The English Triple Alliance has to the best of our knowledge done nothing for a fortnight towards the practical solution of the greatest economic problem in the world. The Manx emblem of three legs in unprogressive rotation would appear, indeed, to be the appropriate symbol of the Triple Alliance. It is not for want of pricking on by the constituent branches either; for we have been given to understand by authorities that "hundreds" of resolutions urging an Inquiry into the Cost of Living have been received at every chief office of every Trade Union. We confess that we do not understand the official procedure, unless it be that the Executives are labouring under the delusion that High Prices will presently come tumbling down of their own accord. What, in fact, is the idea? Are they waiting to be pushed so hard from their branches that they can convince the Government that something must be done? Are they without any hope that, however hard they are pushed, a real solution for high prices can be found—in which event we should like to undeceive them. Or are they just waiting like a Committee of Micawbers to see what turns up? But in that event we do not see why they should continue to call themselves an Executive; or resent the criticism they undoubtedly deserve and receive from their branches. Mr. Hancock, of the Notts Miners' Association, and Mr. Hancox, of the Notts Miners' Association, and the Labour M.P. for Mid-Derby, calls his critics "Bolsheviks" and "wild men" in the quite approved style of Micawbers realise that if they will not get on they must be got out? Heaven knows that the "movement" is to deserve it.

...
causes of the rise in prices in America as well as here, other causes, consequential to but not identical with finance, are in operation all over the world to aggrava-
te the rise in the cost, particularly of essentials. As Secerov has shown conclusively in the work to which we have occasionally referred—"Economic Phenomena before and after the War" (Kautsky—1914, 6d, n. 2)—the tendency of the world, under the domination of the Judaic system of finance, is towards an increasing production of secondary commodities (machinery, luxuries, etc.), and a relatively decreasing pro-
duction of primary commodities; with the ap-
parently paradoxical result that "the sweeter reasonableness of the appeal recalls a hundred
years of history of the world's struggle for
existence; to be brief, when the struggle for exist-
ence becomes intolerable. Under the existing financial
regime, that unstable equilibrium is likely henceforward
to be continuous; from which it follows that,
This change-over from primary to secondary produc-
tion, which Major Douglas has traced to its source in
finance, is entirely compatible with mutual goodwill . . . is both plainer and easier. We know, more
clearly than anybody has ever known, what are the
real causes of war. And we know how to deal with
them. Nothing but a real desire for human peace is
going to enable us to establish peace on earth.

It is sometimes possible to see things more objec-
tively when they are stated in unfamiliar terms. The
following extracts from Mr. J. O. P. Bland's recent
series in the "Times" on "Far Eastern Problems" may
throw additional light on the situation in which every
country under the existing system must sooner or later
find itself. (We do not endorse all Mr. Bland's views,
of course.)

The prevalent conception of Japan as an aggressive
militarist nation is a modern fancy. Mr. Bland
points out that the real cause of the friction with
China is non-essential, secondary; in short, when it is not
a matter of life and death. But as soon as the rivalry
arises and then protest against war; but they are those
who anticipate war and strive to avert it. Their duty,
moreover, is not only to do so; but to work for peace.

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much progress, but it is doubtful whether the cause
lies where Lord Reading professed to find it.
matists, but on the opinion of the vast majority of mankind." We agree, of course, that "jurists and diplomatists" do not initiate policy, but are only the more or less imperfect instruments of policy. On the other hand, it is even more the case that "the opinion of the vast majority of mankind" is dynamic and not a question of mere observation. The effectiveness of the League of Nations is to depend on the initiative of "the vast majority of mankind," its utility is therefore likely to be less than its worst enemies could have hoped. As we have more than once pointed out, the true effectiveness of the League of Nations depends less upon the presence among them of a common object than upon the absence from among them of vitally conflicting objects. A common desire to avoid war, for instance, is utterly ineffective against the economic necessity to fight or starve; while, on the other hand, we doubt whether the most pugnacious of races would go to war in these days if only secondary or tertiary objects were to be gained by it. The moral for those who hope to see the League of Nations made effective is to examine the conflicting objects of the constituent communities and to discover the formula of their reconciliation. Until this has been done, no intellectually honest person can regard the League of Nations as more than a pre- 

ence of which the dupes are to be pitied and the authors condemned.

It appears impossible to convince Mr. Clynes and his political colleagues that "the franchise power of the organised workers" is not "all the power needed to transform on peaceful lines the social conditions which now oppress them." They have got it into their heads, and nothing will get it out, that through course Labour representation will sweep the country and we shall have a Labour Government which will then proceed to inaugurate the Revolution by legislative means. Until then, it is suggested, Labour can afford to wait. Without repeating our demonstration both of the impossibility of realising this "myth," and of the uselessness of a Labour Government without constructive ideas, we will content ourselves on this occasion with observing that the element of time is all-important, and that, even if the whole design could ever be realised, the time it would take is now certainly too long to make the single pursuit of the design itself anything but dangerous. If the facts of international competition which we have described as being based on a domestic financial system of mal-distribution cannot be challenged, the calculation is comparatively easy that long before the "franchise-power" of organised Labour can transform on peaceful lines the social conditions which now oppress us, the competing nations will be engaged in the final form of the struggle for existence. And precisely to the extent that "the Labour movement" is not by nature and training equipped for such a struggle, we can surely say that, in a whole, it will be thrown back at the threat of it upon every such occasion. It will be observed, we hope, that for once we are not asking the Labour movement to cease its political work, but to discover the formula of its reconciliation. All we are asking is that the whole of its production should not be devoted to parliamentary ciphers, but that a little energy and thought should be diverted to the harmless, necessary task of seeing whether civilisation can be saved.

The decision of the Co-operative Conference to reflect another year before committing the movement to fusion with the Labour Party may be said not only to postpone the advent of a Labour Cabinet, but to be almost a cement upon the political life of anything but the Labour Party. It is incredible that if the Parliamentary Labour Party had earned respect, the Co-operative movement could have declined to affiliate with it; and, on the other hand, if the Labour Party has not yet learned how to command respect, what is it doing to determine a different decision next year? On the whole, we are inclined to believe that the two movements will never be more closely related politically than they are at this moment. This does not mean that it may be said to facilitate, a closer co-operation in the region of economics. Politics, it must never be forgotten, tend to divide; but common economic interests are a powerful cement; and as it is certainly the case that the rank and file of the two movements are economically identical, the picture is likely to present a common economic policy even in the absence of a common political policy. Nevertheless even in this respect the difficulties are considerable in view of the shibboleths of the Labour movement—shibboleths expressing a point of view incompatible, as we see it, both with the co-operative movement and the general body of the consuming public. "Labour," for example, tends to think only of the "producer" and in terms of wages: in other words, "Labour" is perpetually attempting to increase an existing cost, without regard to the effect upon prices. The Co-operatives, like the general public, is, on the other hand, primarily interested in prices; in other words, in keeping down costs. A common economic policy must therefore be one that promises to satisfy simultaneously both these perfectly natural and perfectly legitimate demands: it must increase wages at the same time that it reduces prices. Has Labour such a policy in its archives at Eccleston Square? Has the Co-operative at Leman Street? We believe not.

Professor Soddy's admirable letters to the "Times" independently confirm the financial analysis published in these columns. With perfect truth and with every personal justification, the distinguished Professor of Chemistry at Oxford University observes that it is vexatiously largely "scientific men" . . . "who may be and usually are poor, but not on that account ignorant" . . . "who are primarily responsible for the great expansion" . . . of productivity . . . yet "their work has been largely stultified under our existing laws by the tricks of international financiers with metal counters in counting-houses, as obvious, even to the so-called poor and ignorant, as the use of a telescopic and elastic yard- 

yard in trade would be . . . . If I defy anyone (he continues) to find in nature a process for the spontaneous increment of wealth to offset the human convention of the spontaneous increment of debt at compound interest. The simplest arithmetic is all that is necessary to show that under the system it is merely a matter of time before the producers are left with nothing but their appetites." In a subsequent letter ("Times," May 29), Professor Soddy carried his indictment further, to the point, in fact, of an examination of the real nature of the war-debt such as we have often made. "The national security and currency [that is, communal credit] were put at the disposal of the privately owned, dividend-earning banks free, gratis, and for nothing, and when the peace had been sufficiently financed thereby it was bought back [by the Government] at usurious rates of interest to finance the war" . . . and afterwards, we may add, again to finance the peace. "So much," Professor Soddy concludes, "for the economics that is based on cobwebs."

