagination; an egoistic creation: the bringing of the unconscious into the service and subsequent consciousness of the practicing artist and making a progress in that "definite coherent heterogeneity" which is the heterogenesis of *Genius*. Inspiration in fact!

### DIALOGUE.

By D. R. Guttery.

That fellow's robbed me—O, how sad!  
Of all my poems—the fellow's mad!

—After LEBRUN.

## The Weighing of the Seraphim in Men.

By D. Mitrinović.

There must be some humanness and intermediation for ever in the many mansions of the Spirit of the Abysmal Glory, for there is an inexhaustible treasure in the existence without a beginning.

And there is the miracle of the eternal perfection, there is the One Mystery. There is the One. For the sake of that One are all things of all the beginningless time, and in all the places of the void without end.

This One is identical with itself, and this One, who is the One Single All, is identical with reason and with truth. For truth is the statement and awareness of reality. But this Abyss of Singleness is not only truth, and is not reason alone.

Not unity alone is this One Single All, and not only an awareness and a mirror. The Mystery, the Divine, the Perfection is a fulness of glory. The Mystery is a great fulness. The All is a greatness, and is the Treasure of the Abyss. There are three divine mysteries in the One All, in the Single, who is the treasure beyond treasure.

Pleroma is called this one greatness, and this one Absolute of Perfection. The Spirit of the Eternal Glory is the Mystery of Mysteries. Pleroma is called this Mystery. The only Mystery is the Mystery of Mysteries. Pleroma is the Absolute Perfection.

This Perfection is Verihood. There is Pleroma. The Divine is. The Divine alone is. The Treasure alone is. But if the Divine were not treasury it would not be. Because the Divine is perfect, therefore it is. The Single is the All, and there is manifoldness in the All.

There is also manyness. Diversity is. Not unity alone exists in the glory which is the only one. In the abysmal All, which is the Absolute Mystery, the Absolute Divine, the Absolute Perfection, there is glory also, not only unity. Manifoldness is. Allness is reality. Reality, reality also exists.

Not truth alone, not awareness alone. Not the Mirror of the Being alone exists, but also Being itself. Manifoldness does exist. The Will, the Unknowable exists. Let me know that the Treasury alone, the manifold treasury, that the Spirit of the Abysmal Perfection is the Mystery of all riches. Let me know that manifoldness is riches.

Manyness, manifoldness is. There is diversity. There is great, great Greatness. Manifoldness and everythingness is the principle of the All in the Single. Omnifoldness and Anythingness is the principle of Being. In the Will is variegatedness rooted. Instincts are the strife manifold. Not upon unity alone, not only upon simplicity is the Greatness of the Single based.

Its greatness and glory are also born out of its own eternal reality. The cause of eternal existence is variegatedness or essence. Will is essence. Multiplicity is the essence of the All, which is the One All; the essence, the being, the will. Absolute Omnifoldness, the will to variety, and to strife and separation, the will of Selves, the infinitude of volitions; the Multiplicity of the Absolute is essence.

Thus strife there must be. Thus there is manifoldness. Thus there must be glory in the Single. There must be allness in the One. Here is ignorance. And here is omniscience. The mystery is this. The mystery of the Mystery of Mysteries is here. Here Verihood can be seen.

The human spirit knows the Mystery here. The Divine can be known. If the Mystery itself were not the Simplest Manifoldness, the Divine itself would not be the Treasury of Treasures, the glory of all manifoldness. The Divine would not be the

Holy and the Ineffable were it not the primeval treasure, the first manifold; the treasure, the treasure.

Here is Verihood. The world is alive and vast, and there is also humanity. The immediateness is alive. Soul is. Pleroma is. There is beatitude. Souls are. Alive is cosmos. The Life is. Bliss exists. The Meaning is. There is the Unknowable. Humanity can never know the Unknowable. There is the unknowable Unknown. There is Darkness.

Darkness is not a Mystery, but is darkness. The Unknowable is the Being. It is the Being itself. And it need not be known. The souls ought to be the Being, and must be the Being. The Unknowable must not be known. It need not be known. Light and awareness the spirits ought to know and must know. The mystery is in this, that the souls need to know awareness and need to be being and essence.

In the Divine itself there is the Knower who is awareness, and there is the Unknowable, who is the essence and violence of infinity. The Divine is the Beginningless Treasure and the Root of the Fruit of all Growth. The Ultimate Glory is the Seed of Life, that fruit which is uncreated, that growth which is uncreated, that seed which is its own fruit.

The seed of seeds and the life of lives. The Divine is the principle and frame. It is the frame. It is the panspermic principle. Universe and the worlds are a diversity, and a fulness, and an organism, because the Treasury of the Simplest Manifold is the root of life. The Uncreated Simple Manifoldness is Pleroma and is the Law of Glory.

The Law of the Absolute is God. God is the Perfection. Pleroma itself is the reality of itself, the law to itself, the worth of itself. Pleroma I know to be the God of all meaning. I know Pleroma to be the God of all omniscience. I know that the Pleroma also is the God of the Unknowable. Pleroma is also the God of Being.

The God of all Spirit. Pleroma is the reality itself, the existence which the souls know. Humanity knows the existence. The Divine, or the Perfection, the Treasury of the whole of experience, of all manifestation, is as evident to the soul who knows the Absolute, as any soul who knows itself is real and evident to itself.

But God remains the Mystery of Mysteries, though the soul may know God, because of God being the Treasury and the Omnifold; because of God being the omnifold splendour. Pleroma is the only Divine. There is no godhood or divinity, there are no Gods, and there is no God apart from or beyond Pleroma. And the Mystery of God, the sacred and knowable mystery, is this, that the Absolute is the Pleroma.

