NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The coal dispute remains where we left it last week, in a suspense without idea, principle, or clear purpose. Nothing worth saying can be said of it, except that the sooner it is patched up the better for everybody. For it is not as if anything hangs on the issue, be it one way or another. The miners cannot possibly get the advance in wages without one of two things, which they profess equally to dislike, resulting thereafter. Either they will be bound to increase "output" pro rata with their increased wages or their increased wages will fall in the end on the consumer—the domestic consumer, since there is no other. Either, that is to say, the miners whom Mr. Smillie and Mr. Hodges now, happily for themselves, represent but no longer are, will have to work harder, or our ten million households will have to pay more for their coal. The owners will not suffer in their profits; the Government will have scored a political victory of useful magnitude; the financial oligarchy will feel itself safe for mother season: and even the miners' leaders will not suffer in their own persons or pockets a twinge of physical discomfort or the loss of a penny of salary. The poor old "rank and file," both of the miners and the general consuming public, will alone have to pay the bill in increased exertions and probably in increased prices. Their wonderful leaders, with their marvellous but unfortunately pre-occupied or post-occupied brains, will have failed again as a fresh step in their upward career.

It takes something to induce members of the "middle-class" to walk in procession through the streets of London delivering handbills. Yet this is what might have been seen on Thursday last in the Strand, the object of the demonstration being to call attention (as if it still needed it!) to the Increased Cost of Living. That the increased cost hits most severely the under-organised classes between the classes of Finance and Labour everybody must know; but how severely they have been hit in thousands of cases nobody will ever know. We take it as a sign and portent when people of this class can parade the streets, under any banner or subterfuge, to declare their needs; and if these things are done in the green leaf of the nation's discontent, we can leave time to reveal what will be done in the sere and yellow. It is characteristic of the comfortable, salaried, middle-class syphons of Mr. George Lansbury that the "Daily Herald" should refer to the significant spectacle as a "crocodile of 'nuts' of both sexes," bourgeois "heroes and heroines." The conception of Socialism as a passion for human justice is caricatured by Mr. Lansbury's apes in the form of a passion for injustice to every class but that non-existent class for which they imagine they write. Human distress that is not labelled Russian or proletarian is an object for their mirth; and Mr. Lansbury himself, though glorified as the editor of the "only Labour daily," is much too busy preaching to practise his Christianity where he could make it effective.

The winter is not here, however, yet; and spring is still very far behind. Mr. Lansbury, with his usual egotism, "wonders if others feel as I do about this business of unemployment and its hopelessness from the point of view of solution"—a nice state of mind, by the way, in which to "edit" our "only Labour daily." He will have good cause to wonder still more as the winter draws on and perhaps to reflect on the singularity of his "hopelessness" in face of our repeated offers to enlighten him. However that may be, our ironical suggestion of a Royal Commission to inquire into the Cause of High Prices and the relations of Capital to Labour has been taken up in other quarters than Labour quarters. The "Times" thinks that such a Conference or Joint Inquiry might "point the direction in which Labour and Capital might go, without falling out by the way." And at a National Conference called very privately last week to consider the problem of the Cost of Living, one speaker, Mr. W. W. Paine, of Lloyds Bank, went so far as to say that, sooner or later, "we had to arrive at some equitable plan for the division of the product of industry between the factors which produced it—brains, labour and capital." We are getting on, but not, it appears, very quickly, since almost everything but the intention of Mr. Paine's speech is unmistakably wrong. The factors of production are not brains, labour and capital only; much the greatest factor is the community as consumer. Nor is the division of the product our chief concern, or the chief real concern of production. The problem, stated truly, is the just division, not only of the annual product but of the annual increment of productive ability. Mr. Paine will see on quiet reflection that these corrections of his speech are not trivial.

We believe in co-operative thought, but it presupposes individual thinkers; and when, as in the case of
the Financial Committee of the League of Nations now assembled at Brussels to add insult to Europe's injury, the constituent individuals are themselves either incapable of thought or capable of thinking only of their personal interests, the co-operative result is even less than the sum of its components. No time need be wasted in examining the recommendations which express itself in denying that any "magic remedy" for our economic and financial ills can conceivably exist. "No magic remedy," was the title given by the "Times" to its report of the Brussels Conference. We have seen that the snotty Mr. Lansbury is hopeless about this business of unemployment. And the stockbroking Mr. Emil Davies, the financial expert of the "New Statesman," and one of the "big men" of the "Daily Herald" and the "Daily News," similarly confesses that "he fears there is no short cut to the accomplishment of Labour's aims. . . . Education (the continues) is the only remedy that seems possible; it is painfully slow, but sure." Without inquiring why the spread of education should effect what the education of Mr. Emil Davies himself has failed to effect—discovery of a short cut for the problem of things—the reactionary character of the denial that "short cuts" do exist and that "magic remedies" are discovered deserves to be exposed. But for "short cuts" and "magic remedies," humanity certainly would not be as far from the beasts as it is to-day. Under the obsession of the belief that only routine evolution is possible, Mr. Emil Davies, as a consequence, have, in all probability, been climbing stairs with their simian progenitors who, in that event, would have refused, under his guidance, to stand up right and to become "anthropos." Anthropos was, in fact, a "short cut" from ape to angel; and standing upright was a "magic remedy" in its day. Not to be so far-fetched, let us say that Mr. Emil Davies' "education," not to mention the expertise of the Brussels Conference, should have, at least, considered the "magic remedy" and the "short cut" offered by Major Douglas and The New Age before declaring to the suffering patient that his case is incurable. The trouble, moreover, so far from being too abstruse for words, is really too simple for words. Instead of allowing Price to "output" to be determined by the relation of Money to Goods, thereby giving to Money a value it ought not to possess, we simply propose that Price should be determined by the relation of Goods to Goods or, in more exact terms, of depreciation to appreciation of Credit. With his "education" and their "expertness," both Mr. Davies and the Brussels delegates should understand our magic remedy at a glance.

Everything in Lancashire is not "reet oop t'mark," as the Music-halls misinform us. Lancashire, like the rest of the country, is in for a bad time; and it is not at all improbable that the hard-headed men of the North will require either war or chaos to help them out of the condition thought to be. "An increase of unemployment," the Board of Trade announces, as if the matter were one of snow or frost, "was always to be expected in the winter"; and, in the absence of a Miners' strike, there would be "no abnormal distress." Assuming that the "normal distress of winter" is creditably inevitable—though if one Archbishop felt it, we should have an output other than that of prayer—we still venture to doubt whether the coming winter will prove to be normal. We shall see what we shall see.