It was only to be expected that Oxford Professors would espouse of its pens in defence of the system attacked by their colleague; and we must remark on the appropriateness of the address of All Souls chosen by Mr. R. H. Brand, whose less spiritual home, we believe, is Messrs. Lazard Brothers, Merchant Bankers, the City. His question, "Why drag in that harmless creature, the poor old international financier," is meant, like the general public, is, on the other hand, primarily interested in prices; in other words, in keeping down costs. A common economic policy must therefore be one that promises to satisfy simultaneously both these perfectly natural and perfectly legitimate demands: it must increase wages at the same time that it reduces prices. Has Labour such a policy in its archives at Eccleston Square? Has the Co-operative at Leman Street? We believe not.

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method of defence: it is to quote the calorific Professor Bowley, whose recent statistical work came in the nick of time for his reputation. "Is it seriously contended," Professor Stuart Jones asks, "that the share of the national product which accrues to those in receipt of wages and salaries forms a steadily diminishing percentage of the total?" And when Professor Soddy assures him that it is, he can only repeat that "Professor Bowley has shown that this is not the case." The matter, however, is not one of opinion, but of fact and knowledge. Major Douglas has just been demonstrating how Professor Bowley's error (and, in consequence, the error of his followers) has arisen. The national production of any given year is much more than the total of the distributed products; since it includes not only the actual goods produced, but the means to produce further goods in the shape of invention, process, organisation, experience and a thousand and one other aids to production. The true total of the annual national production is the sum of the credit-values produced, just as the true total of the annual national consumption is the sum of the credit values consumed or destroyed. Making our reckoning, therefore, in terms of goods alone, Professor Bowley may be correct; but in actual reckoning as financiers reckon, the annual sum of our production vastly exceeds the sum of our consumption. Relatively to the whole it follows that consumption is in a diminishing proportion. We can leave the discussion, however, to Professor Soddy. He is quite capable of dealing with any of his colleagues, in the City or only not.

Sir Henry Morris has a surprisingly simple plan for reducing prices; it is "to refuse to buy." That, he says, is "the only way to frustrate retail profiteers and to compel them to be satisfied with smaller gains." We have no objection, in the abstract, to a return to the simple life; in fact, such a return is highly desirable for its own sake, apart from the saving in cost it might effect. But a return to nature by way of self-denial at the instance of the financial system is not progress, but reaction, not strength but weakness. If there were any necessity in the nature of things for an abatement of our consumption--as there was, for instance, during the war; but there may be again under acts of providence--in which circumstances "to refuse to buy" is meritorious; or if under happier conditions than the world has yet known (but shall know if we can make it), consumption were voluntarily reduced in the interests, let us say, of leisure for pleasure, culture, and religion--in which event Sir Henry Morris' advice would again be admirable--we should, we hope, be among the first to support it. But "to refuse to buy," essentials in particular, at the present period is not to act under necessity or under the choice which is liberty—it is to shirk the practical problem of equitable distribution and to play directly into the hands of the financial classes whose whole present object is precisely to persuade the vast majority permanently to degrade their standard of living in order to maintain the present system in existence. It is true that prices rise a little in consequence of demand and would fall a little in consequence of a decline in demand; but the social and human way of regulating prices is not by alternately satisfying and denying the needs of mankind, but by making prices conform with needs. Since the means to this adjustment are now known, there is only a reactionary push in taking Sir Henry Morris' advice. We will "refuse to buy" when it is in the national system but enlightened sense that counsels it. We will "refuse to buy" when the whole of society would be profited by the refusal. Our business is to refuse to accept the dictation of arbitrary interests until we can, in effect, establish our own. And what we say here of food-control applies, we believe, to the question of birth-control as well.

CHAPTER XI

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

We may sum up the foregoing arguments by saying, firstly, that the only claim which any individual or collection of individuals has to operate and administer the plant of society is that they are the fittest persons available for the purpose. This can only be the case where there is natural attraction between a man and his work, because no man or woman ever excelled at any pursuit for which they entertained a dislike when in competition with numbers of persons who added to equal capacity an affinity for their occupation. Secondly, that as the operators, though vital to the result, are only one of the factors contributing to the result and by no means the most difficult factor to replace, they are not, as operators, concerned with either what is produced, who produces it, or who gets it when it is produced—that is the business of those who provide the reason, the inducement to produce—the individuals who collectively compose Society.

The absolutely fundamental reason for the existence of modern co-operative collective production is the belief of individuals that their interest is best so served. When or if that belief fails, as it is failing now, either it must be restored or collective production will fail, as it failed in Russia. Now, there is no reasonable ground whatever for suggesting that modern productive methods are not incomparably more efficient than individualistic hand production. It is not meant to say this that the results of the modern industrial system are at present more satisfactory than those possible under mediævalism, but that they could be. The essential factor which places the matter beyond doubt is the introduction of natural, solar energy into the work of the world, through the agency of coal, water power, internal combustion engines, and other agencies of energy-conversion.

It is therefore not the operation of the plant but the purposes for which it is operated which are chiefly at fault, and it is over these purposes, the policy of production, that we are chiefly concerned to acquire control. Imagine a bank formed by the employees of one of the great producing industries, by the simple process of hiring a building and engaging a trained staff, and that all the wages and salaries of the operating side of this industry were paid through this bank—an operation of the simplest magnitude to place an ordinary banking business on a firm foundation at once. Such a bank, backed by the economic power of a Trade Union on which it might rely, might claim with success that, as representing one of the factors of production, and consequently one of the factors in the credit attaching to production, it should issue a considerable and agreed proportion of the flow of purchasing-power which forms the vehicle of that credit. This would take two forms—the provision of short term loans for current business, and of irredeemable loans for capital expansion. Now, it should be clear from what has been said that such a bank would control policy in the proportion that its financing operations control the productive organisations obliged to come to it for money.

Imagine each client of this bank to have one share and one vote at a shareholders' meeting, the object of such meetings being to afford an opportunity to discuss the action taken by the bank's officials in the exercise of the bank's financing powers, not to discuss the bank's own financial success, for such a bank as is suggested should pay no dividend. It should be observed, and it is vital to a grasp of the principle involved, that this bank is solely concerned, like all other finance, with economic policy, not with the administration of economic process. Consider what happens in the relations
between these financing banks and the productive organisations, or companies which they will admittedly control. The management of a producing company, with the aid of its expert technical knowledge, will initiate a programme of production, and will submit this programme with estimates of its cost to the banks. The banks are not concerned with any questions of either practicability, method of achievement, or any other questions dependent on technical knowledge—they are simply concerned to give a quick answer to a plain question: Will you pledge the community to pay so much for so many articles, delivered at such a rate of delivery, commencing on such and such a date? If the banks say yes, they pledge the credit of the community to that extent exactly as they do, uncontrolled, at present, because each issue of credit dilutes the purchasing power of every existing unit of purchasing power, per se, a dilution which is only cancelled by the actual cancellation of that purchasing power. If cancellation takes place by the recovery of this credit from the public through the agency of prices, then the public interest is to keep prices low, while, under existing conditions, the producers' interest is to keep them high. Now, since a hypothetically imaginary bank can be put in the place of a Trade Union, which is a union of producers, it is clearly vital to know whether its shareholders will support a consumers' policy or what seems superficially a producers' policy.

Let us abandon at once any sentimental ideas which are based on what is called an imaginary bank. What we want to know is, "How will a body of men whose fundamental reason for association is goods, not work, act under certain specified conditions, which we want to arrange in the general interest?"

Consider two alternative policies to be before, say, a Miners' Bank. One raises the price of coal while raising the remuneration of the miners, the other lowers the price of coal. The miners are producers of coal, but they are consumers of forty-nine other articles into which the cost of coal enters, so that while the miners would receive more for their product, they would pay more for all other products. The question we have to answer is, "On which side does their advantage lie!" and the solution is concerned with the dynamic nature of industry—the constant movement of all the factors in it.

Remembering that all money, whether for wages or salaries, paid to induce people to produce, is an advance of financial credit in respect of future production, we can see that if this advance had no effect on present prices, the miners would benefit at the expense of the public. But since, under existing conditions, this additional purchasing power released against the existing stock of goods raises their price at once (just as we know that building a new railway bridge will raise the price of bacon at the nearest village shop) the advantage is very temporary, and is absolutely reversed in the case of the individual who has any stock of money.

But infinitely more important is the real credit aspect which is also essentially dynamic. When a miner raises coal, which is a vehicle of solar energy, he increases the real capital of the community, its increased capacity to deliver goods and services, out of all proportion to the "cost" of raising it. Consequently, as a consumer, he should receive goods at some future date much cheaper as a result of raising this coal, i.e., in order to get value for his money the price of the articles must be diminished in direct proportion to the credit-value of the work he does. Anyone familiar with the mathematical conception of an acceleration will grasp the point without difficulty.

(To be continued.)

