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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE "Daily News" is at its old game again of whistling to keep up its circulation. "Prices," it said on Monday, "are coming down—there is no doubt about that," and on the following day published without apology the Board of Trade statistics showing that prices have risen 12 points within the last month. Unemployment, too, is pursuing its upward career; it rose 8 per cent. during the week ended November 5; and, according to the "Times," is still "increasing day by day." Labour is beginning under these circumstances to take a new view of the Pauline doctrine that if a man do not work, neither shall he eat. State-relief, which, of course, is only pay without work, or, at any rate, pay without necessary work, is being demanded and accepted on a colossal scale; as much as 100 millions is mentioned as the sum needed to see our "over-producers" through the coming winter; and, not satisfied with this, Labour is demanding in addition the initiation of other relief-works, all designed to provide the maximum amount of employment with the minimum of return either to Labour or the community. The "Times" has of course made no motion to accept our open offer to satisfy its demand for a solution of the problem of unemployment; but it is not above repeating the stale joke that the problem presents unimaginable difficulties. "The Government cannot be expected . . . . to find an immediate general solution for the most difficult question in our social economy"; and the "Times" might have added that neither the Government nor any other public authority intends to look for one. The situation, however, is really extraordinary and will appear so years hence if not to the present generation. Here is a community fast plunging into a fatal war for want of a specific remedy for its social disease. We profess with the utmost sincerity and confidence to be in possession of the remedy; and not one of all the public doctors who are giving up the case in despair will so much as examine it.

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The amusing thing, moreover, is that there is no secret about it; we have neither concealed the formula nor claimed that it is over the heads of the laity; anybody can understand it and it can be set out in terms intelligible to the man in the street. The simple fact is that society's means of production have increased faster than society's means of consumption, with the result that we have an enormous and increasing capacity to produce that cannot be realised because the effective demand is insufficient to exploit it. If it were possible, for example, without producing other effects than those intended, to distribute £50 a week to every family in the United Kingdom from now onwards—does anybody doubt that the wheels of industry would be instantly set in rapid motion? In a week we should have all our factories fully engaged, and all our unemployed re-absorbed; there is no doubt about that, as the "Daily News" would say. Or if by a miracle Europe were suddenly to become possessed of effective demand: in other words, if purchasing power were to be multiplied abroad—would not our industry instantly respond with redoubled activity? Such miracles, of course, are not possible; and we do not even say of either that it is desirable; but the illustration should serve to demonstrate that the cause of unemployment and our industrial slump is inadequate consumption. We are like the fool in the parable who thought only of producing more and more and never of distributing the means of consuming his production. We go on pulling down our factories to build greater, always multiplying our means of production; and at the same time we continue to lessen the means of consumption. The purchasing power of Wages, Salaries and Dividends is perpetually declining as the means to the production of commodities are perpetually being added to; and the reductio ad absurdum of the whole process would be an unparalleled capacity to produce side by side with a population without any title whatever to consume. Why make a mystery of what is so simple, or beat about the bush pretending to look for rabbits that are in the open?

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No escape is possible by the usual objection to such analyses that it would be all very well if a practical scheme could be erected on it. If the foregoing analysis were all we had to offer, there would, no doubt, be lots of people to say that we were opening up interesting avenues of thought, giving readers to think furiously, and contributing important material to some future study of the great problem of unemployment. The "Nation" and similar journals would in all probability direct the attention of their readers to the endeavours of THE NEW AGE writers and deplore the apathy of Mr. Lloyd George in failing to examine them. That sop, however, is taken out of the mouth of our contemporaries by our claim to possess not only the correct analysis of the economic situation, but the correct and practical synthesis. In the repellant cant of professional reformers, we are not only destructive but constructive thinkers; we do not diagnose a disease without simultaneously offering a remedy. For example, not only do we put forward as an interesting

thesis the proposition that unemployment and all the rest of it are due to the disproportion of Production and Consumption, but we have a definite scheme, immediately applicable to an exemplary industry, for demonstrating that this disproportion is curable without damage to any legitimate existing interest and to the infinite advantage of 99 per cent. of the whole community. Give us the coal industry to advise for a few weeks, and we undertake to settle the problem involved in it to the satisfaction of the three parties, owners, workers and the community as consumers. Nay, we will not ask for the dictatorship of the industry even for a day. Give us the attentive minds of the people responsible for its present chaos, and we will either convince them or know the reason why. We can only conclude from the general silence that this practical offer is the real cause of the boycott now obviously applied all round to the Douglas and NEW AGE scheme. The social disease is preferred to the remedy. Society does not will health.

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It is needless to say that if the "Times" has ignored our invitation, Mr. Hodges and the Miners' Federation have made no sign. Having squandered 20 millions of miners' wages with little or no result, the Miners' leaders are now engaged in "friendly discussion" with the owners in discovering how to increase "output" without provoking another revolt of the rank and file. The first and chief business of the new series of private conferences has already been accomplished. Joint local committees have been set up to report on "output," with the implied understanding that the workers are to be kept up to the maximum pitch of energy-expenditure along, of course, with the speeding-up, where possible, of the owners' contribution. Mr. Hodges and his colleagues are doubtless under the impression that by this means not only will "output" be increased, but wages with them. They argue, we imagine, that since "output" is the only source of wages, an increase of output is the prior condition of an increase of wages; and hence that the workers *must* produce more if they wish to have more to spend. We have no doubt that in the event of increased output resulting from Mr. Hodges' and Mr. Smillie's nigger-driving of their old mates, diminishingly proportionate increases of wages will be made, since the owners may be trusted to stick to their fortunate bargain; but what of the factor known as "development," and amounting in value to two or three or four times the value of the mere "output"—does Mr. Hodges propose calmly to continue to make a present of it to the owners alone? Are neither the workers nor the public to share in this increment of value, but the whole is to continue to be placed to private account? So it would appear from the reports of what is being said and done at the conference; and such, we may say, is the inevitable outcome of the present state of mind of Mr. Hodges and his colleagues.

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It is probable that the grandiose scheme for utilising the power of the Severn tides to "do work" will come to nothing, and less on account of the alleged excessive "cost of production" than upon unspoken considerations. For what would happen if, in consequence of the utilisation of national sources of energy (to which there is no limit), human labour were still further reduced to the status of a drug in the market? Is it not certain that the development of means of production without the use of human labour would create fresh unemployment, in the absence of a corresponding free distribution of the means of consumption *without work?* The antagonism, the necessary antagonism, of Science and Labour has been insufficiently realised. They are at diametrically cross-purposes in an economic sense. For whereas Science is rightly continually aiming at reducing the need for gross human energy, Labour, by virtue of the absolute dependence of its class upon "work" as its sole source of income, must continually aim at preserving and increasing the need. In the case in question and in hundreds of similar possible devices for reducing the amount of work society must do, the primary consideration for Labour is the very opposite of the primary consideration for Science and society in general. We cannot "afford" to save work under the present economic system for the simple reason that we cannot afford to deprive Labour of its means of subsistence.

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Still another comment may be made on the Severn scheme, bearing on the question of development-values. It is calculated that the work required by the scheme would employ an army of men for years, and involve the use of thousands of tons of material; and that, when finished, the power plant would save the community millions of tons of coal a year, together with other and even greater economies. Very good; but now let us ask ourselves one or two questions. Upon *what* would the wages and salaries paid out during the completion of the scheme be spent? It is clear that they would not be spent in purchasing the product of the scheme itself, since the scheme, until it was completed, would produce nothing. The purchasing power distributed to its creators would, therefore, need to be spent upon something else; upon goods already in existence, in fact. But the release of those millions of purchasing power on account of an unfinished work would mean the dilution of *our* spending power by the same amount. In other words, each and every one of us would be invisibly taxed to the full amount of the credit issued to and spent by the labour employed in the scheme. And when the work was finished, at our expense, its promoters would instantly proceed to charge us, the consumers of the output, not only with the cost of the output, but with the sum of our credit plus interest on the same. All development is carried out at the expense of the consumer, the community; since every issue of credit for capital or development purposes dilutes our spending power by the amount of the credit issued. And yet, when the capital is set to work and made to produce "output," we, the consumers, who were taxed to provide it, are charged with its cost as if, in fact, we had not already paid for it. In this way, the fruits of a communal expenditure are transferred to private account. We commend the Severn scheme as an ideal example of the way the financial system works.

