NOTES OF THE WEEK.

According to the New York "Annalist," no common authority on the subject, "the United States produced last year two million more bales of cotton and 300 million more bushels of wheat than it could consume." Ordinarily, of course, this artificial surplus (for it goes without saying that America "could" consume the goods if the financial demand of the citizens were equal to their real demand) would be exported to create American credit abroad; but in the circumstances, "foreign countries are unable to pay for it," with the consequence that "a decline in home prices seems to be inevitable." This, however, is by no means the end of the story, for an unexpected fall in prices, due to the failure of the foreign market, is scarcely calculated to satisfy the demands of the producers of the surplus. They have incurred certain costs in anticipation of certain prices; and considerably less than they bargained for would be the ruin of them. Exactly this is their complaint. Scores of growers of wheat have bargained for would be the ruin of them. Exactly what is the implication but that "the decision" thus taken and announced was "one of the great incidents in world-history. . . . A big navy and a big mercantile marine are necessary to the future of the country." The New York "Evening Post" was not alone among American journals in realising the importance of Mr. Harding's declaration. It spoke for America when it said that the "decision" thus taken and announced was "one of the great incidents in world-history. . . . It meant that America now had a conscious national ambition to contest Great Britain's shipping dominance." Englishmen all over the world cannot, we imagine, be less indifferent to the declaration than Americans themselves; but they may easily be led, we fear, to put a wrong interpretation upon it. The suggestion of the New York "Evening Post" is, in fact, sufficiently misleading to make misinterpretation excusable; for what is the implication but that

having no other means of livelihood than the sale of itself for "work," will be thrown into unemployment and destitution; these unemployed, at any rate, will have no cause to be grateful to the "advance of science." In the second place, seeing that the costs dispensed to individuals in the production of glass will be considerably reduced by the practical elimination of the wage-factor, the purchasing power available for the effective demand of glass goods will be correspondingly curtailed; in other words, though the capacity to make glass will have increased, the means of employing that capacity will have been reduced. And, finally, if the general consumer thinks that he is likely to benefit by the reduction in cost of production, he is much mistaken; for what will certainly happen is that the new machine, having a virtual monopoly of the market, will be used to keep up prices by controlling output. It is a strange conclusion to derive from an event which ought in reason to enhance the welfare of society; that, in fact, only a few people will profit by it, and at the expense of Labour and the community. Yet such is the reflection to which we are forced in this and in all similar cases. Every increase in the means of production that is not accompanied by a proportionate increase in the distributed effective demand is a blessing turned by the present system into a curse.
America has, so to say, gratuitously and of sentimental ambition aforesought, defined her ambition to "contest" the maritime supremacy of Great Britain? As our earlier paragraphs, however, indicate, the policy thus defined by Mr. Harding and accepted by the won-thinking majority of the American people, is in only an auxiliary sense sentimental. On grounds of sentiment alone, if they were all, we Liberal friends might hope to combat the policy by a counter propaganda of sentiment. But the principal ground and motive-power of the policy is a product of a gigantic interest, due to precisely such particular facts as we have just reported; and, in general, to the excess of America's power to produce over America's own effective demand, and the consequent necessity to force her surplus upon an unwilling world.

Our old colleague, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, will be surprised to learn that in point of war-mongering a pacifist like himself rows in the same boat with International Finance as well as with his fellow Liberals. Yet the proof of our charge is contained in an article on "Trade with Russia" contributed by Mr. Cole to the "Daily Herald" last week. "The textile workers of this country know," he wrote, "there are millions of people inadequately clothed in Russia, and that an artificial barrier had been erected to prevent the supply of goods to them by us. Our present opponents, likewise, know that there is hardly a sound pair of boots, except, perhaps, in the Red Army, from one end to another of the Russian Soviet Republic . . . And they knew they were in a position to supply those needs." No doubt this is the case, but, as we have observed, our workers are not singular in their experience of unemployment or in their knowledge of the opening for "work" existing in Russia. Precisely the same appeal to American workers might be made by an American Mr. Cole and, in fact, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Vanderlip in America has anticipated Mr. Cole in England. The first question to be asked is, therefore, which surplus, American or British, is to occupy the Russian market; and the answer, it will be found, finally involves war; while the second question, which, strangely, Mr. Cole also does not put, is why Russia and not England should be selected as the market for our surplus. After all, the description which Mr. Cole gives of Russia is not only applicable to England, but the English facts are at least as well known as the Russian facts to our textile and boot operatives. Do they not know that a real demand for cotton-goods and boots exists in this country, and that as good a return could be obtained from their supply to English as to Russian consumers? Why is it necessary to force open the Russian market, at the risk or rather in the certainty of war, when, all the time, the home-market is there, and that duty and dying to be opened, not only without risk of war, but in the certainty of preventing it? If Mr. Cole is consistent, he must follow his policy to the practical end, and prepare for war, like the rest of the export-manics. His present pacifism is in contradiction with his advice upon policy; for he affirms the ends of international finance and baulks at the necessary means.