[The notes of Major Douglas' lecture at Ruskin College, Oxford, on Friday evening, June 4, at 8 o'clock, will be published here next week.]

**Is There a Population Problem?**

To those who, as the result of their investigations, believe that population is the one fundamental and really serious problem of the day, it is always as much a source of wonder as of sorrow that their opponents should be content to sweep away their contentions without even examining them.

A psychologist might reflect that no one is convinced by the truth of an argument against his will. "The interest in what is true ceases as it guarantees less pleasure." It would be interesting to know, however, by what intellectual distortions the facts can be faced by those who deny the reality of the problem.

It is, of course, open to either side to make such a challenge—if they attack. But to brush the subject away as unscientific, or as out of date, or by some such suggestion as that the problem is relevant only to some particular form or system of society, is surely childish in view of the weighty considerations of experts holding such widely different political views as, for instance, Dr. Havelock Ellis, Professor Karl Pearson, Dr. Killick Millard, Mr. Sidney Webb and the Dean of St. Paul's.

Let us take a few of the principal contentions in order.

1. Although Malthus' deductions have been largely falsified by the postponement of his law, owing to industrial development, organisation, and the importation of food from abroad, his fundamental principles are just as sound to-day as they were in 1798 when he enunciated them. Human beings, in common with the rest of the animal kingdom, tend to multiply faster than the means of subsistence. Population must therefore be limited by Nature or by Man. It can only be limited by increasing the death-rate or reducing the birth-rate. Further, it is actually being limited by one or the other of these processes. Statistics show, for instance, that the net increase in population in countries with a high birth-rate, e.g., pre-war Russia, is no larger than in countries like Australia and New Zealand, with a low birth-rate and the lowest death-rate in the world. The latter countries were in fact increasing more rapidly than Russia which showed an enormous birth-rate and a proportionately high death-rate.

2. Since the law of natural selection does not operate within the artificial confines of civilisation, it only remains to consider (a) what elements, as a matter of actual fact, are surviving in England to-day, (b) what causes can be shown to be bringing this about, and (c) what relation the net increase or decrease of the population bears to these facts.

(a) A study of the report recently issued by Sir James Gallovay's Committee on the national standard of physical fitness, as the result of an analysis of Medical Board examinations, should convince the most obstinate that the enormous preponderance of the physically unfit over the physically fit male population, in the proportion of 3 to 1, cannot be disregarded. It must be remembered that a proportion of the unfitness is due to undeniably hereditary causes, e.g., syphilis and feeblemindedness. It must also be remembered that these specific disabilities, as well as constitutional inferiority which is transmissible, are gaining on the general increase of the population, and by mixing with the finer and healthier stock is necessarily bringing down the general level and standard of fitness.

An examination of the figures furnished to the Birth-Rate Commission reveals the fact that the birth-rate of the socially least efficient sections of all classes far exceeds the efficient sections of the same classes: e.g., the birth-rate among unskilled workers was 24.3 per 1,000 as against 15.3 per 1,000 among skilled workers. It is a grave fact, too, which even Mr. Webb emphasises, that under our present suicidal system of ignoring biological laws, it is exactly those people and practically
only those people who are drunken, thriftless, mentally deficient and profligate, who make full use of their reductive powers.

(b) A study of the Medical Survey already referred to, and of the material afforded by the Registrar-General's returns, show many causes at work bringing about this state of affairs. There are the undeniable effects of the Feminist Movement in dragging young married and unmarried women into the factories and industries and out of their homes, with the most disastrous racial consequences. It is significant that the male standard of physical fitness is highest in those districts where fewest women are employed and lowest where most women are employed: e.g., compare Sheffield with Leeds.

There is the appalling result of the obsessional policy, or lack of policy, of urban-industrial expansion, which is slowly turning England into one vast manufacturing town, peopled by an ever-swelling army of the dehumanised and exploited shop-working savages which such a system creates.

There is the crass stupidity of our Poor Law system, and the demoralising policy of continually increasing the unconditional subsidisation of all below the national minimum standard of life. The easily verifiable consequences of this are twofold: a continual increase of the very poorest of the poor. In every army of men who renounce any attempt to maintain a standard of life, on the one hand, and a pro rata decrease, or what amounts to compulsory sterilisation, on the other hand, of those with a higher standard of life, who are called upon to bear the burden of the unfit. In illustration of this, the return recently made to the House of Commons, popularly known as the Dragen return, shows that the expenditure in England in subsidising the non-self-supporting, under such headings as Insurance, Unemployment, Poor Law Relief, Lunacy, Mental Deficiency, and Public Health, has risen from a little over 20 millions in 1891 to over 103 millions in 1918. The bulk of the taxation raised to cover this expenditure falls most onerously on those very classes of healthy, industrious and independent persons who derive little or no benefit from it.

Finally there is the deplorable policy of encouraging the emigration of the finest and physically fittest members of all classes—in order to make quite sure, presumably, that nothing but the dregs of the population shall be left to represent the race at home. This is the policy of Sir Rider Haggard and those who protest against the idea that the world is overpopulated!

Related to this last consideration is the immigration of inferior alien stock: an examination of the moral and physical conditions of the bulk of the population of Leeds—largely composed of alien immigrants—may suggest the extent and consequences of this evil.

(c) Now to turn to the increase of population itself. We find that uncontrolled industrialism coincides with a reckless increase of population, which had its beginning and its values in the Puritan-Commercial Rebellion of 1642. That is to say, it began when God was emasculated and the values of life reviled, and when He became the symbol of what we may logically suppose was a money-making complex in the unconscious. Normandy was the United Kingdom will begin to show signs of exhaustion, yet while this stage is approaching our consumption of coal is becoming bigger every year, and there is nothing at present which can take its place.

In conclusion we may say that it is becoming increasingly evident that the limits of population-expansion have very nearly been reached in this country, and that our food consumption has not already grossly exceeded from considerations of health and happiness, as we have reason enough to suppose is the case. Every year the pressure becomes greater; how is that pressure to be relieved? There are but two ways to increase the rate of or by decreasing the birth-rate; by war (the late war was on any other basis could go on increasing indefinitely.

It should be sufficient to point out that the dense population of China balances an enormous birth-rate by an enormous death-rate; infanticide and the exportation of female infants being very common. This phenomenon is naturally enough accompanied by a very low standard of living.

Ancient Greece also had her population problem which, at the beginning of the seventh century, most of the city-states had to solve in some way or other. Athens had no surplus population till a century later. There came a time when the population had exhausted the means of subsistence and a had harvest might mean starvation. To avoid this contingency they were faced with the alternatives of importing food or of decreasing their population by sending out colonies. The latter course was by necessity adopted, for the other states had no surplus food to export. The result was the colonial expansion which throughout the seventh century proceeded rapidly along the Thracian and

* Matt. xix. 12.
A COMPLEX AGAINST INTELLECTUALS?

By Eden and Cedar Paul.

WITH A COMMENTARY BY "A READER."

The "New Age" will probably grant us space for a rejoinder to "A Reader's Notes" on our translation of Achille Loria's "Karl Marx.

It is not for us to complain that your reviewer has devoted more attention to the bush than to the wine. For ourselves, we find Loria's wine very good indeed, though most of our fellow Marxists will not bear a word of him—because, forsooth, Engels vituperated him roundly more than a quarter of a century ago! This by the way.

The opening text in the booklet, "the socialism that inspires hope and fears to-day is of the school of Marx," etc., is quoted by John Spargo in his life of Marx. Spargo attributes it to Thorstein Veblen, but does not give chapter and verse, and we have not been able to trace the reference. Hence the omission of Veblen's name.

I thank Messrs. Paul for indicating the source of their striking text; but, at a venture, I think Mr. Veblen must have written it a long time ago. To judge by his articles on Finance in the "Dial" during the last one or two years, his views have lately developed some distance from the school of Marx.

We agree about the Caesarian section that will be requisite before it will be possible to consummate the delivery of the new society with which the old society is gravid. Nor do we deplore the prospective demise of the mother!

This is the kind of talk that really horrifies me. If the operation concerned only one mother and one child it would be bad enough for a professed doctor to speak of it in this callous fashion; nay, if the mother were a slut and the prospective child the Messiah Himself I should still resent the implied cruelty of the attitude.

But in fact the "mother" in the case is the whole of the "new society," what defence have they against the employment of similar methods by the patrons of the "mother" society? What have they to say to Amritsar?

