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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Unlike some of his colleagues, Mr. Smillie is a man of moral courage. Realising that he has lost and that the best to hope is to collect a little time from the disaster, he has counselled the Miners to vote for the acceptance of the Government's terms. Nobody knows better than he both the contrast they present with his own programme of forcing nationalisation, and their scarcely less precipitous declension from an unconditional increase of wages and a reduction in the price of coal. Nor does anybody realise more clearly the revolution in wage-payments these proposals would inaugurate in the mining industry if they were to be not temporarily agreed to but permanently accepted. Wages based upon food-prices the Railwaymen have already rejected; the Miners have had experience of relating wages to market-values; but the notion of basing wages, neither upon food-prices nor upon selling-prices, but upon "output" in the sense of work brought to market—this has never been an accepted principle in any wide area of Labour before; and Mr. Smillie is not the man to accept it as a permanent arrangement. On the other hand, what was there to be done? Thanks to the refusal of Mr. Hodges to lay our proposals before his Executive, there was no immediate alternative plan to the course the Miners' Federation adopted. And thanks again to the character of the actual demands put forward, there was no striking support of them among the Triple Alliance and, still less, among the main body of the consuming public. It was a foregone conclusion that the movement would fail of its object and we said so when it was first mooted. It was another foregone conclusion that even if it had succeeded it would have failed, since its success would have set Labour in a path leading steeply to a cul de sac. We shall be glad, therefore, when the immediate dispute is over, no matter upon what terms. No settlement can be permanent that is not right; and a settlement so wrong in principle as the Government's offer will not last even the three months which Mr. Smillie is prepared to give it.

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In the meanwhile the general situation has by no means stood still. The Miners may indeed think themselves relatively well off. If they are only to get an increase of wages by increasing output, there is, at any rate, no fear of unemployment in their industry. Of unemployment in other industries there is already enough to be unpleasant in its ominousness for the winter; and everybody is to-day quite certain of what eighteen, twelve and even six months ago we were among the few who believed was probable, namely, that this winter and increasingly for some years, employment for the masses would be difficult to find. The sight of a thousand ex-Service men in our lane besieging an office for two or three jobs as coffee-stall keepers was one that should have disgusted England with itself after the protestations of the war. Yet it was only a spectacle and a symbol of much worse behind. The statistics of present unemployment are naturally not available; no journal is permitted to publish them; but we are not far wrong in estimating that over half a million men are at this moment out of work. Even the "Daily News" has begun to discover a stunt-value in references to unemployment. With characteristic fatuity (to give it no worse word) the "Daily News" has begun to invite "the mass of unknown citizens" who constitute its readers to offer suggestions for the cure of unemployment. That the cure is perfectly accessible, that the "Daily News" can have it by sending round to this office, that, in fact, it has been published—the "Daily News" knows quite as well as our own readers. Only it *pays* better to pretend to be ignorant even at the cost of abdicating the function of a journal to instruct as well as to amuse its readers. It pays with its advertisers, most of whom consciously or unconsciously are led by the nose by Finance; it pays with the big interests generally; and, saddest of all to say, it pays with "the mass of unknown citizens" who prefer to see their own notions in print to the trouble of understanding the problem and the real solution. Thus we shall go on in all probability throughout the winter, the Press cunningly pretending not to know where to look for a solution, and its readers believing themselves capable of instructing the Press. It is a game of hide-and-seek, but the real victims are the public.

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The "Times" was honest enough to observe that "every working week seems to begin with announcements of some new advance in the cost of living." That is not only a fact, but it is likely to remain a fact. We have too many silent enemies to be careless in making statements that might be disproved by events within a rememberable interval of time; and we have, therefore, taken pains to assure ourselves

that the cost of living is not within sight of being reduced. The announcement in the "Daily News" last week that "there are signs of a fall in the cost of living" is, therefore, another example of the baseness or ignorance of Mr. Cadbury's secular Bible; and when we examine the reasons offered for this misleading promise, the fragility of its foundation must appear obvious to anybody. The Central Profiteering Committee, we are told, has now resolved to fix a standard price for boots and building materials; as if, in the first place, such a course could have any effect on the general level of prices; and, in the second, as if the Committee had only just begun to do what it has been doing to no purpose during the last eighteen months. Again we are told that American wheat is cheaper, and hence that the price of bread will come down; and this at the very moment when it is announced that bread is about to rise, probably nearly 50 per cent. Finally, trust the "Daily News" to profess to find a substantial reason for anything in a resolution in favour of Free Trade passed by the International Conference called for that very purpose. But anything more inadequate to support the statement that "there are signs of a fall in the cost of living" it would be difficult to find outside the "Daily News." And we repeat that the "Daily News" must either be very ignorant or very base to lend itself to such spider-work.

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The Federation of British Industries is a very wealthy body with an organisation on the scale of a Ministerial office. It has its research department, its publicity department, its intelligence department and, no doubt, its secret service department as well. All that it appears to lack is common sense. The Manifesto issued by the F.B.I. last week on the industrial situation is scarcely worth the smallest subscription of its meanest member. It is full of bald contradictions, expressed in a magisterial tone which makes them doubly offensive. We do not propose to waste our readers' time on the whole of the exhibition, but let us remark that the Manifesto takes it for granted that the war has made us "a poor country." All the war has left us, it seems, is a poor few instruments of production of which it behoves us, therefore, to make the utmost use. We have replied before to the whining contention of the rich that the war has made us poor. It has not; it has made us richer than ever before in everything but mere "output." In capacity to produce, in potential command over raw materials, markets, organisation and equipment, we are a good 25 to 50 per cent. richer than we were before the war. But even if the fact were the reverse, what is to be said of a Senate of business-men who affirm that "we must work the few instruments of production left to us at their maximum pressure" when, as they know better than anybody, at this very instant production is being deliberately slowed down at the cost of bringing about short time and unemployment both of men and of "the few instruments of production left to us"? A wonderful amount of education such as Mr. Emil Davies requires is surely not needed to be able to see a slight contradiction between these two things. If we have only a few instruments of production left, and these must be used at their maximum pressure, why are their owners laying them off as fast as they can? Among the few instruments of production left to us, for example, are the men who won the war for us—why are they not being used at the maximum pressure? Why were a thousand heroes looking for a few coffee-stall jobs? We can take it that no reply will be forthcoming from the Federation of British Industries. Having discharged its propaganda, it will retire to secrete more.

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The Brussels Financial Committee for the League of Nations has concluded as it was intended to conclude, with a general exhortation to Governments to balance their Budgets and, for the rest, a unanimous declaration that nothing out of the ordinary can be done in the present anything but ordinary situation. We suppose that if the planet were in danger of catching fire from a comet, and an effort of real thought (in other words, a new idea) were needed to avert the disaster, the Brussels and other Conferences of our moribund civilisation would solemnly agree that "nothing could be done." We are not literally on fire; but, as Sir George Paish told the Free Trade Conference, Europe is within a week or two or a month or two, of a bankruptcy that will be as catching and as devastating as a conflagration. It is obvious that only the creation of a European Credit area can possibly save the situation even so far as our own country is concerned; and as for the Continent, with few exceptions every nation on it will be reduced to Bolshevism or its equivalent before the Spring is over. Under these circumstances it is a mediæval mockery of sense for a Congress of "experts" to meet and to resolve that "nothing can be done"; and a thousand times more so when we know that something both can and will have to be done. The superstition into which our experts are plunged, that Price must *needs* be the relation of Money to Goods, is one that either reason or events will have to destroy. Reason could destroy it constructively; but, in the alternative, events will destroy it if only to set up a worse lie in its place.