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The International Trade Union Congress which met in London last week travelled round the world, and round the world again, to discover the object of trade unionism. The resulting resolution was to the words and effect that "the primary duty"—primary duty!—of trade unions is "to join issue with capitalism and militarism throughout the world and to promote international mass action." We have little confidence in Mr. Appleton who resigned his office as Chairman on this occasion, and less in Mr. Gompers who likewise thought that such a resolution was "too revolutionary." But we can perfectly understand that men who take words seriously must have viewed the foregoing resolution with horror and amazement. What does it mean? Or has it any meaning whatever? A trade union in the days before the Flood was an association for the defence of wage-rates and the establishment of reasonable conditions of labour for its members. After the Flood it was on the road to become an association for improving the status of its members by the abolition of the wage system. The polyglot and polymath conference over which Mr. Thomas, it may be remarked, cheerfully presided, was of the opinion that a trade union has least to do for its members at home, and most for some remote and impossible purpose concealed under the formula of "international mass action." International action of any friendly kind is to be welcomed, if only in the intervals of international war; but as the sum of zeros is zero so the mass action of trade unionism can be expected to be no more than the mass

action of its constituents; and what these are under the direction of Mr. Thomas and some of his colleagues recent history tells. It is ironical that a Labour movement like our own, with not one idea to contribute to the "primary duty" of trade unionism—to solve the problem of unemployment—should go afield throughout the world to look for something to do. The eyes of Labour leaders appear to be anywhere rather than at home.

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Something like a rank and file revolt, however, shows signs of making its appearance. The Right Hon. W. Brace has sniffed the battle afar aff and retreated to join forces with the Government; and, incidentally, to swell the numbers of the "retired by promotion" which already include Sir David Shackleton, Mr. Dave Cummings, the Right Hon. G. N. Barnes, and many another. Mr. Thomas is none too popular with his clients; Mr. Hartshorn is in a state of suspended resignation; Mr. Appleton has resigned at discretion; and even Mr. Clynes has had to face hostile audiences of working men for his association with Mr. Brownlie and others in their support of the Federation of British Industries' cry for Increased Production. It would be difficult, indeed, to name more than half a dozen Labour leaders who would be returned to office if a fair poll of their members could be taken at this moment. It will be urged, no doubt, that it is all on account of the notorious ingratitude of the rank and file, or, again, that it is due to the leaven of "Bolshevist" ideas. In varying phrases, these are excuses common to every executive that fails to carry out the policy confided to it. But the truth is that the tolerance and patience of the rank and file have been marvellous; and that, even still, the leaven of Bolshevism is almost negligible. What the rank and file see is their leaders gallivanting all over the earth, professing to rescue nations in distress, while neglecting their legitimate spouses at home. What they see is Unemployment staring them in the face, while their leaders are talking gibberish about the sufferings of Borioboola-Gha. And what they suspect, on evidence supplied by men like Mr. Brace, is that the whole thing is a piece of stage-craft of which the producers are hidden in Government and other capitalist offices. We do not say whether the rank and file are right or wrong in their judgment. In fact, they have no judgment. All we shall say is that, in our opinion, their instincts, though slow in coming to the point, are sure. The official Labour movement is nearing a crisis.

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It is reported of the Soviet government by the "Daily Herald"—and it must therefore be authoritative—that the stern and unbending Communists of the Moscow International have officially authorised the grant of commercial and other concessions to private enterprise, alias international finance, on the following terms. The concessionaires are to receive liberal treatment in the matter of privileges, with priority for their supplies of raw material and the like; they are to be "guaranteed" in the tenure of the privileges so conceded and to be assured of an ample supply of labour. Versts be it from us to condemn the Russian dictatorship of the proletariat for endeavouring to extricate themselves and Russia from the quagmire into which crude Marxianism has plunged them; many more compromises with Capitalism will be necessary before Russia is on her feet again. But we direct the attention of our British Bolshevists to the demonstrated fact that even if they refuse to "compromise" their principles before the "heavy civil war," they will be driven to compromise them afterwards. For venturing to look over the hedge to suggest that a little "compromise" at this moment would save the nation a great deal of trouble, supporters of the scheme for bringing about economic democracy without blood and tears are dispatched to Coventry. The Russian "Communist" Government boldly steals the horse amid the applause of the very people who condemn us.

As It Were.

FINANCIER: Very well, you know what you have to do: to persuade an effective majority of the working classes, first, that England is now a poor country, and, second, that increased production is the only remedy for high prices and unemployment. I must say that *how* you are going to do it passes my comprehension!

PUBLICITY AGENT: That's the trick of *my* trade, Sir. You'll see that I shall do it.

(*After a Month.*)

FINANCIER: I told you it couldn't be done. Look at it! Labour saying it's all nonsense that we are poor in face of 300 different kinds of motor cars in this country; and pointing to a constant increase in the amount of unemployment side by side with increased production. I *thought* you had taken on an impossible job!

PUBLICITY AGENT: That's trifling; we have only just begun. You must expect a little opposition to begin with. Give me another month, and I absolutely guarantee the results.

FINANCIER: What! in face of the facts?

PUBLICITY AGENT: It's not facts that count, but opinions; and I make opinions.

FINANCIER: Very well, then, go ahead. Another month.

(*After another Month.*)

FINANCIER: I must say it's wonderful! You are a marvel. Everywhere I go now, people are saying the same thing. The wealthy are bemoaning their poverty; and the working classes are telling each other that they've got to produce more or starve. Wonderful! Wonderful! And yet I see that THE NEW AGE and one or two other papers continue to point to the facts. How did you get over them?

PUBLICITY AGENT: You're asking for my secret.

FINANCIER: Well, I suppose I am. Have you any objection to telling me? It wont go any farther, you know.

PUBLICITY AGENT: I don't mind in the least if it does. It wouldn't be a real secret if its disclosure could affect it. The beauty of the secret is that everybody knows it.

FINANCIER: Come again; I don't cotton on, as they say.

PUBLICITY AGENT: Well, let's put it simply. How many times do you think the statements have been published that we are a poor country and that increased production is the only remedy for high prices and unemployment? What's your rough estimate?

FINANCIER: Well, I've seen it myself a score of times I should say, in different places.

PUBLICITY AGENT: One hundred million times in the last two months, Sir!

FINANCIER: One hundred million?

PUBLICITY AGENT: Reckon the circulations of the papers in which these statements have appeared, not once, but scores of times. Then there are the wall-posters; and then, most effective of all, the train and lunch conversations of people whose only topic of conversation is what they have last read. I reckon modestly that these statements have been actually printed a hundred million times, but they have been gratuitously repeated in conversation hundreds of millions of times.

FINANCIER: What about the contradictions that have appeared?

PUBLICITY AGENT: For every contradiction the statements have been repeated at least ten thousand times. It's a mere matter of arithmetic. Numbers tell with numbers. Tell a lie a thousand times and the truth once, and the truth stands no earthly. That's my secret!

FINANCIER: It seems to me very degrading to human nature; you must have a low opinion of mankind.

PUBLICITY AGENT: Not at all, only a just one. You and I are under the same temptation; only, in this case, we happen to be master of it. By the way, you haven't changed your own opinion about the statements? You think they are lies?

FINANCIER: I'm not so sure. It seems to me that we *must* be a poor country after such a war. After all, everybody says so.

PUBLICITY AGENT: That's my secret!

R. M.

World Affairs.

CONTINUING our summary survey of world-psychology, we are brought next to the tremendous problem of China. Upon any showing, China must needs be a key-problem in the future of the human race. Numbering a quarter of the population of the globe, and extraordinarily compacted into a homogeneous area of the world's surface, China may be said to be the ethnic focus of the Yellow race and significant, therefore, precisely to the degree that the Yellow race itself is significant. There can be nothing done by the Yellow race without the active co-operation of China. We might even add that the whole of the so-called Peril of Colour is primarily and conditionally the Chinese Peril. Without China, Japan is shorn of her right arm; and since Japan alone possesses the potentiality of the leadership of the Coloured revolt against the White race, the renaissance of Asia depends upon the renaissance of China.