The supposition that the Caesarian section is approved by the members chiefly of the "Edwardian" materialism that it allows of "abstract considerations," by which phrase I hope we are not precisely the school of Marx, which Messrs. Allen and Unwin will publish in a week or two. If your reviewer cares to read the book, he will find that in philosophy we are not precisely the "Type Lenin" or the "Type Kautsky;" in other words, that it is only a school a little subtilised I would go bail. Confirmation of my view is to be promised, without serious searching, in Messrs. Paul's literal interpretation of "abstract considerations," by which phrase I hope that it is obvious that I meant more psychological, more recondite, more spiritual considerations than the use or non-use of material contraceptives. It is characteristic of the "Edwardian" materialism that it allows abstract ideas and material facts, but nothing between them.

Your reviewer chides us genially for unwisdom in that we would "use the Russian revolution as evidence for anything at present." The reference to Russia in the foreword to Loria's "Karl Marx" may be described as the afterthought when the translation was completed in the first months of 1917. Loria's booklet was written before the revolution, and our study of Lorian economics and politics was substantially formulated when we were translating "The Economic Synthesis," fully seven years ago. Not that we agree about the Russian revolution. That, with other economic and political developments of the war period, serves in our opinion to demonstrate: (1) the essential truth of the Marxist outlook (type Lenin, not type Kautsky!); (2) the need for supplementing Marxism by a social revolution which doubtless many of the apostles will continue to trumpet as Marxism undefiled, Marxism one and indivisible. For details, see "Creative Revolution." We are not so presumptuous as to believe that we have written the new evangelical. But until one mightier than we cometh after, our new volume (to which the foreword to Loria's "Karl Marx" is the prelude) may well serve as an introduction to the philosophy of bolshevism or ergatocracy.

The warning about Russia applies equally to Lenin. "Type Lenin" is no more secure against a change of attitude than was "Type Kautsky"; and in fact it appears that Messrs. Paul themselves are; for the Russian revolution has demonstrated (it is presumed as something new for workers' self-government) that "Type Leninism". That need, however, might surely have been demonstrated at a little less human cost.
One word in conclusion. Your ingenious reviewer good-humouredly charges us with having a "complex" against intellectuals. Now, that is a charge which it is fruitless to disavow, seeing that the very nature of a complex renders the subject ignorant of its existence until he has been psychoanalysed. But if the "A Reader" will look through our foreword once more he will see that in so far as we have a complex at all, it is not against intellectuals in general, but against middle-class intellectuals in particular.

Yes, but my point was that the "middle-class intellectuals" include, even if they are not identified with, the "salaried man" but the very limitation of the term "intellectual" to those who (like the undersigned) have had the inestimable advantages of a bourgeois education, becomes nauseating in its arrogance. "The emancipation of the workers must be the work of the workers themselves." We add : "The intellectuals who will guide the working-class revolution..." If they should, by rare exception, be of bourgeois origin, they will be useless until they have become permeated with proletarian ideology.

Messrs. Paul can compromise upon occasion, it seems, but in this case the occasion is certainly most dangerous. "In the main" and "by rare exception" would admit quite a leaven of middle-class intellectualists; and who is to say when they have "become permeated with proletarian ideology"? Is the movement clairvoyant? Can it distinguish the genuine from the sham? It is characteristic of the "middle-class intellectuals" to "have a complex against" the elected working-class leaders of the working-classes. Messrs. Paul have a hearty contempt for them, it is obvious: which they would find it difficult to justify without indiscreet admissions and claims; such, for instance, as the admission that the proletariat do not judge their leaders with that unerring rigour which a successful revolution would require; and the claim, sotto voce, that certain "middle-class intellectuals" at any rate would make better proletarian leaders than many men and women of working-class origin. But if "middle-class intellectuals" are ostracised, the salariat not so much as mentioned, and the working-class leaders themselves dismissed as unmentionable—what are the revolutionary proletariat to do? Let us hope we shall find the answer in "Creative Revolution."

Is there room for another "last word" to a communication already somewhat lengthy? We would fain forestall misunderstanding. Let it not be supposed that we under-rate the importance of poets, artists, men of science, to a society which shall be, as H. G. Wells luminously phrases it, simultaneously stable and progressive ("Outline of History," p. 434). Let it not be supposed that we contend that the artist, the poet, the man or woman of science, cannot be a revolutionary. Names throng the memory in refutal of any such plea. But our contention is that the problem of the stable revolutionary State is not to be solved by grace of the philosophers, nor would you hope to compete with the philosophers, nor would you hope to compete with the philosophers, nor would you hope to compete with the philosophers, nor would you hope to compete with the philosophers. The "revolutionist" appears to answer the question by denying that it can be answered, by asserting that Society must first come to grief—in total neglect of the fact that the same type of thinker would offer the same reply to the same question if it were put apropos of the very State which the "revolution" would precede.

Mr. Paul do not see that the problem of "the stable progressive State" is a continuous actuality. The practical question before Socialists, as little as before every other class of thinker deserving the name, is how Society can make progress without coming to grief. The "revolutionist" appears to answer the question by denying that it can be answered, by asserting that Society must first come to grief—in total neglect of the fact that the same type of thinker would offer the same reply to the same question if it were put apropos of the very State which the "revolution" would precede. The Messrs. Paul of the post-Revolutionary State would be demanding a revolution as a means of setting up a Society simultaneously stable and progressive exactly as their prototypes are today. For other minds, simultaneously stable and progressive, the problem, however, is not to be solved by cleaning the slate, but by actually solving it. It is presumably admitted that Society, as we know it, contains some stability and some progress—can we add to the progress without endangering the stability? Can we not, indeed, by taking more thought, add to both at once and the same time? Is stability without progress is death, progress without stability is impossible. Life and progress, however, are not incompatible elsewhere; why should they be in Society? The revolutionary deserts of solving the problem until he has stated it in terms with which his text-book, but not life, has made him familiar.

Some Considerations of Beauty.

By Jan Gordon.

The profound effects of Art are often invisible because they are not sought for in the work of art. Yet everybody believes that he seeks from all manifestations of Art the same quality, that of Beauty. A certain acquaintance with the meaning of "Beauty" must be undertaken before we can go further.

Beauty is a word used by everybody, understood in an indeterminate way by everyone, yet so difficult to define that books of aesthetic philosophy dealing solely with the term "Beauty" pile up each year. I do not hope to compete with the philosophers, nor would you read me if I tried. Roughly, Beauty is a quality in objects which, when perceived, arouses in us a sense of pleasure. The more vividly this quality is apprehended, the more intense becomes the pleasure, until, overstepping the limits of what we may term pleasurable, the sentiment merges into an ecstatic awe. Beauty is a quality of external objects; we cannot properly describe certain sensation of joy or of pain of anxiety or joy, as beautiful or as ugly: they are pleasurable or unpleasurable. Beauty is, in general, pleasure derived...
from the recognition of a series of relationships which are absent from our personal emotions.

If Beauty is a quality, as red is a quality, then there should be a standard of Beauty just as there is a standard of redness. We should be able to say this object is more beautiful than that, and we should be able to prove our case. But, as has been pointed out, the eye is an instrument not entirely trustworthy. Even considering the positive quality of redness, the brain is sometimes quite colour-blind, sometimes partially so, and in most cases the sense of colour is not infallible: in matching tints even when one tint is placed against another, mistakes are often made. But Beauty is a quality much more elusive than that of mere Redness; it is also complicated by other perceptions which have borrowed some of its qualities for emphasis while suppressing others. It comes into conflict with the vital impulse; our loves, our hates, our fears, and even our physical constitutions, play upon our sense of beauty.

The chief deterrent from a general appreciation of Beauty as a quality is curiously enough the very factor which often inspires us as Beauty in its most poignant form—the physical factor. The physical factor has indeed borrowed and distorted beauty to its own purposes. Most obviously this occurs in the case of womanly beauty. We all agree that woman is Beautiful, but no two persons will agree which woman is the most Beautiful, while between nationalities and races there are the widest differences. Europeans admire the thin woman; Turks the fat; the Chinese have one standard, the Indians another, and so on. From a group of Chinese girls we would probably acclaim that one the most Beautiful which most nearly approached the European type, the other the feminine beautiful in the Chinese. He would remain separate and appropriate. Now if he judged as an aesthetic, he will pronounce definite and correct judgments as to the beauty in all perfection—though in such a case the inimical qualities of the object are visible to other men (save the artist) and this recognition comes from the fact that he has transcended desirability.