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Attention may be called to an anomaly on which the Conference itself remarked in its Report. It is, perhaps, natural enough for people to believe that the rise in the cost of living is due to the war *in those countries which have been directly affected,* that is to say, in the belligerent countries. But the significant fact is that in some of the neutral countries, which, we are told, did so well out of the war, the rise in the cost of living has been almost equally marked. Without reading any further, will our readers attempt to explain this anomaly by themselves, as an exercise in thought? What, in fact, explains it? The answer, we may say, is quite correctly given in the Brussels Report. "The accumulation of gold in some neutral European countries has led to an expansion of currency and a rise in prices almost as serious as that which, *for entirely different reasons,* took place in the belligerent countries." Is that clear? If it is not, it is because the function of gold as a basis for the issue of Financial Credit is not yet fully appreciated, the fact being that, under our financial system, the presence of gold in the banks is made the excuse for an issue of bank loans (equivalent, of course, to a corresponding issue of "money" or spending-power) to the amount of many times the value of the gold itself. The neutrals, it is obvious, were not paid during the war in goods, for we had few goods to export. They were paid in gold. The gold having made its way to the banks was then used as a cash basis for the erection upon it of a pyramid of loan-credits, with the inevitable result—prices being the relation of Money to Goods—that prices rose. We are almost ashamed of having no more recondite explanation to offer of an anomaly that seems to have baffled the Brussels experts. Our explanation, however, is as correct as it is simple.

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That there is no doubt about it, we will call the "Times" to witness. It must be understood that by an engaging fiction of high finance a Government overdraft at the Bank of England is regarded as "cash" and treated as being as good as gold. Last week the net new Government overdraft at the Bank of England was 24 millions, issued, we are told, as a Ways and Means advance. Of course it was a debt and nothing more; for the Government did not "deposit" anything in the Bank nor did the Bank "lend" the Government anything. All that was done was that the Government promised to pay the Bank 24 millions, whereupon the

Bank authorised the Government to draw cheques to that amount. It was simply bookkeeping, with a slight "interest" to the Bank for its clerical work. Very good; if that had been the end of it, nothing worse would have to be said. But now note that by the aforesaid fiction, the debt or overdraft of 24 millions on which the Bank was already to realise an "interest" was further employed as if it were gold and made the basis for the issue of "credits" of several times the amount. Precisely as if, instead of a debt, the Government or some other body had deposited 24 millions of gold in the Bank, the Bank of England proceeded to "lend" on this fictitious sum amounts anything up to 100 millions of spending-power—with the consequence that prices tended to rise in the ratio of the increase of Money to the stationary quantity of goods—since it is needless to say that no goods were brought into market simultaneously with the issue of the new spending-power. The "Times" was not, of course, so explicit as we have been. The "Times" dare not publish the incredible truth which we have just expounded. No journal dare that depends on the Financial Power. Nevertheless, with a temerity which we should admire if the "mass of unknown citizens" had more power of penetration, the "Times" did say that it regretted the fresh overdraft since "the much desired fall in prices would thereby be checked." When we remember that the permanent overdraft of the Government in the form of the Floating Debt is well over 1,000 millions, and realise that this is regarded by the Banks as "cash"—hence as a basis for the issue of loans, the present high level of prices is no longer a mystery. The mystery is that anybody but a banker should make a mystery of it.

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Hard upon the heels of our comment last week on the probable consequence of Lancashire's search for foreign trade came the "Times" Washington Correspondent's account of similar activities in America. "The fostering of foreign trade," he wrote, " is going to be one of the pre-occupations of whichever party wins. . . . 'A vigorous fight for world-trade is now starting, and America cannot afford,' says the 'New York Herald,' 'to go into it with gloves on.'. . . . Mr. Harding says that 'America is influenced by no hostility to the nations with which she has got to compete . . . . her only complaint is that her nationals are not being properly helped in the scramble for post-war trade. . . . There must be more co-operation between Washington and American business.'" Mr. Harding thinks, like most people who do not think, that "no hostility" is implied or involved; in short, that two great commercial nations can compete for one market and remain friends. If it were only a game, no doubt such a sporting spirit would be conceivable, though even games have a habit of developing antagonisms by no means compatible with friendship. But commercial rivalry is not a game for more than one in a thousand of the competing nationals. It is a matter of life and death. If the world-market is not big enough for two great producing nations (and it is not!), and, at the same time, home-employment depends upon exports (as it does!), the consequence of defeat is not the loss of a silver cup, but widespread unemployment and industrial unrest. America's resolution to "foster foreign trade" is no more fanciful or sporting than Lancashire's determination to "go out and look for orders abroad." It is a necessity of America's social policy, as it is a necessity of ours; and whether Mr. Cox or Mr. Harding comes in, the fight for markets is certain to be continued and intensified. We must leave our readers to judge how soon the "friendly rivalry" will degenerate into rivalry of a different kind. We are concerned with the problem of arithmetical probability, which seems to point to war as a comparatively early solution in the absence of better reasons than pacifists have yet advanced against it.

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 industrial chaos 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 recognise 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 cause 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.,

***** Cost : Price : : Production : Consumption.**

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

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

(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.,*

*** *Cost : Price : : Production : Consumption.*

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

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

(CONTINUED.)

It may be asked, at this point, why an isolated commodity like coal should be sold "below cost." Note first that the reduction applies only to *domestic* coal, coal, that is to say, used only as an ultimate product. It does not apply to Capital coal, that is to say, to coal used for further production. This is made clear in the next clause. Likewise, it does not apply to exported coal, the price of which is defined in Clause II (5). It applies only to domestic coal, to coal actually delivered to its final consumers. Note, in the second place, that the question of reimbursing the Coal Directorate for the *difference* between their costs and the present proposed selling Price does not arise at this point. We shall consider it later when commenting on the last clause of the scheme, Clause II (6). At this moment we are engaged in asking and answering the question why domestic coal should be sold, apparently, below cost; in fact, at one-quarter of its apparent Cost.

The answer will be found from a re-examination of the meaning of the crucial words, Real Credit. Real Credit we have defined as the correct estimate of ability to produce and deliver goods as and when and where wanted. The production of Real Credit is our National work; and not only the producer contributes to it, but the consumer as well (see Clause I (2)). The production of Real Credit, in fact, is a communal work, *even though* only individuals and organisations appear to be engaged directly in it. But the *purpose* of our national industry follows or is contained in the definition of Real Credit; in other words, it is to deliver goods as and when and where they are required. It is obviously useless to have a productive plant, erected at great cost, that either produces goods that nobody wants or that fails to deliver goods as and when and where they are wanted. The only *value* of Production lies in its Real Credit; and its Real Credit consists in the belief or estimate that it can deliver goods as required.

If that is now clear, we can proceed to observe that the production of Coal serves two purposes: one to provide fuel for domestic use, that is to say, a commodity of direct service; and the second, to provide the means of producing *other* commodities through the instrument of Capital goods in the form of machinery, transport, power, etc. In other words, the production of coal serves both to actualise Real Credit by delivering domestic coal to the ultimate consumer and to create more Real Credit by being used in Capital appreciation.

Balancing these two uses of coal against one another, we can say that one part of the coal produced contributes to the consumption of the nation without any corresponding advantage to Real Credit (except in so far as domestic coal is necessary to our general well-being) while the other part of the coal produced is, indeed, consumed, but only to bring about an appreciation of Real Credit in the form of an increased ability to produce other ultimate goods. Our accounts as regards coal, in fact, are as follows: Net Real Credit produced *equals* the increase of our total Productivity *minus* the sum of our consumption of coal, including in the latter both domestic and capital consumption.

Analyse this a little further. It is not denied that coal is a contributory to our Real Credit. Much of our Real Credit, in fact, depends upon Coal. The total cost of producing coal is, therefore, an item in our National Real Credit Account: and that part of the coal produced and consumed which is employed in capital appreciation is a clear gain to the Real Credit of the community. Following the argument, it clearly appears that the community should *share* in the appreciation of Real Credit brought about by the production of coal at the same time that it shares in the depreciation resulting from the consumption of coal. In other words the community as consumer should, indeed, discharge the whole of the cost of producing coal; but, since only a part of the coal produced is consumed without National Credit return, while another part is consumed only in order to create more National Real Credit, the total *Price* charged to the ultimate or domestic consumer of coal should be that fraction of the total cost of coal which the total National Consumption of Credit is of the total National Production of Credit. In short, domestic coal should be sold at one quarter of the cost of producing coal.