The "Daily Herald" is certainly trying to earn the Russian subsidy even if the scruples of Mr. Lansbury require the actual receipt of it to be sorrowfully forgone. We saw last week how the "Herald" had been dangeling Russia before Labour as the Universal Provider of Work; and in subsequent issues Mr. Brailsford, or
someday equally all abroad, has been tracing unemploy-
ment to the stump. "This day British workers turn un-
employed," he, she or it wrote, "because a British
Government still tolerates the jingo follies of President
Millerand and his protégés of Warsaw and Sebastopol."

It would be a comfort to have discovered the secret of
unemployment in the "Daily Herald" at last. But we fear we
will not be comforted. Questions arise in our be-
"Daily Herald" altogether fails to answer. If Russia is so
full of "work" why does she not employ her own workers;
is it that they, in their turn, can only "work" for us? 
Again, where are those unemployed President
Millerand unchained his protégés with the tolera-
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A vital defect in modern journalism is the divorce of
the leader-writer from reading and study. The reviews
and occasional articles of most of our contemporaries
frequently contain matter of intelligence and import-
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Many of them never read the non-political articles even
in their own journals. The effect is to be seen in the
contrast our journals present between their theories and
their "practical" policy: on the one hand, liberal, in-
quiring, speculative, intelligent; on the other, reac-
tionary, deadening, timid, and stupid. Take such a
sentence as we have just quoted from the "Times" con-
cerning Credit. It might have appeared in our own
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Tower of Babel, with everyone speaking his own tongue
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general influence whatever.

World Affairs.

We have already indicated a few of the world-problems
awaiting—some of them impatiently—Europe's solu-
tion; and we have stated our belief that if Europe does
not solve them, no other race will or can. It is not
the function of the veins to perform the duty of the
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realise) to its own office; and the frontal lobes of
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or, let us say, the white Aryan race anthropologically,
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been experienced, with its unimaginable tax and consequent reaction on the nervous energy of the whole human race, a "miraculous" crystallisation into an inferior phase of world-development is not only possible, but definitely to be apprehended as a probable contingency. It is this fear that must haunt the consciousness, therefore, of the world's mission have contingency. It is this fear that must haunt the human race not only to Europe herself, but to the human race, a "miraculous" crystallisation into an unconscious impelled to undertake the omitted work, which had been experienced, with its unimaginable tax and consequent reaction on the nervous energy of the whole human race is a developing organism of which the whole human race is the brain; and of the human race itself the appointed brain is the mind of Europe. And it matters not only to Europe herself, but to the human race and to the brain should perform its function and define the privileges of its own responsibilities as well as those of other organs, even in the name of universal brotherhood. For the world without Europe would not be a fraternal world, or, let us say, a harmonious process of being and becoming. If the world had slipped down a whole plane in function is ceasing to be performed, every function is unconsciously aware that the brain ceases to work, every other organ in the body cannot 'give justice' to the White race, they can only despair the intellectual and spiritual function of Europe. We have no a priori prejudice against the Yellow or the Brown or the Black race. Each has its appointed functional value in the world-organism, and we are prepared to defend its conscious rights and privileges against every encroachment of European intellectualism. We affirm that the various pan-racialisms may be discharged the intellectual and spiritual function of Europe. Among the phenomena consequent on Europe's abdication of her world-function are the pan-movements among the coloured races already referred to. When the brain ceases to work, every other organ in the body, nature and a kind of duty, to the vacant throne. Unconsciously aware that a complementary function is ceasing to be performed, every function is unconsciously impelled to undertake the omitted work. That no organ, other than the brain itself, can possibly discharge effectively the work of the brain, is, of course, admittedly true in the case of the individual; but, in the case of the world-organism and the world-mind, the admission is made reluctantly or not at all. Nevertheless, as the world is only the individual writ large, what is true of the individual is true, though on a larger plan and scale, of the world-mind itself. No other racial organ than the European can possibly discharge the intellectual and spiritual function of Europe. France, England and Italy together are powerless; they do not even deceive themselves, let alone the rest of the world. No less is it impossible that by the addition of two or more other nations, a fragment of Europe can create a League of Nations. Only a united Europe—let us say it, only a Federation of all Europe—can possibly serve as the living centre of a living League of Nations.

If we are right in our judgment that America will enter a League of Nations only when a united Europe creates the nucleus of it, with even more certainty can we affirm that the various pan-racialisms may be expected to remain active so long as Europe remains inactive. It is all very well to assert that Europe has the right and the duty to define racial functions in the world by virtue of her own function of world-organisation. We do assert it, and we maintain that in the nature of things it is so and cannot be otherwise. But what can Europe say to the unconscionable claims that are now presented as racial problems—to Japan, to Islam, to Ethiopia? On the plane of mere force, without right or duty, there is no right but force; and, in terms of force alone, the irrational unconscious force of the world-soul are inevitably superior. In the conscious forces without roots in the great world-mind, needs are greater than wishes, and when the wish is only a feeble sentiment in favour of a European unity, sooner or later the unconscious needs of the Far East will certainly overwhelm it. Good Europeans must, in fact, be ashamed of the chicanery which Europe, in her present distracted state of mind, is driven to practise in her relations with the other races. There is nothing Aryan or noble in it; but one glancing lie after another is invented to stave off the inevitable issue. What, for example, is Europe's clear answer to Japan, to Islam, to Ethiopia? What has the White man to say, in the present world-crisis, to the Yellow, the Brown, and the Black? Left utterly without guidance and command by the race appointed to that task, the world falls naturally into its own and inferior devices. But once itself again, Europe could speak with an Aryan tongue again. And what happened before when that voice was smothered? It will happen again.

M. M. COSMOI.
A Practical Scheme FOR THE Establishment of Economic and Industrial Democracy.

THE (MINING) SCHEME.

[The following exemplary Scheme, drawn up for special application to the Mining Industry, is designed to enable a transition to be effected from the present state of inflation, to a state of economic democracy, with the minimum amount of friction and the maximum results in the general well-being. An explanatory commentary on the Scheme, clause by clause, appears below.]