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Psychologically considered, China may be said to represent the norm of the Father-aspect of pan-humanity, as the English people may, on the whole, be said to represent the norm of the Son-aspect. Recalling our earlier classification, China symbolises and embodies the permanent unconscious of Man, while England symbolises and embodies the permanent character of Man's consciousness. It is no accident that we speak of John Chinaman and John Bull, for there is a profound complementary affinity between the two racial types. The Chinese are the English of the unconscious East, and the English are the Chinese of the conscious West. If the Chinese should ever "wake up" in a psychological sense, they would be almost indistinguishable in character from the English. If, on the other hand, the English should "regress" into the unconscious they would more and more resemble the Chinese. Even to the ordinary observer, the similarities of the two peoples are on the surface. The latest official account of the Chinese people (presented by the English Foreign Office to the Versailles delegates) might be applied verbatim et literatim to the English themselves. "A sober, industrious race, highly endowed with judgment, good sense and tenacity . . . . of high individual morality . . . . easy-going and amiable." There is a magic in the two peoples which is also strangely similar. Magic is effect with effort, effect without apparent cause; and nothing is more striking in both the Chinese and the English than their effortless wisdom, their effortless sagacity. Every Chinaman, it has been said, is wise and philosophic by instinct; and every Englishman, it can as well be said, is sagacious and philosophic by intuition.

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Looking at it a little more profoundly, we see that the resemblances between the two races are complementary rather than identical. The instinctive is the characteristic of the unconscious, of the Father—"who doeth all things well"; while the intuitive, in its effortlessness, is the characteristic of the conscious, that is to say, of the Son. From this point of view, the Chinese may be said to represent the celestial infancy of the human race; the race, so to say, in its cradle under the watchful care of the Father or the collective Unconscious. The English, on the other hand, are children of a larger growth; they are under the care of the Son in his unfallen condition and while still in unconscious harmony with the Father. Again, it is not for nothing that the Chinese refer to China as the Middle Kingdom, the Kingdom of Balance; nor is it without significance that England has always attempted to pursue the policy of the Balance of Power. Balance, in the sense of preserving the norm, is the common peculiarity of both peoples; but whereas the Balance of China is an instinctive sense, derived from the unconscious, the English Balance is an intuitive power that has its hidden roots in conscious Reason. The Chinese could never give an account of themselves, even if pressed; but the reasons of the English intuition are too many for words. Hence both peoples are silent; the one from defect, the other from excess, of reason. Father and Son rest silent in their work.

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It would be possible to extend our analogies between the East and the West, the Unconscious and the Conscious of Mankind, with some interesting results. After all, the conscious is "drawn out" of the unconscious; and it would, therefore, follow that all the typical characteristics of the conscious West are to be found in an embryotic form in the unconscious East. For example, we have said that China is unconscious England, as England is China conscious. But is not Japan, by common consent, the Prussian Germany of the East; and is not India the unconscious foreshadowing of—America? In any practical consideration of world-affairs, such large considerations are essential as a background of policy if only as a frame-work within which to examine the details; and more and more, as the Aryan race becomes conscious of its mission of organising the world functionally, such considerations will have to be taken into account.

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Psycho-analysis has revealed or restored to us the knowledge that the unconscious contains equal potentialities for good and evil. Demon est deus inversus; and out of the same mouth may come either blessings or curses. As the focus and norm of the Unconscious of Mankind, China, it will thus be seen, is pregnant with possibilities of two utterly different kinds. It will not be forgotten that Chinese "Celestials" may on occasion become "Chinese devils"; and the popular fact may serve to illustrate our thesis that China may equally well become the greatest scourge of the world or the world's greatest blessing. Psycho-analysis has revealed to us once more that the outcome of the unconscious is largely dependent upon the character of the psycho-analyst. We are not attributing to the psycho-analyst the power to create what does not exist; the psycho-analyst is essentially different even from the hypnotist. But in so far as his methods evoke from the unconscious what is already there, it is within his power both to choose what shall be evoked and, thereafter, what the evocation shall become. Sublimation is the term used to describe the beneficent transformation of an unconscious into a conscious power; and the object of the sublimation is the adaptation of the unconscious to the conscious service of the world. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, just as easily, not sublimation but diabolisation can be brought about, with the result that the powers called from the vasty deeps of the unconscious may be diabolic powers operative in the conscious and visible world. As with the individual unconscious, so with Mankind's unconscious in general. What we call the East, whose seat is China, may be said, therefore, to contain powers whose evocation may be a matter of the highest happiness or greatest curse for conscious Mankind. If the evoking intelligence, that which stirs China to thought, should be of the diabolic order—and all that this need mean is that its object in awakening China should be anti-Aryan in the sense previously defined—then in all certainty the active outcome of the process would be the liberation of the "wrath of God." And nothing, we believe, could stand before it. As helpless as an individual is when "possessed" by a liberated "phobia" or "idée fixe," so upon a greater scale would the Western conscious mind be before an Eastern unsublimated or diabolised release of unconscious suppressions. On the other hand, if the awakening should take place under the direction of a benevolent intelligence, anxious to enlist in the world's service greater powers than are yet consciously realised, the potency for good which China contains is im-

measurable. Already we see in the marvellous Tao, in Chinese art and letters, in Chinese culture and character, what divine gifts are contained in the Chinese unconscious; and they are the world's for the world's asking. Richer than any material treasure-house, the Chinese racial character contains many mansions filled with psychological and spiritual blessings, whose "exploitation" by the conscious West, in the spirit of benevolence, would enrich the world to the glory of God and Man. The question for the world, and for the Aryan race in particular, is who shall unlock the casket of the East.

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We shall consider the possibilities later; but let us here remark that there are certain races with an instinctive gift for dealing with the unconscious whether of individuals or of races. It is common knowledge that certain people have an uncanny knack of "stirring up," in one sense or another, the unconscious of others, either to lift them "beyond themselves" or to degrade them until they are "not themselves." And it is, furthermore, common knowledge that certain races have this power in a greater or less degree and with results equally contrasted. The Jews, for example, as we have already seen, are peculiarly potent in their effect upon the unconscious everywhere. The conscious part of the individuals or peoples with whom the Jews are brought in contact may have its own ideas and even feelings regarding them; they may be "friendly" or the reverse; but, in any case, side by side with a conscious "affect," there is usually an unconscious "affect," more often than not one of estrangement if not of instinctive dislike. So it is also with the English, whose mere presence among other races is often of catalytic effect. Consciously, the English may believe themselves to be influencing this way or that the people with whom they mix; but, almost invariably, their far greater effects are upon the unconscious. In general, and even in spite of themselves, the English tend to stir the unconscious races to imitation.

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Jewish and English psycho-analysis is, however, mainly instinctive, or, perhaps, intuitive. (Observe that the best psycho-analysts are English or, at any rate, Aryan; and next are the Jews.) There is a people, however, whose effect on the unconscious is not only a gift of nature, but a work of art. We refer to the Japanese. Without the shadow of a doubt, the Japanese are the greatest present formative influence in the unconscious of Mankind. That, given a clearly realised purpose, the English with their natural gift for influencing the unconscious, could easily surpass the Japanese in the art of racial psycho-analysis we confidently affirm. The functional organisation of the world, under the direction of intelligence and intuition, could not be the mission of the Aryan race if the means did not exist within the easy reach of the Aryan norm, the English people. On the other hand, nature with even a little art is superior to nature without art; and for the present it must be said that the Chinese unconscious is much more under the direction of Japan than under the direction of the Aryan mind. Without instituting moral comparisons, let us ask, however, which is for the superior good of the world as a whole —that the psycho-analysis of China should be made by Japan or by Europe? We have seen what are the equal potencies of the Chinese unconscious; they are the Father in his wrath, or the Father in his benignity. With what *motives* must Japan, taking her position into account, arouse China? Nay, what are the motives Japan openly avows? We cannot blame Japan. The West, that should and could order the world intelligently, has neglected its mission. It gropes for power and domination, sword in hand. What wonder if Japan, contemplating the sleeping god-devil of China, should think to awaken the East "to see the West to bed"?

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

THE autumn session of the National Assembly of the Church of England has taken place, and the only extraordinary thing about it is the indifference with which it has been received. That indifference is not justified simply by the banality of the things which were said, for the deliberations of great bodies have by their nature more interest than the intrinsic interest of what is uttered at them. The speeches delivered all over the country outside the House of Commons, for example, are generally more able than those spoken within; yet the latter, even to-day when Parliament is universally scorned, arouse more attention than these simply because Parliament is still a great institution. Were the Church of England, then, at present a living Church, the questions discussed at it, by virtue of being Church questions, would be followed eagerly by the public. But we all feel indifferent to them: and that is the proof that we really do not care whether the Church of England continues to exist or not. This is partly, no doubt, the fault of the clergy. They spoke at the recent conference like the board of directors of a limited liability company. The only religious idea which was expressed came from a layman, Lord Hugh Cecil affirming that "man owed his supreme allegiance not to the idea of patriotism, but to God as revealed in our Lord Jesus Christ." And that should have been said in Parliament, on the housetops, in any place, in fact, where men would be startled by it, and might therefore realise the truth. Nothing which is said by the Church of England is now believed by the public. The fate of churches is ironical. While they are alive everything they say is believed, whether it is true or false; but when they are dead they are not believed even when they tell the truth. A true saying, therefore, should only be uttered nowadays outside the church.