The problem may be approached in another way. Assuming that our total National Production of Real Credit is four times our total National Consumption of Real Credit, how is the individual or collective Consumer (who, be it remembered, is an integral factor in Real Credit, and as truly part-producer of it as the direct producer himself), how is he to *share* in the surplus of Credit-Production over Credit-Consumption? It is conceivable that a balance might be struck at the end of our financial year, showing the nation's net gain of Real Credit, and that every citizen should be credited with his *share* of the increment of credit revealed. That would be a co-operative Commonwealth indeed. The proposal of the Scheme is much simpler in practice, though the theory is similar. Instead of waiting until the end of each year, and then apportioning the increment of Real Credit to every individual, the present clause proposes to distribute the Credit at the same time that the Goods in question are bought, by charging to the consumer as Price only that fraction of cost which Total Consumption is of Total Production. If he be charged the Cost Price, he is clearly being debited with consumption without at the same time being credited with the Production that is brought about by Consumption. He is charged with the depreciation of Credit, but he is not given the benefit of the resulting appreciation of Credit; and the total National Increment of Real Credit either goes into private hands or requires to be divided at the end of the year. By fixing the Price of all ultimate products (domestic coal in this instance) at the same fraction of Cost that our total National Consumption of Credit is of our total National Production of Credit, the consumer is given his share of the increment of National Credit at the very moment when he wants it, that is to say, when he is buying the goods which Real Credit exists to deliver to him.

World Affairs.

ONE of the disadvantages of Europe's employment of base methods and base arguments (in the Aryan sense) is that they can more than equally well be employed against Europe. Few people realise, for instance, the degree of good conscience given by Europe during the recent Civil War to the reactionary and barbarous impulses of the world's unconscious. At the same time that Europe has been degraded by them in the judgment of the non-Aryan races, the latter have been elevated in their own self-esteem by the repellent spectacle. The non-Aryan races, they inwardly reflect, could not do worse; and since, in a certain sense, such methods are their métier, they might even improve on the example. But the basest argument is of another

kind, though it emanates from and is characteristic of the same class of mind to which Europe owes the lowering of its military chivalrous standards. It is the argument of "economic necessity." We are far, of course, from denying that economic necessity is an important impulse in the life of any race or that its satisfaction is a condition of well-being and even of existence. But the phrase has as many degrees of meaning as can be attached to the notion of necessity: and not only the economic necessity of one type of mind may be very different from the economic necessity of another type of mind, but the means to its satisfaction vary with the character and mentality of the race or nation that employs it. To use the phrase and the plea, as degraded Aryandom often does, as if it were the final justification of any policy calculated to subserve "economic necessity," is infallibly to invite other races to use it in the same way. Above all, it is to rest the claims of Europe not upon its function, but upon its force; and therewith to obscure the real values of Europe and to provoke a challenge on the ground of force alone.

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To return to the "problem" of Japan, it is clear that, on the plea of economic necessity, which plea Europe has taught the East, Japan can consider herself wholly justified. Her case has only to be stated to command a verdict in her favour in any of the lower European courts of judgment; and only a degraded member of a degraded court could hold up his hand against Japan. With a birth-rate of 32 per 1,000, a population increasing, in Japan alone, by three-quarters of a million a year, already overcrowded (380 to the square mile), a net increase of population of nearly 60 millions during the last twenty years, a rising standard of living, and a barely increasing food production—the quantity of rice grown in Japan has risen in the last ten years only 1 per cent.—Japan feels the "economic necessity," if any nation ever did, to "expand" either by emigration or by foreign trade. Thanks to Europe (including, of course, America), both these outlets are either denied to Japan or they are so restricted as to be well-nigh useless or wholly dangerous. Immigration into white countries, where Japanese labour could find a rich return for itself, is as nearly forbidden as the white authorities dare make it; the same applies to areas occupied by "natives" under European protection. And, on the other hand, if the Japanese aim at "expanding" into their neighbour's backyard—Chinese Manchuria or Mongolia—they are met by the demand of Europe that the integrity of China must be maintained. The alternative of "foreign trade," in particular the exchange of manufactured goods for food, is, again, in conflict with the "economic necessities" of Europe, since Europe is also a manufacturing and exporting community with no less need than Japan to import food for its industrial workers. If, therefore, a conflict is inevitable from the attempt of Japan to force immigration upon Europe, it is equally inevitable from her attempt to compete with Europe in foreign markets for food. A conflict either way seems to be foreshadowed; and Japan may well ask, under these circumstances, whether Europe, on her own arguments, is not inviting it.

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That Japanese policy is directed, and is likely to continue to be directed, by "economic necessity," just so long as Europe admits the validity of the plea both by precept and example, may be taken for granted. Not only "can Japan no other" in view of the circumstances, and being, moreover, an unconscious force incapable of making a turn upon itself for the world's sake, but, all the Japanese assertions to the contrary, this has been the open and, still more, the secret policy of Japan for years past. A parallel can be drawn between the two States of the Roman Catholic Church and Japan of a much more striking character than the familiar parallel that used to be drawn between Japan and Prussia. In both cases the inherent policy is unavowed but single-minded; in both cases it is concealed from the vast majority of its agents, who may, in fact, imagine themselves to be actually opposing it; and in both cases the "mission" pursued by policy is accepted as an imposed necessity. Only history reveals the uniformity of purpose; and just as, in the case of the Vatican, we discern the aim in the means, so, in the case of Japan, the world can trace in history the steps of Japanese policy. Japan is not, in the ordinary sense, a militarist Power. Her wars with China and Russia have been wars of "economic necessity" only. Again, Japan is not a colonising Power of the adventurous character of Europe. Yet in succession she has "colonised" Formosa, Korea, part of Manchuria, Shantung, and dreams, perhaps, of the Philippines, Malay, China and even Australia. The explanation is simple: it is "economic necessity." Is there, as everybody knows, a power behind the Throne in Japan that mocks at constitutional government and, safe in the arms of the General Staff, dictates or vetoes every act of Parliament and of policy? The destiny that shapes the ends of Japan, rough-hew them how Japanese politicians will, is "economic necessity"; and with this key the secret of Japan and Japanese history is unlocked.

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We say that, so long as Europe admits the plea of economic necessity in her own case, she cannot deny its use by Japan, at least without descending to a state of intellectual injustice which itself would morally cripple her best powers. Furthermore, on the common ground of economic necessity, not only is a conflict of races inevitable, but the interval must be spent in preparations for the conflict, to the certain postponement of the rational consideration of every other great problem. No world-advance is possible while the Yellow cloud hangs threateningly on the European horizon; but all the world's energies will be increasingly drawn from the duty of world-organisation to the "necessity," implied in "economic necessity," of organising for the impending anarchy. Even in this respect, however, Europe is unlikely to be able to employ her best minds. The condition of the exercise of a race's highest faculties is the highest morality of which the race is capable. Morality, in other words, is the congenial soil of intelligence. It follows that on the low plane of "economic necessity" Europe's powers will themselves be stunted and dwarfed; and a policy that might be successfully employed by a race to whom "economic necessity" is an irrational and not, as in the case of Europe, a sub-rational motive, will be as far beyond Europe's reach as the high policy she will have abandoned. The intelligence of a Machiavelli, without any moral scruples whatever to cloud it, might employ the policy of division successfully, might detach from Japan her prospective and possible allies and leave her powerless and isolated on the "Great Day." Such a policy, however, demands not only a low morality or none at all; it is un-Aryan; but it presupposes exactly what is lacking in Europe and what "economic necessity" alone cannot create—a "Prince," that is to say, a Federation of Europe, an organised world-brain. No "economic necessity" can create or be the chief impulse to the creation of a world-brain for a World-State. Something infinitely higher than the will to live is required.