DRAFT SCHEME.

I.

(1) For the purpose of efficient operation each geological mining area shall be considered as autonomous administratively.

(2) In each of these areas a branch of a Bank, to be formed by the M.F.G.B., shall be established, hereinafter referred to as the Producers' Bank. The Government shall recognize this Bank as an integral part of the mining industry regarded as a producer of wealth, and representing its credit. It shall ensure its affiliation with the Clearing House.

(3) The shareholders of the Bank shall consist of all persons engaged in the Mining Industry, ex-officio, whose accounts are kept by the Bank. Each shareholder shall be entitled to one vote at a shareholders' meeting.

(4) The Bank as such shall pay no dividend.

(5) The capital already invested in the Mining properties and plant shall be entitled to a fixed return of, say, 6 per cent., and, together with all fresh capital, shall continue to carry with it all the ordinary privileges of capital administration other than Price-fixing.

(6) The Boards of Directors shall make all payments of wages and salaries direct to the Producers' Bank in bulk.

(7) In the case of a reduction in cost of working, one half of such reduction shall be dealt with in the National Credit Account, one quarter shall be credited to the Colliery owners, and one quarter to the Producers' Bank.

(8) From the setting to work of the Producers' Bank all subsequent expenditure on capital account shall be financed jointly by the Colliery owners and the Producers' Bank, in the ratio which the total dividends bear to the total wages and salaries. The benefits of such financing done by the Producers' Bank shall accrue to the depositors.

II.

(1) The Government shall require from the Colliery owners a quarterly (half-yearly or yearly) statement properly kept and audited of the cost of production, including all dividends and bonuses.

(2) On the basis of this ascertained Cost, the Government shall by statute make the Price of domestic coal to be regulated at a percentage of the ascertained Cost.

(3) This Price of domestic coal shall bear the same ratio to Cost as the total National Consumption of all descriptions of commodities does to the total National Production of Credit, i.e.,

\[ \text{Cost of Total Consumption} = \text{Cost per ton} \times \text{Cost value of Total Production} \]

[Total National Consumption includes Capital depreciation and Exports. Total National Production includes Capital appreciation and Imports.]

(4) Industrial coal shall be debited to users at Cost plus an agreed percentage.

(5) The Price of coal for export shall be fixed from day to day in relation to the world-market and in the general interest.

(6) The Government shall reimburse to the Colliery owners the difference between their total Cost incurred and their total Price received, by means of Treasury Notes, such notes being debited, as now, to the National Credit Account.

COMMENTARY.

II. (3) This Price of domestic coal shall bear the same ratio to Cost as the total National Consumption of all descriptions of commodities does to the total National Production of Credit, i.e.,

\[ \text{Price per ton} = \text{Cost per ton} \times \frac{\text{Cost value of Total Consumption}}{\text{Money value of Total Production}} \]

[Total National Consumption includes Capital depreciation and Exports. Total National Production includes Capital appreciation and Imports.]

In considering this clause, a crux of the whole scheme, it is necessary to bear in mind the definition already given (I. (2)) of Real Credit. Real Credit is the correct estimate of ability to produce and deliver goods as and when and where required. It does not consist of actual goods alone, but of actual goods plus potential goods. In fact, the potentiality of goods—in other words, the correct belief that goods can actually be produced and delivered as and when and where wanted—is more important in the long run than actual goods themselves; since it represents a reserve of power over and above that necessary to supply to-day's needs.

Looking at Production as being engaged in producing not only actual goods, but the means of producing more goods, it will be seen that our total National Production is not to be measured by the amount of actual goods produced; the amount of actual goods produced is only a part, a fraction, a percentage, of our total production, if we include in our total production the means to make more goods. In other words, the actual goods we produce every year are only a fraction or percentage of the Real Credit we produce any year; and since it is by the growth of our Real Credit that we grow in wealth, it follows that our production of actual goods may be small at the same time that our production of Real Credit may be very great. Let us suppose, for instance, that by the construction of a considerable amount of very complicated and costly machinery we could ensure for ourselves, ever afterwards, an unlimited supply of, let us say, nitrogen from the air or energy from the sun's rays. During the period of its construction the whole nation might be doing very little else in the way of production; we might all be forgoing actual goods, producing as few as possible, consuming as few as possible, in order that the work of producing the new machinery should get forward with the utmost speed. In income during that period, as now measured by the amount of actual goods produced (which is the method adopted by the orthodox economists and statisticians) we should appear to be a wretchedly poor nation. But by reason of the estimated ability of our new machinery to deliver goods in the future, as and when and where required, our total production, not of Goods but of Real Credit, would nevertheless have been enormous; and we should be entitled to regard ourselves at the end of the period as 'wealthier than ever.' This illustration, which is by no means far-fetched, should enable the point to be grasped that our total National Production does not consist of actual Goods alone; the actual goods produced are only a part of what is produced. The rest of our total National Production consists in the means to make more goods, or, as we say, it consists of Capital Goods and improved processes. And Consumable Goods plus Capital Goods make up between them the sum of the Real Credit produced. To repeat the definition given in the present clause, our total National Production consists of actual Goods, Capital Goods and their appreciation, production and value, regarded as potential. Goods "produced" from other countries.

It will be seen that the definition of our total National Consumption follows on the lines of the definition just given of our total National Production. If what we
produce consists of actual goods, capital goods and appreciation, and imports, then what we consume must consist of the same things the other way round. If we produce actual goods we also consume actual goods. If we produce and appreciate or improve Capital goods, we also destroy and depreciate or wear out Capital goods. And if we import goods of both kinds, we also produce actual goods, capital goods and appreciation, and imports are a corresponding species of production.

Our Total National Balance-sheet may therefore be said to run as follows:—Credit, actual goods produced, plus Capital appreciation plus Imports. Debit, actual goods consumed plus Capital depreciation plus Imports. The balance consists of the other side, which would show whether as a community we had done well or badly. The whole would constitute our National Credit Account.