It is the sin of barbarous peoples to mistake their faults for virtues. The Germans, as we all said during the war, took their worst qualities for the symbol of their superiority to the remainder of Europe. And we are not free from the fault in this country. In a review of Mr. John Buchan's biography of the Grenfell brothers, the "Spectator" allows itself to be as unashamedly uncivilised as it might have been withou notice before the war. Listen to this, and note hov comfortably this journal still snores on after its four years' sleep through Armageddon. "It would be quite easy for an unfriendly critic," it says, "to go through the book and show from the twins' own mouths how poorly equipped they were after some six years spent at the most expensive school in the world. They had learnt nothing so well as how to hunt Eton beagles. They were, as they themselves would have sadly admitted, half illiterate. . . . . But though the denouncer of our 'preposterous system' could prove all this . . . he would be utterly in the wrong. The twins had learnt something at their school which was not only in itself far more precious than book-learning, but which, curiously enough, gives the best foundation for true literary learning. What they got at school was the precious gift of character—the power to know themselves and to know others, to lead and to be led, to obey and to command. . . . They had acquired the most valuable of earthly things: the gift of knowing the true man from the false, or, as they would have said, the rotter from the good'un." Sycophancy, that form of vicarious self-satisfaction which is the worst of all, can go no further. One does not know whether the "Spectator" is licking the patent calf uppers of England, or vaingloriously asking the remainder of the world to show anything to equal this: whether it is writing from the drawing-room to the pantry, or from the pantry to the drawing-room. It should be reminded, however, that there are other products of Eton than the Grenfells, and they will be found described in Colonel Repington's "Diary" and in Mrs. Asquith's

"Memoirs." As for the qualities which the "Spectator" attributes to Eton, these the English possess as a race. What distinguishes us as a people is precisely "the precious gift of character," "the gift of knowing the true man from the false," "the power to lead and to be led"; and these will be found as easily in a Clyde shipyard or a Lancashire cotton mill as in the class who have been initiated into the unintelligent mysteries of Eton. Education is still to those in whose name the "Spectator" writes a sort of Mumbo Jumbo which is safe, immemorial, known, while the culture of the mind is regarded as a dangerous experiment. Nevertheless, it is the cultivation of the mind that England needs most. What is it that Eton teaches its scholars? It is how to deal with people whom they meet face to face. But the problem for the future is how to deal with people whom we shall never see, but whose hostility, friendship or indifference may be sufficient to destroy not merely England, but the world. The world requires, infinitely more than character, mind; for even men of no character at all do not like to see the world going to pieces, and without mind go to pieces it must. Eton is educating boys for life in the eighteenth century. Unfortunately, we are living in the twentieth.

The competitions started by the newspapers are generally either childish or vicious, but the one recently announced by the "Berliner Morgenpost" is certainly more civilised than any we have yet seen in this country. That paper is about to institute a "Good Manners Week" for Greater Berlin. The well-mannered selected for approval will be asked to attend a sort of tribunal where the exact value of their actions will be assessed, and—one must admit the worst—a number of rewards will be given. Granted that the idea is journalistic, and with the taint of meanness which all journalism has, it will do good at least by raising a discussion upon an important matter. Already it has led the "Morning Post" to ask whether our own manners are decaying, and to reply to the question by saying that our railway porters and Labour agitators are not polite. This diagnosis has all the stiff-necked unrepentance of pre-war Conservatism. We all know what the "Morning Post" understands by courtesy in porters and agitators: it is deference to the rich, all the qualities which by proxy make the rich comfortable. There is never a hint that the upper classes can be guilty of bad manners—not a twinge of self-questioning by the "Morning Post." And this when the decadence of manners, and with manners of standards, among the wealthy, is one of the clearest symptoms of our age.

Everyone must have noticed the alteration in the illustrations upon magazine covers during the in the illustrations upon magazine covers during the last few years. I stopped before a book-stall the other day, and among a score or so of magazines with illustrated covers only three had the representation of anything else than a woman's head—I think they had pictures of trains, or trees, or men, or some other irrelevancy. Ten years ago the public taste was different: there were either no illustrations or illustrations of scenes of adventure. This comparatively sudden eruption of the heads of cocottes must connote some public change in the conception of romantic love. Our sentimentality has become less naïve than it used to be; where it once was merely ignorant, it is now tainted as well. Purity twenty years ago was considered woman's most seductive quality; her most seductive quality to-day is seductiveness. In our imagination—for it is only an imaginary debauch, after all, that we indulge in the magazines—we are sensual with more resource and with more sophistication than we used to be. What the magazine covers indicate, indeed, is a sophistication of the sentiments which is becoming common. There is at present a minute germ of abnormality in the most normal uneducated people.

EDWARD MOORE.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE revival of "Milestones" at the Royalty Theatre reminds me that, for some unknown reason, I have never expressed an opinion of the play. The revival provides the most perfect example of ensemble playing in London; and these people have the sense of period, the sense of clothes, as well as the sense of character. We do not associate independence with the crinoline, but Miss Haidée Wright combined them successfully; nor do we regard the bustle as a symbol of common-sense, but Miss Ethel Coleridge showed us that they were not incompatible. There was the struggle of genius with "expert opinion" even in the days of padded shoulders and strapped trousers; Mr. Dennis Eadie had no difficulty in expressing inspiration in a stock, or cravat, or whatever that particular form of neck-gear was called. His subsequent career, though, suggested that he never outgrew his stock; after the one flash of perception that made his fortune, he never opened his "bonnet" to another "bee," never, to keep to the original figure, unthrottled himself again. On the contrary, he seemed to be chiefly concerned to impose the "stock" on every other genius, as though the handicaps of the last generation were necessary qualifications for this. He had foreseen the future of iron ships; but there was, to him, nothing but nonsense in the idea of the application of steam-power to shipping, and the poor old man would have died of apoplexy at the thought of the Diesel engine, or the adaptation of the Humphrey's pump to shipping. Faraday, towards the end of his life, warned his generation against presumptuous judgment as the besetting vice of his time; he had suffered from it himself in the matter of electric lighting, for example; but the Sibleys and John Rhead in "Milestones" embody the vice, and profess it as a virtue—a failing from which we are by no means free in this generation.

I need hardly say that it is this aspect of the play that most appeals to me; the age-long warfare of the creative against the traditional spirit is, to me, the type of universal tragedy. It cannot be helped; both tendencies are necessary to life, each of us, even the genius, has them warring within himself. But for theatrical purposes, "Milestones" lays the extreme emphasis on the love interest. It is not the reaction of conservatism on the mind of man that is the burden of the play; with the complacency that never deserts the Englishman, it is assumed that there will always be enough genius to enable the next step to be taken, and that its reward of snubs and servitude, its payment of more kicks than ha'pence, the imposition of every possible obstacle between the man and his objects, will in no way check or distort the spirit of discovery. Apollo may sérve Admetus—for a time; but there is such a fundamental difference between them, their very values differ in toto, that, sooner or later, they must part. The utter lack of comprehension of the genius by the commercial mind is nowhere better illustrated than in an incident in the "Life of Pasteur." Napoleon III, and his Empress, expressed surprise that Pasteur should not endeavour to turn his discoveries and their applications to a source of legitimate profit. "In France," replied Pasteur, "scientists would consider that they lowered themselves by doing so." He was convinced, continues Radot, that a man of pure science would complicate his life, the order of his thoughts, and risk paralysing his inventive faculties, if he were to make money by his discoveries. For instance, if he had followed up the industrial results of his studies on vinegar, his time would have been too much, and too regularly occupied, and he would not have been free for new researches. It is symptomatic of this difference that Prof. Soddy should see in the various striving towards Socialism an analogy with the communistic spirit of science; and John Rhead, in "Milestones," is naturally, but stupidly, surprised to

discover that Arthur Preece, the genius of his works, is a Socialist. It would seem that capitalist civilisation is a parasite on the communism of invention; it will take from each according to his means, it will not return to each according to his needs.