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Let us suppose that the argument of economic necessity be dropped, or, at any rate, reduced to its proper value—what remains? Reason and justice, we reply: Aryan reason and Aryan justice as defined and embodied in European genius and history. To the demands of Japan, as motived by "economic necessity," Europe can

oppose reasons drawn from the consideration of duties and privileges of a world-nature such as Japan herself cannot deny without complete self-stultification. Japan claims the right to expand in economic necessity; moreover, it is, she says, for the good of the world also. Very well, let the case be proved before the competent world-tribunal, the mind of Europe freed from the Marxian prejudice of mere economic necessity. Would the expansion of Japan by immigration into Western countries be good for White Europe; and if not for Europe, how could it be good for the world? After all, there are tests more or less decisive of these things. It is not wholly "race-prejudice" or, if it is, it is the prejudice of experience. Everywhere, and in America most clearly, the existence side by side of the White race with coloured races has invariably resulted in the subordination, when not in the extinction, of the latter. A social gulf has been dug when the geographical gulf has been annihilated. Is *that* for the good of the coloured races? Or has their experience been so happy that Japan would wish to share it? And this is to leave out of account the demoralisation of the White race, resulting both from admixture and the cultivation of despotic superiority. It is not necessary, Japan may reply! But it is even more "necessary" than "economic necessity." If Japan's need is economic, the need involved in the racial arrangement just suggested is a hundred times more "necessary." One is a fact inherent in the whole scheme of things: the functional organisation of the world demands a differentiation of race and has, in anticipation of its ultimate purpose, created the various races that they may not mix but at the world's peril. The other is a theory or, at any rate, a fact well under men's conscious control. We have suggested before that Japan's adoption of Capitalism has been deliberate whereas in Europe Capitalism has been instinctive. It can be added that Japan's "economic necessity" is likewise, if not a deliberate creation, a permitted and even encouraged "necessity." Europe certainly has not the right, while still dominated by Marx herself, to command Japan to settle her economic affairs without disturbing the world-order. But, once the economic devil is cast out from the European mind, the command can not only be given, but it can be obeyed. We *know* how to deal with "economic necessity." It can be dealt with at home by Japan as well and as easily as by the rest of the world. Europe must command it by precept and example.

* * *

This is not to say that justice would be satisfied, even though reason might be. Europe has inalienable duties to the world, the highest of which is its functional organisation under the direction of the European mind. And in that cosmic plan, Japan and the Yellow race, the Brown race and the Black race, have each a function and the consequent duty and right of discharging it. We cannot pretend to be able to define, here and now, the particular solutions of the problems contained in a world-plan applicable to all races and nations. To discover the natural, the intended, functions of races would demand the intuitive study of history, of science, of philosophy and religion; a work that is only in its infancy in Europe. On the other hand, it is certain that Europe alone can make these discoveries; and that upon Europe depends the realisation, in this Kalpa, of the plan of the world. The solutions must be such that while they satisfy the European mind they satisfy the best minds of all the other races; for it is contrary to both reason and justice that the brain should dictate what the other organs do not find it easy and natural and proper to carry out, namely, their own highest functions. Once again we appeal for the European mind. But it is not we who appeal for it, but the whole of creation groaning and travailing together awaiting the manifestation of the Sons of Light.

M. M. COSMOI.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IT is four months since I reviewed Mr. Lennox Robinson's "The White-Headed Boy," and after seeing the performance I abate no word of commendation. On the contrary, it plays even better than it reads; it comes over the footlights with that peculiar power that makes an English audience hysterical. I confess to a considerable uneasiness when I hear, as at the Ambassadors' Theatre, the "contemptible squeals of joy" of my countrymen; it shows what the King in "Hamlet" called:

> A heart unfortified, or mind impatient:
> An understanding simple and unschooled.

For here is a masterpiece of genre comedy, with wit flashing with every turn of phrase—and I dare swear that the audience lost a good half of it through its excessive laughter at the other half. Skilled as the actors are, they had to talk through some of the laughs, or the play would have been "hung up"; as it was, it dragged in places precisely because it was too good for an English audience. We have schools and academies of acting, but what we really need is a school for playgoers; for the things that were laughed at most were not the least obvious things. Aunt Ellen has a trick (or, rather, Miss Maire O'Neill has a trick) of invoking the name of God for emphasis; she does it with a variety of expressions, and certainly produces some very funny effects. But why the name of God should throw an English audience into hysterics is one of those recondite problems in psychology that it is not my business to solve—although I have a very shrewd suspicion that it shows that the English are unacquainted with God in everyday life, and think that the idea of God is funny outside a church, and unintelligible in it. "Art thou there, Truepenny?" certainly betrays surprise; and that Aunt Ellen should make so free with the clergyman's monopoly served as a release of some pent-up emotion that, if I may judge by its expression, was certainly not religious reverence.

On the other hand (so full is an English audience of surprises), the one political reference was frantically applauded. When Duffy said: "Bedad, isn't he like old Ireland asking for freedom, and we're like the fools of Englishmen offering him every bloody thing except the one thing?" he brought the house down. I like to think that Duffy was talking better sense about Ireland than the English have ever heard about God, and that they responded accordingly. There is, of course, such a state as eleutheromania, which too well-governed people are liable to develop; and when Denis was being fettered with first one obligation and then another, when everybody but himself took a share in the ordering of his life, the pathos of his situation appealed. The imagination may play with freedom, but the will is always in harness; while an idol, no more than a scapegoat, can free himself from the attentions of the community. In that respect, a worshipper has more freedom than his god; he can deny his god, but is there a case on record of a god refusing the attention of his worshippers? Denis was a man by the hand of Nature marked, and by the hand of culture trained, to be the object of worship; life, to him, could be nothing but a perpetual harvest festival, in which he could only play the part of official receiver of gifts. He was one of the poor, fortunate men who are never permitted to do what they want; he was a born bishop, and his failure to become a doctor was symbolic. The two spirits, the two attitudes, the two methods, are opposed; even the poorest doctor has some experience of the real life that Denis was never to be permitted to know. When Delia told him that what he wanted was "an easy life, no responsibility, money in your pocket, something to grumble at," he had no reply. He did not know

what he wanted; Delia only told him what he would get, and all that remained for him to do was to cultivate an easy posture on the throne, and "the tact to let external forces work for him."

But I have already written about the play; the performance should be my theme. It was not my production, of course, and I got several shocks at seeing people who did not reproduce the creatures of my imagination. Mr. Arthur Shields' resemblance to Mr. Leon Quartermaine threw me out of my reckoning considerably; I kept expecting things that I did not get, and as I never imagined Mr. Quartermaine in the part, Mr. Shields' Denis confused me. I still think that Denis was rather more of a "knut" than Mr. Shields made him, had a more metropolitan air contrasting more definitely with the rustic manners of his people; the alert youngster that Mr. Shields showed us would have passed examinations in his sleep, and would have exhausted the fortunes of his family in bacillus culture, or something like that. I was conscious of the "drive" of this man in every movement of him; he moved like a purposeful man with all his wits about him, and it was impossible to believe in his essential weakness. Mr. Shields did not love ease; and why Denis should succumb to his people, or even Delia, was not obvious from the acting.

I missed an emotional value from Miss Sara Allgood's otherwise fine performance of Mrs. Geoghegan; a sort of worshipful tenderness towards Denis, a pride shining in the eyes at this apparition of imagined excellencies, the baby that never was but always will be, the hope but not the reality of the Geoghegans. But the George of Mr. Sydney Morgan was my George; he really did carry the burden of his family, really did think for them. Unfortunately, like most practical men, he could only think of the next step, and had no prevision of the consequences. But he blundered on beautifully, doing the best he could at the moment, and coming back to where he started from without noticing it. He had the bluntness of the man who is always dealing with the facts; and if Denis had had more of the easy indolence that I imagine was his peculiar quality, his bluntness would have seemed brutal, as I think it ought to seem.

But the great performances of the play were those of Mr. Arthur Sinclair as Duffy and Miss Maire O'Neill as Aunt Ellen. They, at least, have learned that natural acting does not necessarily mean underplaying; and that a well-conceived character study is none the worse for holding a scene and commanding the stage. Mr. Sinclair certainly played Duffy more quietly than I expected, but, from his first entrance, one felt the difference of method. He played for effect, certainly, but what else is an actor for but to make character and mood obvious at sight; and there is no other way of doing it than by playing for effect. The defect of the national tradition of acting is that players are usually more concerned to behave like real people than as interpreters of characters in a play; and they are so scared of "staginess" that they do not produce the effect of real people. But one knew Duffy at sight; here was a self-important man behaving portentously because he was probably about to fight, and prestige suggestion is at least half the battle. He gave himself time to produce an effect; he "made" his scenes, particularly with Aunt Ellen, so that they seemed not merely real but true, and not only true but humorous. Instead of representing a character, he created it; whereas the ordinary "natural" actor seems to play as though he accepted no responsibility for his own being, and is therefore always reminding us that there is an author of the play. Mr. Sinclair's Duffy was itself authentic, and, as all good acting does, forbade reference to any other creator. Miss Maire O'Neill's Aunt Ellen had the same satisfying quality of authenticity; whether Mr. Lennox Robinson had or had not invented her, Aunt Ellen would have lived, in all her oddity. She is the character of the play, and quite overshadows the white-headed boy; and her marriage, after a delightfully grotesque courtship, is a much more important event than Denis' dash into matrimony. Her scenes with Duffy, particularly, provide some of the best humorous acting that I have ever seen, although the audience laughed so that much of what was said was inaudible.