The question whether in any given year the balance of our total National industry is on the right side or the wrong side is one to be settled, in the first place, by common knowledge, and in the second place, more exactly, by proper accountancy and statistics. Remembering that Production includes not only actual Goods but Capital goods and appreciation, and that it is to be measured not by income based upon actual goods but by the amount of the Real Credit produced; remembering, again, that the sum of our consumption is only actual Goods consumed plus the depreciation of Capital—it must seem to common sense that, in fact, the sum of our annual National Production of Real Credit vastly exceeds the sum of our annual Consumption of Real Credit; in other words, that on a correct estimate of our ability to produce and deliver goods as and when and where required, our Real Credit increases annually at a very accelerating rate. The point need not be laboured. Every body knows that, thanks to discovery, invention, science, education, organisation, and all the other factors of "progress," our ability to deliver goods is constantly increasing. We do not say, of course, that our annual actual output has increased or is increasing at the same rate as our ability to produce. That, in fact, is part of the trouble. All that is said is that our net Real Credit or estimate of our ability to deliver goods as and when and where wanted is always increasing.

We may consume more; but always our means of producing more increases faster than our consumption.

What is the precise ratio of our total National Production to our total National Consumption? In other words, what part or fraction of Production is consumption? Do we produce, for example, a fourth, or a third, or a half, or a third, or a third, or a third, or a half, of our total National Production of Real Credit? Without the exact statistics it is impossible to tell to a nicety. Various estimates have been made, and we are assured by the Board of Trade's experience of the Census of Production that a more or less exact estimation is not difficult. We have no doubt whatever that a rough estimate, answering our purpose, could be got out in a few weeks; and later statistics would correct an initial error. The point at issue would be satisfied, moreover, by an approximation; and there is no doubt in the common mind to which our dogmas and beliefs are unchangeable. Otherwise, if anything is to be, it must be because there is a fixed and unchangeable nature to which our dogmas and beliefs refer. The alternative is not youth and imagination and "other truthful interpretations of things"; it is nursery-babble about cheese and pyramidal cubes.

Readers and Writers.

I have got down to the magazines now, and the first to meet me is "The Cocoon" (hi-monthly. Heffer, Cambridge. 2s. net). My particular attention is drawn to the opening manifesto in which some notes of mine on the superfluity of magazines are employed as a text. "The Cocoon," it is suggested, cannot be regarded as superfluous, since its point of view is unique. It is not written by "theological" minds that "estimate affairs in relation to unchangeable dogs and fixed beliefs"; but, as we learn from a later issue, by minds that hold that things "are capable of more than one truthful interpretation." The second of these contents is true enough, and I have only to object that the new interpretations of "The Cocoon," however truthful, are at the same time trivial. Age, we are told, sees the Moon as just a "heavenly body"; whereas the youth who spin "The Cocoon" see the Moon as "a wonderful cheese" or a pre-historic coin. Age, again, looks at the Great Pyramid and interprets it as a pyramidal structure; but our spinning youth interpret it as a "colossal and awe-inspiring cube," with emphasis on the awe. At the risk of exposing my age to ridicule I must affirm that the difference between the interpretations is all in favour of age. It may be true that the Moon is translatable in terms of cheese, and the Great Pyramid may, for all I know, be really a cube, but the fact is that the interpretations are without interest or value; their youth is only infancy. Now if "The Cocoon" had said that the Moon might conceivably be the Devil, or the Great Pyramid the psychic meeting-place of the Rosicrucians—the new "interpretation" might have had some interest. As it is, we are back in the nursery, and not by any means in the nursery of the race. On the other hand, the earlier affirmation is not even sense, but a contradiction of sense. "To estimate affairs in relation to unchangeable dogmas and fixed beliefs" is not theological only, it is the only means of estimating at all. Things are so and so; and the unchangeability of dogmas and fixity of belief are determined, or should be, by the corresponding unchangeability and fixity of things as they are. When I discover that the nature of things changes arbitrarily from day to day, I will consider the advisability of changing my belief that it is fixed as rapidly as nature itself is transitory. Otherwise, if anything is to be true, it must be because there is a fixed and unchangeable nature to which our dogmas and beliefs refer. The alternative is not youth and imagination and "other truthful interpretations of things"; it is nursery-babble about cheese and pyramidal cubes.

Pass the articles on Balzac and D'Iannuzia, both of which might have been written by Old Age or even by Middle Age; and let us see how the state of mind calling itself Youth deals with History. Remember that Cambridge, where the Cocoon comes from, regards itself as "the nursery of the nation"; and then listen to Mr. L. J. Cherry, no doubt one of our future representatives on the World-League, preparing his programme. "It is stupid," he says, "to write history or to study history or the assumption that we Western Europeans are the salt of the earth." And in the succeeding issue Mr. H. Y. Oulsham, on the same subject, remarks that "we who keep the sociological aim of history in sight": "...the be-all and end-all of history is sociology." No wonder the "Manchester Guardian"—the guardian, that is to say, of Manchester—feuded "The Cocoon" so promising, for the opinions expressed by Mr. Cherry and Mr. Oulsham are embryos of "Manchester Guardian" "leaders"; they are so cos-
The Cocoon is under the impression that there is something valuable in Youth in years; that youth in years is the only kind of Youth; that Youth in years is Youth indeed. Our first birth, however, is only a sleep and a forgetting; and true Youth comes only after the second birth. The once-born are creatures of pure circumstance, owing their youth to the accident of time alone; but the twice-born are self-creations defying time; they never grow old, though they are always growing up. The Cocoon fairly describes Youth as “a condition of energy and receptiveness”; but is it not “receptive” to “M. M. Cosmoi,” but only to the “Manchester Guardian.” And as for “energy,” barring its animal manifestation in sport, the highest culture demands the highest concentration of energy, and where shall we find it but in the twice-born? I affirm that any of my readers who can “receive” the exoteric doctrines of my colleague, M. M. Cosmoi, or can make such a turn upon himself and history as to “receive” the economic doctrines of Major Douglas, is young, whatever his years. On the other hand, whoever cannot be “bothered” to think afresh, but contents himself with the husks of Liberalism as fed to the young in years, we may ask, necessarily of that kind? As for receptiveness, we have already seen that the “historians” of the “nursery of the nation” either hark back or hark forward to ideas long since dead; they are not “receptive” to “M. M. Cosmoi,” but only to the “Manchester Guardian.” As for “energy,” the twice-born are self-creations defying time, never growing old, though they are always growing up.

