NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir Oswald Stoll returns to his attack on the system of credit-control by financial groups in a full column of the “Daily Telegraph” of June 16, and although, as we said last week, we are quite assured that the proposals he adumbrates in his campaign are by themselves worse than useless as a cure for the present situation, we welcome the attention he cannot fail to attract to the problem as a whole. His text, in this case, is a quotation from a speech by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which the financiers are openly implored, as the controllers of the situation, to conserve “Capital,” by their control of credit and price-making—against the active hostility of half-a-dozen of North American Trusts possess. With these bodies are associated the Consumers’ League, and several quasi-religious organisations for social service, the whole making up a body of opinion which, if time permits, is definitely powerful enough to carry their control is conserved. Consider the railway systems of America, twenty years ago giving promise of forming a model transportation system; to-day, looted, sacked and exhausted by one financial raid after another they are almost in extremis, and only maintain a service which is a mockery to technical capacity, by means of a grant from the public purse of a sum substantially equal to the original cost of their construction. Every one of the groups which were directly responsible for this result is represented in the City of London, and is included in the Chancellor’s reference, just as they are represented in Paris and Berlin, and probably Moscow. Meanwhile, Dean Inge deprecates the failure of democracy, and the Labour Party agrees that what we really want is more production, and the Building Trade gets on with building more—factories.

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We have always held that in America, where irresponsible financial control has been most blatant, and the results of it, taking natural resources into consideration, more obviously disastrous than even in Europe, there would come the first clear cut and dangerous challenge to the system; and the modest little announcement which has crept into the London Press that on July 10 representatives of a new party opposing the Democrats and Republicans alike, and not in sympathy with the Socialists, will meet at Chicago to nominate a Presidential candidate, is, if we mistake not, a justification of this opinion. The power behind this new movement is a composite one, involving the Non-Partisan League (which is definitely in possession of the machinery of government in North Dakota; is said to control Minnesota, and is steadily gaining ground in several other of the States of the Middle West), and a number of the Labour Unions, including the Railroad Brotherhoods, who have revolted from the leadership of the egregious Mr. Samuel Gompers, the latter individual undoubtedly one of the most valuable assets the Trusts possess. With these bodies are associated the Co-operative movement, the Consumers’ League, and several quasi-religious organisations for social service, the whole making up a body of opinion which, if time permits, is definitely powerful enough to carry the policy it represents—essentially that of the public control of credit and price-making—against any other single party of the Republic.
Mr. Gompers, who is no mean politician, and is fully alive to the fact that his popularity is waning, has himself taken up the case of producer-control, coupling his platform with a political strategy which consists in urging his followers to support any candidate, either Democrat or Republican, who will pledge himself to assist in obtaining it, thus forming, in intention, a coalition against the new party of Economic Democracy. How far American Trade Unionists will thus allow themselves to be spoilt only time can tell, but the result of this alignment should be a matter of most absorbing interest, not only in the United States, but in this country, for it is not too much to say that the peace of the world and the future of civilisation may be involved in the outcome of the struggle.

A deputation from the League to Abolish War, consisting, amongst others, of Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P., and Mr. Frank Hodges, of the Miners’ Federation, waited on the Prime Minister on Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of urging upon him the necessity of an International police force to do the work of a League of Nations. It is, at first sight, a little difficult to understand the mentality of Labour representatives who, while professing to be profoundly dissatisfied with the existing state of Society, and constantly concerned to accuse their opponents of all crimes alike—perhaps Spain, Russia, of acting in the interests of the Capitalist system which they condemn (an accusation which is probably justified), and of using the police and other armed forces for the purpose of buttressing their power, yet propose to set up a mechanism expressly designed to make revolt against such Government impossible.

We are not, for the moment, criticising the proposal itself; we are merely considering the support of it by official representatives of a party openly pledged to revolutionise society. Now, assuming, as we are quite willing to assume, that both Mr. Barnes and Mr. Hodges are perfectly honest both in their desire for a better state of society and for the abolition of war, and that not being merely irresponsible lunatics, they have some reasons for figuring on such a deputation, it becomes of interest to see how they reconcile the fact that revolutionary Labour is notoriously unable to capture existing organisations in order to build a new police force which is ex hypothesi incorruptible. We believe the reason to be two-fold. In the first place, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Hodges no doubt believe that they represent a Labour Party which is coming into political power all the world over, and that therefore they will control this police force, and secondly, they confuse a remedial, if appalling, symptom, war, for the disease which causes it, much as one might ignorantly say that a deputation which consists in urging his followers to support any candidate, either Democrat or Republican, who will pledge himself to assist in obtaining it, thus forming, in intention, a coalition against the new party of Economic Democracy. How far American Trade Unionists will thus allow themselves to be spoilt only time can tell, but the result of this alignment should be a matter of most absorbing interest, not only in the United States, but in this country, for it is not too much to say that the peace of the world and the future of civilisation may be involved in the outcome of the struggle.

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The second misconception, while one may have every sympathy with it, is none the less fatal to any effective remedial action as a way of buttressing their power, yet propose to set up a mechanism expressly designed to make revolt against such Government impossible.

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thus subsidised the less prosperous and the railway averaged their prosperity. This system had reached perfection before the war, and it is quite probable that in this country 5 per cent. increase in any one rate would have raised a storm. It is now proposed that rates shall rise 5 per cent. but go no further, and that at a time when there are not wanting interested persons (with whom we totally disagree) who would contend that the day of the railway is done and that road transport and aviation will carry the traffic of the immediate future. We say we disagree with such persons; but do not mean by that to suggest that it is not possible by means of crazy finance to ruin a magnificent asset, in order that a few international persons (with whom we totally disagree) who would contend that the day of the railway is done and that ordinary every-day liberty of the subject has fallen during Mr. Wilson's Administration of the United States Government to a lower level than that of Russia under the Czar. The practical effect of this disillusionment is seen daily in operation; not so very long ago a rhetorical appeal for backing for the anti-Bolshevists was met by an unmistakably dry negative even from quarters which have no love for Lenin and Trotsky; the somewhat New-Jerusalem tone of the "Daily Herald" is barely offset in its effect on its popularity by the realistic and detailed descriptions of the current prize-fights which form a feature of its otherwise pacifist pages. The general result of all this is to make it increasingly difficult to sweep a nation off its feet by a mere gust of emotion, and even if the change has not yet proceeded so far it is a most hopeful sign that it has begun.

Just as it is quite erroneously said that threaten men live long, so there is a tendency as perverse as it is general to assume that it is only necessary to predict disaster of any description to form thereby a solid basis for optimism. For twenty years, hundreds of men and women in this country, and thousands on the European Continent, knew that, given the continuance of certain economic and political factors, war with Germany was just as inevitable as a chemical reaction. Certain social factors combined will produce certain social results, just as certainly as the combination by the aid of a spark of a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen will result in water. In 1900 the writer of these notes was told by an official of the German Foreign Office that there was not room in the world for a powerful Britain and a progressive Germany, and the reasons given, which required the major portion of a long and dull sea voyage for their discussion, were quite conclusive if the premises of the financial system were admitted. In spite of the organised efforts of Lord Roberts and others to drive the facts of the situation home to those persons most vitally affected, the members of the British Public, it is quite certain that not five per cent. of the population of these islands regarded this question but as anything but a political "stunt" run by a mixture of interested scare-mongers, and cranks with bees in their bonnets. Viewing the situation dispassionately in the light of events, it seems probable that the control of the organs of public information, and the general psychology of the peoples who were to be the victims of the coming disaster, were already so grouped as to make the late war, humbly speaking, inevitable; that any radical preventive propaganda, to have a reasonable prospect of success, must have been launched not much later than 1875, and must have taken effective steps, amongst other things, to deal with the capture and abduction of the Public Press which marked the closing years of the nineteenth century. But the situation in regard to the disasters which threaten us now is profoundly altered, and we believe that it is a practical proposition to expect to hold such the situation as will suffice to avoid at any rate the full force of the blow which might otherwise destroy us. Amongst the differences on which legitimate optimism may be based, is the increasing cynicism, common in every rank of society, in regard to the expression of beautiful sentiments unless these are practised on all to the checks men apply to everyday affairs. The sub-stuff is losing its grip. By their fruits ye shall know them. Perhaps in some queer perverted way, President Wilson was indeed the saviour of the world, as he is said to have believed himself to be, when he heralded the entry of the United States into world politics by a series of speeches couched in the most silver eloquence, and embodying sentiments calculated to take the thoughts of men clean away from the facts of life; and then, in company with his fellow conjurors, hatched out a Treaty and a League of Nations expressly designed to reduce every one of these beautiful sentiments to a grinning mockery. "Open covenants opened at"; Mr. Lloyd George has gone down to Lympne to discuss policy with Mr. Wilson prior to reshuffling the destinies of peoples with Mr. Millerand; "self-government" is supposed to mean that it is not possible by means of crazy finance to ruin a magnificent asset, in order that a few international persons (with whom we totally disagree) who would contend that the day of the railway is done and that ordinary every-day liberty of the subject has fallen during Mr. Wilson's Administration of the United States Government to a lower level than that of Russia under the Czar. The practical effect of this disillusionment is seen daily in operation; not so very long ago a rhetorical appeal for backing for the anti-Bolshevists was met by an unmistakably dry negative even from quarters which have no love for Lenin and Trotsky; the somewhat New-Jerusalem tone of the "Daily Herald" is barely offset in its effect on its popularity by the realistic and detailed descriptions of the current prize-fights which form a feature of its otherwise pacifist pages. The general result of all this is to make it increasingly difficult to sweep a nation off its feet by a mere gust of emotion, and even if the change has not yet proceeded very far it is a most hopeful sign that it has begun.