Readers and Writers.

"THE COCOON" was from Cambridge, the "nursery of the nation"; this week we are at Oxford with "A Queen's College Miscellany for 1920" (3s. 6d. net). And I hope that none of my readers will think that in considering the immature work and early exercises of writers still in the nursery we are wasting our time. "To see things in the germ—that I call intelligence," said a Chinese sage; and it is, moreover, sometimes easier to detect qualities in the green than in their ripeness.

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"A Queen's College Miscellany" is filially dedicated to Walter Pater and Ernest Dowson, both of whom, it seems, were Queen's men in their day. Still another association with these writers is sought in the comparison of the college clique from which each arose with the group responsible for the present miscellany. Something of the nature of a cult is indicated; and I take it that the various items of the miscellany are "corporate" as well as individual. In fact, the foreword says as much: in a vocabulary that I cannot help regarding as most ominous for literature, we are referred to a "literary team" whose "output" is here presented, to an attempt to "prove that team-work is possible in prose and poetry"; and the miscellany, in short, is the first "harvest" of "the refined product." My opinion of "team-work" is certainly that it is possible both in prose and poetry. No individual, indeed, has ever by himself written either great prose or great poetry; and the greatest literary works of the world, not excepting Shakespeare, are of anonymous—that is to say, of collective—authorship. The elevation of the group-consciousness, however, is everything; and I need not remark that a group whose highest aim is to emulate Pater and Dowson, and whose considered "foreword" contains such terminological ineptitudes as "team-work," "output" and the "harvest" of a "refined product," is not, as yet, upon a very high plane of discourse. Its pitch is low.

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Let us consider the verse contained in the miscellany. Mr. Edmund Blunden has a long poem entitled "Leisure," and a typical stanza runs as follows:

> And the old hedger with his half-moon hook,
> Plashing the black thorn, musing of by-gone men,
> Shakes the crab-apples plopping in the brook
> Till jangling wild-geese flush from the drowned fen.

The observation of Nature has plainly been very full, and many of the phrases are happily truthful. "Plashing" and "plopping" are perfectly appropriate; and the whole poem is of a similarly close texture. But it is, nevertheless, all to no purpose. When the pictures have been drawn, nothing remains except the feeling that follows the turning over of the leaves of a photographic album. "That's nice," you say; and having continued to say "That's nice" or "That's pretty" to a few score small landscapes, you yawn and put the album aside completely bored. The reason is that there is no *interest* in pictures merely as pictures. Without some powerful appeal to the mind, the final source of æsthetic emotion, even the most beautiful things in the world have no real interest for us. It is mind alone that creates interest; and since in Mr. Blunden's verse mind is missing, his pictures end by actually displeasing us. Such observation and such happy truthfulness of description ought not, however, to be allowed to have that effect; it is a shame

to waste them. And I would suggest to Mr. Blunden that he employ them in eclogues or even in a great English poetic Nature-play. He has the raw material in his mind; now is needed the high aim of art. He will not find it, I can tell him, in the other contributor of verse to the present miscellany. After all the war-verse that has been written Mr. Godfrey Elton can still write thus:

> For that rich life so richly flung away,
> For all the lovely, passionate young dead.

The sentiment is false; we know from bitter experience that it means nothing. Of the scores of young men who wrote such stuff during the war and swore to "avenge the dead" by redeeming England or what not, most are now in business and thoroughly bourgeois. Their "ecstasy" was as fleeting as their resolution.

* * *

Mr. Russell Green's prose is modelled, consciously or not, on the prose of Edgar Allen Poe; it has no future. The prose of Mr. Louis Golding, on the other hand, has a thousand models and is all the worse for the electicism of his tastes. Consider the following opening passage from the piece called (as it would be!) "Shadows in the Parthenon":

> There was no song in the wide Greek sky. Around the feet of the Acropolis Athens sprawled and sank away. The little flat-roofed houses daubed with blue-wash were empty—meaningless as the riven shells that lie uncounted below cliffs. The cinemas nightly swarmed with meaningless men. . . .

Anybody can, I think, go on. "Nightly there was . . . Only a plaintive bat . . . Here from the platform . . . Athens was dead—cinemas, blue-washed houses, strutting men . . ." It is all just rhetoric, and, what is worse, commonplace and tawdry rhetoric; a sort of composite of all the "fine writing" to be found in descriptive articles in the current Press. One can see Mr. Golding composing it to an inward sing-song, pacing up and down the room, fitting the rhythm of the words to the commonplace sequence of cadences, and asking his ear if the rhythm fits. "Words to an air" such writing is; and it is as empty as air of any real meaning. In a later sketch, "Incomparable," Mr. Golding is a little more original. We have no longer a mélange of commonplace rhythms, but something approaching an individual style. Unfortunately, the substance, in the present instance, is as deadly familiar as the rhetoric of the former sketch. The incomparable lady is anything but incomparable; she has come straight from 1892 and wears her years indifferently. This brings me to remark that the dedicatory foreword of the miscellany has proven all too true; the miscellany is Pater grown old and Dowson still regressing.

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What do they read at our Universities, those "nurseries of the nation"? One of my best spiritual monitors informs me that on the barbarous Continent, and universally in Russia, every University student who studies literature, be it only with the ambition to become a journalist, includes, first and foremost, in his reading the great scriptures of the Aryan race: not only the Greek and Latin, but the Indian, the Zoroastrian, the Scandinavian; in general, the "Sacred Books of the East." And, next to them, he makes himself acquainted with the most recent researches designed to recover for our generation the inspiration of our racial sources. The mere "literary" history of Europe, since the Renaissance, is only the interval between the highest culture of the past and the highest culture of the future. Neither in the present Oxford "Miscellany" nor in the Cambridge "Cocoon" which I unwound last week have I been able to find a trace of either culture. The literary exercises contained in these magazines reveal no acquaintance, let alone familiarity, either with the "Sacred Books of the East" or with the no less "sacred" researches of recent psychology. Their models are all late Victorian or early Georgian; and their destination appears to me to be, at its highest, "middles" in the "Spectator" or, at its worst, aimless, futile, precious "magazines of art."

R. H. C.

Recreations in Criticism.

By Edward Moore.

WHAT a pity it is that Leonardo, who enquired into the causes of so many things, did not enquire into the cause of the rise and the decline of literature. Where other critics moralised he would have investigated. Moralising is the intellectual concession we pay to things which seem to be at the same time great and ineluctable. It is fatalism in the garb of morality, and means no more than this: if things *must* happen, why need one enquire into their cause? In moralising, the mind discovers in the very inevitability a sort of grandeur which is sufficient in itself. This attitude has been the source of much literature, but of little knowledge.

One thing, however, is clear. The course of literature, as it is revealed in history, is from the small to the great. The literature of Greece was that of the city state; the literature of modern times is that of the nation. The literature of to-morrow—who knows?—may be that of the world.

To say this is not, of course, to say that Greek literature is merely parochial or modern literature merely national. The distinction, indeed, can only be made between the conditions of the existence of literatures, and not between literatures themselves. For all literature is universal and speaks to the human soul; the conditions, however, under which it can appear are particular and variable. There is a sense, therefore, in which Attic literature is that of a city and English literature is that of a nation. Behind the literatures of the world one would see, if one had a second pair of eyes, a spirit, a god of literature, who incarnates himself only under conditions which are chosen. Every great literature is the fruit and the reward of a chosen people. This deity chose in the antique world, the world of cities, Athens, because she was the most perfect; and in the modern world, France and England, the greatest nations, the most established, the most dynamic. A society is great, however, when the necessity determining it is beneficial to its natural genius, when destiny and its own will run in harness together. In the city state of Athens and in the nations of France and England this condition existed. They were, therefore, pre-destined to be nurses of literature.