It is the fate of the once-born to become pessimistic as they grow old, as it is the privilege of the twice-born to increase in hope as they wax in youth. One of our Cocoonists, therefore, must be prematurely old in the former sense; since he lifts up his lamentation that “the beauty of English prose is already mainly a thing of the past.” It is not a sentiment for “the nursery of the nation”; and, besides, it is altogether untrue. I would not say that beautiful English prose has never yet been written; but, for all my years, I maintain that the best is yet to be. Beautiful qualities of English prose we know have certainly had revealed to us in abundance; and some of our greatest writers have succeeded in making an anthology in their style of two or three or even four of them; but an English prose with all its known qualities harmonised and synthesised in a single style is a thing of the future, and not of the past. And there are qualities in English still unrevealed. A great deal of “energy,” however, will be necessary to such a synthesis. Its creator must be not only twice-born but, as the “Mahabharata” says of Indian sages, “blazing with spiritual energy,” for the fire of imagination to fuse all the qualities of English prose into a style is too intense for ordinary mortals. I am sorry that the “nursery of the nation” does not even appear to aspire to better the work of its aged parents. “Age” is contemptible, but “the beauty of English prose” must presumably die with it.

R. H. C.

Epistles to the Provincials.

XIII.

The other evening I found myself in the Little Theatre, where the latest decadence of Paris is being dangled hopefully before the noses of the English middle classes. What had taken me there I do not know; perhaps the immemorial human desire to look down into abysses, perhaps simple curiosity. I came away with the feeling that I had looked down upon a slum.

The scene is the ante-room of a café, and facing you uncompromisingly—staring you out of countenance—are two doors, the one marked “Dames,” the other “Messieurs.” Between these two doors the wit of the play is tossed backwards and forwards. Just as Greek tragedy was the expression of a conflict between Apollo and Dionysus, so French Comedy appears to be a contest between “Dames” and “Messieurs.” The action is casual. A drunken American soldier tries to enter the wrong door; a lady comes on, asks mysteriously for pen, ink and paper, and disappears into the “Dames”—it is the only place where she can elude her husband and write to her lover! To relieve the vulgarity of the situation, a starving courtesan is introduced, who attempts to get a customer, but is repulsed with the weeps and laughter of the other visitors. She enters presently an infatuated youth, whose woes are expressed with so little wit that we are glad when his mistress succinctly rejects him. After rushing out in despair he returns to find her in the arms of the drunken American. His wrath flares up a moment and dies away as suddenly. In relieved tones he says, “Now I am done with you,” and goes into “Messieurs.” Immediately two shots are heard. The American bursts open the lavatory door and drags out the corpse of the lover.

This is Grand Guignol comedy. The tragedy now comes on. In a large drawing room, dimly lit, Dr. Charrier, his daughter and her fiancé, a disciple of the doctor’s, are revealed in a state of Gallican sociability. The daughter retires, and by degrees a sense of apprehension invades the room, as the doctor relates how his daughter had once almost died of heart seizure. Naturally, this starts a discussion on syncope and sudden death, which would be sufficiently stupid if it were not over-seasoned with references to surgery, blood and dissolution. These make their impression.

“Anyone could create atmosphere if he used as much blood as that,” suddenly exclaimed my neighbour. I glanced at him; he was scornful, yet he appeared to be affected, and so, to tell the truth, I was. Our nerves were a little further excited by the next turn of the dialogue. The doctor tells his disciple of an invention of his—an apparatus which can make the heart beat again after it has been stopped in death. More discussion. The daughter goes for a motor run, and we feel that something is going to happen. To fill in the time until the motor smash the local exe- cutioner is brought to make the feats of corpses until he departs. Then the telephone bell rings; and the doctors learns that the car has been smashed and that his daughter is unconscious. He falls to the floor, and the lover rushes out.

When the curtain rises again the daughter is dead and the father still unconscious. Outside a storm is raging. Presently the doctor stumbles in, covers his disciple with mad abuse, and avows his resolution to bring his daughter back to life. The corpse is carried in; an incision is made over the heart, the machine begins to whirl. But the body remains inert. Just at the moment when the doctor begins to give up hope the storm outside bursts, a clap of thunder and a shiver of glass are heard at the same moment; the window is rent and the lamp extinguished as by a single violent
gesture. In the darkness the doctor's voice is heard screaming, "There is a third person in the room." Our eyes are fixed on the phosphorescent corpse which can alone be seen. Its right arm begins to move slowly; it continues to move until it points straight upwards. "She lives!" cries the doctor, and falling on his knees he began kissing the upraised hand. But it slips from his lips to his throat, and there tightens like a mechanical vice; he rolls on the floor strangled by the hand of the corpse. "How ridiculous!" said my neighbor, and fainted.

I got him into the bar, and poured some brandy down his throat. "Do people faint here every night?" I asked the attendant. "Oh, yes. There have not been so many to-night as usual. Last night seven men were carried in." "Well, if I come back again," suddenly said a thin, pale man, "I'll watch the audience instead of the play. It will be better sport." My neighbour began to revive now and to protest immediately that it was the heat that had upset him, not the play. I propped him against the wall and went to have a look at "Oh Hell!!!" But I was bored, suddenly, irrevocably, utterly. I returned to the bar. "Come," said, you had better do this or you will faint a second time—from boredom.

When we reached the street my acquaintance drew a deep breath. "I don't mind admitting," he said, "that I was overcome by horror. But the strange thing is that even at the moment when I fainted I was contemptuous of the whole business. I could see the clumsiness of the means used for hoodwinking me into believing that I had taken part in the play. It will be better sport." My neighbour had in the literal sense lost his soul. For the moment I had in the literal sense lost my soul. For the condition of horror is given? Why should it move us so radically when our minds are contemptuous of it and see it as a thing absurd?

This remark struck me, and as I walked home it continued to revolve in my mind. Can it be, I asked myself, that the very good-will to evil, without the capacity for it, calls us out of the reservoir of evil which environs us some positive and unanalysable forces of evil? Are these essays in the horrible a form of black magic, contemptible in themselves, but fearful because they evoke a legion of demons who can only come to life, who can only enter our consciousness, when the condition of horror is given? Why should we be so easily affected by this treatment of death? Why should it move us so painfully and so radically when our minds are contemptuous of it and see it as a thing absurd?