The Food Controller's monthly report, issued at the end of the week, showing a further serious rise in the price of food since January, is a grim comment on the attempt made to inaugurate what the French have christened the vague de baisse, by the simple process of saying that it has arrived. So far from a wave of falling prices having reached either us or them, the level of prices is steadily rising and has reached in this country 5 per cent. of the prices ruling for food-stuffs in July, 1914, and there is every prospect that with a possible temporary decline at the end of the summer, it will continue to rise. The real cause can be stated in half-a-dozen words—the breakdown of credit, the disbelief in the reality of "money" as a good exchange for either goods or services; and there is nothing in the line being taken either by the Government or the large industrial combines to show that they have either the will or the understanding necessary to close the rapidly widening gap between financial credit and real earning power. It is not merely designed to transpire that the big manufacturers of the Midlands and the North are finding the way very hard indeed, their costs are such as to make their prices definitely non-commercial; and dark hints of the necessity of shutting down their plants for the purpose of bringing Labour to its senses, i.e., starving it into submission, are appearing in the columns of the Press. It is of course an open secret that this latter plan was concocted and agreed to by a ring of manufacturers in 1917 as being the inevitable result of concessions extracted from them during the war, but it was intended that it should be put into operation much earlier, and we very much doubt whether it may not now have results quite other than those expected by its inventors. What about the necessity for greater production as a cure for all evils? Surely if it is only production per se that we want, it is very reprehensible for the writer of these notes to tell us that the production of money, and that if more money can be produced by making less goods we shall get less goods? The next few months should furnish an answer to that question.

C. H. D.
The Cure for High Prices.

I.

Whatever theories may be put forward to account for economic problems they are all attempts at explaining the simple fact that the money people earn will not buy the goods they want. Or that sufficient purchasing power and their economic problems will solve themselves: the things they want will be produced if it is humanly possible to produce them.

But what is sufficient purchasing power? £100 a year under certain conditions may be rich; £1,000 a year under other conditions, poverty. It is all a question of goods and services: the only thing that reduces the value of money, is due to the supply of money or credit having been increased relatively to goods. One writer, Ernest Sykes, Secretary of the Institute of Bankers (in “Banking and Currency”) says:—“The value of money and the value of commodities vary inversely; they are each the opposite scale in a balance: if one rises the other falls, and vice versa.” And again:—“Taking for granted that nothing occurs to diminish the supply of goods for sale, you cannot have a general rise in the prices of commodities except by increasing the quantity of money in circulation, and the only way of so increasing it is by the creation of credit.” We see, therefore, that the increase of money in circulation is dependent on the creation of credit. Currency, in fact, is merely the small change of credit.

Inflation is defined by Professor Nicholson as “an abnormal increase of money,” and is commonly attributed to speculation or to Government borrowing and extravagance; but Major Douglas (in “Economic Democracy”) has shown that it is a normal companion of all present-day production. This is corroborated by R. G. Hawtrey’s description (in “Currency and Credit”) of the process of financing industry. He says: “An order is given by a merchant to a manufacturer to supply a certain quantity of goods. The manufacturer borrows from his banker a sufficient credit to meet the necessary payments of manufacture, including the cost of raw material, for the period which will intervene before the goods can be delivered and payment received from the merchant. When the goods are delivered the merchant in turn borrows their value for the period for which they are likely to be on his hands. The goods may pass from one manufacturer to another and from one dealer to another several times before they are finally disposed of piecemeal by the retail dealers to the consumers. Each manufacturer or dealer will probably be indebted for part, at any rate, of their value as long as he holds them. A debt, as it were, is attached to the goods so long as they are being dealt in—that is to say, bought with a view to being sold. This debt is only finally paid off when the goods are sold, not to be dealt in, but to be consumed. But each manufacturer or dealer will probably be indebted for the debt when he is quit of the goods. He borrows to meet the expense of making or buying the goods, uses the proceeds of his borrowing to pay the people employed in manufacturing them, or to defray the purchase price; then, when he disposes of them, applies the proceeds to pay off the sum borrowed, and retains any balance as his own profit. Thus new credits, as distinguished from those created merely in replacement of old ones, are created to pay the profits, remuneration, interest, etc., of those who contribute, either by their personal services or by the use of their property, to production.”

If the import of the last sentence is grasped, and if we bear in mind the value of all credits must appear in selling prices and be recovered from the consumer if the banks are to be repaid their advances, we shall realise that one credit is only cancelled by the creation of another and larger one, and that the total of selling prices is like a snowball and grows with every payment of wages, salaries, and profits. But though selling prices mount up in this way, wages, salaries, and profits are gone as soon as they are spent, and cannot be renewed except by further labour, which is paid for out of fresh credits; and these raise the level of prices still higher. The result is that at any moment of time the total selling price of goods is always far in excess of the purchasing power available to buy them.

The truth of this statement is proved by Major Douglas in another way. The total money or purchasing power paid or distributed to the employees, shareholders, and directors of any firm engaged in production is the total of wages, salaries, and profits (or dividends) paid. But these form only one item in the selling price of the goods produced, the others being the cost of raw materials and overhead or establishment charges. Consequently, since the part is not greater than the whole, the total disbursements to the people (employers and employed) connected with that establishment is less than the selling price of the goods they have produced and could not, therefore, buy them. And as this is true of any single establishment it is true of them all taken together. Hence it follows, as Major Douglas says, that “the wages, salaries, and dividends distributed in respect of the world’s production is diminishingly able to buy that product at the price that the Capitalist by his system is forced to charge.”

The exact difference between purchasing power and selling prices is shown by the analysis to be the value of raw materials and overhead charges—that is, the value of past production; and past production is the total of wages, salaries, and profits (or dividends) paid. But these form only one item in the selling price of the goods produced, the others being the cost of raw materials and overhead or establishment charges. Consequently, since the part is not greater than the whole, the total disbursements to the people (employers and employed) connected with that establishment is less than the selling price of the goods they have produced and could not, therefore, buy them.

The analysis would hold good if profits were abolished entirely. Selling prices would still be far ahead of the total wages and salaries paid.

The upward movement of prices may be hidden by economies in production, but that only means that the ordinary member of the community is being deprived of benefits to which he has a rightful claim. To stand still when others move forward is as bad as going back. The enormous credits created in connection with the war, however, were too great to be hidden by any such counter-movement.

The constant discrepancy between purchasing power and selling prices is a feature of the capitalist system that seems to have escaped the notice of economists and reformers; and as an understanding of it is indispensable to the solution of economic problems we need not be surprised that the remedies they advocate are either ineffective or mischievous.

Unless purchasing power and selling prices are brought into equilibrium it is obvious that only a fraction of the goods produced can be sold; and if that state of things were to persist production would soon cease altogether.

Under present conditions purchasing power is brought up to the level of selling prices by the creation of fresh credits by the banks. If the total credit and currency in a community amount to £100,000, and £100,000 of fresh credit is created for any purpose, the total purchasing power of that community is in-
creased by a tenth. But, although these credits may be used for further production, there is not, at the time of their creation, any simultaneous increase in the supply of goods. The immediate result is an increase in selling prices, and this brings down proportionately the value of the individual £1. Other things being equal, the owner of the original £1,000,000 will only be able to get ten-twelfths of what they formerly could for their money: the banks, through their customers—the borrowers of credit—establishing a claim over the remaining eleventh. So far as the general public are concerned the effect is exactly the same as if 100,000 banknotes were put into circulation; the only difference being that the bank's action is quite legal. When we consider that most of the war credits were created in the same simple fashion we realise that the community is being robbed very cleverly, and can understand why the £1 is worth only a few shillings of its pre-war value.

In actual operation there are other factors at work complicating the problem, but the process and effect are substantially as described above.

The want of equilibrium between selling prices and purchasing power prevents the effective distribution of commodities, as we saw, and the chronic state of indebtedness to the banks to which it gives rise is the goad that drives men and nations into unfriendly competition with each other and leads inevitably to labour troubles and wars. Obviously, when one market becomes glutted, another must be found to take its place if bankruptcy is to be avoided; and when no new markets are to be found—and they are difficult to find nowadays, owing to the universal shortage of purchasing power—it becomes necessary, for the alternative to even a bad credit system is barter, and barter is quite impossible in highly-developed countries like ours. You cannot barter ships or locomotives across the counter for bread and butter.