The Divine is, though the ignorant and the murderous and the vulgar deny the Treasure, the Perfection, the Pleroma. And the Mystery of Pleroma is this that God is the Divine. God is the Perfection Absolute. And this is the omnipotent miracle of the Divine, that there is no God but the Holy Trinity of Pleroma, and no any absoluteness but the unity of Pleroma. I ineffably say Amen to the verihood that this is the Verihood.

Holy Trinity is the Manifold Ultimate. The One All is, together with the soul of my own humanness, One Trinity; and is One Unity of the Mystery of the Absolute. My own awareness I know to be the principle or the divine hypostasis of oneness, of onliness, of aloneness in the threefoldness of the One Trinity. I know also that the flesh of my humanness is one with the flesh of Pleroma. Cosmos is the flesh of matter; cosmos includes also my own body in the body universal of the substance of Pleroma.

And that which is the root of multiplicity, that which is the infinite violence and the Unknowable God of Uttermost Change; that Power of God is the abso-

## The Beginning of Philosophy. The Silence.

1. There is a Word to be spoken, and without it there is no meaning; yet it cannot be spoken. I know, said the wise man. What do you know? said the populace. Come and see, said the wise man. And some were angry to look at him, and some were comforted, and there were two who understood him. For to understand that Word a new sense must be pierced in the flesh of man; the five wounds and a new wound; hands and feet and heart and HEAD.

2. If I say: "Look, look! Here is the truth, in your own abyss, here in your self of selves, your consciousness, your nothing, your self-consistency"; if I say: "Peace upon you. You struggle with the world and seek a way; but you shall never find a way, for the way in you is that which seeks for a way. Be that mystery, be what you will, be most honourable, and everything else will be added"—if I try ten years for precision of phrase, can words imprison and display the Word?

3. In the Silence, in the Father, in Eternity. All begins in the Silence. There is no truth but in the Silence. In the Silence a voice spoke and the universe was. In the same Silence (but oh! how shrunken), in the little silence, the microchaos, the man, let a voice speak and all shall be set straight. In the same Silence.

4. Then peace, gross body! you are no longer here; and peace, soul! there are no more pains. Be folded, hands and legs; be tranquil, breath. The miracle of the alchemists, the one true Rosicrucian mystery, shall be brought to birth, Christ, who is Light and Lucifer, shall be born out of the Silence, born of God, born amongst men. Out of the Night, the Sun.

5. From man to man the Silence may pass, and the Word become, though no words be spoken. The monad is out of space, and space is in the monad. When spirit meets spirit in pure perception, the content of one becomes the content of the other. So, between man and man there is contagion without argument, and love makes all things plain.

6. But to those who are not at peace, I would say this: "Still you may see and confess the Silence. For though the Silence is the root of all, and the first of all, and the most hidden of all, yet the Silence is in all from first to last. For the Silence is Death, and Death is Eternity. Nor does the Father pro- and Death is Eternity. Nor does the Father pro- ceed only from first to last; but He overflows His channels, and He comes direct to each particular, and gives it an excess of Divinity; the Divinity of derivation and the Divinity of presence. And you may see from the presence of the Father, and the Silence, and Death, that all is derived from Him, even though you yourself have not derived Him in yourself."

7. From this it happens that there is truth also in words; but the true truth is both present and derived. "I in the Father, and the Father in Me." THETA.

lute existence itself. Nature, the living Nature is the Omniverse. Humanity, humanity is Nature. Mankind is the living nature. The cosmic life is the selfsame identity as the concrete humanness. As the humanness concrete and personal, as humanness specific and self-present. In the person, in the living soul, in the true and complete being of the human, matter and awareness are omniversally one.

The omniverse is nature or the Life Cosmic, including the substance of mankind; the universe is the self-presence of awareness. Of awareness personal and concrete. The Universe is the Logos, or logic and awareness perfectly pan-exclusive and infinitely mortal. Time is this awareness and exclusiveness. The universe of the Pleroma, the principle of the universeness is the *This Me* of human beings.

The Creator is the Multiverse. Will alone is the Abyss. God the Unknowable, God the Infinite, God who is the Multiverse is the ground of the force of the Threefold Unity who is Pleroma. Holy Spirit is the principle of unity and inter-relation of the Non-Existent One, of Time, with the inexhaustible inventiveness and eruptiveness of Eternity. Eternity is more than existent. Time or self-consciousness is God the Logos in the Apocalypse of Pleroma.

And the Apocalypse of Pleroma is the life and the doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth. The Verihood of this Apocalypse is miraculous. The human race will come to know that the Apocalypse of Christendom is the Verihood of the Divine. Those souls in the Imperium of our species will come to know Holy Trinity and God, who will be worthy and who will dare to confess the Divineness of the Obvious in their own hearts.

In the Deed of Jesus' doctrine and life were one perfection. And Jesus existed. He was Verihood. In his organism He was flesh and belonging to the universal body. In his own most sharp and perishable awareness He knew God the Son. He knew the Son in the perfect manner. And could there be Christ or self-presence, and how could there be Jesus or pan-absence, without the universal body, without the Cosmos?

Now there cannot be Life Cosmic, there cannot be stuff, apart from Awareness. And Awareness is the eternal time born to the Creator of the abysmal frenzy; the eternal Son. In God there are three mysteries; three, and not two. Neither are there four mysteries. Pleroma is the Universal Single Manifold. Its wonder is in its own nature. Its only problem is the problems of those minds of humanity who, not knowing the wonder, see dust and mud and broken machinery where there is only the one obviousness to see and the one Ineffable to express. And this expression is, must be, of ontological nature. In the equivalence of the self-aware human with the Abyss of the Glory of God is the weighing of souls.