Then I suddenly realised that what had horrified me was a merely physical conception of life and death. What had made my lungs fight for breath as if against the danger of annihilation was the fact that for the moment I had in the literal sense lost my soul. For in "The Hand of Death" it is the body which lives again like an awful machine; it is the body which is destroyed and resurrected, without spirit, without humanity, like a blind and evil being. The super-naturalism of matter is evil because it is beneath humanity, because the forces which are sub-human seem in it to be performing a miracle. And this is what makes the poet of Poe and Stevenson evil as well as horrible. Like that of the Grand Guignol, it is horrifying to men because it is animal. An audience of animals would not be shocked in the Little Theatre; they would be bored.

But the real audience—that portion which did not faint—applauded nevertheless. They were prepared, evidently, to see the play to the end. They were Creek imported from Paris. When I got home I picked up the "Spectator" and read: "Anything more innocuous and unlikely to do harm than the London Grand Guignol, if it goes on as it has begun, would be hard to imagine." Then I had a bath.

HENGIST.

**The New Age**

**October 7, 1920**

**Destiny.**

**By Denis Saurat.**

The whole of the desire of this world will come in time to its fulfilment and perfection, like all individual beings. All that is actual is exhaustible. But behind matter, and in it, is the infinite element which is the basis of all things and beings. All we know of that element shows us that it registers and keeps and accumulates all that happens, and lets nothing be lost. It could not otherwise have risen to man, in whom all its previous experiences are compressed and gathered up. The Poet: Therefore, the world itself having disappeared altogether will yet remain as a possibility and an experience and an acquittance of the Total Being. The Potential, ever unsatisfied, will create then new worlds, or keep them going after this has gone. Thus it will base itself in its further expression upon this last expression, and will need it more and more, until it has to re-create it. But then it will be re-created in new circumstances; it will be altered by the appearance of all that came after its fall. Thus it will be both identical and different, in so far as the differences will only be a greater degree of expression called for by the surging of new responsibilities. For the new worlds demand that it should be also the old world that they have based themselves upon. The Metaphysician: Thus a plan of Being exists, in the manner in which a plan exists in the seed of a tree liable to be modified, but bound to be accomplished, and accomplished completely. Being repeats itself, as a tree come out of a seed repeats the previous tree, that is, more or less. But it has all the possibilities that ever were expressed in all the previous trees that went to its making. So that, sooner or later, each individual trait of any individual tree of the past must be repeated in some future tree, since the spreading out of Being is infinite. Besides which, new traits will be added. Such is our immortality, our resurrection, which is the same fact as the reproduction we witness in all species. Thus we shall come back, as we are, in a future world, which will be this world, more or less modified, and in different circumstances, but essentially still us, and still this world. When this world will reproduce itself, and be produced again, it will reproduce us also.

The Poet: The ideas are the flowers of this tree of our Life: in relation to the production of them it is planned: they determine the plan.

The Metaphysician: This plan of Being is Destiny. Known at any moment, it would only enable us to foresee the general directions of the future, but not precise events, for the plan is ever in the making. At any moment the Potential interferes with it by the creation of new beings. Thus no being is ever forced by Destiny to do any precise thing, as in any organism no cell is ever forced to do anything against its will. But Destiny depends upon the fact that the will shall work in a certain direction. If it does not, if the individual does not conform to Destiny, measures are taken against him, he is extinguished and expelled, as an organism extinguishes and expels a rebellious part.

The Poet: Sometimes it does not succeed in doing so: hence disease and death. But generally it does, because the greatest number of parts remain true to the covenant.

The Metaphysician: It may thus be said that each Being is eternally present and developing, but the world forgets this while it does not need it.

The Poet : Our dreams might as well complain of being forgotten on our waking up, as we of not being perpetually immortal.

The Metaphysician: By far the largest part of our actions are uninhibited; all the motions in any act we perform, all their consequences we let loose upon the air, the ground, other beings, are not of our willing. We pursue an aim. The aim alone is ours. In the
means used we only follow one series of consequences, that which lead to our aim; but numberless others are set working. Our conscious will uses only a small part of our actions. All the unwilléd, all we do to reach our aims without caring about it, all we let loose upon the world, is the stuff Destiny works upon, and it is the largest part of our lives. The world has to see to it, to account for it.

The Poet: Thus with the insect: Destiny has regulated it. While it only looks for food or satisfies some obscure need for activity, it accomplishes huge and complicated works it knows nothing of, perpetuates its race and fulfills many useful tasks in the world. Even so we are used by Destiny, and see no more of its aims than the insect does.

The Metaphysician: On the idea of cause. All the elements of a fact being present, it need not follow that the fact should come to pass. The whole is greater than the sum of the parts.

The Poet: Something potential comes into it as well.

The Metaphysician: Reality is less highly organised than our intelligence. History is full of accidents which are the creations of the Potential, and sometimes witnesses an inexplicable wrong-going of things, where the study of the causes gives no satisfaction.

The Poet: Accidents are the intervention of metaphysics into physics.

The Metaphysician: The world requires that all we have chosen to be should be accomplished: we took upon ourselves at our birth a part of the general being; the world took that into account and acted upon that understanding. Thus the intense appeal of the world compels to total action those that do not act their will: in accidents and wars; to total suffering those that have not suffered their lot: in illnesses; to total thinking those that have not thought out their thought: in madness. For in such cases we become instruments of the world's action, or suffering, or thought, even as the insects are. There are then two sorts of men: those who accomplish their destiny, and those whose destiny is accomplished upon them.

The Poet: Wars, accidents, illnesses, madness are like uncaused explosions of a destiny which has not been accomplished willingly, of a tremendous will which it was our duty to express and which we have not expressed. Such explosions break across all our logic and order.

The Psychologist: The submission to a destiny we have not willed is repaid to us by knowledge of ourselves in unwilled circumstances, of others, to whom we are submitted, of the system of the world, seen from inside. The inactive spectator sees things from inside just as the active spectator sees himself chieflv, and others as a resistance to his action.

The Metaphysician: Instinct is the carrying out of a plan of which we are not conscious. It occupies the greater part of our lives.

The Poet: The laws of nature are the instincts of the world.

The Psychologist: We will, eternally, all that is, since the whole of being wills the whole of its expression, and we are a part of it. The only philosophical attitude is communion with reality; the affirmation of life. Liberty is the essence of the world: all that happens comes from some free being; every being is completely free and explores all its possibilities. All will is done. Our will at present will be done, and therefore is done. All we seem to have to bear is the war we fight to create the state of the world in which our will is done. Or our will is done, our desire is perfected and exhausted and satisfied, in order to express our will.