But there is none of this explicit in "Milestones"; the emphasis, as I have said, is laid on the love-interest, on the waste of what we may call "vital" creation, and not on the waste of mental creation. "Milestones" shows us that it is the women who suffer, although it is not clear to me how they suffer. They choose celibacy or marriage, and their choice is determined by what they hold most dear. If any of these women showed a passion commensurate with that of the men, one could sympathise with them—but they do not. John Rhead could stake his future on his idea, dissolve his partnership, forgo his marriage, for it; and win through at last. But Rose Sibley tamely let him go, bowed to the authority of her brother and her father. She preferred comfort to civilisation; she wanted the fruits of struggle without the exertion of it, she was incapable of passion. She forsook her lover precisely because she had no vital impulse towards him; and the fact that their subsequent marriage was sterile, and that she regretted her barrenness only because the title would have no direct heir, demonstrates the reason.

If we consider Gertrude Rhead (and Miss Haidée Wright does her wonderful best to make her a tragic figure), we are no nearer a tragic conflict. Rose Sibley had neither vital nor intellectual passion; Gertrude Rhead had intellectual passion, but no vitality. She quarrelled with her lover about ideas; she believed in the future of iron ships, he did not; the idea was not her own, but she espoused it. The difference was symbolic, of course; he objected to her cloak because it was "original"; and his tendency was to say to every new thing: "I don't believe it," like the man who saw a giraffe for the first time. But her "independence" was not a matter of much moment; she only wanted to do what she liked, not what she must. She had nothing to urge in favour of iron ships; and so far as I could gather, it did not matter to her whether ships were built of concrete or papiér-maché. There was no reason (and a passion is the most powerful of reasons) why she should have renounced her lover—unless we admit a desire for mastery as a reason. She made a bid for mastery, and failed; she made another bid when Emily Rhead was about to make history repeat itself, and failed again; she made a third bid when the Hon. Muriel Pym was confronted with the same problem, and failed again. She had not wanted her man, or any other man (a vulgar, but vital, woman got him); all that she wanted was a right of dictation to other people, and there was no apparent reason why she should have it. She propagated the legend that happiness, for women, consisted in marrying their first love; but really the women in this play show such unerringly wrong instincts in their choice that another "Milestones" might be written showing the awful consequences that would have followed if Gertrude Rhead's counsel had been acted on by them. Sam Sibley, announcing that there is nothing shameful in being a father, and solemnly pushing a perambulator ("rubber-tyred") containing the son and heir of Nancy and himself, has developed considerably more than he would have done under the badgering, nagging command of the sterile Gertrude Rhead. She only knew "what happiness meant"; Nancy achieved it, and the mother-passion flashed when her son was refused as a suitor for the Hon. Muriel Pym. A conflict between her maternal passion and the genius that is three times manifested in the play would have been tragic; as it is, "'Milestones" does not rise above the sentimentalism of "Locksley Hall," although, like that poem, it does feebly enough preach the importance of the "vital" values. But I prefer Ruskin and Nietzsche on this point.

Readers and Writers.

IN January there is to be published the first quarterly issue of a "Revue de Littérature Comparé" (M. Champion, 5, Quais Malaquais, Paris; 40 francs a year.) "Since the war," the prospectus reminds, or is it informs, us, "everybody knows that every national literature is in a large measure conditioned by that of its neighbours," or, as I have put it before, it takes the whole world of letters to make a national literature nowadays. The "Revue," therefore, will aim at re-establishing the "Republic of Letters," on a wider foundation, not, however, with the intention of confusing national literature in an indistinct mass of cosmopolitanism, but with the purpose of defining each "according to its contribution to the common effort of culture." It is a high aim, and I am sure that particular of my colleagues will welcome it. The preliminary list of subjects shows a fairly wide range. On the other hand, the whole "Revue," I gather, is to be published in the French language; and with all due respect for French I must say that this appears to me to be a profound mistake. If one of the two editors were English, if there were a contributory editorial body of several European nationalities, the question of language might, perhaps, be waived. As it is, I see in it a sign of what I can only call arrogance, the assumption that French literary culture is a perfect synonym of what ought to be European culture. But this is not the case, whatever our own young Gallomaniacs may say; and if it has been untrue for the last ten or twenty years, it is likely to be less true than ever to-morrow. "Everybody knows" that there are European elements that are unintelligible to the average Frenchman of letters, and that even cannot be expressed in French at all. Furthermore, they are, I believe, the very elements that have been hitherto missing from European literature, and for one reason among others, that they could not "speak French." The newest elements of the Slav genius are foreign to France; and likewise the oldest elements of Aryan culture are unsympathetic to the French genius. It follows that, unless the new editors are also new Frenchmen—of the school, let us say, of of M. Saurat, who himself is in the tradition of M. Boutroux—their "Revue de Littérature Comparé" is likely to be more French than European. As such it will naturally have only a small circulation outside of France.

* * *

Sir George Greenwood's brochure on "Shakspere's Handwriting" (Lane, 2s. net) only interests me as a spectator of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy; in which combat I confidently expect that both parties will ultimately be defeated, since I am more and more certain that neither of them wrote a line of the plays. Sir George Greenwood has no difficulty, and exhibits none, in disposing of the "lovers' claim" of the Stratfordians that the Harlesian MS. of "Sir Thomas More" was partly written by the hand of Shakespeare, on the evidence of the similarity of his alleged six signatures. In the first place, the similarity rests on "expert" evidence which is notoriously equivocal; and, in the second place, the authenticity of the signatures themselves is not allowed by everybody. As a practised penman myself, I admit the possibility that Shakespeare wrote a worse hand the older he became; but never can I accept any of his alleged signatures as the handiwork of a penman however practised to death. In a delirium nobody who had held a pen as long as the writer of the plays could have perpetrated such infantile and illiterate scrawls; and when we recall the fact that not only could not Shakespeare's father sign his own name, but neither could his two surviving children, the squalid illiteracy of the whole Stratford family seems to me to be as good as proved. The Stratford legend, however, dies hard. Moreover, I am sure it will not die of Bacon.

A diversion has been introduced into the controversy by the publication of Mr. J. T. Looney's "Shakespeare Identified" (Cecil Palmer, 21s. net). Convinced, like many of us, that neither the Stratford man nor Bacon wrote the plays, and feeling the need to provide a reasonable alternative hypothesis, Mr. Looney (instead of applying to me!) set himself to look in the Elizabethan annals for somebody who might conceivably have been the author of Shakespeare. He had not Hamlet's ghost of an idea of any such person when he began his search; but being provided with the specifications of the missing figure, he naturally began to look among the Elizabethan lyric poets. There he fixed upon Edward de Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford, as, on the whole, and in his judgment the most "Shakespearian" of them all; and after this it was a matter of research to discover whether the rest of the specifications of the missing author were to be found in the life and personality of his noble protégé. The parallels he draws from his researches into the history of the 17th Earl of Oxford are certainly striking; and the incautious reader might well be induced to agree at the end of them that "thou art the man." Apart, however, from certain historical improbabilities that have been pointed out, the competent literary critic will not have moved from Mr. Looney's first and fundamental assumption, namely, that the verse of Edward de Vere contains the promise of Shakespeare. I refuse to marvel that Mr. Looney can have been so blind to literary values as to imagine that de Vere could have written Shakespeare. Equally astonishing judgments are made every day by professed literary critics; and in the case of Shakespeare in particular it may safely be said that no critic has ever succeeded in disentangling the true from the pseudo-Shakespeare in the plays, and that a canon of Shakespeare is still to be set up. For us, however, a very little comparison of the two men's work is all that is necessary to dispose of Mr. Looney's hypothesis for ever and ever. Even if the historical parallels had turned out to be implacable; if it should even have been proved that Oxford published the plays—the evidence of his own verse would have acquitted him of writing the plays. The plays were not in him and could not have come out of him. To be even more exact, Edward de Vere could not have possibly written a single true Shakespearian line.

* * *

Here are two of the many parallels Mr. Looney offers us of the work of Oxford and Shakespeare. In "Othello" Shakespeare writes:

If I do find her haggard,
Though that my kisses were my dear heart strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To play at fortune.

And de Vere:

Like haggards wild they range,
Those gentle birds that fly from man to man.
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist.
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list.

Again, in one of the sonnets Shakespeare writes:

Lo! here the lark, weary of nest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning from whose silver breast
The sun arises in his majesty;
Who doth the world so glowingly behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.

And thus Mr. Looney's de Vere:

The lively lark stretched forth her wings
The messenger of morning bright;
And with her cheerful voice did sing
The day's approach discharging Night.
When that Autumn, blushing red
Descried the guilt of Thetis' bed.