"NOT EVERYONE THAT SAITH . . ."

By A. Newberry Choyce.

Not captive in perplexity of words  
Conned by creed rote on Sabbath days is lie  
That lordeth the sweet flocks of singing-birds  
And all the silver shoalings of the sea.

The shining grasses that men tread upon  
Unthinkingly, O think thou, are not these  
The very fingers of the Holy One,  
His outspread arms, the tall important trees!

And Pharisee to-day shall never touch  
The radiant feet, for all a life of prayers,  
Of that dread One Whose intimates are such  
As little laughing lads, and leaping hares.

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

THE LAST NIGHTINGALE.

By A. Newberry Choyce.

The last nightingale sang . . .  
And all God's angels came  
For the last time to listen,  
And their eyes were flame.  
And one spake to his comrade  
Pressing the wide abyss,  
"The earth that our Master fashioned  
Of dust, endeth in this."  
So the little mortal ended . . .  
But scarcely in Heaven was heard  
Minstrel to praise his Maker  
Like to that crumbled bird.

## Readers and Writers.

## TORONTO EXPLAINS SOCRATES.

An aggravating book by Maurice Hutton, the Principal of Toronto University, has just appeared. He calls it the "Greek Point of View,"\* but one feels that it had better have been called the "West Atlantic Point of View." The author finds Greek life and thought altogether too un-American for his taste. The family spirit was not fostered there, and that is a matter for distrust and even contempt. He speaks of Socrates and his wife on the morning of the hemlock:—

"O Socrates' she said, with the cheerful phrases women are wont to use on such occasions, 'this is the last time you will see your friends, and they you,' and Socrates turning to Crito said 'Let someone take her away.' But obviously a man who lived so little for his home and so much for the open air and the market place, and the chance youngsters belonging, naturally, most of them, to the upper and leisured classes, whom he could buttonhole to talk to, and the chance poets and journalists (or sophists) he could confute for the youngsters' education and edification, evidently the Athenian Coleridge, though he shunned politics, did not lead a private life; or even a social life in the sense in which the word is generally used. Socrates with his cross-questioning and his attendant youths and his confounded sophists was rather a public institution in Athens; a part of the public though not of the political life of Athens; an Athenian precursor of the Master of Balliol in Oxford or on the Malvern Hills."

So there we have Socrates, and all that he stands for, summed up by the advocate of feminine government and of the enlightened civilisation of scientific materialism. How one wishes the Professor could have been one of the twelve disciples. We should have had a most refreshing interpretation of Christ's personality, and we might more clearly have understood why He relegated his Mother to another's keeping. As it is, we still have to look, for the motive of that act, up to the heights where human and divine passion mingle and are not to be distinguished from serene knowledge.

A new feature that promises to effect a revolution in the publishing system of this country has been introduced by Messrs. Ernest Benn. They have published a series of seven poets at 6d. each.† The booklet, containing thirty pages, is beautifully printed and clearly spaced. It is significant that five of the seven authors are modern; one of them, Edmund Blunden, a young poet "whose best is yet to be." The selection from his work is well made, and contains two poems reprinted from the *London Mercury*, which, I think, have not yet been printed elsewhere. They both show the poet as he is, tending towards maturity. It promises to be a very rich English noon. Not for many a long day has there been such a word-master as Mr. Blunden, for his approach to the English tongue has no taint of the precious 'nineties, none of Dowson's patchouli, or Wilde's "verdant and enamelled meads." He seems to me to have something of the newness of Chaucer and Spenser in his twist of speech; some naïve enthusiasm that makes English, in his mouth, the tongue of a young people which has still to sail westward, and which has not yet shown

\* The Greek Point of View. By Maurice Hutton. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

† The Augustan Books of Modern Poetry: Bridges, Blunden, Tagore, Brooke, Belloc, Keats, and Shelley. (Benn. 6d. each.)

Europe its character. Here is a perfect stanza describing the mystery of an ancient pool:—

"Moon pallid some come gliding through the green,  
Great fishes, yet for phantoms passing well;  
Others like opals rosy-rayed convene,  
Jewels of June waters, to that simple bell;  
Dark as barbaric dreams, there others swim,  
And now to that old labourer's wish a host  
Of splendours circle mingling, to the brim  
Fanning and fawning, flame and dream and  
ghosts."

Thomson, of the "City of Dreadful Night," had not a better mastery of stanza forms than is here displayed.

One is tempted to think that this is bound to be a successful venture to make poetry saleable, and so to give modern poets an opportunity to offer their work to the wide public, for whom poetry died at the passing of Alfred, and has since been a matter of albums and padded covers. These people have to be convinced that poetry is a passionate means for expressing our joys and troubles to-day, and that there are men and women who, by their achievement, are justified in practising that means.

This method of the 6d. booklet, therefore, seems the sanest and most businesslike way of offering work to the reader. He cannot be expected to buy, at a prohibitive price, a volume of verse, in which perhaps he will find only one or two poems that give him delight. He would be willing, however, to give 6d. for these two poems, and would not think he had been cheated if he found none of the rest of the sample booklet to his taste.

At the same time, the rigour of the sparse selection will have a disciplinary effect on the poet. He will sift his work with more care, knowing that here is a special opportunity—but a narrow one—to bid for success. If his work pleases, there will soon be demands for more sixpennyworths, and he will find that he has a public looking for his work, whereas had he published in the ordinary way he would have slipped into the remainder box, dumber and damned by a repellent price.

EN SARDESIN.