The Poet: As, confronted with any event, the ancients said: "It is the will of God; let the will of God be done"; so we must learn to say: "It is our will; let our will be done."
what he wants to do with Crampton; Mr. Reginald Rivington, as Bohun, needs a more "thunderous" voice to justify Dolly's description of him as "a regular over-welmer." It is no use "suggesting" characters, "leaving something to the imagination," and so on; the thing must be done, and Bohun is really "bally," as everyone says he does. Mr. Frank Ainslie, as Finch McComas, was nearest conviction; but Miss Agnes Thomas, I suspect, never saw Mrs. Humphry Ward in the flesh. If she had, her Mrs. Clandon would have had more of the platform manner of the woman-writer, "making allowances" for the inevitable effects of freedom in the education of her children reduced her to the level of the merely indulgent mother.

**Views and Reviews.**

DEMOS DEVISES (V).*

I confess that I am a little tired of the Webbs' scheme, as I am of all elaborately contrived schemes of government which are presented in the name of "democracy." As I am as convinced as George Bernard Shaw, the artist, that the conception of democracy entertained by George Bernard Shaw, the political propagandist, and his Fabian friends is unworkable, so is one of the marvels of the artistic psychology that the man who called democracy "the last refuge of cheap misgovernment" should approve of the Webbs and their scheme, and call upon the world to admire them and their work, as he did in the "Observer" a few weeks ago. Of two things, one: either the basis of the scheme is not democratic, in which case the Webbs are putting it forward under false pretences, or it is democratic, in which case Shaw's own criticism of democracy applies. I have stated that throughout the scheme the citizen is regarded simply as a voter for Members of Parliament, while the bureaucracy which will govern the country will not be elected. If democracy simply means voting, then the Webbs are only pretending that their scheme has any relation to "self-government"—for voting for the people who do not govern is not self-government. On the other hand, if the votes of democracy are really to be effective in the choice of governors, then the whole scheme is based upon a foundation that Shaw, the artist, has shown to be unstable. "If the lesser mind could measure the greater, as we measure a pyramid, there would be finality in universal suffrage. As it is, the political problem remains unsolved." It is seventeen years since Shaw wrote those words, and the unreasonableness they express has infected many people, more particularly since the last election. "Democracy," he said in an even more biting phrase, "substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few." In the Webbs' scheme, democracy is not even a substitute; it is simply a supplement, a "gilding of Notre Dame" to keep the people interested while their fate is being decided. I feel convinced that no man can use the word "democracy" habitually without sooner or later falling into conscious or unconscious deception. "Democracy" comes to mean anything which the speaker thinks reasonable at the moment; for example, when speaking of the Political Parliament, the Webbs declare: "We see every disadvantage, for an assembly in which issues of policy are to be determined, in any form of indirect election." It would have been more interesting if they had tried to defend the direct methods which are presented in the name of "democracy." "We see every disadvantage"—but let that pass. Direct election is the democratic method when "issues of policy" are to be decided; but not even indirect election, but "appointment by the corrupt few," in Shaw's phrase, is the democratic method applied to industry. I am convinced that "pushed to its logical extreme, the election and dis-

* "A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)
misal of the executive officers of government by the persons immediately concerned in carrying out their directions would lead to each specialised part of the mental and physical environment of the community being determined by the desires and wills of relatively small fractions, instead of by the community itself. It would not be 'government of the people by the people,' but government of the people in each separate aspect of its life by a specialised and peculiarly 'interested' oligarchy. To us it seems that this would not be democratic, but the negation of democracy.' They declare: "Experience indicates that managerial appointments, like all promotions, should be made [By whom?] on the well-considered and authoritative recommendations of a Selection Committee or Appointments Board"—for this also is democratic. We are told on one page: "This excludes, in the Socialist Commonwealth, any exclusive reliance on the sagacity of the autocrat—who prides himself, often very erroneously, on his instinctive capacity for picking out the right man." But when a number of autocrats form a committee, we are asked to believe, in the very next page, that the "members would acquire special competence in the art of selection." How? Are we to suppose that men in committee can develop skill that they cannot develop individually? Disraeli, a rather shrewd judge, thought that, by forming committees, we escaped "from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many; we only multiply our feebleness and aggravate our deficiencies." If skill in selection increases with the number of persons engaged in it, as the Webbs assume, why not extend the Selection Committee to include at least the workers in the industry, if not the whole electorate? Why not be consistently democratic and demand direct election of every manager or official by the whole people? If the electorate is capable of deciding "issues of policy," it is certainly capable of appointing a manager; and, personally, I think that less harm would be done if every manager were appointed by a mass meeting than if any "issue of policy" were so decided. The assumption that an issue of political policy does not matter, but the appointment of a manager does, is one that could only be made by people who believe that a patronage secretaryship can be "democratised" by being converted into a committee.

Wherever we touch this beautiful theme we find this refusal to give the voter any power in matters where he may be presumed to have some knowledge. When it is a question of appointing a manager in a factory, democracy becomes "government of the people by the people," the argumentative reference is made from an specialised and peculiarly 'interested oligarchy" to an un specialised and undemocratic democracy; and this reference is made by the very people who argue that "with relentless pressure, the Capitalist system is always seeking to unspecialise the voter, to 'unspecialise' the wage-earner." The Webbs' peculiar idea of democracy is always seeking to unspecialise the voter, to ask him his opinion of those things of which he knows nothing, such as foreign policy, and to deny him an opinion of those things of which he may know more than the appointment of a manager. The voter is a democrat only when he knows nothing of his subject; when he knows anything, he becomes a member of "a specialised and peculiarly 'interested oligarchy,"' which is, in some unexplained way, less democratic and inferior in selective ability to a Selection Committee, appointed God knows how, with powers of co-option of "outside experts" as well as representatives of the workers.