The spirit of literature has only one desire: to clothe itself in the greatest form it can find. Athens, the arch-type of the city state, was at one time the greatest, and it was chosen. The spirit passed from it to Rome and to the cities of Italy, and these were, consequently, the repositories of literature in the Middle Ages. No great nation, no unit expressing a national spirit, had yet arisen; the city was the sole nest of literature. But when a great nation arose, literature did not remain long with the Italian cities. To them, it is true, the Renaissance came first, but in them it died early. For in the meantime a greater form had been created, and the spirit of literature passed into it. It passed from Rome and Florence to France and England, deserting the shell of the city state to enter into that of the nation. Anyone who compares the literature of Italy with those of France and England at the Renaissance is bound to observe what a profound difference was brought about by the substitution of the nation for the city. Literature was transformed. In the Italian cities it had been pre-

served and fostered merely, but in France and England it was born again. In the former it was still nothing more than classical; in the latter it became almost immediately romantic. The real division between ancient and modern literature is here, and not in the rise of Christianity. The literature of the city state is the classical; that of the nation is the romantic. Their qualities reveal it. The one is limited, impersonal, perfect; the other, chaotic, personal, opulent. The former sounds, as it were, like the ideal voice of citizens in council; the latter, almost, but not quite—for *that* has still to come—like the voice of the universal individual.

With the birth of a spirit greater than that of the city, literature passed from the city states of Italy to France and England. And we have no ground for believing that it will remain there. As soon as a spirit greater than nationality is born—and is it not already born?—literature will pass from them to the centre of that spirit. It is what has always happened. A literature is the record of a visit paid by the spirit, or, rather, of a stage upon its journey to *somewhere else*.

But this is assuming far too much, it will be said. Do not nations change their spots? Has not the spirit of England been transformed in the last hundred years? Are we not all nowadays internationalists? Is there any *necessity* that the god of literature should desert us for a supernational home? There is, perhaps, this precise necessity. Peoples develop, it is true, and their very qualities change; indeed, if they did not, "adaptation" would be impossible. But the qualities in a people which are creative are inexorable; these they cannot acquire, these they cannot renounce. France and England may, for instance, become with the best intentions in the world internationalist; they may so far "adapt" themselves; but their creative qualities will remain national and nothing more. And the spirit of literature, when it turns to supernational sources, will pass them over.

Where will literature go if it leaves its centre in France and England? There is only one new form into which it can pour itself in Europe: that nation where "the will—uncertain whether to be negative or affirmative—waits threateningly to be *discharged*," Russia. Only among the Slavs is the desire for the spiritual empire of the world creative; only among them is it expressed in accents profound and moving. In this matter the other peoples of Europe are second-rate, sentimental, doctrinaire. Their literatures may come under the influence of Russia, it is true; indeed, they have already done so, and with the most trifling results—to be seen chiefly in one or two English novels of recent years. But to the people in which the new spirit is creative the leadership in literature will come. There is, of course, nothing that could be more desirable.

When that happens, if it does happen—if the Slavs, in other words, gain sufficient control over their genius to make it effective—a new type of literature, different from both the classical and the romantic, will appear—the literature of the universal individual. The first pages of it have already been written, and for a long time now, by Dostoyevsky, but, great genius that he was, he of himself was not strong enough to turn the current of literature. For the creation of this new literature the Slavs, not merely by their virtues but by their very vices, seem to be fore-ordained. One should not, however, say "their vices," for the vice for which they are most blamed, their failure to become a nation, is itself, perhaps, only a virtue before its time. The reason why a people so great and so profound have not been able to organise themselves into a nation at least as efficient as the nations of Western Europe is to be sought last of all in mere incapacity, mere weakness of will. No, the reason why Russia is not a nation is because it has the will to be something else. As the literature of nationality expresses that relationship, less conscious, but more profound, than citizenship, which we call nationality, so Russian literature struggles to express that relation still less conscious and still more profound, which we call humanity; and to express it not sentimentally and loosely, but profoundly and exactly.

It is too early to say that any tendency in the history of literature is inevitable; it can be said, however, that if the growth of the spirit of literature is inevitable, the decline of literatures is equally so. The two things are the expressions of one law. The growth of literature is the decline of literatures.

"Psychological Analysis."

"THE seventy-ninth annual meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association of Great Britain and Ireland" was held last August. The new President, Dr. Menzies, led off with an address on melancholia, attacking his subject in a most capable manner, but purely from its physical aspect. That is to say, he concerned himself entirely with the physiological manifestations of emotion. With this in itself no one can quarrel. It is extremely interesting as speculation, and, I suppose, useful to a certain extent. At the same time Dr. Menzies' tone left a considerable doubt as to whether he was not putting the cart before the horse, and working on the underlying idea that it was the physiological changes that produce emotion, instead of vice versa. There is an old theory of the academic psychologists, the James-Lange theory, that such is the case, and nowhere in his address does Dr. Menzies state definitely that he does not agree with it. On the contrary, he most certainly appears to imply the opposite. With such an attitude we cannot, as psycho-analysts, agree. I think the best thing I can do is to offer for Dr. Menzies' consideration the indubitable fact that we apprehend an emotion an appreciable moment before we become aware of its physiological effects. And, again, while a neurotic tremor, due, according to Dr. Menzies, to excessive adrenal activity, refuses to respond to the most varied methods of physical treatment, it will cease after psycho-analytic examination of the emotional disturbance that, we maintain, is its actual cause.

When Dr. Menzies had finished, the fun began; and it is reported under the heading "Psychological Analysis." Dr. Stoddart gave a "summary" of Freud's theories, and a very good one, too. There is nothing so simple as to give such a summary. It is the A.B.C. of psycho-analysis, and I hope the Freudians will soon stop doing it. Otherwise they will defeat their own ends by a repetition ad nauseam that will tempt the critic to reduce them into absurdity. And it would be a great misfortune for psycho-analysis were such a thing to happen. For Freud has a most definite place in psycho-analysis, and that place is on the first rung of the ladder of psychological development—the freeing of libido from infantile sexual complexes. The real objection to Freud is that he has stuck fast upon this first rung (which is in actuality the third rung if we take into account the preliminary steps of detaching sufficient libido to do this much) and so makes of himself a figure for ridicule when approaching such subjects as myths. And of his followers there is none who is stuck faster than is Dr. Stoddart. Dr. Stoddart did, however, make a remark that was valuable to his audience: "It should be remembered that in psycho-analysis the analyser said nothing; he only encouraged the patient to unfold his own story."

Dr. William Brown "did not agree with Freud that everyone found life tremendously hard; a healthy man with a clean ancestry did not find it so." True enough; but please let us discriminate a little. I strongly suspect this "healthy man with a clean ancestry" to be that

ancient foe of Matthew Arnold, the Philistine. Neurotics, we must remember, fall into two categories, they are either above or below the herd. The herd is developed infantility, infantility sanctioned by convention. The neurotic's potential is to become either a divinised or a demoniacal child. The antithesis is something like Blake as opposed to Nero. Neither of these two levels are of concern to the Philistine, who is to-day so much to the fore that the less he is brought into the new psychology the better in many ways. If he will not have Freud, then he will not have Jung either; for Freud est Jung inversus. At the same time the gates are open. . . . Dr. Brown continued with a short historical sketch of psycho-analysis without, however, reaching Jung. And again, while he says admirably "that psycho-analysis should be carried out as far as possible and as fully as possible"; he yet furnishes a shock by adding, "the influence of suggestion, unconscious, was present and potent." Now at the present time it cannot be too often repeated that psycho-analysis quâ psycho-analysis is not, never was, and never will be, connected with suggestion in any form whatsoever. What misleads the beginner in this connection—and Dr. Brown is obviously a beginner to have made that remark—is the tension and transference set up between analyst and analysed, that amounts in favourable cases to a telepathic interworking. Dr. Brown's closing remark throws a sufficient illumination on his whole speech—"Sex tendencies . . . . were present in some cases." They are, of course, *present* in all cases.