Desirability is one of the most powerful weapons in the service of the life function. We look upon the things which are good for us as desirable; those which are inimical as undesirable. To-day a great confusion has arisen between the word "desirable" and the word "Beautiful." We use the words "beautiful sensation" when we mean "pleasant or desirable sensation," and of the frog we say it is ugly because it is undesirable. If we recall the influence of the brain over the eye, we must recognise how powerfully this sense of the desirable or of the undesirable may react upon the sense of what is visibly beautiful. What is undesirable we force ourselves to see as ugly, whether it is visually ugly or not; what is desirable is a building material, detested by country people. It is not a good material for buildings, it is hot in summer, cold in winter, noisy in rain or wind, nor does it last. Its reasons for existing are purely commercial; it is cheap and easy to erect. In consequence of a recognition of the abominable qualities of corrugated iron as building material, it has been recognised as undesirable. Therefore it is considered ugly. But corrugated iron, as a matter of fact, is rather a beautiful substance. It has a fine blue flat which echoes our pale-blue skies. The buildings it makes are quite unpretentious tent-like structures, or else introduce quite fine curved effects into the silhouettes of country farmyards; it rusts into a rich brown red which glows in the sunlight. At a distance of a mile it would be almost impossible to distinguish optically between a corrugated iron shed and a tent of blue canvas; yet the former would by country residents be dubbed hideous, the latter charming. Thus we find that the ugliness of corrugated iron is not a visual ugliness at all; it is due to a mental conception of the undesirability of corrugated iron. Yet in common conversation it is only the visual properties of corrugated iron which are referred to. There is one other factor in the undesirability of corrugated iron to which I shall refer later.

The frog is also undesirable; it is clammy and cold to the touch, and presents a vague caricature of humanity, therefore the frog is ugly. Yet we recognise the swift drawing of a frog by a Japanese artist as a beautiful thing. Imagine a naturalist, a possessor of taste, who is making a prolonged study of the frog. Early in his study he gets over, if he ever had it, the sense of distaste which the frog arouses. He recognises it as a swimming animal, cold-blooded therefore naturally cold, gaining its living in a certain way. He recognises its peculiar shape as being perfected to the purposes of its existence. Thus becoming freed from the prejudices of the ordinary man in respect to frogs, he can view with delight the muscular developments, the strange proportions, and the very grotesqueness. They become definite beauties. Just as the European living in China becomes used to Chinese standards, the naturalist becomes used to Saurian standards. If he is sufficiently aesthetic, he will pronounce definite and correct judgments of beauty in respect to frogs, between which the casual onlooker is incapable of detecting any difference, either of form or of proportion. The naturalist's attitude toward the frog releases his eyes from the inhibitions which the brain, seeking desirability, has placed upon them. A surgeon, speaking of the most disgusting and terrible disease growth, may refer to a "beautiful specimen" with perfect rightness—for there is a beauty in all perfection—though in such a case the inimical qualities of the object are so powerful that the beauty is only perceptible to an excessively narrowed and specialised outlook. To return to the naturalist and his frog, he will recognise a visual beauty which is invisible to other men (save the artist) and this recognition comes from the fact that he has transcended desirability.

Now when such a beauty is recognised, how does it compare with a beauty which is also desirable? That is to say, what part does desirability play in visual Beauty, once it has been recognised?

It is obvious that in order to institute a comparison of this kind we cannot take two objects one of which is now recognised as desirable and the other as undesirable. Only the artist who in his search for beauty has almost ceased to consider the desirable could make a judgment, and the truth of the judgment would always be contested by those who themselves have not been able to suppress or override their instinct for the desirable. But we can make a comparison with perfect justice between what was once considered undesirable, and which is no longer under the law, chiefly owing to the efforts of the artist. The old times the desirable of landscape was the pastoral one; a city set in a fertile valley, or well-trimmed, well-kept fields, expressed the apotheosis of landscape beauty. The forest, the moor, the mountain were feared. They were undesirable, therefore they were hidden away. The district in Scotland was not so terrible as that close at hand, and therefore "distance lends enchantment." To-day we have altered this. The palm of beauty goes to the mountain, to the forest. The quiet homestead we feel as beautiful, but much less poignantly than nature in her wilder moods. We thus
beauties or the ugliness in everything presented to him. Qualities in what he imagine that man or woman the most beautiful who is that we do not judge that frog the most beautiful which child. With the entry of colour as a concomitant which were in the desirable, only the rule of brain over beauty, and it is the co-operation of these which produces the most beautiful which has the most perfect develop. This recognition occurs in the case of both animals and men. With the entry of colour as a concomitant which may be called the abstract qualities of Beauty, are those which lie nearest to the centre of gravity of Beauty, and it is the co-operation of these which produce Beauty.

It is probable that the earliest perception of beauty in primitive men is a reflection of the struggle to exist. This recognition occurs in the case of both animals and birds. In the earliest human communities, struggling for carrying on its own existence; do we ourselves imagine that man or woman the most beautiful who is the best fitted to survive? In judging between beauty of different forms we cannot help taking into account its raison d'être. We understand more easily the beauty of the frog when we have realized the life it leads and its own adaptation to leading that life. But it is clear that we do not judge that frog the most beautiful which is the most fitted to survive, nor do we adjudice a woman the most beautiful for a similar reason. The artist who has no knowledge of the frog’s life processes can distinguish beauties in the frog as well or better than the naturalist, moreover he can distinguish the beauties or the ugliness in everything presented to him.

Thus the aspect of desirability must be eliminated from our considerations of visual Beauty. Yet ninetenths of the popular judgments made in Picture Exhibitions are judgments based upon desirability, and upon nothing else.

Now, from what does this diversity of beauty come. Is it only functional? Does the naturalist find that frog the most beautiful which has the most perfect development for carrying on its own existence; do we ourselves imagine that man or woman the most beautiful who is the best fitted to survive? In judging between beauty of different forms we cannot help taking into account its raison d'être. We understand more easily the beauty of the frog when we have realized the life it leads and its own adaptation to leading that life. But it is clear that we do not judge that frog the most beautiful which is the most fitted to survive, nor do we adjudice a woman the most beautiful for a similar reason. The artist who has no knowledge of the frog’s life processes can distinguish beauties in the frog as well or better than the naturalist, moreover he can distinguish the beauties or the ugliness in everything presented to him.

As he founds his desirability upon Beauty, and not his Beauty upon desirability, his eye distinguishes certain qualities in what he sees, and these qualities are shape, colour, proportions, curves, and proportions which may be called the abstract qualities of Beauty, are those which lie nearest to the centre of gravity of Beauty, and it is the co-operation of these which produce Beauty.

Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

I could not let the production of "As You Like It" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, disappear without taking some notice of it; besides, I particularly wanted to see what Miss Athena Seyler did as Rosalind. She is among the most brilliant of our younger comedy actresses, and until now I had not discovered her limitations. Rosalind has revealed them; she lacks the sense of romance, and cannot take Rosalind's sentimental comedy seriously. I admit that this was not entirely her fault; the whole production lacked the peculiar spirit of Shakespeare. Mr. Nigel Playfair's gift of brutal forthrightness has no affinity with the lilting spirit of Shakespeare's poetic fantasy; and the same leden-footed literalness with which he played Touchstone was manifest throughout his production. I feel sure that the root-difficulty of Shakespearean production is the inability of the younger generation of actors to take poetry seriously; they are too worldly-wise, perhaps too cynical, to become as little children and play with their emotions. They can do Shakespeare ("costume, isn't it?"); but they cannot "feel" him; their sense of character deserts them at the sight of the verse-form, and their recitation of the verse results only in the enunciation of the prose meaning. That peculiar hypnotic quality of poetry, that makes us feel that the heavens are about to open and reveal a real world of imagination, is missing from the delivery of most of our actors; they give us the sense, perhaps, but not the beauty of their lines—and as the beauty is the sense of poetry, we feel disappointed. We go to see Shakespeare, and there is Mr. Nigel Playfair putting his foot down, and telling us emphatically that this is the twentieth century. Was that his meaning? but "As You Like It" is not; and I do not like it in this style.

Even the scenery annoyed by this same apparent incongruity; Mr. Lovat Fraser imposed a twentieth-century convention of colour upon Shakespeare, instead of interpreting Shakespeare's spirit in terms of colour—and his violent purples, and reds, and greens, shouted down the pastoral spirit of comedy. The dresses, too, were frequently ridiculous; Audrey in a low-cut gown with a train looked like a decayed prima-donna; Charles, the wrestler, in black trunks, had just escaped from the ring at the Holborn Stadium; Rosalind had been playing Dick Whittington, obviously; we missed the cat and the bundle; and the hedge-priest, Sir Oliver Martext, looked as though he had just clapped on his hat and walked over from the church; while every woman asked, as the sight of Phebe: "Who's her dressmaker?" so elegantly was she attired. This, in the forest of Arden, where a string quartet was in visible attendance on Amiens. I am no pedant in Shakespearean production; I would allow anything that helped to present a clear and consistent interpretation of his plays; but this rag-bag of devices said quite plainly that interpretation was not the intention, without saying what the intention was. The best that I can say of Mr. Nigel Playfair's producing is that, like Southey's scrabbilng, according to Byron, it meant no harm. Yet the performance had its streaks of pleasure. Mr. Miles Malleson as Le Beau and that idiot William added to his reputation as a Shakespearean fool; I want to see him play in "Lear." He is so attractive that few actors who are better in Shakespeare than in modern drama; the freer play of imagination inspires him, and his power of interpretation becomes supple and subtle in this atmosphere. His Le Beau was a little masterpiece of character-acting, a human being made ridiculous by just the right degree of artificiality. A few lines of Malleson's spectacle never torments me with the sense that he does not believe in the reality of the characters he plays; they are not merely real to him, they are natural, he does not criticise, he creates, them, and we laugh unaffectedly at
them. When we form our Ideal Shakespearean Repertoire Company, Mr. Malleson must be in the cast; I know of no other actor with his power of interpretation of Shakespeare's tops and simpleties. His very legs are silly.