But that is the Webbs' solution for most problems: appoint a Committee if it is a very difficult problem, as a deadlock between the Social and Political Parliaments, appoint a Joint Committee. A democrat, believing in the sovereignty of the people, as the Webbs declare they do, would refer such a problem back to the people, as was done in 1910 when the House of Lords refused to pass the Home Rule Bill. But even a Committee needs some principle of decision, rather more than "democratic" principles proposed in this work. It is nonsense—worse than nonsense, it is political rhetoric—to tell us that "in the completely democratised community, those whom the people elect are not their governors, but their agents or servants, chosen for the purpose of carrying out the people's will." It is true that, in the Webbs' scheme, "those whom the people elect are not their governors"; they are only their representatives; the governors, the bureaucracy, will not be elected. The fact is, as Shaw declared seventeen years ago: "If the nation adopted the Fabian policy, it would be carried out by brute force exactly as our present property system is. It would become the law; and those who resisted it would be fined, sold up, knocked on the head by policemen, thrown into prison, and in the last resort 'executed' just as they are when they break the present law." The fact that the people had elected the representatives who formed the committees who gave the orders which were administered in this fashion would not convince the people so treated that they were really sovereign.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Pandora's Young Men. By Frederick Watson. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Watson has already published a novel, "The Humphries Touch," that was "too clever by half"; he follows that with a novel that is too clever altogether. He is too fluent to bother about the mot juste, too witty to bother about being apropos, too inventive to create a character or tell a story. His speech is amazing, but he carries us nowhere, and does not give us time to see anything on the way; he rushes along dropping hints as propaganda aeroplanes did pamphlets—and after all his breathless energy, the reader votes the other way. Who was Pandora? We do not know. Who were her young men? With the exception of James Fullerton, we do not know. What of her and them? We do not know. We are fobbed off instead with a satire of a Ministry of Recreation, and "the Boulter file" plays so large a part in its dissolution that it ought to be called "the Thunder-Boulter file." When Mr. Watson learns that although fantasy is extravagant, extravagance is not necessarily fantasy, which has an intelligible idea behind it, we may expect a new "Shaving of Shagpat" from him—but the Ministry of Recreation is not The Identical.

Paris in Shadow. By Lee Holt. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is supposed to be a diary, "the author of which writes from the standpoint of an American who has lived in France most of his life." It contains very little of interest; many of the entries are simply scraps of war news of 1916-17, and, for the rest, "he notes down in his diary the trifling happenings of every day" among the small class of well-to-do people that he knew. There is a tepid love affair between a wounded French aviator and a young lady (the usual superlatives) who does war work without apparently interfering with her social engagements. She packs parcels, and diffuse "charm" whenever the author needs her. She learns to fill up a paragraph. The author and his American friends seemed to suffer much from bad conscience until America declared war—and pages of the diary are devoted to discussion of President Wilson's Notes without saying anything of interest concerning them. A little more Paris, a little less American would have added to the interest of the book—which, compared with Mr. Robert Dell's work, is useless as an interpretation of the French.
Pastiche.

WHITE AND RED.
Here weep with babe Simplicity,
Here laugh with the small larks of the sky;
O give to the dark deep on deep
Of your hearts an April sleep,
Fair ladies infelicitous:
And in lending ear to us
Forget that any hues there be
Of the night and the cruel sea:
Here Pleasure eats her rustic bread
And is dowered with white and red.

Loose your tresses to the wind
And weep, for that shall make you kind:
I will ask of the white Thorn
Whence her bitterness was born.
"Not for that ravished
From mine arms hath been the nest;
But bitter for the lovely dead
That was so white arid red.
Out on thee that harrowest
My blossoming time with memory
Of the long day unblest
When the red and white and silently
Underneath my pearled leaf!
O white and red beyond belief
The bright blood and the silver mail,
And the Childe his countenance
So faery pale,
Smiling at the black mischance!
For red and white are all my days
With love, and with the fear of fays."

Thou ugly rustic! We did seek
Our mirth to please, or hearts to break:
Dost thou mirth or sorrow teach
With thy simple, silly speech?
Thus should sound thy joy and care
With true swain's air:
"O ye fays, ravish not my darling:
Sweet sprites, tie kind.
For if ye bear her hence before the morning
I shall be blind:
For even now appeareth unto me not
One single scene wherein my Phillis be not.
"O quiet folk, I will tend your pleasure
So ye refrain
From vexing of the bosom of my treasure
With elvish pain:
I'll fear your rings, and trim the tree that staunches
Your haunted stream with bow'd leaves and branches.
"Then, if still ye do not heed my caring,
O dreary woe!
To the green churchyard shall ye see me faring
When chill airs blow:
No more shall I be whitely decked or redly,
Slain by your malice and enchantments deadly."

But what is that to thee,
Simple one, silly swain,
To make right poesy?
So unto thy sport again:
O very fair, and green, green, green,
Is the year seen;
And yonder cometh Phillis
And merrily blow the lilies.
Hey bonny,
Thou hast no money,
But O white dove
Thou art my love;
Dance, go, fly,
Down the hill and merrily;
Trip, twirl: sweeting, look,
Thou hast dipt thy gown in the brook,
And laughest, wanton! Shame on thee
To drab thy gown unhandsomely!
And again, O fair summer,
And the bee his murmur
And the gay high bloom on the broom:
And again, O white sweeting,
And the flockes bleating
And the clove her voice, and her plume!

Ladies, is't not enough? Hind Corydon,
Fair, fare ye well: and you, dead beauties sleeping,
O best and fairest, though more cold than stone,
The heaven have your spirits in kind keeping:
Ladies, O sleep: but ere ye
Think on the tear and smile of innocence.

Hey, ha, Corydon,
The red it is thy cheek upon:
Thy brow is white,
Gentle is thy love's delight:
Pass and glide, hop and go,
And then bow low;
While the reed, shrill, shrill, shrill,
Shouteth up the bonny hill:
O for green and merrily
Summer goeth skipping by:
Hey bonny,
Breath of honey,
Skimming over
The tops of the clover,
Where the white and where the red
Mingled are and married:
Say whence springeth to the sight
Thy red and white?

"The red upon my cheek appears
Out of health and tender years:
I know not whence may spring the white
Save that I do wash at night:
Or perchance it marks my care
Less sprites away my Love do hear:
For red and white are all my days
With love, and with the fear of fays."

RUTH PITTER.

EVEN SO LOVE DIED.

Even so, Love died
Fear weeping at his side,
Pride tearless at his head.

Here tombed his corse is,
Read what is graven:
"Only remorse is
Left for proud craven."

D. R. GUTTERY.

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