H. M. M.

Fashion and Eurhythms.

By Valerie Cooper.

Is whatever guise we find it, fashion always shows the entire lack of self-consciousness and bias which is characteristic of the weather-cock. The popular ways of dealing with such matters as clothes, food, houses and amusements indicate with incredible unconcern and accuracy the prevailing wind of taste and all its variations. And especially the popular way of dealing with clothes. Dress is with us, perhaps, more than ever before, so much so that most people are, therefore, obliged, by their choice of dresses, to express some sort of judgment upon Dress.

The chief thing, it seems to me, to be observed in the Dress of the last half century is the marked divergence in style between male and female attire. What is the cause of this divergence? It is probably in the fact that the two sexes idealise different periods of life, different ages. Speaking generally, women, as nearly as their proportions and their prejudices will allow them, try to express youth in their attire. Men's clothes, on the other hand, are the apotheosis of middle age.

Since the rise of industrialism man has taken with the most becoming self-consciousness both the task of bread-winning and himself as the appointed person to carry it out. A census of any representative collection of successful business men would probably give forty or fifty as the average age at which they attained the solidity of reputation so necessary to men "in a big way." Middle-age, therefore, is the time of achievement for the men of Western Europe, and their dress shows that they are conscious of it. Why should they agree to divert attention, even before they reach adolescence, from their neither shrunk nor distended necks by the siting of a medicine collar? Disguise their as yet non-existent embonpoint by the otherwise meaningless jumble of lines made by coat, waistcoat and accessories; or so rigidly eschew all but the soberest and most discreet hues and textures—if not because sedentary middle-age, barked up by a weight of public opinion against which few men think it worth while to try their strength, has decreed that as far as it is possible the male body shall be kept out of sight and mind? To do this effectively the garments worn must have some attracting quality. Beauty is out of the question, so men who regard clothes as something more than the as-little-to-be-bothered-about-as-may-be covering for their nakedness have set up "smartness" in its place. Very efficient it is too. The fashionably-dressed man's body sinks to the level of importance of an automatic dummy built for the purposes of carrying his head and hands, and of displaying the astonishing skill with which his tailors conceals both its own construction and that of the clothes which cover it.

If men are determined to be forty, women are equally determined to be twenty. Their shops and their magazines practically ignore every other age, and when special designs are provided for those whose figures refuse even a semblance of compliance with the demands made upon them, it is done with a scornful condescension which must be very galling to the unduly plump or the uncommonly emaciated.

The reason for this is not far to seek. Although women are gradually being caught into the industrial system which holds men so tightly in its grip, they regard it, so far as it is a side issue; for them, consciously or unconsciously, the important business of life is the attracting of man's admiration. Whether this is done for amusement or with the serious object of persuading one of the other sex to share with them and their children the product of his labour it has come almost a science. They realise that they belong to his lighter hours, and, like our most-successful theatre managers, novelists, painters and musicians, accept the fact that responsible men with a stake in the country cannot afford to waste any of the energy which might be used to increase that stake on such attenuated frivolity as aesthetic or intellectual enjoyment, even if such a thing exists. No sensible man wants to do mental work in order to reach pleasure; he wants it brought to him, merely as the easiest possible channel. The most popular of these channels in England are sensuality and sentimentality. Under one or both of these names the bulk of our favourite music, novels, pictures and plays may be classed, and in the former division much of what is most competent and thoughtful in women's dress may be included. (As for the inefficient and ready-made dress of mass, it is as lacking in a sense of form and as crowded with futilities as the rooms, and often the conversation, of its wearers.)

The capacity for emphasising the various attributes of the body and so rendering it more fit for its different occupations is one of the most charming uses of dress; and yet, as one realises in going about London streets, it is seldom exploited save in one direction. In their daytime clothes we rarely find any real attempts to be rivalling men's devotion to smartness, their present method of achieving it being the cutting down of their...
freedom of movement to the limits allowed by the tight skirts and high heels of to-day’s “walking-dress.”

We are so accustomed to see the streets full of rigid-looking figures of both sexes that we forget that a stroll down Piccadilly under different conditions, might be pleasant to the eye. But it does not seem unreasonable to expect that a ball-room, even in 1920, should give some aesthetic satisfaction. As a matter of fact, it is perhaps the least pleasing of all the aspects under which one can see human beings grouped together. For sheer ugliness a man’s dress-suit is difficult to beat, but, to my mind, the women are even worse offenders than the men. It is difficult to see all those elaborately dressed heads and feet, undressed arms, shoulders, back, and almost undressed legs, estranged—as they usually are—by the incongruous combination of a small and simple bodice with a large and pretentious skirt, as living people. They seem more like parts from a doll-factory wrongly put together; and one’s whole impression is of an untidy responsiveness to all kinds of mental stimuli. It begins to be a matter of fact, it is perhaps the least pleasing of all the aspects under which one can see human beings grouped together. For sheer ugliness a man’s dress-suit is difficult to beat, but, to my mind, the women are even worse offenders than the men. It is difficult to see all those elaborately dressed heads and feet, undressed arms, shoulders, back, and almost undressed legs, estranged—as they usually are—by the incongruous combination of a small and simple bodice with a large and pretentious skirt, as living people. They seem more like parts from a doll-factory wrongly put together; and one’s whole impression is of an untidy responsiveness to all kinds of mental stimuli.

This modern quality of disconnectedness is shown also in our movements, and in so far as movement and thought tend to react upon one another, clothes certainly foster the evil. When one compares people who have lived always in ordinary European clothes with those whose bodies have been, for some reason, less tramelled, one finds that they move in entirely different ways. While unclothed movement is, in essence, continuous—one action imperceptibly merging into the next until their object is attained and each involving, if ever so slightly, the whole body—clothes seem to have an isolating effect. They allow us only certain lines of action, and even those are subject to limitations which we disregard at the cost of discomfort. Limitation from which they have suffered. Few women have ever adopted the results of these attempts. For instance, all that is best in women’s dress to-day had its origin in Chelsea eight or ten years ago. But if, instead of the experiments being left to dressmakers, some of the talent and skill which are at present devoted to the manufacture of garments for women in which, according to a famous dressmaker, “the appeal of sex” is of the first importance and suits for men which make everything but office life seem incongruous for them, all this were backed up, moreover, by an intimate knowledge of the human form and then used to invent styles of dress which should fulfil all its requirements and give free play to all its capacities—if this were done, we might have, in a comparatively short time, something like a sartorial millennium.

An Introductory Book.

Of the several books written to give the reader a bird’s-eye view of the psycho-analytic field before he comes down to earth, one of the most useful is Dr. Bernard Hart’s “The Psychology of Insanity.” It is a book that is compact and lucid and not dogmatic, and we find in it a careful exposition of the phenomena of complex-formation, conflict, repression, and the like. And we must note that in a certain percentage of neuroses these things are all that need be found from a psychiatric point of view. But it is unwise in the extreme to apply this theory—which is modern Freud—promiscuously to every case we meet. When we read Dr. Hart, we find ourselves being told that a psychological conflict is invariably a clashing of primary instincts one with another, or with “herd instinct.” Herd instinct, we are told, “ensures that the behaviour of the individual shall be in harmony with that of the community as a whole.” Owing to its action each individual tends to accept without question the beliefs which are current in his class, and to carry out with unthinking obedience the rules of conduct upon which the herd has set its sanction.” Now this herd-instinct is a very doubtful quantity, and it is a little dangerous to speak of it as though it were some moral or ethical force that determines right conduct. For it can be argued from its name that “herd” instinct is individual primary instinct writ large, in which case conflict, as described by Dr. Hart, would be instinct versus itself, which is absurd. Let us try to go a little deeper into the matter. The ocean of existence, the collective unconscious, which is primary consciousness, the unmanifest, is the source from which libido becomes manifest in any form or capacity. We are considering man, and I believe the element of instinct in man’s psychological composition can be said to consist of the will to be, and the will to perpetuate himself. And this element of instinct is a collective element, as can best be realised by the study of instinct in any given species of animal, and by considering that instinct is usually presented in dreams under an animal symbol, and by remembering the totems of savage tribes. But now, where does Dr. Hart’s herd-instinct come into play? Under this conception we shall have to say that it is not instinct at all, but rather the sum total of the conscious attempts of the majority of individuals at any given historical moment to standardise what appears to consciousness to be an integrated response to libido, the unconscious, which is instinct and intuition. Confusion has arisen, and this sum total has been regarded as instinct, because the standard for any moment is always driven us indelibly as possible into a man when he is a growing child, and under the compulsion of adapting himself to the circumstances amidst which he finds himself. Herd-instinct is really a habit, and may be a good or a bad habit, according as a particular herd is good or bad.

When we are swayed by a habit, we call it a natural instinct that cannot be avoided. And indeed it has nearly the force of instinct. But actually it is law, Phoebus Apollo.