## Contemporaries.\*

To begin; an illustration, a caricature of the need for objective standards related to, if not necessarily in accordance with, tradition, as a check on subjective criticism. Miss Mina Loy will provide us with this. She seems a poetic Luther, crying, "The Mot Juste shall live by faith"; at all events, she has produced a work in which the ideas and the aesthetic content are on such a level that even the authoress is unlikely to base any but minor illusions upon them, but in which the terminology is so stilted, so consciously artificial, that one concludes that by some monstrous exertion of faith, or self-hypnotism, its accumulator has come to regard the results of her labours as poetry. And this, to regard the editor of the "Contact" collection, faith has infected the editor of the "Contact" collection, for "The Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose" has been accorded fifty-eight pages, about a sixth, of that volume, in which twenty prominent English and American writers are represented. A little martyrdom is indicated.

There is no form in these verses to extenuate the quality of the matter; no metre, nor any perceptible trace of rhythm cadence, or any such relation of sounds to justify the *vers libre* arrangement in which this production is printed. One can only infer that the breaking-up of the prose form has been considered necessary for the more conspicuous exhibition of the just words:—

"Press the cerebellum  
into phantom  
moulds of idealism  
and no matter  
what ocular  
and intellectual contact with phenomena  
occur—  
Grey matter  
is added forever  
Ova accepts Christ. . . ."

\*"The Contact Collection of Contemporary Writers." (Three Mountains Press, Paris. 3 dollars.)

Word magic! Expressed properly in a dozen or so of simple words this appears, like every other idea in the production, the most miserable nothing of an out-of-date "modernist" platitude; dressed up by Miss Mina Loy it has bewitched two people at least. It deserves mention only as caricature, pointing its moral against one of the deadly sins in poetry, the self-hypnotism by which this authoress has persuaded herself that her use of a large number of quasi-scientific pomposities has resulted in profundity and exactitude, that in applying these to the merest superficialities of life she has analysed experience, that in arranging them as *vers libre* she has produced poetry.

Miss Mina Loy has nothing but faith and pomposity; Miss Gertrude Stein is not even pompous. She has abandoned her earlier method of arranging scraps of images, wisps of rhythm, in jumbles in which, though they conveyed no meaning, they amused and stimulated the ductile reader by a novelty, a suddenness, in their nature or their juxtaposition. Now, in the manner of certain painters who enjoyed themselves for a few months in sticking match-box lids and hairpins to their canvases, she is endeavouring to present us, not with the artistic symbolisation of her theme, but with the thing in itself. Schopenhauer must positively rotate! She has chosen to express continuity, duration; one is certainly impressed by those qualities:—

"There are often two of them, both women. There were two of them, two women. There were two of them, both women. There were two of them. They were both women. There were two women and they were sisters. They both went on living. They were very often together then when they were living. They were very often not together when they were living. One was the elder and one was the younger. They always knew this thing, they always knew that one was the elder and one was the younger. They were both living and they both went on living. They were together and they were then both living. They were then both going on living. They were not together and they were both living then and they both went on living then."

And so they were, and did, in the last paragraph, twenty-four pages later. "Deserts of vast eternity!" There is no adequate comment.

After this purgatory the reader deserves the company of the immortals. Mr. Norman Douglas (whose productions always tempt one to value them in terms vinous) contributes one of his best vintages. It is a comedy of Olympus, with Derceto in trouble and going to the Great Father about it (whose general attitude resembles that of a satirical novelist in retirement), and arousing just as much sympathy and just as much wit as if she had related her misfortune at a tea-party in Capri. A very sound juice it is, clear to the last drop, and of admirable bouquet. It hasn't quite the body, though, that marked the great "South Wind" year, nor does it approach for consummate dryness that larger flask. Perhaps Mr. Douglas is at his best when he directs his irony against his contemporaries, his feverish virulence declines to mere humour when he deals only with the creatures of his imagination. (Though what an advance is shown here in "They Went!") Fantastic comedy makes a double demand on a satirist energy, the manufacture of targets as well as of darts, the first a rather sterile expenditure, the creations seldom compensating the reader for the loss of that sympathetic quiver evoked when the shafts are driven into a substantial abdomen not unlike his own. And one who so resembles the Anatole France of Penguin Island, and yet is neither genius nor journalist, may well play Pope to the Frenchman's Dryden, confining his lesser, intenser, more particular artistry to the field where each stroke achieves the utmost effect. Mr. Douglas need not aim at the Olympians; Europe bristles with Sebastians, all ready trussed up on some humour or other, awaiting his attentions; though they are not likely to be canonised after he has dealt with them who leaves the Immortals scarcely a glimmer of divinity to shed a mitigatory gleam over their aberrations.

It is not until one turns to "Hedylus," a long prose study by H. D., that one fully appreciates an important quality in Mr. Douglas's contribution, the decent lightness of his contact with "the Greek spirit." H. D. long ago soaked her Imagism in the Greek—by this time she has evidently drowned it: here is a glimpse of its swollen and disfigured corpse.

"Small wax floret, tiny and exquisite of dwarf arbutus, of virgin, cold and childlike wood-anemone (not the great rose and purple and frayed lavender and ivory flower cups, but the tiny white delicate frost wood-flower), frost anemone, tiny wax-floret of evergreen leafage, pink arbutus, that was all Irene. But over it, he perceived as a flung garment, the whole of the laurel that must crown Parnassus. Giant bush, beneath which he would

find adequate shelter, beneath which he would be fittingly obliterated. Rose and purple heads of great flower that grow close on heavy bud-like calyx to the wood fibre of the great bush."