* * *

Mr. Looney rests his whole hypothesis on the assumption that these passages from de Vere contain the "natural seeds and clear promise" of the parallel passages from Shakespeare; in a word, that the authors were the same. But is it really necessary to disprove it by detailed criticism? Is not a glance by eye or ear sufficient? They *look* different; and that is enough in itself; but to the ear their rhythms compare as walking with the flight of a bird. The passage from the sonnets is not, indeed, Shakespeare at his best, but it is worlds away from the Dr. Dodd-like metrical commonplaceness of the corresponding passage of de Vere. And in the "Othello" passage the characteristic Shakespearean line (the third) would be unattainable by the author of the parallel passage though he should give three lines to poetry. Whoever fails to realise this will probably agree with Mr. Looney. R. H. C.

Exploitation and the Socialist Tradition.

By Ida G. Hyett.

A COMPREHENSIVE definition of "Socialism" has not yet been achieved, and will not be attempted here. But a rough test is provided by the conception of EXPLOITATION. It may safely be asserted that all theories which lay stress on the economic exploitation of one class by another, and are aimed at the abolition of such exploitation, are in the line of Socialist tradition. Orthodox economists have constantly endeavoured to prove that systematic exploitation forms no part of our economic system; but among Socialists the only differences have arisen over the questions (1) Who are the exploiters and who the exploited? (2) How does exploitation take place? and (3) What is the best means of ending it? In recent years the various schools of Socialists have been distinguished chiefly by their answers on the third point, general agreement having apparently been reached on (1) and (2). This, however, was not always the case, and with the advent of Major Douglas' theory of credit-control it has become necessary to reopen these questions and challenge the answers to them given by Marx and accepted by the whole Socialist movement since his day.

That in so doing we shall be accused of attacking a fundamental doctrine of Socialism is a foregone conclusion. It may be well to remind ourselves, therefore, that early Socialist theories only drew attention to the exploitation of the poor by the rich; and that, when the operation of the social system was first perceived to be somehow responsible for the creation of paupers and millionaires, at least two widely different explanations were put forward by Socialists. Owen and the co-operators held that wealth was absorbed by the middleman from the consumer; Marx and the industrialists that it was absorbed by the capitalist producer from the wage-earner. The theory of the middleman need not detain us, though it inspired the co-operative movement, and its influence can be traced in the arguments of Fabians and German State-Socialists. The point to note is that Owen, no less than Proudhon or Sir Thomas More, ranks as a Socialist, though he approached the social problem from another side than Marx. The same holds good of the new doctrine. As Marxians we may rule it out of court; as Socialists we are bound to recognise in it an offshoot of our own tradition.

Since, however, the earlier theories are discredited, and that of Marx still holds the field, the points at issue between supporters of the Douglas theory and their Socialist opponents will be those on which that theory departs from the conclusions of Marx—from the assumptions, that is, underlying the creeds of Labour Parties, Bolshevists, Syndicalists, and even National Guildsmen. An attempt to elucidate these points may perhaps help all parties to realise what are the alternatives between which they are called on to decide.

The Marxian theory of exploitation may be briefly stated as follows :—

(1) All marketable wealth is the product of Labour.

(2) The difference between the value of the wealth created by and of the wages paid to the hired worker constitutes the "surplus value" from which all capital and all income that is not wages is derived. ("Whatever be the proportion of surplus value which the industrial capitalist retains for himself, or yields up to others, he is the one who, in the first instance, appropriates it."—"Capital." Introduction to Part VII. "In every case the working-class creates by the surplus labour of one year the capital destined to employ additional labour in the following year." —*Ibid.* Chapter XXIV.)

(3) Consequently, our whole industrial, financial and social system is built on the exploitation of labour-power.

As a description of the early phases of Capitalism the above statement is no doubt substantially accurate. The small master-clothier who bought the product of the looms or gathered them into his "factory," having little else to exploit, carved his profits out of the craftsman's product, which profits in time provided him with mechanical plant. So Capitalism began. But this was only the starting-point of another process, by which a more profitable form of exploitation took the place of the earlier form. As an analysis of full-blown Capitalism, Marx's magnificent effort will not stand. Hitherto, broadly speaking, it has been accepted by those who indict and rejected by those who accept the Capitalist system. In the light of Major Douglas's analysis it is now possible to question its accuracy without throwing doubt on the fundamental part played by exploitation under Capitalism.

Does Labour create all wealth, even all marketable wealth? "Land, Capital, and Labour" was the old reply which Marx set out to demolish. He reduces the factors to two: capital and labour, and then contends that the value of all capital is that of the labour embodied in it and nothing more. His case would be strong if Labour and Capital were indeed the only creators of wealth. But in the course of his argument he is forced to admit that the capitalist has other resources upon which to draw. "The productive forces resulting from co-operation and division of labour cost capital nothing. They are natural forces of social labour. . . . Science, generally speaking, costs the capitalist nothing, a fact that by no means hinders him from exploiting it."—("Capital," Chapter XV, Section 2.) Now these three factors—co-operation, science and the forces of nature—are not, as Marx here recognises, the product of Labour, yet they contribute to the wealth of society. By their progress the wealth of nations is increased. To whom is this increase to be credited? Marx maintains that these forces only enable the industrial capitalist to exploit labour more effectively : i.e., to extract *a larger amount of surplus value* per worker, that value being still created by Labour alone. "But all methods for raising the social productive power of Labour that are developed on this basis are at the same time methods for the increased production of surplus-value or surplus-product, which in its turn is the formative element of accumulation."—("Capital," Chapter XXV, Section 2.)

It will be seen that when he talks of "raising the social productive power of Labour" Marx assumes that there is an increase of value in the labour, from which the capitalist can draw his surplus-value. In other words, just as the economists of his day credited to the capitalist the increased wealth due to science, invention and organisation, so Marx *credits it to labour.* But neither assumption is justified. The workers of to-day may indeed be instrumental in producing a larger amount of wealth with the same expenditure of energy as was formerly necessary to produce a much smaller quantity. But since they neither invented the devices nor created the conditions which enable them to produce to greater advantage it is not possible to credit *their labour* with the difference. Marx tries to get out of the difficulty by calling the agent of progress "social labour." But it is not by labour of any kind alone that the modern community enriches itself. Mere passive association, mere consumption of the product, also play their part, no less than the thought and activities of scientists, administrators, artists, women and others for which the wage-earners, as such, cannot claim the credit.

The argument that social wealth cannot be utilised without some expenditure of labour carries no weight. The smallest part of a machine may be indispensable, but cannot therefore be credited with the productive capacity of the whole. The value of labour-power has not risen, socially speaking, in consequence of social progress; on the contrary, it has fallen, because less of it is now required to supply the wants of society. Marx in fact fell into the bourgeois error of assuming that because labour-power is worth more *to the capitalist* under a developed than under a primitive system of production it is therefore worth more to society; whereas the contrary is the case. In fact, so little labour-power is necessary to modern production that an increasing proportion of the population is permanently unemployed. This shrinkage in the social value of labour is the most startling phenomenon of the commercial era, and has never been fairly faced either by Socialists or their opponents. Far from labour creating all wealth, the vast proportion of the world's wealth to-day is neither the creation of "labour" (the actual human effort involved) nor of "capital" (the actual plant employed in production), nor of both combined, but is a free gift of civilised society to its members. Thus, while there is ample wealth for all, perhaps no single worker can be truly said to "earn" his share.

Little of this wealth, however, is allowed to reach the consumer, as the early economists naïvely supposed that it must automatically do. It is true that the first effect of machinery was to lower prices; but this was followed by a period of yet more rapid mechanical progress in which prices first ceased to fall and then began slowly to rise. Finally, during the war, an astounding increase in labour-saving and technical efficiency coincided with an equally astounding rise in prices. It is evident that, had the consumer benefited in proportion to the advance made, or, rather, had no counteracting process been at work, prices would by the present day have reached an incredibly low figure. Major Douglas has for the first time described this process. The more far-sighted capitalists, looking round for a means by which to divert the flow of social wealth from the consumer into their own pockets, invented financial credit, a device which turns the real credit of the community into an instrument for the enrichment of a few. Every capitalist exploits this social increment to the best of his ability, but the amount which the landlord, the manufacturer or the merchant is able to appropriate is, under normal circumstances, strictly limited. These once redoubtable personages are now reduced to the position of vassals to the credit kings, who are able to take as tribute all gains due to the community, excepting what must be yielded in profits to capital or wages to labour in order to induce both to keep industry going.

We may now respond to the Marxian assertions with counter-assertions.