And now we can see what Dr. Hart means when he speaks of mental conflict. It is a clash, sometimes a deadlock, between internal and external circumstance; the internal circumstance being, according to him, invariably a primary instinct, though there is no reason why it should not be an intuition. An intuitive feeling— for instance, that the times are out of joint—can engender neurosis no less easily than a riotous primary instinct. We are now, it will be seen, approaching to Jung's hypothesis that neurosis is a failure in adaptation to circumstance, and that the phenomena of neurosis are symptoms of regression, of man returning along his own footsteps, or trying to drown himself in the ocean from which he rose. But we must ask a question, and that is, why does one individual conform to circumstance in a manner that suggests there is no such thing as a circumstance while another is at pains to alter circumstance, and yet another permits circumstance to alter him; and why is it that each of the last two examples may or may not develop neurosis? We may be helped if we remember a proverb of Blake's that "One Law for the Lion and Ox is Oppression." So, too, is it opposition, neurosis-breeding, to permit one law, "herd instinct," for neurotic and Philistine, for sensitive and insensitive. This is not an answer to our question, though, but merely an amplification of it. Why should there be sensitives and insensitives? The insensitives are the great majority, the herd, and above and below them come the sensitives, some the dwellers in Dostoiefsky's Underworld, and some the alternators of circumstance—for various reasons, be it noted, too frequently egocentric. Well, we can only say that inherent in any individual is a liability to neurosis, either close to the surface or well-compensated, in proportion to the amount of strain he can take without breaking. For even the apparently insensitive is known to show symptoms of shock, which fact brings up another aspect of "herd instinct," that one of its most useful functions may be the eventual conversion of Philistine into neurotic, a preparation for its abolition and superseding. When "herd instinct" sanctions a modern war, then the more war-neuroses, the better, for instance.

This is to set a greater emphasis on the effects of external upon internal circumstance than many psychologists appear to do. Mr. J. A. M. Alcock, who has made "Madame Sand" ridiculous. She herself was the comedian, the experimentalist in love for the sake of experience; she posed as a writer of romance, but actually she was a scientist in literature writing of what she had demonstrated and verified for herself. She took lovers as modern women take taxi-cabs, as the quickest means to her end; perhaps she had an affection for her temporary conveyances, but she chose them as a means to the expression of herself in literature, she actually subordinated life to art. The moral test does not apply to her, any more than it does to comedy; indeed, the comedy of her love affairs derives chiefly from the fact that she was superior to the moral test. She knew how to manipulate it, to show that whatever she did was right because it was well done—which, after all, is the artist's morality. To deny her passion would perhaps be too extreme; but it was passion so perfectly canalised, with the whole superstructure of intellectual expression so intimately associated with it, that it seemed impersonal. She was not a woman; she was Woman, and all things to many men.

The true Mr. Philip Moeller, in his play now running at the Duke of York's, has shirked the most difficult task; l'affaire Chopin is not really susceptible to purely comic treatment, and we get no more than the beginning of it at the end of his play. But de Musset would provide comedy enough for many plays; he was a George Sand in trousers. Like her, he sought "copy" in love; but as poetry is a more selective art than novel-writing, he got much less material than she did from their connection. Their farewell on the tower of Notre Dame inspired about four lines in him; it would serve for whole chapters to her; and all the attitudinising, the conscious sublimity of emotion, added to her stock of material without helping him to a stanza. A novelist can heighten the sentiment of his love poems by being a ballad-monger like Scott or Byron, with "rhymed traveller's guides" to Scotland and the Continent; and when she is as good as a stage-manager as
George Sand was, she can easily get a whole novel from a farewell dinner-party to a poet.

Mr. Moeller is to be congratulated chiefly on the excellent acting material he has given Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Basil Rathbone. They pose to each other divinely, in an everlasting contest of wits in which he is everlastingly beaten. She does get the "copy" from him, from herself, from everybody; she scores not only a personal victory in, but gains at least another chapter from "Madame de Musset's" mother.

Probably no one in England but Mrs. Campbell could play the part with such fidelity. It is easy enough to pose, but Mrs. Campbell is sincere in every phase, however suddenly it may alternate with another. She reveals the secret of George Sand as an eternal sincerity to the need of the moment; it is not so much self-control as simplicity of emotional response that makes her a master of every mood. She does love de Musset, she does admire his verse, she does appraise her own inspirations correctly, she does sincerely believe herself to be the woman she describes to Madame de Musset. After all, one does not justly accuse Proteus of double-dealing; it is her nature to be various, and to be all herself in each of her variations. We have no other actress who can so maternal, steal phrases with the colossal impunity of a jackdaw, play the very woman poets ("the mothers'" touch was delightful) with a mother. And she passes from the one phrase to the other with never a break; the steady stream of creation flows on, like the magic liquor from the conjurer's cup, now wine, now milk, now tea, whatever is called for at the moment. George Sand's life, as revealed by the art of Mrs. Campbell, was a process of creative evolution; and there is no doubt about the élan vital at the Duke of York's Theatre.

De Musset cut a ridiculous figure by her side, as he was bound to do. Men are always "disappointed in love," because love is the feminine form of the creative impulse. De Musset, like so many poets, sought inspiration in love; he fertilised the female genius, but became sterile in his own creative activity. There is possibly no hatred so intense as that with which a barren artist contemplates a fruitful one; and when the fertile genius is one's lover, we have divine comedy indeed. Mr. Basil Rathbone played it with wonderful skill; he not only made de Musset intelligible, he helped to explain Madame Sand. Actually she vampirised him; although she gave as much in quantity, nay, more, than she received, it was useless to him. He transmitted the creative impulse—and got her creations in return; while he could communicate no impulse to him, on the contrary, she inhibited his creative powers. His joy when she left him, and his poetic power reasserted itself, was probably his only heartfelt emotion; but he provided much delicate comedy by his posing, and attempting to get "copy" from his posing, before he reached this conclusion. It was the most considerable performance I have seen by Mr. Rathbone; it marks him as a subtle actor of emotional states and psychological interpretation. In the first act he made us see de Musset stripped of everything but the artistic temperament, and posing to preserve his reputation; but in the second act he made the return of his power as real as Pentecost, we could see his genius inform him as he wrote.

The Pajello incident gave Miss Florence Saunders a chance to play a fury of an Italian girl; and she moved the audience powerfully with her beauty. Miss Frank Cellier is not well cast in the part. But although Liszt is a caricature, it is a funny caricature which probably no one would have enjoyed more than Liszt himself; and Mr. Hector Abbas plays it with a foil sense of its value. He is the one genuinely comic figure in the play: the rest are comic in their relations to each other: and his grotesque, crab-like advance to the battle-field of the piano put a fitting end to a wonderful performance of the conqueror of the concert-room. Mr. Ivan Samson, fresh from playing Orlando at the Lyric, Hammersmith, with no astonishing power, crept into my good graces as Chopin, although a little too vigorous for him. But he turned so simply to Madame Sand, so like a tireless child to its mother (which is, as nearly as possible, the true relation of Chopin to George Sand), that one forgave him the excessive energy with which he refused an encore call. On the whole, it is a very pleasing show, with acting much above the average; one touch of genius makes the whole cast kin—thank God, Miss Mary Grey was not cast for the name-part, or for any part in the play, although it is produced "under the direction of J. B. Fagan." Mr. Moeller has had a better chance of success than Gogol, and I hope that he achieves it.

OF THE DAMNED.

I hear the lost their torment tell
Now am I cherished of none:
I see the naked bones of hell
I fear: and yet I know 'tis well
That in the ash, and rain of stone,
I hear the lost their torment tell.

My soul hath broke the blossomed spell;
Deep in the winter, and alone,
I see the naked bones of hell:
And in the whispering caverned shell
Of rebel's bones, I hear
I hear the lost their torment tell.

Doom calleth, as a brazen hell,
To all those souls that are undone;
I see the naked bones of hell.

Nor for my soul's sake would I sell
The hearing of their endless moan;
I hear the lost their torment tell,
I see the naked bones of hell.

RUTH PITTR.

MISSEL THRUSH.

Defiance shouted from the drenched leaves,
A chant of battle 'mid the dripping sheaves,
Or in the poplar, swayed 'twixt earth and sky,
A shrill clear challenge to the wrath on high;
The storm-cock, who was silent in the quiet,
Wakes in the stress with heart and song—in riot.

So may I be, when all the folk, afraid,
Shrink at the threat of Terror's lightning blade,
Singing my song, may I go down the wind,
Filled with defiance, drenched, awesery, blind,
Fick in my soul with sorrowing, yet still
Shooting my storm-rock challenge from the hill.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.
The Flame.

By Rowland Kenney.

The Gasman was a sixfooter, with a heavy moustache, bushy eyebrows, a thick, black mane, and a stubbly beard. He arrived about two in the afternoon—extremely angry, for he had been out in a football match on this particular Saturday, and, at the last moment, just as he was about to check off, the Milton Goods Yard Inspector had telephoned to say that No. 4 capstan was frozen and must be seen to at once.