And this goes on for many many pages, full of flowers, with nothing more than a faint flavour of very far-fetched psychology to relieve the monotony of this alien aestheticism. H. D. was pleasing enough in her short poems; surely she should realise that their attraction lay in their clear, bitter images and their truly Greek terseness rather than in this "Greekness" which she pours out in a formless, intolerably sweetened flood. She has, at all events, transformed the Garland of Meleager into such a funeral wreath for her Ophelia art as will make one of her readers reverence her knowledge of botany and avoid all flower-shows for years to come. "Paint me a cavernous waste shore!"

Miss May Sinclair paints her landscape with commendable austerity. She chooses a Brontëan scene, the barest aspect of Yorkshire, with a farm-house for centre,

" . . . dark and repellent in its nakedness, built from floor to roof of that bleak stone that abhors the sun, that blackens under rain. The light of the August evening was grey round it; the heat of the August day lived only in the rank smell of the elder bushes by the pent-house wall. It seemed to Garvin that the soul of eighteen hundred hung about him in the smell of those bushes. He found it in the blurred gleam of the five windows, deep set and narrow, that looked out on the orchard of dead trees."

The surety of her touch, however, fails a little when she comes to the story. It tells of a neglected child whose unappeased hunger for its mother's love survives its death, materialising in the form of the child, and terrifying the woman and her husband until, by the intervention of a visitor, of circumstance and of Miss Sinclair, the mother overcomes her fear, embraces the little ghost, and all is a peace. Now this sort of thing is not within our experience. Miss Sinclair's ghost is too abstract both in its *raison d'être* and in its relation to the people in the story to awaken a complete response in us. We may be moved by an account of the effects of some supernatural influence on human beings, or by the presentation of a spook, for in either case there is some base for the imagination to start from, since we are all human and have all some associations, if only in nightmare, with spooks, but it must be related in terms of our physical or mental experience. Functioning on Miss Sinclair's private spiritual plane, a void to that part of the mind that responds to a story, the Love of the little ghost and the Fear of the mother become unconvincing, so that the main idea makes less impression than do any of the minor points. Perhaps this is true of all Miss Sinclair's work. Her descriptive power is admirable, her portrayal of individuals is convincing and very moving, but her main themes, the relations of her principal characters, are based on an idealism that asks too much of our imagination. Love, Hate, Self-Sacrifice, etc., all disproportionate to their manifestations, all less real than the least of these.

This weakness causes her well-written and ambitious story to appear loose and empty beside Miss Dorothy Richardson's contribution, a fragment about Miriam, kept carefully in a minor key, but with its main lines drawn with skill and restraint from its close-knit, accurate detail. Both writers excel in competence and insight the rest of the short-story writers in the collection; beside them Djuna Barnes and Mary Butts seem strained, artificial; Hemingway, Herrman, and McAlmon arid and insignificant. James Joyce contributes a fragment from work in progress, tortuous in idea, complicated in its "simplified" construction, and gustily comical, but it is too much a fragment for more general comment.

Having begun with bad verses, let us end with good! Miss Edith Sitwell is represented by two poems, which have, however, also appeared in "Troy Park." Mr. Ezra Pound writes "A Canto" with delicacy, clarity, and rather too obvious ease for the achievement of that "first intensity" which was his admirable aim a few years ago.

"Air moving under the boughs;  
The cedars there in the sun,  
Hay new cut on the hill slope,  
And the water there in the cut  
between the two lower meadows, sound,  
The sound, as I have said, a nightingale  
too far off to be heard."

One regrets that, of the first twelve lines, nine and a half are in what is probably Provencal, and the rest of the poem is fretted with phrases in that obscure tongue. Perhaps one day Mr. Pound, who has proved himself so felicitous a translator of the work of other poets, will gratify his less cultured readers by a little volume of translations from his recent poems.

JOHN COLLIER.

## In Search of Eldorado.

This small book\* pursues its subject from the Chartists to the latest General Election. On the whole Mr. Hutchison proves a competent historian of that class which writes useful compendiums without expressing strong prejudice and with no critical discussion, either profound or pretentious, of causes and tendencies. Only in dealing with post-war years does he give rein to his enthusiasm, but it is here precisely where enthusiasm is least useful and criticism most valuable, if only in the interests of political Labour itself.

We can make something like a generalisation about organised participation in politics by the working classes in this country, and this is that they organise either when their efforts in other spheres of action have been defeated, as in the 1830's, or when they are deliberately attacked, as in the Taff Vale case. Before Chartism the weekly wage-earners in industry had enthusiasms, energy, and ideas quite as promising as any since. But the salvage of the disaster was not Christian, but the small beginnings of the consumers' co-operative movement. The next concrete advance was the establishment of the craft unions, which were fairly successful in securing benefits for their members through following a policy of monopoly. Next we find solid gains were procured by the unskilled workers' movement in the 'nineties. Before the war an outburst of "direct action" improved the position of certain sections, notably the railwaymen. During the war, thanks to the insatiable, effective demand for workmen, those working men not in the Army were, on the whole, better off both in pocket and in status.

Now how much concrete benefit has political action yet brought in? The direct action movement before the war sprang positively from the fall in real wages then going on and from a crop of new ideas, partly imported, and partly home-grown in THE NEW AGE; negatively, from dissatisfaction with the Parliamentary Labourists. Had Mr. Hutchison been of that generation he would have been damning the politicians and proclaiming that "Economic Power precedes Political Power." The Labour Party then, as now, went in chiefly for measures inspired by the doctrine that people's lot in life shall be improved by trying to do things for them rather than by enabling them to do those things themselves.