After this several papers were read, including a contribution from Dr. Baines of Zurich, that was not reported in the account from which I am working, that in the "British Medical Journal." This is most unfortunate, and a gross error of judgment. The medical world is paying scanty enough attention to psycho-analysis in all conscience, and it is infinite pity that so much of that little attention should be paid to Freud, while Jung remains in the background.

Then arose Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones. "In England" he "declared his belief," "Freudism was dead." We have heard of Freudianism. "When that system first came to light he regarded it as probably applicable to life on the Austrian and German frontiers, but not to virile, sport-loving, open-air people like the British." Alas, alas, Sir Robert, this sort of thing will not to-day "go down." It was killed quite a while ago by a not so very obscure critic named Matthew Arnold (v. above). The reader of such a remark to-day will almost be persuaded to become a whole-hearted Freudian on the spot. This "virile, sport-loving" people is now on the one hand being crushed in the Procrustes-bed of the public schools and stamped with a Mammonish convention, and, on the other hand, is sweating its weary soul to death under a system before which the slave-owners of antiquity would mostly blush purple. Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones "believed that suggestion played a large part in psycho-analysis." What, in heaven's name, is the sense in putting forward these ridiculous "beliefs"? Why not take the word of those who actually psycho-analyse that it is not so; or even go to be psycho-analysed and *find out*? In conclusion, Sir Robert "was astounded at the variety of the claims" made for psycho-analysis, "which had not yet been substantiated." Once again, why not *find out*, before rushing into public in such astounds?

Professor Robertson made a very admirable point in insisting on the distinction to be made between a true psychosis and a psycho-neurosis, and in emphasising the fact that psycho-analytic treatment was not by any means beneficial for the former. And he once again "emphasised the fact that early cases of psycho-neurosis were not early cases of insanity." He was speaking from the standpoint of an asylum physician, and we must remember that the asylum physician bases his theories very largely upon post-mortem findings. That is to say, he studies cases where dissociation has definitely established itself with resultant physiological deterioration. A man cannot be indefinitely torn by emotional conflicts without paying for it by a deterioration of his mechanism. I do not wish, and have not the experience, to be dogmatic on the matter; but it seems to me that, in spite of questions of physical heredity and organic disease, Dr. Robertson, equally with Dr. Menzies and all the physical school, is putting the cart before the horse. In fact, there is no doubt about it. It is the propulsion of complexes, karma, that produces all effects, whether good or bad.

There is only one other interesting point to be noted about this discussion. That is the opinion of Dr. Pierce, who did not understand the mechanism and effects of repression. He did not see why mental processes should not "be considered as mental gunpowder. . . . Gunpowder might remain unexploded for all time." The answer is that gunpowder is passive, whereas mental processes are extremely active, their driving power being libido. To repress them, therefore, is comparable to sitting on the safety-valve of a locomotive in which steam is being raised for a run. And again, even if we were to allow Dr. Pierce's metaphor of gunpowder, we must remind him that there are not a few lighted matches, i.e., awakeners of sleeping dogs, to be met with in the world. And yet again, it is, under present conditions, extremely unlikely that any given quantity of gunpowder will "remain unexploded for al time"! Dr. Pierce, in fact, is sentimentally pleading for an impossibility. Gunpowder will always be used by the old order to satisfy unresolved complexes, and equally by any really new order for the resolution of the same.

In conclusion, such a meeting as this is to be commended for discussing psycho-analysis even under the camouflage title of "psychological analysis." But it was also a pity that there was so little true and swift-minded speculation; and it is really deplorable that Jung was only mentioned once (by Dr. Brown) and then merely associated with a reference to Freud. We need quick, and, above all, free, minds with which to adventure upon the psychology of the unconscious. The larger proportion of the medical profession is "scientific" in the sense of being bound by dogma with the true formalist's horror of what he calls "mysticism" in a comprehensive and timid manner.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Views and Reviews.

DEMOS DEVISES (VI).*

THERE are two points at which I want to cavil before I leave this subject. If we accept the Webbs' creed that good government is better than self-government, it is only reasonable to show some concern for the conditions of efficiency of our governors. The Webbs argue that "it is nowadays abundantly clear that, in any Socialist community of magnitude and complexity, with all the enlargement in scope of the communal activity that is involved, membership of any but the smallest local governing bodies must be a 'full-time job.'" They develop the argument that "the functions of the elected representative on a local council taking on the enlarged functions which are now called for, entail, for their adequate fulfilment, some sort of specialised training, and possibly, eventually, even the requirement, from candidates for the important office of elected representative, of a minimum of manifest qualification for the position." Therefore, "our elected representatives shall be both trained for their duties and adequately maintained for the efficient performance of them"; in other words, Payment of Members. It is

* "A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

argued that the only alternative to this is "an altogether undemocratic exclusiveness," a strange example of the pot calling the kettle black. It is not clear whether the Political Parliament will be permitted to pay its members; the power of the purse, it may be remembered, has been given to the Social Parliament, which would in this case be able to bring the Political Parliament to reason by the simple process of withholding its salaries. But as the Webbs do not mention the Political Parliament in this connection, I am more inclined to infer that they do not think that political representation is worth paying for; and as they say that "elected persons who are not paid will sometimes manage to pay themselves," I can only speculate on what our last state will be. Perhaps political representatives will take a course of lessons at Fagin's Academy, and haunt the members of the Social Parliament. But even the omission demonstrates that it is local government that is dear to the heart of the Webbs; and where their heart is, there will be the treasure also, in the Social Parliament and the local governing bodies. The Webbs never yet prepared a scheme that did not provide jobs for somebody; and a nice little examination will be the preliminary step to a nice little salary for local government representatives. Obviously, the question addressed to the candidate will not be: "What does your constituency want?" but: "What do you know about the law of increasing returns?" or something similarly abstract and academic; and the answer: "I know that, if I am elected, my 'returns' will obey the law" will be barred.

Why "representation" should be a "full-time job" is not apparent; you can represent all the people some of the time, you can represent some of the people all of the time (very uninteresting people these, the Webbs' ideal citizens), but you cannot represent all the people all the time. Parliament, even at the present time, wisely has its recesses; and one of the wisest judges was he who cleared up the arrears of business by staying away from his Court. Unfortunately, he is an historical personage. But in a Socialist State, where, ex hypothesi, "the root of all evil" has been removed, the representative will have to go through a Pelman course, and then give a continuous performance. Why? On questions of policy, there are only three decisions: "Yes": "No": and: "I don't care." The Webbs know as well as I do that policies are not formulated, they are only decided, in assemblies. The policy of linking up the "dead ends" of the London County Council, for example, is formulated by some unknown and non-elected persons in the Tramways Department, or whatever it is called, endorsed by the Tramways Committee, accepted or rejected by the Council. But even if we enlarge the functions of the representative to include supervision of the administration, what sort of supervision is it that needs to be continuous? Sick men, maniacs, prisoners, have to be continually watched; but in this case it will be the Webbs' own pets, the highly trained bureaucrats and democratically organised workers who will be under supervision. I suppose that our representatives will have to organise a three-shift system of supervision, to prevent the bureaucrats from running away with the local government unit, and we shall all have to sit up all night to see that no one runs away with the planet. Personally, I am very suspicious of the Astronomer-Royal, and am willing to undertake his supervision in return for what the Webbs call "adequate maintenance." No Board of Directors sits continuously, no Parliament, except at times of crisis; and we do not want "expert" representatives (they are too much like barristers), we want citizens, men who will represent the general intelligence of the community against the specialised intelligence of the expert. The new profession of "trained representative," with its entrance examination, is altogether undemocratically exclusive; it is a new aristocracy of talent, if it works as the Webbs plausibly suppose, or a new oligarchy of nepotism, if it does not so work. Of course, if the Webbs believe in aristocracy——. But this new vocation of trained representative, having the command of the purse (and there is nothing in English law to prevent, under present conditions, those who have the power of the purse from voting themselves any salary they please), will obviously not be in need of representation. Its members will present themselves, regularly, at the Treasury. But the Guild System suggested a National Assembly of vocations, of just those ordinary common people who work for a living. The Webbs see that this is impossible; it would provide no scope for their trained representatives. "We see great difficulties even in constituting such an assembly." If we are going to consider every man's work as a vocation in itself, and draw distinctions between barbers and coiffeurs, stokers and firemen, last-hands and clickers, and so on, there are insuperable difficulties; and the Webbs contemplate something like that when they speak of "the three-quarters of a million persons, comprising not a few distinct vocations, employed in the various engineering workshops; or the like number, with at least as many distinct vocations, engaged in the textile industry." But the Guildsman or the Industrial Unionist would find no such difficulty, for the vocations within an industry would be represented in that industry; it is the industry that is of national importance that has the national "vocation," and not the magistery, in the old phrase, of the individual. It is "the Railways" that have the national vocation, and need national representation, if representation be needed; and not the vocation of "goods guard," or "passenger guard," the man with the hammer or the man with the ticket punch.