The trouble was this: the capstans at Milton were worked by hydraulic pressure, and in winter-time a gas-burner, dropped about three yards away, at the foot of a large iron crane. For a few seconds he lay still, a huddled, ugly mass. Suddenly his head moved and he sprang to his feet. One wild look he gave, and then ran round and round the crane as fast as he could go. He leaned towards the crane and circled about it like a chicken which had been hit on the head with a stick.

Ponto, the capstanman on duty at Number Four, was standing by. For an instant he was too astounded to move, and then—evidently as mad as the Gasman—he tore after him. They chased each other round the crane a score of times before it struck Ponto that, simply by stopping, he would be sure to catch his man. He turned suddenly and the Gasman cannoned into him. In another second they were on the ground, fighting like two bull-terriers.

The Gasman's eyebrows, eyelashes, and moustache were gone; all that remained was cracking stubble. Except for a tuft still standing stiffly up from the crown of his head, his magnificent crop of hair had disappeared. His clothes had undergone a remarkable transformation: the coat was entirely burnt up; the waistcoat was a charred ruin; the trousers were burnt, and in places it had entirely fallen away, leaving a few blackened ribbons, fluttered in the faint breeze. His face was a chequer of red and black—the skin was all burnt, and in places it had entirely fallen away, leaving jagged-edged pieces of red flesh.

In the struggle Ponto got the madman's head "in chancery" and large pieces of burnt skin peeled off on to his sleeve. Then he gripped the Gasman's right hand, which was feeling for a leg-hold. It was a strange shape. Blood and skin clung on Ponto's fingers. Later we saw that the thumb was missing.

The Gasman's red eyes glared savagely; he clawed and fought like a wild cat. Over and over they rolled in silence. It was queer, said Ponto later, to feel those bare legs twining round his and hear the skin crackling under the grip. The fight was finished by Ponto gripping his adversary's throat with his right hand and heavily dropping a knee in his stomach.

Ponto's hands and clothes were covered with burnt hair and skin. A sickly smell was in his nostrils. He was faint and shaky. It seemed to him that he held his victim an eternity before help came. The Gasman gasped and choked. He struck and kicked convulsively. His mouth was open—the tongue, swollen and parched, hung over the lower lip. Finally the full gang arrived, but we waited some time before raising the madman to his feet. For a time he stared wildly, but gradually some measure of sanity returned to him. We helped him across the yard to the men's dining-cabin. He was too dazed to feel the pain, but very soon his features twitched and his fingers clutched at the edge of the table. The madness came over him again. His reddened eyes glowed. He jabbed the thimbles knuckled in his mouth, at a chicken which had sucked the stump—licked the blood and moaned like a dog; then made vicious little snaps with his teeth.

We tried to soothe him; for answer he sprang up and whirled his arms about. Two of us crashed at him. Every time we handled him we drew blood. The smell was awful. Still the madman fought. He did not strike at us, nor we at him; he struggled to get away from his pain, we strove to hold him. It took minutes to master him. When finally we did beat him down we threw him at the table, bent his forearms over the edges and his ankles over the end.

He raved and moaned. He cursed and prayed to us alternately. We now hung on firmly to the bloody wrists and blistered ankles. The ambulance-van came as a surprise; we had forgotten that anything existed but ourselves and the thing in our grip.

The last we saw of him was that he was standing in tuft of hair on the crown of his head as he lay in the van, strapped to the stretcher, with his feet to the driver.


By Jan Gordon.

I.

We have seen that in Nature there are hid many beauties normally unperceived; that there is amongst us a tendency to demand beauty where the object is desirable and to obscure it where undesirable; that the public is strongly influenced by the ability to judge beauty in regarding pictures, and that we expect the picture to be beautiful which has desirable subject-matter. We now can recognise that Nature is a chaos of objects, from the collected impressions of which man in general separates out the desirable and the undesirable, while the artist selects only the beautiful and the ugly. These two different divisions of Nature do not coincide, but when we have put aside desirability we find that there is a beauty which shines the more brilliantly because it can, if allowed, contrast with and overcome desirability.

The sense of beauty which lies outside the promptings of the physical impulse are due to perceptions of what we may call abstract qualities—colour, form, proportion, space in the plastic arts. Why these things are pleasant and awe us in profound emotions is still the subject of philosophical discussion and has recently attracted the attention of the psycho-analysts.

We all possess two divisions of memory and two springs of action, the conscious and the unconscious. As a rule the unconscious is still; it exercises a gentle influence upon us which we are not aware; but sometimes it arises and comes into conflict with the conscious. Children are often largely ruled by the unconscious, while nervous disease, which the psycho-analytic physicians treat, is due principally to conflict; from a prolonged struggle madness then ensues. To a great extent these abstract qualities of art leave their prime effect upon the unconscious.

Oscar Wilde, in "The Soul of Man under Socialism," says: "If a man approaches a work of art with any desire to exercise authority over it and the artist, he approaches it in such a spirit that he cannot receive any artistic impression from it at all. The work of art is to dominate the spectator: the spectator is not to dominate the work of art." The man who approaches a work of art with authority is coming to it in a conscious phase; he cannot get any artistic value from the picture because he is preventing his uncon-
consciousness from playing any part in his perceptions. It is almost impossible for a work of art to dominate the conscious; only the greatest masterpieces possess this power. In “A Tramp Abroad” Mark Twain, going round the world and deliberately suppressing his sense of beauty in order to annoy the guide, remarks that before some work it was almost impossible to withhold admiration. But the fact that it was possible at all shows how great is the power of the conscious mind in this matter. The instinct in man has certain broad reactions in art we are struck by peculiarities. To a large extent they depend upon contrasts of light and dark or on high and low notes. Light we associate with joy and with the high notes, darkness with sorrow and with the bass. The youngest child recognises this instinctively; it laughs at the gleam and reflection from its father’s match, and yells if the light is suddenly extinguished. All through life these primitive impulses survive; we feel instinctively the aesthetic values of light and of darkness. Experience to-day should associate light with periods of labour, darkness with rest, enjoyment and sleep. But to our primeval ancestor light and darkness were the most important elements of life. In the light he hunted, he walked secure; in the night he was the hunted, and all the imaginable terrors of the spirit-world were loosened about him.

It seems, I feel, sure that transmitted memory exists. If a hand which has been stroking a dog is suddenly put into a basket full of kittens, the eyes of which are not yet opened, the young animals without any personal experience of dogs will spit as viciously as would their mother. Dog and cat are hereditary enemies. But this enmity must be to a great extent artificial, and owing to the close contact with humanity which puts into a basket full of kittens, which may seem considerably advanced from the general plane of the table. Even the ovals from which we deduce the shape of the table are not always perfect or wholly visible; sometimes whole sections seem to have melted away into the background. If we judged by vision alone, the table as we moved around it would appear to be experiencing a series of catastrophic changes.

The instincts have developed little since Egypt was seen as a conquest of space by means of colour. The world of Prehistoric Man we find cave drawings from which we deduce the shape of the table are not always perfect or wholly visible; sometimes whole sections seem to have melted away into the background. If we judged by vision alone, the table as we moved around it would appear to be experiencing a series of catastrophic changes.

But we never lose the conviction that beneath all this change the solidity and the local colour are real and immutable.

This visible grasp of shape contains an aesthetic enjoyment; it is called the sense of proportion, and the comprehension of shape apart from colour is visibly expressed by the convention of the outline. The outline itself shows how divorced from nature as we see it is our sense of shape. In Nature there is no outline. The enjoyment of Nature thus separates into three principal parts each of which is to some extent dissociated from the others, desirability, colour, and space (or proportion). As soon as we have perceived the visual delights of colour and the sensual delights of space we find that the value of desirability begins to diminish, and our enjoyment of the universe is increased. In the normal mind, however, these qualities are often at war one with another. Desirability prohibits us from seeing visible beauties; colour which under most conditions renders space visible, can under certain circumstances destroy soliditiy. We all know that fat women should wear vertically striped costumes because such an arrangement of lines tends to lessen their spaciousness. The art of camouflage so useful in the war and especially the art of naval camouflage was a conquest of space by means of colour.