When the war was over the Labour leaders possessed no idea born later than 1912. Newer ones they repulsed, and for preference garbled the old. They trusted in conditions over which they had no control, and in the newly reorganised Labour Party. Mr. Hutchison quotes from the Party's Webbian prospectus, which has trapped so many well-meaning members of the middle classes, and put in cold storage the minds of most prominent Socialists who did not escape into the equally paralysing web of Marxist dogmata. The Party became overrun with the alumni of the economic schools of Cambridge and London. Their combined talents furnished no plan of campaign by which the Party's clients could avoid the calamity hurled upon them, as the Great Slump—calamity still continuing, and, as I write, threatening worse.

But Labourists are invited to rejoice in the Dead Sea fruit of the First Labour Government. With the approval of the ex-Liberals who are so eminent in Labour counsels, Mr. Mac Donald's administration fixed its eyes on the ends of the earth and presently stubbed its toe. Considered beside the often egregious, and sometimes criminal, folly of our other post-war Governments, it was relatively satisfactory. Absolutely, it failed. Its home policy was vapid; it chose neither of the statesmanlike alternatives, either to present the policy which, had it been in "power as well as office," it would have pursued, or to adopt a policy that would compel the co-operation of the other politicians. In foreign policy, on which its apologists rely, it outmaneuvered the stupid Poincaré, supported the ineffectual Herriot, and prepared the way for the anti-British, anti-democrat Caillaux, from whom may Europe be preserved. It accepted the American gambit of the Dawes Plan, and not being able to make up its mind about Russia, lost a set in the political tournament. Mr. Hutchison hopes to see "Labour in power" in 1930, a date uncomfortably remote and suggestive of the uncertain feeding Eccleston-square purveys to its hungry constituents.

H. C.

### HELEN.

By D. R. Guttery.

Beauty and artist Helen was;  
On her I make two strictures:  
She certainly could paint her face  
But couldn't manage pictures.

\* "Labour in Politics." By Keith Hutchison. (Labour Publishing Company. 3s. cloth; 1s. 6d. paper.)

## City Fudge.

By "Old and Crusted."

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who during this discourse sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out Fudge, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation. (Vicar of Wakefield.)

The true Reformer is the Seminal Reformer, not the Radical. And this is the way the Sower, who went forth to sow His seed, did really reform the world, without making any open assault to uproot what was already existing.

In a mist the heights can for the most part see each other; but the valleys cannot.

None but a fool is always right; and his right is the most unreasonable wrong. (Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers.)

That which distinguishes man from the beasts that perish is his sublime faculty of playing the fool. A dog will do it on occasion—a cat never—not even to curry favour with Cæsar, though feline wisdom is sometimes more fatal than canine folly; witness the sudden demise of Caius Julius Tompus of this household, who, developing a taste for spring chickens and consuming four at a meal, was rewarded with a sack, a brick, and a sullen plunge.

So persistent is man in his pursuit of chimeras, one would imagine he considered the day ill-spent wherein he had not made an unmitigated ass of himself. Some are born to the folly by the way of inherited thirst, others achieve it in the prosecution of their daily task, but most of us have it thrust upon us by the crazy system under which we vainly strive to make both ends meet. A few have a saving grace. They possess an objective sense of humour whereby they can laugh at themselves and so retain their sanity; but the bulk persist in their folly, become Bank Directors or publicists, or engage in some other form of time-honoured futility, which eventually leads grey hairs to a quiet grave, the House of Lords, or Bedlam.

Every now and again some colossal act of stupidity, such as the Great War or the funding of the American debt, evokes a sense of uneasiness in the general public, who begin to think they can have too much of this expensive nonsense. Those who give expression to this vague distrust are generally described as cranks, idealists, or even as criminals. In the days of old they were called prophets and came into violent collision with the local road-mending material.

A natural result of this inherent quality is an ineradicable gullibility and power of self-deception, otherwise it would be impossible for anyone to write or read the pathetic rubbish appearing in the daily press under the heading, "City Facts and Figures," etc., etc. Taken at random, here is a choice specimen:—

"Clearly imports have to be paid for, and unless our export trade improves, there must be a diminution of imports and a reduction of the high rate of internal consumption; in other words, a reduction of the standard of living. The high imports necessary to maintain the present standard of living can only be kept up if an adequate volume of exports is maintained, but such maintenance demands greater efficiency in production, and this is impossible while wage costs and overhead charges are unduly raised through the policy of short hours and vexatious restrictions on industrial output."

It would be waste of time and a weariness to the flesh to analyse once more the muddle-headed fallacies contained in this characteristic paragraph. Instead of boring ourselves over so dreary a task, let us take a stroll down the "bread-street and call in at one of the cottages where the "bread-winner" has just returned home with his weekly wages, and "Jim and Polly" are going through the "estimates" before buying the Sunday dinner. The knotty point under consideration is: Shall it be a joint and no boots for little Jimmy, or boots and a "pound o' shin" to make a stew, which, along with a large cabbage and some "taters from the allotment will make a passable substitute for "ribs and Yorkshire pudding"?

Now, when it is suggested that "the standard of living should be reduced" it is quite certain that it will not entail the closing of "Claridge's" or the bolting of the front door of Berkeley's—neither will my neighbour, Sir Gorgias Midas, instruct his cook to cut out the entrées, or order his butler to serve cider in place of Veuve Cliquot. It is in the homes of those who hover on the verge of subsistence that the pinch will be felt.

I would give a week's beer (and that is some sacrifice) if the writer of this pernicious bilge could make the suggestion himself to Polly and Jim; but, he would be well advised to have his line of retreat open, for Jim, good fellow, having forgone the usual daily pint on his way home in order to bring the Missis—"who is expectin'"—a bottle of stout, is inclined to be irritable; and the toe of a miner's boot, like the business end of a swift kick, is nearly as efficacious as the butt-end of a service rifle.