A good word, too, must be said of Mr. Herbert Marshall's performance of Jaques. He certainly seemed to belong to the Peripatetic school of philosophers; he suffered not from melancholy, which is a physiological state expressed by lassitude, but from pessimism, which is an intellectual hobby compatible with physical health. Shakespeare certainly represented Jaques as more sensitive in feeling than Mr. Marshall showed; the man who was left "weeping and commenting upon the sobbing deer" was a sensitive poet rather than a sententious philosopher. Mr. Marshall has, at present, too much of the Oxford manner to permit him to show that wisdom is born of tenderness in Jaques; but within the limits of his own conception he played well.

I do not remember having seen (or, rather, noticed) Miss Moyna MacGill before, but Phoebe revealed a partial excellence similar to that of Jaques. She was the very spitfire of contempt; she could "insult, exult, and all at once, over the wretched," in a manner that deserved every word of Rosalind's reproach. But she did not love Rosalind with anything like the same intensity that she scorned Silvius; butter would not melt in her mouth, more's the pity. She was a contemptuous beloved, but a contemptible lover; a perfect devil, but a most ineffectual angel—and much of the point of Rosalind's flouting of her was lost because she did not render sincerely her sudden passion. Why players should miss their chances with converted characters is one of those mysteries that will have to be solved if ever we are to get good Shakespearean acting. I believe it is due to a trained belief in the psychological consistency of character—a convention which is inappropriate to this play of Shakespeare. Here it is moods, not persons, that he creates; and Phoebe loves as passionately as she scorns, but Miss MacGill did not show it.

Nor was Mr. George Hayes any more convincing as the converted Oliver; he played the earlier scene with a subtle villainy that was loathsome; villainy inspires Mr. Malleson, and I remember his sinister playing of Fortunatus in the Art Theatre's production of "Callimachus," and of Arjaleon in Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode." He is the most serpentine of villains; one would command him to go on his belly but for fear he would leave a trail of slime behind him. But he did not rise to the occasion of his reformation; he told Rosalind the story of his rescue by Orlando with none of the same sense of imaginative reality. Just as poets succeed with their Infernos, and fail with their Paradoxes, so actors seem to fail in virtuous representation, do not seem to believe that the Good is the True and the Beautiful. But they must believe it if they would play "As You Like It" as we really do like it. Mr. George Hayes also played Corin, and made this ancient of days convincing.

But I was dissatisfied. Miss Athene Seyler's Rosalind is that it is with difficulty that I recollect these passages of pleasure. She, who usually has so clear a conception of a character, failed to perceive the dual constitution of Rosalind's character; Shakespeare, never at his best a pure comedian, is in "As You Like It" even more intent between the two modes of poetry and comedy. Miss Seyler, like the rest, did not believe the emotional side of the character she played; her Ganymede played at love with Orlando in the most delightful fashion, but the Rosalind who was passionately in love with Ganymede—who like to pose as middle-aged. But I am wrong: there is no pose; such people are middle-aged when they are born. Read them: the attitude is soulless. But for heaven's sake let us pretend that the age is great; let us admit its failure and find in it something great, something poetic.

In the provinces men still discuss, I believe, Shaw and Wells, Belloc and Chesterton; here the two writers whom I have heard most persistently canonised are D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce. Even those who are sceptical of new reputations have something to say.
of them, and they have all the signs of having rooted themselves. Of the former, people speak in almost religious terms, as if one of Lawrence’s lady admirers once actually remarked to me, “I suppose Dostoyevsky is greater?” I fear so. I had heard of Lawrence, of course, and had read two of his books before I left the provinces, but now, under the admiration of him of other people, I have read three more, one of them a volume of poems. They do not produce the impression of art. Great works of art, works of art of great health, define their subject; they make us see, not only more, but more clearly. Lawrence’s books, on the other hand, make everything vague and almost chaotic. They are not merely, what every work of art is, the expression of the unconscious; they are the unconscious itself unexpressed. Lawrence’s talent beats continually against the bars of the unconscious, breaking through only occasionally, and then with tremendous force. It is this struggle for expression and not the expressed thing, which gives to his works an appearance of such power. It is the power of a captive; the almost superhumanly increased power of one who has heard the door being locked upon him. There could be no greater contrast than that between Dostoyevsky and Lawrence. To the one the very unconscious was conscious; to the other the conscious itself is unconscious. In his development, unfortunately, Lawrence is moving further and further from expression. Two Lords of “Sons and Lovers,” the novel which first drew any great attention to him, was clear, defined, expressed, but towards the end it lost itself in incoherence. Since that time the author has been drawn back gradually further and further into the chaos of the unconscious, and the words which can be interpreted partly as art, partly as dream symbols. He writes like a man who is neither asleep nor awake. His works seem to come out of chaos, and they draw us, if we will permit them, into it. The only spirit in which it is safe to approach them is that of psychological curiosity. But what a recommendation of them as art!

Joyce is the very antithesis of Lawrence. Not only is he first an artist, but he is a very conscious artist. In statement, in style, in finish, he is in his novel, “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,” superior not only to Lawrence, but to any other contemporary writer. Yet, finished to the last syllable as that work is, there is in it a striking incongruity, a mixture of styles, in which Flaubert, Rabelais and Thomas Aquinas jostle each other. In the far-famed “Ulysses” present running in “The Little Review,” Joyce seems to have thrown over Flaubert in order to inaugurate a more questional form of his own; but, in compensation, Rabelais has been given greater freedom. It is the author’s intellect, subtle but capricious and untrustworthy, which has made him seek to invent in “Ulysses” a bizarre, an inartistic form of art. Even in “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man” what is art and what is mere art theory can easily be distinguished. Whatever is either comic or beautiful in it is art, and art in the immemorial tradition. Whatever is ugly or merely shocking is written to the order of a theory. In the one style, we feel, Joyce had to write; in the other he thought he had. His capriciousness, however, is full of promise, for it may lead him yet to the accepted forms. Given these, he could produce a work of the first order in the Rabelaisian vein, and one of nearly the first in the convention of Flaubert. Given, then, that there may have been a certain intellectual interest in stealing charters pro bono (very romantically) publico; or in participating in the Sinn Fein of ’76; or in elaborate misrepresentations of descent from men who had curried favour with such estimable monarchs as Edward II and Charles II; or in timber, horse-fodder, mines, railways, farming, agriculture, I might reasonably say that I had received personal and confidential reports on these matters at a very early age and that my interest had suffered ciolation.

A certain amount of bait is swallowed by all of us; familial consciousness or even elderly garrulity may prevent one from swallowing bait which has already taken one’s immediate forebears.

Indiscretions; or, Une Revue de Deux Mondes.
By Ezra Pound.

II
It is one thing to feel that one could write the whole social history of the United States from one’s family annals, and vastly another to embark upon any such Balzacian and voluminous undertaking. Hence my great-aunt in parenthesis; hence Christopher Wads-worth, who stole the Connecticut charter and hid it in Charter Oak, to the embarrassment of legitimist tyranny: picturesque circumstances, candles snuffed out with a cloak which popular art has represented as cavalier rather than roundhead; hence also Israel Putnam, who until recently in multitudinous trances galloped down his two hundred stone steps with his back toward his horse’s head and his face (alarms, huzzahs, excursions)—his face to the enemy: for the purposes present of commerce and the réclame of a modern whisky which we presume never turned its back on an enemy.

There is also an heraldic ornament described at some length in Longfellow’s “Tales of a Wayside Inn,” with which my childhood was early familiar. Il y a aussi le costume historique. A la mi-carême. We are all, in the words of Aesop, descended from Jove, and if our ancestors are an influence one can only suppose that in their geometric progression from two to sixty-four and thence on to egregious numbers and remoteness, the exact bearing of a given and deceased man upon a given and living man is subject for the sentimental romanticist. Or perhaps it may be held that the actions of one’s ancestors, especially if repeated to one in childhood, tend to influence one’s character and materially to exhaust one’s interest in a given subject or subjects.