In nature these values are often dissociated. It is the work of the artist to bring about a fusion. He, as it were, organises the scattered aesthetic qualities of Nature into a single aesthetic whole. Whatever attack upon the senses has the more powerful effect, as a drilled body of troops has an advantage over an unorganised rabble. Just as in drilling men the officer is forced to suppress the personality of individuals to some extent, so in drilling Nature the artist is often forced to suppress some individuality of Nature.
It can safely be asserted that time after time in the course of the last three or four centuries, our nation has been afflicted by persecutions as other countries by earthquakes. A very thorough-going persecution fell to our lot immediately after the battle of the White Mountain; it was a persecution which might be called imperial. It was avowedly aimed at the rebellious nobility, but the Czech nation almost died of it. It was, however, the very thorough-going persecution which fell to our lot during the course of the last hundred years; it was a persecution by the lords and the Church against a large part of Europe. It was milder than the persecution of the Hussite spirit which had always smouldered amongst us under the ashes, and the holy Church made efforts to keep it smouldering. The persecution by Metternich was one of the mildest. It was directed not only against us Czechs, but against all the nations in Austria, and, indeed, against a large part of Europe. It was milder because it allowed people freedom of movement; they were permitted to eat, drink, sleep, keep awake, dance, swim, walk, skate, etc.—but to make up for this their spirits were enclosed in a dark room whose windows and doors were blocked up to prevent light and fresh air from getting in. After 1848 began the political persecution which dismissed inconvenient officials and teachers, confiscated books, suppressed newspapers, locked up editors, sent severe governors to Prague, tried Czech people before German juries. This also continued for quite a respectable number of years, proceeding sometimes more severely, sometimes only leniently, sometimes ceasing for a period after which, having rested, it immediately began afresh. Finally we experienced the persecution of the years 1915-1916, which might be called a military persecution.

It is certain that the human spirit which contrives to tabulate all the periods of ancient Roman history, and remembers the dynasties of ancient Egypt, will very easily forget the events of those preceding years. It is therefore desirable that we should speak, who have a little to do with it. We must record our impressions for the purpose of supplying reliable material for the history of these two years. Yes, provisions must be made for our historians. The frame-work is something like this: At the outbreak of war the late Emperor surrendered a part of his authority as ruler to the military staff, whose main representatives, in addition to the commander-in-chief, Archduke Friedrich, were Conrad von Hohenendorf, Marshal Metzger and Colonels Slameczka and Gregori. The General Staff kept its watchful eye not only on the enemy outside, but, as is, of course, natural, also on the mischief-makers within. And then was made that tragic error which the whole战 ended up in the mistaken assumption that when war was declared against the three foreign Slav States, Austria-Hungary, a congeries of States containing a Slav majority, would fail to find support and the appropriate enthusiasm for war among its own Slavs, although the latter, as the mobilisation showed, bore a contrasting spirit. The things that are Caesar’s, the General Staff began to look with mistrust upon the Slav nationalities, later also upon its Italian subjects and later still upon the Roumanians. Blaming the former civilian administration—which now existed only in name, having become the obedient helper of the military authorities during the war—for lax patriotic training, defectively inculcated Austrianism, tolerated particularism, careless lenience in dynastic and religious affairs, blindness towards all kinds of centrifugal tendencies, it undertook this rejected training itself, and set about carrying it out in the military manner—quickly and thoroughly. Certainly, one other circumstance was very significant in its eyes. In the German Reichstag, Bethmann-Hollweg made a speech in which he referred to the ‘reckoning between the Germanic and Slavonic races’, a phrase to which no contradiction was forthcoming from Austria, with its Slav majority. The three Counts, Tisza, Berchtold and Stürgkh, were silent; silent too were the nationalities fighting beneath the two-headed eagle against the Russians, Serbs, and Montenegrins—and this silence must have been noticed by the military authorities—again a mistaken assumption which accentuated the tragic error; the leading Counts had probably overlooked the Chancellor’s remark, and the Austrian nations continued to believe there was no Parliament, there was no public platform. But this silence was regarded as malice and a sign of secret hostility towards the Empire.

And so the patriotic training began. In the kingdom of Bohemia, in Galicia, in Croatia, Dalmatia—everywhere the military showed the civilian administration what it had neglected and how things ought to be done. A new spirit was introduced into the schools and among the teachers. Reading books which contained a reference to the kingdom of Bohemia were confiscated; the emblems of the territories of the Bohemian Crown—confiscated; national colours, whether on clothes, on match-boxes, on bags of confectionery—banned; popular tunes and national songs, as ancient and innocent as the day, were forbidden; collections of songs were seized, books, old miscellanies, verse, prose, were also seized; newspapers appeared full of blank spaces, and published articles supplied to them by the police; they had to publish them too, in a prominent position under pain of immediate suppression; and they appeared, only to be suppressed in the end after all; suspicious people, oh, the gallant governors, the Prague Government, the Police Government, had a tremendous amount of work to do then—were taken away and interned in concentration camps; recruits had a Uriah-like p. (Politisch verdächtigt)* inscribed on their military papers and those two letters caused their bounties a continuing strict control and other agreeable attentions upon all battle-fronts, whether in Russia, in Serbia, in Roumania, in Italy; people of all classes and ranks lived under continual police observation; taverns, cafés, theatres, public places swarmed with police spies, espionage penetrated even into families; there was a deluge of anonymous accusations on all sides, and as a result of them cross-examinations, domiciliary searches, arrests and imprisonments took place; childish leaflets were, heaven alone knows how, circulated among the peaceful population, and it was hard with anyone who could be proved to have possessed, read, or even only looked at anything of the kind; all civil rights were suspended; there were no personal liberties, there were no constitutional liberties, there were only military tribunals, and they worked as they were obliged to. Czech people were tried and sentenced by judges who did not know a single word of Czech; nobody was safe either by day or night; there was a deluge of halters, life-long terms of imprisonment, hundreds and hundreds of years of jail, confiscation of property. Furthermore, those who were locked up included women, students, female clerks, authors,

*Politically suspicious.
members of parliament, bank managers, officials of the most diverse branches, grocers, workmen, journalists, clergymen of all denominations—everybody was under suspicion, the whole nation was under suspicion.

A sultry stillness settled upon the whole kingdom of Bohemia. Cowards began to accommodate themselves to the prevailing conditions and met the rule of terror half-way. At Prague anecdotes and jokes came into being, and with the speed of light they sped through Bohemia and Moravia, conjuring up smiles from the faces of a nation which had become unaccustomed to mirth. Slowly but firmly there developed a feeling of national solidarity, an instinct for national honour and national unity. Of this there are numerous instances of both classes; and it may still have some vogue in the Dominions.

Venetian octopus is delicious if caught young enough; regarded as a sort of calammoretti, to be sampled by the daring experimentalist—and to press the parallel answer to this question might take a man the rest of his life. There is, however, the America of the Fifth: wherein are found certain digressions, chiefly because of a question asked me by an Englishwoman about whom there could have been no magazine); as after that advent, and, still later, after America; it may still have some vogue in the Dominions.

No persecution since that which followed the battle of Wavre is more recent than this military one carried out in the kingdom of Bohemia in the years 1915-1916; they are worthy of one another; and in fact our present persecution has been a fresh epitome of all persecutions to which we have been subjected during the last 300 years.

Indiscretions; or, Une Revue de Deux Mondes.

By Ezra Pound.

CHAPTER V.

Chapter the Fifth: wherein are found certain digressions, chiefly because of a question asked me by an Englishwoman about whom there could have been no magazine; as after that advent, and, still later, after America; it may still have some vogue in the Dominions.)

It cannot, according to Dante, be settled wholly upon factors of heredity, and the manners that “makyth” a man in one time or place would certainly ummoke him in another. In the “Spilvento,” the troubadour finds the great lord of the castle sitting in the great hall of the castle with his shirt off, and his wife’s handmaids are scratching his back, and he was a great lord and presumably “advanced” for the thirteenth century, for the next few hundred lines of the poem (what are a hundred lines to a writer of chivalry!) are devoted to exposition of the castle’s annual laundering and bathing foray; with all available great kettles, go they to heat water by the river bank, and centuries later the Spanish ambassador at Naples spits in his servant’s face as a compliment to his hostess, saying that everything else in her audience room is much too precious to receive his base mucus secretion. This is the renaissance when people were thinking of manners; I dare say they have thought of them in ages and stations of chaos, and that Castiglione’s “Corteggiano” was needed just as little as books on etiquette have been needed, and as complete “Letters Writers” have been welcome.

At Montignac last year I found the complete guide for respectful bourgeois family, for finding the bourgeoisie from below might for six francs be spared errors in everything from the layette to the funeral, with pleasures for mixed gatherings by the way.

In the time of Louis XVI, a lady of Goldoni’s acquaintance spent her time solving the weekly “Enigmas” in the then “Mercier de France”; she arose at night to write the solution of a rebus to her circle.

True, Voltaire does not so, far as I know, record similar activities in his circle, but he was out of Paris at the time.

A writer on “Cafretto” attributes the loss of the battle to Italy’s lack of bourgeoisie from which officers can be made; in England three years ago one saw England nobly responding to the need for 300,000 new gentlemen. Marvelous resource of the nation! And in the arcades of the Piazza della Scala, the Englishman that he might be taken for a representative of this diminishing and almost legendary America, is as high a compliment as one can pay him.

There is also a larger and heteroclitic mass of American males who might be taken or mistaken for Englishmen, but their quality depends rather upon the kind of Englishman for whom they might be mistaken. Imitations of both class a and class b are perhaps more numerous than either, though there is a point at which the English cease altogether to be cynosure. For example the “god’s own” type is not copied (i.e., is America; it may still have some vogue in the Dominions.