This kind of tosh, however, has a different effect in other quarters. Picture yourself in the morning train, between Surbiton and the City, and watch the plummy, fruity, full-flavoured gentleman in white spats (handicap 18), beaming approval as he hands the MORNING TIMES with podgy forefinger on the pestilent paragraph to his friend opposite, Mr. Job Lotte (handicap 24), managing director of Herod's Stores, with the comment, "Sound common sense that, Sir!" After rapid perusal, Job expresses unqualified approval, adding that business is very bad, and that those damned miners are at the bottom of it all. Why, only yesterday the buyer of his Sports Department had been reluctantly compelled to decline an exceptional line in golf-bags from Guatemala owing to the rise in freights, due to the decline in coal exports to South America—or some other fantastic piffle. After further exchange of abusive comments on Labour in general, Plummy asks Job to lunch with him at the Ritz, to celebrate the opening of the new central offices of "Amalgamated Banks, Ltd.," of which he is a director. Job regrets, having a previous engagement with the Roturier Club, when the burning question "buy British goods" will be discussed. From there he has to go on to a council meeting of the Feduperation of British Industries, for Job has a foot in both camps, and owns a factory somewhere in Shoreditch, whose profit-earning capacity is threatened by dumped goods from Czechoslovakia.

And the people who indulge in this saturnalia of nonsense have the effrontery to sneer at the credulity of the Middle Ages!

Truly, when that great traveller Sir John Maundevile gets going he is no slouch. Witness, for example, his description of the "Contrees and Yles, that ben bezonde the Lond of Cathay," where

"there growethe a maner of Fruyt, as though it weren Gowrdes: and when thei ben rype, men kутten hem a to, and men fynden with inne a lytlylle Best, in Flessche, in Bon and Blode, as though it were a lytlylle Lomb, with outen Wolle. And men eten bothe the Frut and the Best: and that is a gret Marveylle. Of that Frute I have eten: alle though it were wondrfulle: but that I knowe wel, that God is marveyllous in his Werkes. And natheles I tolde hem, of als gret a Marveylle to hem, that is amonges us: and that was of the Bernakes.

What Bernakes may be, I know not—perhaps Bankers—but of "alle the marveyllous Werkes of God," surely nothing transcends a City Editor grinding out his daily tale of "financial facts"—unless it be the forty odd millions, mostly fools, who take it all for Gospel.

## Reviews.

**The Main Currents of Social and Industrial Change, 1870-1924.** By T. G. Williams, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., F.R.Econ.S. (Sir Isaac Pitman. 5s.)

The author, writing for the "unprofessed student," has tried to omit mention of no phase which could be included under his title. He touches on so many things, indeed, that the book would be a useful compendium of memoranda to others as well. He has used Government statistics extensively, and gives a list of the more important Royal Commissions and Special Reports. It would have been better had there been a bibliography for further reading, both for reference to more detailed facts and for controversial interpretations of them. This service is not fulfilled by the footnotes. Appendix IV. is a table of Average Bank Rate, Clearing House Figures, Foreign Trade per head, Trade Unionists unemployed, price and wage levels, pauperism, and marriage rates year by year since 1870, followed by the same data in graphical form. Apart from some sapless generalities, the book is free from propaganda. It is therefore the more noticeable that it gives the impression that while the twentieth century continues to develop the power to produce the necessities and amenities of life, its ability to distribute them diminishes. The growth, too, of Government activity in the provision of maintenance for sections of the population is not solely, or even chiefly, due to a growing standard of humanitarianism in society. Just as to square observed phenomena with the geocentric system

of Ptolemy, epicycle had to be added to epicycle, until the heliocentric system of Copernicus was adopted, so Government is continually being called upon much against its will to botch another dilapidation of the social structure, and will doubtless continue so to do until either it gives way altogether or new foundations are put in.

**Wagner's Music Drama of the Ring.** By L. Archier Leroy. (Noel Douglas. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Leroy must be hailed as one of the blessed few who realise that what happens *this side of the footlights* is what really matters. A fine show given to an untrained audience may be an artistic success, yet it misses its objective in exactly the same way as an industrial system which cannot deliver the goods owing to the consumer's inability, through poverty, to accept delivery. It is therefore to be deplored that this Synopsis of the Ring (accompanied by a bare outline of Wagner's life and struggles, the mythological and allegorical derivations of the drama, a list of very artistically printed Leitmotiven, and a representative list of gramophone records), should have to cost 12s. 6d. Maybe it is the writer's intention to influence wealthy amateurs in favour of certain proposals for the re-organisation of Opera, which Mr. H. Barbor discusses at some length in a brightly written introduction, rather superior in style and argument to the book itself. Whether Mr. Leroy and his friend are on sufficiently solid ground to justify the seeming temerity of some of their contentions, and whether the reforms they advise would be practicable, if beneficial, may be disputed; not everyone, for instance, will agree that Wagner was "pre-eminently a man of the Theatre," and "only secondarily a Musician." Unsatisfactoriness of Ring performances is due to dramatic defects in the work itself, which ought to be scientifically but ruthlessly corrected, to the tyranny of Dr. Richter's bullying "thoroughness," to the scarcity of people weighing under twenty stone who can both sing and act, and to inadequate architecture and stage technique, alias lack of money. Mr. Barbor loses his temper at the sight of conductors' "waving locks," and the musicians' "fidgety attentions to their toilet"; admittedly, an orchestra is not a barber's shop, but will this razor-edged "Nothing" slay the musical Fafrer?