(1) Labour now creates only a small fraction (according to Major Douglas about 5 per cent.) of the total marketable wealth produced, the remainder being the creation of the community.

(2) The value created by the workers being less than

the amount paid to them in wages, there is no "surplus value" upon which to draw. All the profits of every species of capitalist are derived from communal credit.

(3) Consequently, our whole industrial, financial and social system is built on the exploitation of the public.

It must not be inferred (I hasten to add) that "the working classes" have no grievances. They have indeed a double grievance. They are denied their fair share of the national wealth, and for even the small share allotted to them they are compelled to labour long and strenuously. Small wonder that they should feel themselves wronged, or that the Marxian doctrine of exploitation through labour should have had so powerful an influence. But they injure a just cause by taking their stand on indefensible ground. It is not *as creators* but *as heirs* of wealth that they, and all of us, must to-day claim the right to our share. It is not the exploitation of labour-power that must be ended (for that no longer exists), but the *exploitation of the needs of the public* by those who control production of the necessaries of life.

While the working-class continue to ascribe their hardships to the exploitation of their labour by the employer, the middle-class insist—with equal show of reason—that the public is exploited by Labour. And the new outcry against the "profiteer" is little more than a revival of the old bogey of the middleman. Meanwhile Finance, the real profiteer, laughs at all parties, and goes on screwing up prices. The Socialist has now its opportunity to show the public *how* it is exploited and *by whom*. That in order to do so he must throw overboard an explanation which satisfied the last generation of Socialists, and be denounced as a heretic by most of his comrades, need not disturb his conscience. For in any attempt to throw light on the nature of the economic load that is breaking the backs of the people he will be following in the steps of the heroes of the Socialist faith, not least in those of Karl Marx, the inspired denouncer of a system that makes men the slaves of machines.

There is no more powerful ally of reaction than a tradition incapable of self-renewal through thought. It is not for nothing that "Economic Democracy" opens with a warning against unyielding constancy to principles. The new doctrine will prove what there is of vitality in the Socialist movement, and whether it is to be numbered in future among the forces which deliver or those which enslave.

Views and Reviews.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH—(VII).

IN suggesting that psychic research should not regard the investigation and elucidation of abnormal psychological phenomena as its sole, or most important, work, but should aim rather at a synthesis of the sciences and their correlation with sidereal phenomena, I am by no means ignorant of the difficulty of such an inquiry. The difficulty, I believe, does not lie in the sciences themselves, for the sciences, after all, are only methods of approach to reality, but in the philosophic interpretations of reality. As Huxley put it: "Materialism and Idealism; Theism and Atheism; the doctrine of the soul and its mortality or immortality—appear in the history of philosophy like the shades of Scandinavian heroes, eternally slaying one another and eternally coming to life again in a metaphysical 'Nifelheim.' It is getting on for twenty-five centuries, at least, since mankind began seriously to give their minds to these topics. Generation after generation, philosophy has been doomed to roll the stone uphill; and just as all the world swore it was at the top, down it has rolled to the bottom again. All this is written in innumerable books; and he who will toil through them will discover that the stone is just where it was when the work began. Hume saw this; Kant saw it; since their time more and more eyes have been cleansed of the films which prevented them from seeing it; until now the weight and number of those who refuse to be the prey of verbal mystification has begun to tell in practical life." I am fairly well acquainted with the general trend of what has been written since Huxley's time, but I know of nothing that has gone beyond the position outlined in his questions: "For, after all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that 'spirit' over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena."

Leaving "Spiritualism" and "Materialism" out of consideration, as being insoluble problems in our present state of ignorance, we have the whole range of experiences implied by the phrase "states of consciousness" to inquire into. Whatever causes, or conditions, a state of consciousness is germane to the enquiry; and I believe, and I think that I have stated a prima facie case for believing, that all the physiological and psychological sciences ultimately are synthesised in astrology. This is not to say that astrology is, at present, a science even so well organised or demonstrable as say, that of empirical medicine; astrological literature is full of lofty scornful phrases about "modern science," but there is remarkably little of the scientific spirit among the well-known astrologers. "Zadkiel" has attacked "Raphael," Alan Leo, H. S. Green and others; everybody combines to attack "Raphael"; "Sepharial" runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds, professing "science" at one time and "occult knowledge" at another. The Hebrew archangels of astrology are at one another's throats; there is war in Heaven; and it seems impossible to get any concerted action from them. The British Astrological Society has recently been formed for the purposes of research; I have been to several of its meetings, and found the usual collection of middle-aged women being addressed by a "mystic" on the subject of "The Playing Cards and the Great Pyramid." This lady had, I think, the most disorderly mind it has ever been my lot to encounter; she babbled about "initiations" taking place in the Great Pyramid at the present time (the "evidence" was a dream of a lady friend), and she quoted the "Challenger" reports as authority for the existence of Atlantis—although they established the theory, now disputed, of the permanence of the present distribution of land and water. Another person is to lecture on "The Vale-Owen Revelations"—but of astrological research work, I could discover no trace.

Astrology, I feel sure, would be a science were it not for the astrologers. With one notable exception, they seem to want to prove something more, something else, than astrology. Alan Leo, for example, declared: "To-day my whole belief in the science of the stars stands or falls with Karma and Re-incarnation, and I have no hesitation in saying that, without these ancient teachings, Natal Astrology has no permanent value." I have no hesitation in saying that, with these ancient teachings, astrology ceases to be a science, and attempts to become a religion; it cries: "Believe!" while science says: "Prove." It seems very clear that it was on this point that "Zadkiel" differed from all these people; in his "Text-book of Astrology," which is more like a scientific work than any other known to me, he says: "I have repeatedly protested that astrology is not 'occult.' It should be pursued and practised as a science. In the first edition (1881) of my

'Science of the Stars,' I stated that Astrologia sana has nothing whatever to do with spirit-rapping, palmistry, card-shuffling, or witchcraft; it does not lead to atheism or fatalism. As Bacon (Lord Verulam) said: 'There is no fatal necessity in the stars,' and this the more prudent astrologers have allowed."

"Zadkiel" (A. J. Pearce) is the son of a doctor, and himself was a medical student before he settled down to his half-century, and more, of astrological work. The method he pursues in his work is the scientific argumentative method; he quotes the axioms, argues for or against, quoting authorities, and giving cases. As, in Mundane (or National) Astrology, he has nearly a hundred years of prediction recorded in "Zadkiel's Almanac," he makes a far better demonstrative case than anyone else known to me, and incidentally reveals R. A. Proctor as a very ignorant critic. I particularly recommend the book (it is published by Simpkin, Marshall at a guinea, 1911 edition) to any scientifically minded reader who wants a good statement of a prima facie demonstrative case by a man of considerable culture and range of knowledge.

But the research work can only be satisfactorily performed by team-workers on masses of fact. If Sir William Beveridge can correlate phases of famine and phases of plenty with the records of barometrical pressures, and show a periodicity in their recurrence, those cycles of barometrical pressures should be susceptible of correlation with the periodical cycles of the planets. If Charles Richet can prepare a memoir, "De la Variation mensuelle de la Natalité," and present it to the French Academy of Science in 1916, showing a definite seasonal influence on conception and birth, those facts should be susceptible of correlation with the astrological formulæ. But when I begin to ask questions, I find either no answer or a confusion of answers among astrologers. In this case of Richet, he showed (I am quoting from Marie Stopes' "Radiant Motherhood") that "a notable maximum of births is found in February and March for most of the countries in the northern hemisphere, the actual maximum of births being from the 15th February to the 15th March, and thus indicating that the maximum of conceptions took place between the 5th May and the 5th June." Geocentrically, the Sun is in Pisces from about February 19 to March 20, and according to astrology, Pisces is a "fruitful" sign, and the maximum of births falls appropriately in it. But from April 21 to May 20, the Sun is in Taurus, and from May 21 to June 20 in Gemini; and the conceptions are divided between these two signs. But according to Simmonite, "Sepharial," "Raphael," and George Wilde, Gemini is a "barren" sign; according to Alan Leo and "Zadkiel," it frequently produces twins. But when I put the question to astrologers, I find that no research work has been undertaken on collected statistics which would demonstrate beyond cavil whether Gemini were a "fruitful" or a "barren" sign.