All of which things might be passed over, perhaps, were they not the very things which we most fail to know regarding any stranger land or ethnic. Gentlemen, fine gentlemen, galantuomo, perfect, nature’s, also man, Man (as before the advent of the ten. cent. magazine); as after that advent, and, still later, after the grandiloquent person of the cinema, Bull-moose, etc., all containing various etymograms each as complicated as any enigma of chivalry; some regarding the heart and some the cut of the waistcoat. “O poca digna nobilita di sangue.”
And there are so many variants. There is, if not the "by God, a gentleman," at least the gentleman with a slight over-emphasis, the type which draws a certain amount of moral support from the way it wears a "Tuxedo," and there is what a certain sort of American female calls a "ge'l'l'lman" (this is not quite the warranted article). There is also, a peg lower, the type which calls itself a "gel'l'man."

So that ultimately one has to answer the question about producing the individual case. Permit me, the Westoveres.

Rent and Reviews.

MYSTERY AND MASTERY.

Why is it that the word "love," uttered by a modern man, makes a not too sensitive reader shudder? Mr. Paine is a new name to me; after reading his book* I have no reason to doubt his good faith; I know that what he expects to achieve by love in play was achieved by Robert Owen in his New Lanark schools, by Homer Lane in his Little Republic, by innumerable experiments here and elsewhere. Yet I sit here sneering: "Cant!" loathing the very name of love on his lips. It is not that I disagree with his pre-suppositions; the defects of our civilisation are directly connected with the limitations of the character of the men who dominate it, the historical severance of the aristocracy from the working-classes made by the middle-classes (who are defined by Mr. R. H. Gretton in his admirable study as "that portion of the community to which money is the primary condition and the primary instrument of life") has certainly resulted in a decline of personal culture due to the breach of tradition. A satirist like Shaw could justly make his Napoleon observe that the classes were below, and the English aristocracy above, morality—the middle-class morality of property being understood; and if this be so, the elements of superhumanity, according to Nietzsche, have been excluded from the governance of the kingdom. The disastrous effect on manners, which are really the expression of character, has been universally observed; the doctrine of getting has for the time triumphed over the doctrine of giving (at the present moment, we are publicly more concerned with production than distribution), and the frank inter-course of hucksters with each other, which should be the hallmark of civilisation, is replaced by suspicion, "an eye to the main chance," and the whole armoury of hostility.

Mr. Paine is not singular in his diagnosis; "the love of money" (the distinguishing characteristic of the middle-class) "is the root of all evil," is at least as old as St. Paul, and Love is, of course, the general Christian prescription of a remedy. But Love is one of the mysteries, and the mysteries can be handled effectively only by the masters. Perhaps the chief reason why the Bible counts for so much in English culture is that the translators of the Authorised Version made a master-piece (and their letter to King James shows that they were aware of the fact); I believe it is a fact that Continental versions have by no means wrought themselves into common speech and thought as has the English version in this country. Love and friendship (one of its variations, according to Mr. Paine) are there expressed in unforgettable phrases, with that perfection of simplicity that is the work of genius. "This is My commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." Personally, I do not see that the teaching can be made clearer or more forceful; any elaboration of it must land us in bathos or sentimentality. In that form, it is a phrase of power; it defines instantly the people who hear it,

* "A New Aristocracy of Comradeship." By William Paine. (Parsons, 4s. 6d. net.)
of the transgressor would not be so hard with town boys as with country boys.

But what finally convinces me that Mr. Paine is talking cant when preaching love by training the members of working-boys' clubs to punch one another's heads scientifically, is the one reference to a personal example. He refers to "the very fine work done by the late Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in the way of creating recreation-schools and play-centres for working-class recreation-schools and play-centres for working-class children," and says: "She certainly did earn the adoration of a lady social worker in Hoxton, and an lasting war is the class war. Mr. Jeffery's sympathies reveals to those who know the Settlement movement (which, on its residential side is only a training ground for minor Government experts in social reform) so striking a disparity between preaching and practice that we cannot acquit him of ignoring. Either he does not know the Settlement movement—or he does not know love.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Side Issues. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. (Parsons. 6s. net.)

In this series of sketches, Mr. Jeffery, who was an officer of the regular Army, presents some of his views of war and its aftermath. He has his story of a nurse, who was a "goddess of kindness" (she was French), his story of the old bay mare, a curious lapse into adoration of a lady social worker in Hoxton, and an attempt at apocalyptic vision in "The Revellers" that certainly expresses the indignant judgment of the living by those who died for them. Most of the other sketches deal with one or other form of disillusion that has come to those who took the idealism of the war seriously; and in "Dam Good Fellows" Mr. Jeffery shows us the officers of a battalion of Fusiliers deliberately restoring the pre-war tone and traditions of the officers' mess, as though the war had no taught them that the continuing war is the class war. Mr. Jeffery's sympathies are quite obviously on the side of intelligence, and he leans at least towards the "democratic" school of politics. He thinks that the world ought to be governed with justice, that the "proleteur" ought to be abolished, that we should all know by experience—in short, he has all the best intentions, which he expresses frequently in the form of argument.

Gypsy and Ginger. By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by C. R. Brock. (Dent. 5s. net.)

This essay in the infantile fantastic will appeal to both young and old. The young will see in it a good game of real make-believe, but their elders will be heartily amused by the partial, and sometimes perverse, use made of the materials of civilisation. What more delightful, or incredible, way could be invented of earning a living than setting up a Weather Bureau in Trafalgar Square, and charging a penny for the information that it was raining or fine? Getting a living by telling people what they knew? Miss Farjeon's skill in playing with words is adept. Who would have thought that the world ought to be governed by those who died far them? Most of the other sketches dealt with one or other of the issues of civilisation. What does not know love. Miss Farjeon is grateful to Miss Farjeon for stopping before we have had too much of a good thing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SALARIAT.

Sir,—I was very much interested in the reply of Messrs. Eden and Cedar Paul to the criticism of Prof. Loria's "Karl Marx" in a recent issue of "The New Age." I agree with regard to one point in their controversy with "A Reader," I would beg the hospitality of your columns to suggest what seems to me to be some important considerations. I refer to the question of the alliance of the manual-workers with the so-called "Salariat."

The progress of modern industry is making "directive" and "organising ability," as well as the technical and non-manual functions of production, of progressively greater importance. This has been exemplified in Russia by the fact that in the first days of Soviet government production was at a standstill owing to the "salariat" and "ca-canny" of the "intellectuals," and by the fact that the Soviet Government had to offer very large salaries to secure the services of technical and organising ability, hitherto the "monopoly" of the "bourgeoisie."

The success of any proletarian revolution will depend on the possibility of securing the necessary organising and technical ability to carry on production uninterrruptedly. The workers' Soviets would, therefore, have to re-establish the former managerial and technical staffs, as they did in Hungary in many cases, or else to install new managerial and technical staffs, recruited from the ranks of the former "manual-workers." The former Eden and Cedar Paul reject, if I understand them aright, the latter they hope to make possible through independent proletarian education.

Now is this latter possible? It seems to me not to be. Capitalism, by the economic and social condition which it imposes on the proletariat, of necessity puts every hindrance in the way of any real education of the proletariat. Bad social conditions prevent the free development of the faculties of the young, the harshness of economic necessity and the environment militates very considerably against any capacity or even desire for original thinking on the part of the proletariat, although the last thing I wish to do is to belittle the supreme importance of "independent proletarian education," it seems to me very doubtful, even if sufficient money could be obtained, even if an adequate technical staff could be procured and trained, even if it were possible to supply the necessary text books, etc., etc., whether the proletariat "intellectuals" so created could provide a tenth of the ability necessary to run the industrial machine. Moreover, the directive and technical functions of industry need "practical" as well as theoretical knowledge, and under capitalism the proletariat have no opportunity of gaining practical knowledge of the problems of industrial management. If the whole of the administrative, technical and clerical staffs throughout all industry were suddenly and simultaneously replaced by new staffs, even if those new staffs were all Eden and Cedar Pauls, would not their lack of practical experience of the industry produce disastrous chaos?

It seems to me, therefore, to be absolutely essential that the proletariat in the event of a revolution should be able to procure the services of a large percentage of the former managerial and technical staffs, and so be enabled to carry on the work of production with the minimum of interruption, and with the difference—the only necessary difference—that the managerial staffs should be responsible to a Workers' Soviet instead of to a capitalistic Board of Directors. And for this reason Prof. Loria's theory about "unproductive labourers" seems to me to be correct.