**The Secret of Chimneys.** By Agatha Christie. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is what a *Daily Mail* reviewer describes as a "spirited mystery story." To us, one mystery is why Virginia, who throws on her *negligé* in the dead of night and rushes to Bill's bedroom to wake him and tell him there are two men downstairs presumably burgling in the "spirited" flirtation with him before she takes him down to investigate. Mrs. Christie's story suffers from overfondness for "spirits" of this kind, and as a consequence cannot tell itself coherently. Next time she had better make up her mind whether she wants to write a detective story or not. An alternation of murdering, giggling, murdering, giggling can only irritate the reader who takes his mysteries seriously, which we suppose that readers of mystery stories do—if not, behold! one more mystery.

**Harvest in Poland.** By Geoffrey Dennis. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

This is an extraordinary book: parts of it, like the Paris night-life, are reminiscent of Jacob Wassermann, and though one may be sceptical of the power of mediums to predict the future, or of the Devil himself to take possession of the insane, the conviction with which the narrative is told is enough to interest the most hardened reader. Although "none of the characters is intended to be a real person," Ivan de Czelten, who crowded his rooms at Oxford with nigger fetishes and decorated the chapel vane of a godly college with his chamber-pot, is remarkably like a certain London bookseller, and the others appear to be equally drawn from life. Driven by fate, Prince Julian Lelewel engaged Emmanuel Lee to accompany him to Poland. Misfortunes en route augur a dreadful climax at Hate Castle, a venomous half-sister and a maniacal dwarf, squeak and gibber at him for the fortune of his wolf-like centenarian grandmother. Julian wishes Lee to meet his sinister cousin, the giant Count Bethlehem, reputed to be the Polish Faust. Emmanuel passes a night in his library, surrounded by books of necromancy and nightmares; he resists the Devil and brings salvation to Bethlehem, who begs forgiveness of the grandmother, only to be sacrificed to her spirit of hate—an anti-climax which comes rather as a relief after the ominous working out of the threatening spiritualist predictions.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## SOUNDLESS MUSIC.

Sir,—“It has been suggested,” says—I hope I may say—my friend, Mr. Haydn Mackey, “that . . . a soundless music may be achieved.” [P. 129. July 16.] The phrase is inadequate. Some months since Mr. Mackey half accepted my invitation to come here and see my own assays in this direction. These essays on which I had been engaged for some years prove conclusively to me that the *only* obstacle to the colour symphony is the need of a projector that can place on the screen coloured forms of definite measured shapes and *hold them there* while placing beside them other such forms. Mr. Thomas Wilfred told me at the Queen's Hall that this could be done with an installed instrument of the type with which he gave two recitals in May of this year (Clavilux). The instrument with which he gave his recitals is not suitable.

May I be allowed through your columns to repeat my invitation to Mr. Mackey and to extend it to all interested in the subject of music in form and colour who care to make an appointment with me here?

As the italicised phrase “Some expression can be only expressible in a technique of imitative symbols,” is evidently corrupt, I am in doubt whether Mr. Mackey meant to contend that imitation is essential to composition in form and colour. I hope not. The expression, “ornemaniste” again suggests decorative associations that have not necessarily anything to do with the matter. The one aim of the composer in form and colour must be to stir the emotional nature in just the way in which it is stirred by the composer in sound.

At present, for the want of the mechanical device I have mentioned, I can show others only moments in my symphonies.

10 Essex Road, Leyton, E.10.

W. N. HILLS.

## “THE ARTS IN UTOPIA.”

Sir,—The free artists are always the “unseen legislators.” The level-headed business man has his place and a necessary one. Even now he is receiving and obeying subtle commands from the artists. We are supplying him clarified vision on which he will act as if on his own initiative.

Meantime, part of the vital need of the artist is a sound aesthetic. This is a branch of esoteric literature concerning only artists. It will ultimate in an artistic production, which is the point at which the practical business man will be affected. Thus Haydn Mackey's theories eventuate in his cartoon, “August Bank Holy-Dav.” By supplying a simplified imagery of economic existence the reaction against it is made easier. Synthetic imagery means enhanced practical power.

I make no apology for supporting Mackey's aesthetic. He has achieved a notable step in clear thinking. Shakespeare's “Art holds the mirror up to nature” was obviously unsatisfactory. The individual was not mentioned. “Art is nature seen through a temperament” puts the individual in, but explains little. Tolstoy was on the track in the idea of art transmuting cold science into emotional imagery. Whistler in modern time commenced the pre-occupation with aesthetic qualities abstracted away from the imagic intention, and this obfuscation became an eloquent tyranny from the pens of Roger Fry and Clive Bell. It resulted in a man effort to eschew the elements of information, drama, lucidity, propaganda, and concentrate upon a philosophic impossibility called “Pure Form.” The effort is only equalled by the pathetic saints of India.

Wyndham Lewis contrived the long stroke of genius in making artists for their “vortex,” but there is a straining madness in his exposition. It is left to Mackey to restate and clarify out of a larger mediation made possible only by the aid of two great contributors to modern thought—Freud and Douglas. “Art is an anamorphosis,” i.e., the details of nature are impressed, reduced to elements, and expressed as an *intention*.

The artist slaves of Finance are not artists because lacking intention. The intention is Shylock's. Mackey has asked what is the expression when it is free, and he has found it to consist largely of phallic worship and the savagery of jazz. In the last article he suggests the high alternative of developing the technique of Inspiration. This, Sir, is thrilling.

It means the re-establishment of the Artist as the wilful creator of *vision*.

Without which *the people perish*.

JOHN RIMMER.

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All communications should be addressed, Manager, THE NEW AGE, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for “The New Age,” to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 30s. for 12 months; 15s. for 6 months; 7s. 6d. for 3 months.

Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRESS, LIMITED, Temple-avenue and Tudor-street, London E.C. 4.