Take another case, dealing with the same sign. According to the books, Gemini is the ruling sign of London and Wales, among other places. I find the Registrar-General, in his 1911 report, declaring: "Stated in relation to unmarried women of conceptive ages, illegitimate births were most frequent in the rural districts and least so in London. They were also most frequent in Wales, and least so in the South of England." But when I ask why, if Gemini rules both London and Wales, opposite extremes should be registered in those places, no one can give me an answer; no research work on the Registrar-General's reports has ever been done, so far as I can discover. But if astrology has any claim to be regarded as a science, and a useful science, it must be able to show cause for such variations; if it cannot explain why the mortality from syphilis and tuberculosis, for example, has declined within the memory of man, if it cannot explain why, as Dr. Brend declares, "there is a marked seasonal variation with most infectious diseases, the prevalence usually rising rapidly during the Autumn months," it has no claim to be regarded as a useful science. It can only answer such questions after research work on collected statistics, and the practising astrologers seem to be ignorant of the possibility of thus establishing astrology among the sciences. I make the suggestion to the psychic researchers as one offering a more fruitful field of inquiry than the mere examination of abnormal mental phenomena.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Humours of a Parish, and Other Quaintnesses. By the Rev. W. B. Money. (The Bodley Head. 6s. 6d. net.)

The clerical sense of humour is, no doubt, a blessing to the parish that inspires it, or is inspired by it. This is, on the whole, a jolly old world, and there are poor people, and old people, in it who can make even a clergyman laugh; and Mr. Money has apparently trained himself to good humour. "I learnt to listen with love and interest to some who had bored my impatient youth, and to discern that they played a distinct part in the making of a happy family of brethren." As an aid to the discipline of other impatient youths, this book may be confidently recommended; one requires training to see the point of some of these jokes. For instance, "one year I prepared an elderly woman for Confirmation. Very soon after she was confirmed she was taken ill. I used to go to see her and try to persuade her to let me come to her cottage and give her her first Communion; but she wouldn't let me, because she was most anxious to receive it in the church. At last she came to realise that it was to be her last illness and gave in, asking me to come and administer it to her. As soon as she had asked me she burst into tears, and said: 'I did look forward to amoosin' myself with that a bit.' Dear old soul, one knew quite well what she meant, but it was a very quaint way of expressing it." Tolerance, brethren, tolerance!

The Quest of the Indies. By Richard Dark. (Blackwell. 6s. net.)

This oft-told story loses none of its interest for the younger generation; and although Mr. Dark has not the style of a romance-writer, but, as befits a member of the staff of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, writes clearly and succinctly of the facts, the facts themselves are of enthralling interest—and the adult who gives this book to an intelligent boy will be well advised to freshen his own knowledge before he attempts to answer the volley of questions it will provoke. Marco Polo, Vasco da Gama, Columbus, and the rest, still discover a new world to the imagination of the boy—and we found ourselves asking questions, and discovering our ignorance, at every stage of this narrative. The volume is illustrated with pictures, portraits, and maps; but we think that it might be made more useful to those boys who are not at the Royal Naval College if it had a chapter dealing with astronomy in connection with navigation, or if the occasional references were expanded and elucidated. The average boy not only wants to know that "the compass needle began to fail them and no longer to point directly to the pole"; he wants to know why, and what the fact meant, and Mr. Dark would have saved us some cross-examination on this point if he had explained.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

For a hundred years economists have discussed a fundamental reform of money to eliminate extreme price fluctuations. I have never known a banker who would hear them seriously. I have almost never known a banker who would interest himself practically in the proposition that the value of commodities in terms of each other is fairly constant. Commodities fluctuate to these extremes not in terms of each other but in terms of money. It is money that fluctuates. Money itself is the fetish.

When money falls in value commodities rise; and the moral sense of the world is sickened by the profiteer. When money rises in value commodities fall; and there is a train of ruin and political evils. But to any proposal that money be made subservient to the human necessity of exchanging wealth, instead of all the conditions of exchange being governed, as now is the case, by the state of money, he is stone deaf. Are people therefore doomed to serve this fetish for ever, suffering miseries of deflation? We shall see.—"The New Republic."

We understand that early in the new year the banks will resume the publication of monthly balance-sheets, the issue of which has been suspended since the outbreak of war. While their issue has been suspended, their preparation has not, for it is well known that weekly statements have been drawn up and sent to the Treasury for some time past. It is also well known that during the period when the pressure for accommodation was at its height some of the banks allowed their cash ratios to fall to rather low figures, and it is, of course, common knowledge that the half-yearly balance-sheets, which are all that the banks have issued during the past six years, are in most cases the outcome of window-dressing operations. These operations are one of the causes of the monetary squeeze usually experienced at the turn of each half-year. In fact, window-dressing is such a common practice that the question, "What is a bank?" has been jocularly answered "an institution which issues twice yearly a misleading statement of its position." When the light of publicity is once more allowed to throw its beam regularly as before upon the position of the banks, we hope that it will not be possible to say, even jocularly, that their statements are misleading, for the balance-sheets will not, as of old, merely represent the position of the banks, on a particular day, carefully selected and prepared for, but the average weekly position. That is to say, the monthly statements will show the average figures of four weekly statements. This should, of course, compel banks regularly to keep their cash ratios at a fairly constant level throughout the month. It should give stability to the liquid position of the banks and make the practice of window-dressing a thing of the past in British banking. —"Times."

As every week goes by the problem of unemployment becomes more acute. The coal strike has only intensified a growing evil. Mr. J. H. Thomas told a Labour audience the other day that the prospects of the working classes largely depended on credit, and he was perfectly right. So close is the connection between finance, industry, and employment that it is impossible to dissever them. They are Siamese triplets. What is the position to-day in the world of finance, and how is that position affecting the fortunes of our working men?

The main features are dear money, lack of confidence, and *the restriction of credits by the joint stock banks.* A great firm which a year ago could borrow a million pounds to buy raw material for its enterprises can now only command credit for a quarter of a million. Yet the cost of production is more than it was a year ago, and industry requires not reduced but increased credit. This instance is merely typical of what is happening all over the country. The consequences of this policy on the part of the banks are obvious. Industry, trading, the sale of commodities wholesale, and even retail, are immediately restricted. Men are afraid that they will not be able to finance their present commitments. Far less will they risk adventuring on new ones. They remain inactive, and unemployment flows directly from this inactivity. *Where there can be no enterprise there can be no work. Credit is to industry and employment what water is to a plant. Cut off the tap-roots and the plant will die.*—"Sunday Express."

Representatives of farm organisations from all over the country met in Washington the other day for the purpose of begging the members of the Federal Reserve Board to direct the bankers to extend to farmers sufficient credit to enable them to hold their crops until they could get fair prices.

The Federal Reserve Board controls the credit of the nation, and credit is the life blood of commerce. This is only another way of saying that the Federal Reserve Board holds the power of life or death over the business interests of this country. It can boom one line of industry by making money "easy" in that particular industry, and at the same time it can strangle another industry by making money "tight." It was created for the purpose of taking the control of credit from the bankers in Wall Street and vesting it in a board controlled by the national Government, representing all the people. The theory back of the creation of the board was all right, but the application of the theory has been decidedly faulty. The Federal Reserve Board does not represent the people of the United States. It is controlled by Wall Street interests and its tremendous powers are used to increase the wealth of the money kings rather than to promote the prosperity and happiness of the producers.

The Federal Reserve Board is a good thing, but it must be controlled by the people and not by the bankers. The people need credit in order to transact business, and it should be the aim of the Government to supply that credit at the lowest possible cost. The bankers have a direct interest in selling credit to the people at the highest possible rate, and it is absurd to place them in a position where they may charge the people whatever they see fit for the credit which is created by the people themselves.

The farmers are now on their knees to the Federal Reserve Board. They will continue to occupy that shameful position so long as they permit the banking interests to run the board which controls the credit of the nation.—"Labor" (Washington).

Co-operators of all shades of thought should interest themselves in the question of credit. Its method of securing workers' control is of special interest to the productive side of the movement, and the question of price-fixing is of intimate concern to co-operators as consumers. The authors of the scheme make far-reaching claims as to the benefits which will follow its adoption. First, it does not involve the expropriation of existing capitalists, and thus will not invite the fierce hostility which confiscation would inevitably arouse. The constant creation of capital owned by the community would rapidly reduce that owned by the present capitalists to a small fraction of the total, and the wealth and power of the workers would just as rapidly increase. The whole change would be effected without any disturbance of our delicate and complex commercial and industrial system, and therefore without that suffering which is the inevitable accompaniment of sudden and violent change. Whatever may be one's opinion of the scheme, it seems to be certain that in the investigation of the subject of credit its authors are probing into the very root of the Social Problem.—W. W. Hill, B.Sc., in the "Co-operative News."

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