Given, then, that there may have been a certain intellectual interest in stealing charters pro bono (very romantically) publico; or in participating in the Sinn Fein of ’76; or in elaborate misrepresentations of descent from men who had curried favour with such estimable monarchs as Edward II and Charles II; or in timber, horse-fodder, mines, railways, farming, agriculture, I might reasonably say that I had received personal and confidential reports on these matters at a very early age and that my interest had suffered ciolation.

A certain amount of bait is swallowed by all of us; familial consciousness or even elderly garrulity may prevent one from swallowing bait which has already taken one’s immediate forebears.

Eloated (ref., two paragraphs higher), that is, to the extent that one had no intention of allowing these
things to obtrude upon one's own future action, even though one may in the safety of twenty years' lapse, and from the security of the Albergó Pilsen-Marqués or even fail to admit their value as literary capital—in part. And, in other part too fully exploited, to the extent that "America," that egoistic portion which usurps the name of the whole and views with surprised entertainment any Castillian effort to distinguish: "Los Estados Unidos de America?" for the avoidance of ambiguity: the Land of the Star-spangled Banner appears to have passed through an era of unmixed motives, recorded with simplicity in the school histories of thirty-odd almost equally simple versification of Longfellow. One cannot in the face of this, therefore, "do" anything more with Paul Revere, or with the spire of Old North Church, save possibly climb the interior of said spire and be vastly startled or with the spire of Old North Church, save possibly a stiff straw hat on the back of his head, in a plain wooden hemicycle chair on the pavement before some hotel wherein the name escapes me. I was told that he was Francis Train; the statement conveyed nothing whatever; even now I know nothing of him save that he was a "figure" and a publicist, and I have read that in the days before Christian Endeavour he had been prosecuted for publishing the Scriptures unexpurgated in a "paper," not, however, le bon motif, but in order to test the pudelebrity laws of his country. He may have been a friend of "Bob Ingersoll."

Views and Reviews.

ECONOMIC PERIODICITY.

The lecture of Sir William Beveridge, to which I referred last week, overcame very ingeniously the difficulty of making any statistical estimate of the world's agricultural production. But I am by no means sure that Sir William's chief purpose, that of providing a statistical basis for the prediction of periodical harvest failures, is best served by a generalised estimate. That the cycle of 15½ years is not exact is admitted by Sir William. To tell us that "the precise year is, within the limits of two or three years, uncertain." But also the precise place in which the harvest failure is most acute is impossible of discovery by the simple correlation of data made by Sir William. To tell us that "the experience of three centuries warns us to prepare for the probability that one or more of the years 1924, 1925, and 1926 will be marked by most unseasonable weather, diminishing the yield of harvests, increasing food prices, and possibly producing famines," is certainly enough from the political point of view; we ought to be appointing a League of Nations Commission for the Control and Storage of the World's Supply of Food. But from every other point of view the prediction is not precise enough; harvest failures, although represented by a fall in the total production of food, are never general throughout the world. The American wheat harvest may fail, and the Russian flourish;
may rot in Germany, and grow like gourds in Ireland; and what we need, if we are to be redeemed from a fatalistic acceptance of this periodicity of world famine, is a system of prediction that will pin down to time and place the maximum and minimum effects of this cyclic phenomenon. That would tell us where effort could most fruitfully be applied for the alleviation, at least, of the general misfortune; and as Sir William Beveridge’s discovery itself requires further detailed research and correlation of data, I have no hesitation in indicating a likely source of information.

There can be no doubt that all periodical functions are finally referable to the periodical motions of the sidereal bodies. The tides follow the Moon, the seasons follow the Sun, and the fact that the planets affect the magnetic needle indicates that the earth responds to these motions. The connection between eclipses and earthquakes, too, is commonly known—and astrologers are uncommonly successful in predicting earthquakes from eclipses, as anyone can discover by the simple means of studying a few astrological almanacs in conjunction with select a record. That the human body itself shares in these effects, we are theoretically compelled to believe—and can be practically convinced by a little detailed observation; but I do not want to stray into the fascinating field of geopathology. Let us accept it, for the moment, as a datum that can be used to both general and particular effects, that the Moon, for example, not only lifts the water in the sea, but exerts a corresponding attraction on all fluids on the earth. The so-called alkaline and acid tides of the blood may yet be correlated with her motion around the earth.

The first and most obvious peculiarity of astrology is the “rulership” attributed to the signs and houses; in the body, the rulership is of organs or regions; in the world, it is of countries, or, more properly, of areas. It is admitted by all astrologers that the lists of “rulerships” of towns and countries are lamentably incomplete; astrology, like everything else in this country, needs elaborate statistical record and investigation. But with the lists as they stand, some test of the accuracy of the allocation of “rulership” to places can be made—and also of the reputed effects of some of the planets. Saturn is universally regarded by astrologers as a cause of contraction, privation, and loss; while Jupiter is reputed to have the opposite effect of expansion and prosperity. The difficulty of putting these theories to the test is no greater than that of Sir William Beveridge’s theory; the correlation of undisputed facts is all that is required. “Sepharial” correlated this period with those of Mars and Jupiter, which gave a mean period of 11 years and 203 days. But by taking into account the periods of Mars, Venus, and the Earth, he got a period of 11 years 40½ days, which was exactly what he wanted. He suggests that the inclusion of Jupiter and Saturn in the equation would yield a climacteric every fifth period; and notes that the years of maximum intensity are found to be associated with important configurations of the major planets. Whether this is correct or not, it is sufficiently important to be put to the test of research; Sir William Beveridge’s correlation of economic phenomena with barometrical pressures has not exhausted the subject, for the barometrical pressures are not the effects of cosmic causes—and the position of the planets has marked effect on the weather. But I particularly commend the question of sign rulerships to Sir William’s notice, in the interest of precise prediction.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

My Chess Career. By J. R. Capablanca. (G. Bell and Sons. 7s. 6d.)

This consists mainly of a series of games played by Señor Capablanca on various occasions during his brilliant chess career. The games are arranged chronologically, and are selected from the outstanding matches and tournaments which have brought fame to the young Cuban master. In clear and concise analytical notes he aims at emphasizing the stages in the development of his powers. For the benefit of those who care to speculate on the mentality of chess geniuses, the book is also a graphic rendering of his ideas and principles. In future treatises Capablanca will, doubtless, give away the secrets of his strength—to such as can use them! His present volume is not a chess manual; there are touches of self-revelation which will give it a much greater interest to the awe-stricken amateurs who have followed his surprising perform-
Balkan Problems and European Peace. By Noel Buxton and C. Leonard Leese. (Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

Beginning with a terse account of the history of the Balkan nations, supplemented by a description of their present-day national characteristics, the authors soon come to their main themes, which are (1) how the war might have been shortened by an intelligent treatment of the Balkan problem, and (2) how the peace of Europe, including the Balkans, can be made more stable by the application of intelligence even at this hour. That the adhesion of Bulgaria to the Allied cause might have been gained in the early months of the war by a little vigilance and common sense on the part of Britain; that, indeed, British diplomacy lost Bulgaria when almost all the chances were on its side—the authors, we think, have fully demonstrated. Inefficiency of a certain kind, perhaps, must always be pardoned; the inefficiency of men with little capacity who, at the national command, are doing their best; but, what the evidence in this book shows us, is inefficiency of a different kind, inefficiency arising from culpable and remediable ignorance. The guarantee of future peace in the Balkans the authors find in the principle of "self-determination."

The volume is a model of clearness and brevity.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FREE TRADE.

Sir,—I am very much astonished at Mr. Robertson's outburst! I have always known him for a temperate and clear-thinking man, and I should have thought that a mathematical problem would have interested him. At any rate one cannot reply to a mathematical statement by passion, rhetoric and abuse. I will therefore repeat my formula in the clearest possible form to see whether Mr. Robertson is able to discover a fallacy in them. If he is I shall be delighted to accept his proof of my error in a piece of deductive reasoning.

My formula in defence of what is called "Protection" as against the absurdly insufficient, old-fashioned absolute Free Trader—the man who thought Free Trade must be good for every country under every condition—are these:—

(1) Freedom of exchange tends to produce a maximum of wealth in any area over which it extends.

(2) But it does not tend to produce a maximum of wealth in each part of this area: it may therefore enrich one part of this area at the expense of another.

I conclude therefore that a part which finds itself being impoverished by this general freedom of exchange and which is possessed of sovereign power, may make itself more prosperous by interfering with freedom of exchange. Sovereign nations are in this position. Therefore they may with advantage to themselves exercise such power.

That conclusion seems to me logically perfect.