Granted that the revolution must be the work of the proletariat themselves; granted that any alliance with intellectuals, still "bourgeoisie" in outlook, would be a weakness to the proletarian movement; that the proletariat is an economic distinction—the propertyless class as opposed to the propertyd "bourgeoisie"; and that, or the economic forces, of which Prof. Loria speaks, tend to drive down the "salarium" actually into the proletariat,
so that ceasing to hold a privileged position their interests become at one with those of the manual workers? The necessary prelude to a mass movement of the proletariat must be a relative “increase of misery” of the proletariat, and economic causes, which bring this about, will also “hit” even harder the “salarist.” This tendency is visible in Germany, where many of the “salarist” are in the Soviets, and it was still more pronounced in Russia, where, as Mr. Brailsford testifies, some of the most ardent Communists were the white workers. Is not this pressure of economic circumstances the surest way of “saturating” the intellectuals in “proletarian ideology” and those who transported it in 1919, those who manufactured it in 1919, and those who sold it for whose vocabulary I have the greatest possible respect. I cannot expect to defeat the current “Notes of the Week” I am exceedingly glad to know that we have your support for the underlying idea; however, I cannot expect to defeat “C. H. D.” for whose vocabulary I have the greatest possible respect. But I must at least challenge his contention that the sum total of price values is greater than the sum total of wages, salaries and dividends. You contend that this “would be true if all wages, salaries and dividends charged to production were used at the instant they were earned to buy the production in respect of which they are earned.” This I must wholly reject, except that it makes the subject very much more difficult to think about and causes a small amount of production to be delayed, in storehouses and the like, from its proper use. Let us take the case of a packet of cocoa. In the price value that we pay we are purchasing the energy, time, and destruction of use-value of those who grew the cocoa in the fields and those who transported it in 1919, those who manufactured it in 1919, and those who sold it in 1920. The price value represents the total of wages, salaries and profits paid out to those several persons in those several years. It is because the use-value of their time and energy is destroyed and past that we must pay for it. Of course, if a new world were to be created to-morrow, cocoa would be a practical impossibility. It is true of nearly all commodities and services that 95 per cent. of the value is represented by the part that tools and processes have played in their manufacture. It is true that these tools and processes have been made and accumulated over a very long period, and now constitute our effective capital for further production, and it is their gradual destruction in use for which we pay the larger part of the price; money is paid towards renewal of this capital, otherwise next year the world would start poorer. In other words, when we pay for the destroyed use-value of a machine or process, we are actually supplying a fund for the substitution of this machine by a new one. Obviously, I am not trying to prove, what is so manifestly untrue, that the price we pay is distributed correctly between wages, salaries and dividends, but I am quite convinced that the total price or turnover which goes into a factory every year is exactly equal to the total amount of wages, salaries and dividends coming out of that factory, and the fact that the factories which supply it with semi-manufactures, but do not supply the public direct.

MINIMUM BONUS.

Sir,—May I reply to some of the comments on the mechanism of the Minimum Income proposal contained in the current “Notes of the Week”? I am exceedingly glad to know that we have your support for the underlying idea; however, I cannot expect to defeat “C. H. D.” for whose vocabulary I have the greatest possible respect. But I must at least challenge his contention that the sum total of price values is greater than the sum total of wages, salaries and dividends. You contend that this “would be true if all wages, salaries and dividends charged to production were used at the instant they were earned to buy the production in respect of which they are earned.” This I must wholly reject, except that it makes the subject very much more difficult to think about and causes a small amount of production to be delayed, in storehouses and the like, from its proper use. Let us take the case of a packet of cocoa. In the price value that we pay we are purchasing the energy, time, and destruction of use-value of those who grew the cocoa in the fields and those who transported it in 1919, those who manufactured it in 1919, and those who sold it in 1920. The price value represents the total of wages, salaries and profits paid out to those several persons in those several years. It is because the use-value of their time and energy is destroyed and past that we must pay for it. Of course, if a new world were to be created to-morrow, cocoa would be a practical impossibility. It is true of nearly all commodities and services that 95 per cent. of the value is represented by the part that tools and processes have played in their manufacture. It is true that these tools and processes have been made and accumulated over a very long period, and now constitute our effective capital for further production, and it is their gradual destruction in use for which we pay the larger part of the price; money is paid towards renewal of this capital, otherwise next year the world would start poorer. In other words, when we pay for the destroyed use-value of a machine or process, we are actually supplying a fund for the substitution of this machine by a new one. Obviously, I am not trying to prove, what is so manifestly untrue, that the price we pay is distributed correctly between wages, salaries and dividends, but I am quite convinced that the total price or turnover which goes into a factory every year is exactly equal to the total amount of wages, salaries and dividends coming out of that factory, and the fact that the factories which supply it with semi-manufactures, but do not supply the public direct.

THE CAUSE OF IMPERIALISM.

Sir,—In your issue of May 6, “A Reader” reviews the controversy between Kautsky and Lenin as to the causes of Imperialism. I gather that his view is the one put forward by Sismondi and Lenin, and erroneously ascribed to Karl Marx, viz., that Imperialism is caused by the difficulty which exists under capitalism of getting rid of the goods with whose production the surplus population of an agricultural country can get some good place to go to, it is content. Even the Chinese would be content to migrate as individuals, and have not yet shown any disposition for organised attack on other nations.

It is quite different with industrial communities, which always manifest more or less imperialistic ambition. No doubt they are forced by competition. In every country where the land is occupied, the surplus population flocks to the towns, where it can be employed only in industry. But the agricultural countries are also anxious to do their own manufacturing. Thus there is a constant tendency to produce more manufactured goods than the world wants, and a constant struggle to get rid of them. This no doubt is the chief cause of imperialism. We must also remember that manufacturing pays best when conducted on a large scale. While agriculture is governed by the Law of Diminishing Return, manufacturing follows the Law of Increasing Return. It is therefore to the interest of each manufacturer and each nation to produce and sell as much as possible, so that the margin of profit may be as great as possible. Such being the causes of imperialism, the most effective cure is to cut down the population, and get rid of a large part of the urban proletariat. While imperialistic aims exist mainly in the minds of the capitalist class, the presence of a redundant proletariat is unquestionably the greatest factor in encouraging such aims. Moreover, the abolition of capitalism would not in the slightest degree improve the situation. It would be just as necessary for a country like England to force her manufactures on the world; otherwise the people would starve.

R. B. KERR.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

TREASURY BONDS.

[Reprinted, by kind permission, from the May issue of the “National Food Journal,” the official organ of the Ministry of Food.]

It is perhaps somewhat difficult to give an accurate definition, but inflation may be described as an artificial increase of buying power, which must obviously be due to an expansion in the amount of currency available, and a consequential further expansion in the volume of credit. The buying power of the individual member of the community consists primarily in the amount of cash possessed by that individual, either in the form of actual currency or in the form of credit balances with his bankers on deposit or current account. It is the possession of this money which enables him to purchase the necessities and luxuries of life. Prior to the war the circulating medium consisted almost entirely of gold, silver and copper to a comparatively limited amount were issued as token coinage, but silver was only legal tender up to a maximum of £2.
On the outbreak of war the banks, anticipating a drain on their resources owing to a probable demand by their depositors for the repayment in cash of their deposits, obtained through the Treasury the issue of a very considerable amount of Treasury Notes, which were made legal tender for the repayment of any debts, and in the early days were only secured by the deposit of Government securities, although subsequently a stock of gold amounting ultimately to a total of £26,500,000 was accumulated against them.

It is very doubtful whether the issue of Treasury Notes in the first instance was an actual case of inflation, because whilst it is true that the money so received was a result of the issue of gold, it is equally true that at no period of our financial history would it have been possible for even a small fraction of the total bank deposits to have been withdrawn in gold; and the notes were issued primarily to provide against the contingency of a run on the banks. If the revenue from taxation and the proceeds of sales of Treasury bills and other forms of Government loans are not sufficient to provide all the funds required by the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty’s Treasury, they are obliged, however reluctantly, to resort to borrowing on Ways and Means Advances; and the Government must pay for the loan for which he has subscribed either by means of a backing of gold, it is equally true that at no period of our financial history would it have been possible for even a small fraction of the total bank deposits to have been withdrawn in gold; and the notes were issued primarily to provide against the contingency of a run on the banks. If the revenue from taxation and the proceeds of sales of Treasury bills and other forms of Government loans are not sufficient to provide all the funds required by the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty’s Treasury, they are obliged, however reluctantly, to resort to borrowing on Ways and Means Advances; and the Government must pay for the loan for which he has subscribed either by means of a backing of gold, it is equally true that at no period of our financial history would it have been possible for even a small fraction of the total bank deposits to have been withdrawn in gold; and the notes were issued primarily to provide against the contingency of a run on the banks. If the revenue from taxation and the proceeds of sales of Treasury bills and other forms of Government loans are not sufficient to provide all the funds required by the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty’s Treasury, they are obliged, however reluctantly, to resort to borrowing on Ways and Means Advances; and the Government must pay for the loan for which he has subscribed either by means of a backing of gold, it is equally true that at no period of our financial history would it have been possible for even a small fraction of the total bank deposits to have been withdrawn in gold; and the notes were issued primarily to provide against the contingency of a run on the banks.