The Webbs argue that "even if a National Assembly could be formed by election from all the several vocations . . . . there would be, as it seems to us, no interest that the representatives would, as members of their several vocations, have in common." They argue that with the elimination of the capitalist, "there would be no outside party to attack or to despoil." All this may be true (although I doubt it), and yet provide no argument against "vocational representation." For who, but the Webbs, began this division of the man into the citizen, the producer, and the consumer? Obviously, the average man can only have, at best, an attitude towards most things; his attitude towards political affairs is usually that of a moralist, his attitude towards local government is usually that of a pessimist, his attitude towards his vocation is usually that of a pragmatist. Is the question of Free Trade or Protection, for example, of no interest to the man as worker; has the Insurance Act no "vocational" re-actions; is the average man always to be asked to vote about things projected, to use an imagination inflamed by propaganda, and not to be asked to vote about things experienced in a manner most intelligible to him? One of the chief needs of good government at the present time is repeal, revision, and to some extent codification of existing law; the need would not be less under the Webbs' constitution; and the last word on the activities of Government, the word of experience, would be more clearly expressed by vocational representation than by election.

A. E. R.

PRAYER.

Stay beside me, O my foe,
I would have thee never go.
Shoot into my soul thy darts,
Let me feel thy keenest smarts,
All my good shall rise to fend
Me from thee, foe, my friend.

Fly my side for ever, friend,
Of thy solace make an end,
Ease thou bringest lays me bare
To the shaft I must beware.
Haste thy parting, dear one, go
Lest he take me, friend, my foe.

D. R. GUTTERY.

Pastiche.

POWER.

(To K. R.)

Inert, not moulded, bound, the titan lies
In drear, chaotic darkness undefined,
As some dull ore amidst the hills not mined
In vasty torpor sleepeth ere the spies
And arduous scouts prick out fit boundaries
With just discernment truthfully aligned,
With careful yard and measure well designed,
And speed their forge, and drive their galleries.
O, sparks of anguish, flames of wild disdain!
What fury stings thee to contortion swift?
Sharp fall the blows, sharp singeth mighty pain,
Rude run the molten torrents all adrift;
Till silence falls, and stillness, and a word,
And, lo! serene and upright gleams a sword.

O glorious weapon! Grey the runic blade,
No less than thought in speed, no less in might;
With wands of magic speeding on a flight
That cleaveth heaven with a rhythm made
And structured in the glooms of demon shade,
Where trolls beat out their sparks of fiery fright;
And tempered in the chambers of the bright
North frozen spaces where the white stars played.
Ah, hold thy hand. Ah, hold that eager hand!
Is that the toil's completion, that the bourne?
What spoke that omened word, the bourne in truth
"From whence no traveller returns?" That brand,
Yet unannealed, the faery watchers mourn
To see it swing in force withouten ruth.

With magian song, with song and faery lore,
With binding spells of beauty, with the gold
Of joy, the stars of sapphire that behold
The seraph raptures that the seer bore
To each his seven churches from the shore
Beside the crystal sea in ages old,
Now new refreshed with warmth that grows not cold,
The fragrant wealth awaketh as of yore.
What meaneth this? What splendours radiate
More nobly lucent than the flash of gems
In sparkling rainbow galaxy? What fate
That shining blade now shiningly inhems?
The hilt in glory blazeth throned above,
Rich consummation of sheer, golden love!

J. A. M. A.

AN INTERESTING MAN.

Ever since his youth it had been the ambition of Bramwither, the subjective and prolific novelist, to be interesting. He had succeeded. Wildly and beyond the most sanguine of his expectations. And now, on his fiftieth birthday, he contemplated the Jubilee edition of his novels, in which he had immortalised his interesting character and his interesting ideas, his interesting wives, his interesting divorce, his interesting mistresses, his interesting children. Yes, he had brought it all off. Every subjective phase had been adequately exploited. And even those of his affairs which had brought him social or material embarrassment had yet been neatly turned into a more than compensating literary success. But now the dull stickiness of reaction was upon him. He no longer experienced the impetus or inspiration for any new phase. He was satiated with every old phase. As he whimsically put it to himself, he no longer felt it interesting to be interesting. He had outlived the vitality of his own ego, was blind to its dazzling glamour, deaf to its insistent noise.

Nothing remained to be done. He would definitely have to retire from the subjective life. He had written all the chapters in the book of his career, written them fully, studded them with the most copious annotations. And now the whole thing struck him as ridiculous, vieux jeu, an anachronism of centuries past.

Lighting his pipe, he definitely decided that all he was good for was the smug objective dullness of comfortable domesticity.

He started to leave his study to go down to his wife. But just as he was opening the door, a thought struck him. He returned to his writing desk, took some paper out of the drawer, selected a pen, and, happy once more, settled down comfortably to write a particularly subtle psychological story about this newest and most marvellous phase of all.

HORACE B. SAMUEL.

ROYAL PSYCHE.

Fair Body, hardiest child of spirit, well
Thou knowest the ordering of thy happy way,
Where life doth murmur as in the hollow shell,
And only ever and anon doth pray
And sing for that so gladly go it may,
Shunning the strange and thoughtful Asphodel
Among the simple and straked flowers to play;
Smiling at the gold moss upon the cell
Of monkish pondering, and deaf to the cold cloistered bell.

But where in the field Truth haps upon Romaunt,
And strength comes hastening by a different path,
Hard by the bosky well that is the haunt
Of music, where each bird her heaven hath,
Among all sweets or seasonable or rathe,
Angelic, or that worldës joy do vaunt,
With the one Voice that reaps Love's aftermath,
But still is worshipful and knows no taunt,
Turning her tears to gold with unexpressive chaunt.

Thither, my soul, at night do thou repair,
And all that pensive harmony illume
With thy still blessedness, and paly hair
Upaided like the sylvan bine in bloom:
Upon thy shoulder furl thy delicate plume,
And unto Philomel her wordless air
Give antiphon across the trembling gloom
That ever doth the note of sorrow bear,
And with a heavenly tear doth mark the plaint of care.

And there, O royal Psyche, is thy state;
Thine awful feast of all the joys that grow
Out of the womb of sorrow consecrate;
Rich tears, long sighing, and all manner woe
In purple heaviness; meseems as though
Thou wert too faery-bright to brook the weight
Of the high empery, the fire and snow:
Yet from thy destined heart early and late
Triumphs the song, nor may her carolling abate.

RUTH PITTER.

DOOM.

He was my friend—to-day is not, is not.
Once I did love him: now the misbegot
Sits o'er against me, mocking me, and gloats
On my disaster, pitying, and quotes
My words of yesterday. "Did you not say
Thuswise and thus of some new magic play,
Or poem, or book, or some such high endeavour?
Where are they now, you that were once so clever?"
I smile . . . contemptuously . . . "Your smile," says he,
"Is twisted, warped." I smile, more bitterly.
Again he eyes me, pitying, pitiless—
"The man is elderly, I do profess." . . .
I walk with him, lead on my heart and feet—
"Where is your lightness, you who were so fleet?" . . .
I talk with him, lead on my heart and tongue—
"Where now your merriness, who were so young?" . . .
I could be happy, if I could outlive him:
If that he too grew old, I could forgive him.
But at our birth some god sans sense or ruth
Gave him the gift of everlasting youth.
Did I once love my self? I have forgot.
He was my friend—to-day is not, is not.

H. H. MYTTON.

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