I have given a concrete example of the simplest kind bringing in for the sake of illustration the exchange of only two articles—smelted iron and iron ore. The mention of these articles has for some mysterious reason angered Mr. Robertson. Perhaps he is also annoyed at my talking about islands and a mainland. I will therefore repeat the lesson with other and I hope less offensive concrete objects, suitable to an intelligence for which absolute mathematical formulae are bewildering.

Consider the case of a state divided into two sets of mountain valleys, separated by high and difficult passes. Suppose the northern valleys capable of producing a great surplus of cheese but no wine, and the southern valleys capable of producing a great surplus of wine but no cheese. Let the northern valleys debauch upon a desert, the southern valleys upon a barren alien realm, capable of producing cheese. Untramelled exchange will lead the southern valleys to seek a market for their wine among the foreign cheese-makers. They will sell, let us say, a million tons' weight of wine and get back a million tons' weight of cheese. And as the cheese is from their situation more valuable to them than the wine while the wine is more valuable to the foreigners than the cheese, there will be an increment of wealth to both over the transaction. But meanwhile the northern valleys are getting no wine and have no inducement to make more cheese than suffers for them.

I submit that if you erect a barrier, so that the southern valleys have to seek a market for their wine with their fellow-countrymen, who make cheeses in the northern valleys, the total wealth of the State may be advanced. The total amount of wine and cheese present in the State may be greater after the barrier is erected than it was under the old conditions. I do not say it must be so. I say it may be so. Protection would here obviously impoverish the southern valleys, and the wealth accruing to the northern valleys might make the whole State richer.

I can see no flaw in this reasoning if the words be accurately followed, reading "may" where I write "must" and noting every other term used, in its precise meaning. The only answers I have ever seen put forward to it by the absolute Free Traders are the two following:

(1) The people who make cheese in the northern valleys must learn to do something else. To which I reply that you have here a very excellent example of a problem in practical statesmanship. There are circumstances where a province threatened with ruin can discover a new occupation. But that is another thing altogether.

(2) Rather than have Protection let the State which finds itself threatened by Free Trade decline. The wealth of the world as a whole is more important than the wealth of one's own country. Let the inhabitants of its ruined part emigrate, and the whole nation lose power and place. To which I answer that no one would dream of advocating Protection save on the basis of its ruined part emigrate, and the whole nation lose power and place. To which I answer that no one would dream of advocating Protection save on the basis of Nationalism. Of course if it is one's duty to sacrifice one's own country to the well-being of the world in general, there is not a word to be said for Protection anywhere.

May I conclude by pointing out to Mr. Robertson that there is no political error more commonly committed in Great Britain to-day than the conceiving that what is good for us must necessarily be good for everybody else, and that by some strange accident the prevalent opinion in this island at any moment is necessarily right, while foreigners are necessarily foolish.

H. BELLOC.

DE MAN.

Sir,—I note "A. E. R.'s" remark concerning the antiquity of the family de Man in his review of "The Remaking of a Mind" by one of this ancient lineage. (N.A., May 20.) "A. E. R." harks back to the battle of Cassel in 1358. This is a mere fleabite—sit venia! Speaking in all orthodoxy, that race is nearly six thousand years old now. At first they wrote their name not in Dutch but in Hebrew: Adam. I trust "A. E. R. " was not confusing the French article partitif "de" with Dutch "de" = the. For a parallel I would refer him to Thomas Hughes' genealogy of the Browns in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," though, of course, clan the Man beats the other flat and hollow in this respect.

IAN I. BRANTS.
Old England—IV.
THE HISTORY OF ONE DAY.
By Bernard Gilbert.

INSPECTOR DANIELS.

It's twenty-one years since Mr. Hambrury came to the Old Bank
And me to the Police Station;
We moved in together on a pouring wet day, as I well remember;
I didn't expect to stop more than six months;
But although three Superintendents have given orders for my transfer,
The Agent got them squared—as well he might;
For the Family would never get another like me!
They might have a Radical with no respect for rank!
I know what's what, and keep all smooth;
In consequence of which I have done so well,
That when I retire in three years' time I shall be better off than any Superintendent:
And shall be able to rent a little farm.
The Agent's no fool!
He hears what goes on and sees that good work is acknowledged at the proper time:
When Minnie Harker looked like kicking up a fuss
I was terrified
I dropped a word in season and she shut up like a knife;
I settled Doctor Berry's affair, and Emmanuel Broomfield's;
My eye is on the Belgian Socialist and that gallivanting Swift;
And I've warned the Salvation Army fellow about begging in the street:
[I don't know that he isn't up to something worse, but I shall hear all about it this evening:]
If it hadn't been for me, Fletton would have been a hot-bed of scandal, like Hordle.
As it is, there ain't a more respectable parish anywhere!
Sometimes the Family are careless:
For the Family mould never get another like me!
The Agent's no fool!
He got them squared—as well he might;
But although three Superintendents have given orders for my transfer,
He hears what goes on and sees that good work is acknowledged at the proper time:
When Minnie Harker looked like kicking up a fuss
I was terrified
I dropped a word in season and she shut up like a knife;
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As it is, there ain't a more respectable parish anywhere!

MRS. TOMMY STOWER.
I was terrified of this house at first,
But you soon get used to anything,
And Tom's a rare hand at managing:
It's lucky he is—
Or we should be in a queer way with the terrible expense of this place.
No wonder young Tharp couldn't keep it going!
He was such a nice lad, with soft brown eyes,
Always dreaming and humming to himself;
He wasn't half as cut up as you'd have thought at being turned out of the old home;
I asked him on the Sale-day and he said he was glad to be clear of Fletton!
Of course that was put on!
Then he said, "Fletton may alter it's tune some day"—
Whatever that meant!
I mended his waistcoat and would have done more for him only Father drove into the yard;
And he couldn't bear young Aaron!
You have to fuss Father up all roads or life isn't worth living!
I wish our house wasn't quite so handy for him;
He walks in with his muddy boots and takes up all the fire,
Till Tom can hardly keep from bursting out;
And I catch it when Father's gone.
I know now why Mother looked so miserable:
He used to play the fiddle to her and read her his poetry:
I don't know which is worse!

ALEXANDER BARLEY.
If you were a market-gardener in a place like this, and
kept all sorts of poultry;
Geese, ducks and turkeys, to say nothing of Bantams,
With a pride in your pedigree stock,
Taking prizes at flower-shows for miles around,
And if in spite of dogs and wire-netting and all possible care
The vermin preserved by the Agent ravaged you like they do me,
Creeping in at the smallest holes and biting the Aylesbury's heads off,
Or snapping up the finest Orpingtons,
And if you were threatened with turning out of house and home if you laid so much as the smallest trap,
To say nothing of shooting the brutes,
And if you couldn't get poison from the chemist without having to sign your name:
What should you do?
Herbert Dobney offers me compensation at market rates, as if that was any use!
My birds are worth three of ordinary sorts;
Besides, I don't want compensation;
I want to rear and breed and win prizes.
What right have they to preserve foxes for sport when there's a War on?
Ain't my business as important as their fun?
To threaten me as they do ain't English;
But a man can be over-driven:
Dolph Swift, who isn't such a noodle as he looks, gave me a tip:
I've got an air-gun coming from London, with a folding barrel, to fire heavy bullets,
And the next of them poisons beasts as creeps along will get something to think about.

COBBLER GEORGE (GOOSE).
They say as cobbler is always Radicals:
I don't know why!
I've been to Church for eight and forty years;
And I'm no Radical,
Any more's my wicked old Dad
What ought to have been in his grave long ago.
It's true my trade makes a man thoughtful;
I sit and work and think while folk drop in for a game of draughts or a chat,
Or the latest about Young Edgerley.
So that I hear all that goes on in Fletton;
Nothing happens but comes to my ears,
Something's in the wind for to-night, but I haven't heard the details yet.)
And when I walk home and see the lights in the windows,
I often wonder if folks inside guess how much I know about them.
Swift called yesterday with his narrow-toed patents—
(Just like a woman's)
Little he dreams what I've heard of his goings-on!
Old Dobney may step by with his nose in the air,
But he lives on money borrowed from his son-in-law.
Dobney's missis wears her shoes down at the heels quicker'n anybody:
Slipsbod she is for all her fine feathers;
And that sort always come to grief sooner or later!
In the old Earl's time, father made all the gear for the Towers:
Good honest stuff that never wore out:
Now they want Yankee goods;
Which makes me feel the Family won't last:
It's a breaking up of the old ways!
I've given Parson a fair warning;
He came hinting that I didn't fit him properly.
If you were threatened with turning out of house and home if you laid so much as the smallest trap,
To say nothing of shooting the brutes,
And if you couldn't get poison from the chemist without having to sign your name:
What should you do?
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TO BE CONTINUED.

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