A considerable part of the Press now shows signs of sharing our apprehension of a new world-war—within five years is our approximate estimate of the time; and it is significant note the varying epithets given to "Nation," true to its atheistic type, stresses the "Wickedness" of the policy whose end it surmises. Vulgarly speaking, it is all due to that D. Lloyd George, "John Bull," and other such journals, profess to fear nothing and have, in fact, no notion of the meaning of a second world-war. Civilisation has, indeed, done nothing for them; and its disappearance could not be expected to be altogether uncongenial to our Mr. Bottomleys. The "Spectator" imagines that it is a question of merely diplomatic policy, and italicises its advice in the following terms: "We must not found our policy on the possibility of a war with America." Other journals are equally callous or wide of the mark, the "Daily Herald," like itself, suggests, to that of a Kaffir kraal. The next world-war will spell the end of European civilisation. And against this imminent disaster, what has our "only Labour daily" to set as the world's only hope of peace? A Labour International, now existing only in mutually warring fragments, which in its irrevocable prime could not delay by one moment the first world-war! We shall, no doubt, be accused of malice if we suggest that Mr. Lansbury and his friends would not stake a penny, still less a limb or their life, on the effectiveness of a Labour International to prevent war within the next century; but Labour alone within the world. Nevertheless, the suggestion is true. What it means is that the "Daily Herald," like the rest of the Press, is more concerned to further its own tuppenny programme than actually to achieve the glory of saving civilisation.

Mr. Clynes has found time to make himself acquainted with what is known as the Priestman scheme, under which a bonus on wages is paid with every increase of development as well as of output values. We have nothing to say against the scheme considered as one of the innumerable devices for profit-sharing among the producers; but it labours under the fundamental defect, common to most schemes for increasing production, of omitting to consider the harmless necessary consumer. Let us suppose, for instance, that the Priestman scheme, so belauded by Mr. Clynes, actually succeeds in fulfilling that that is promised of it. It is said we are told that the men working under it produce with a will and that they put their brains into development as well as their hands to output. If the disease from which modern industrial communities are suffering were what Mr. Clynes himself describes it as defective —defective—the success of the Priestman plan might go some distance towards our cure. But, in fact, our disease is not a defect of production. As a system of production, capitalism may be said to have been too great a success rather than a failure. Our disease is due to a defect of financial demand, to under-consumption resulting in the appearance of over-production. And just to the degree that the Priestman scheme for stimulating productions succeeds, it will aggravate the disease against which it is directed, in the absence of a complementary scheme for increasing consumption as fast as the Priestman scheme increases production. Surely it must be beginning to appear obvious to those who are considering the problem that modern industry has two legs, and that actual Production cannot get very far in advance of actual Consumption. The capacity to produce may go on increasing simultaneously with the decrease in the capacity to consume, just as one leg may grow in strength while the other is withering away. But since nature ordains that both the individual and society shall walk, if at all, upon two legs, as the result of the first world-war will be regulated by the real advance of the other. The Priestman scheme is a one-legged affair; and, unfortunately, it proposes to strengthen a leg already relatively undeveloped.
Mr. Lloyd George had not much difficulty in the debate on Government economy in Parliament on Thursday in demolishing the "stunt" character of the recent Press agitation. It is true that Government expenditure to-day is 7 times what it was before the war. (In Italy and America it is 9 times, and in France it is 10.) But, apart from post-war clearances, the devaluation of money, and positive new commitments due to the Debt that should never have been incurred, we doubt whether any of the Government's critics could draft a Budget to pass the House of Commons in which more than a nominal reduction of expenditure could be shown. Neither the Liberal Party nor the Labour group, it is plain, could draft such a Budget and get it passed; for on what would they begin, on their own showing, to effect economies? On armaments, the "Daily Herald" replies. "Our plan," they say, "is to save 300 millions on armaments" and devote the saving either to the relief of taxation or to a programme of social betterment, in other words, national doles. But, as we always are trying to impress upon our readers, armaments are merely the instrument of social policy, and the social system that requires exports to maintain it equally requires armaments to safeguard its markets. Since there is no more than in Liberal speeches of an understanding of the causation of armaments, while, on the other hand, the armament-makers and financiers not only understand it very well but know how to make the public feel it, a Liberal or Labour Government that proposed to reduce our expenditure upon armaments before disposing of their cause would be out of office in a week. Indeed, neither party on such a programme would ever get into office.

We call attention again to a more serious factor in our financial system than Government expenditure in itself, namely, the effect on prices of the continuous increase in the Floating Debt. Last week alone the Government's overdraft at the Bank of England was increased by the inconceivable sum of 67 millions. As we have explained before, a Government overdraft at the Bank of England differs fundamentally, in the convention of banking, from an overdraft or advance of credit to a private person or corporation. An advance of bank-credit to one of the latter is simply a title to demand currency of the Bank; the Bank must be prepared, that is to say, to pay its advances in cash on demand. But, in the case of a Government overdraft—the Government being ultimately both the custodian of credit and the source of currency—the Bank's advance is cash, because the overdraft is thus for banking purposes the exact equivalent of a deposit of cash. We know what the Banks do when their deposits are increased. Without disputing the amount for the moment, they proceed to issue credit (in other words, to lend money) in one or another proportion to the increase of their deposits; and the new spending power so issued goes to "dilute" the currency in general and to raise prices at the expense of the community as consumer. That may or may not be legitimate as regards bona fide deposits. We say it is not, but for the present we will waive our objection. But the procedure certainly cannot be justified by any kind of casuistry as regards, not even a Government deposit, but a Government debt. Consider the effect of last week's Government overdraft of 67 millions. Regarded as cash, it is, as we have said, the equivalent of a deposit in the Bank of England of 67 millions of notes or gold or, let us say, legal tender. The ratio of bank-credit to cash is admitted to be anything from six or 12 to 1. Bank cash to the amount of £100 serves as a basis for the issue of bank-notes in the amount of anything between £600 and £1,200. Our readers can work out the sum of credit the banks have been enabled to issue during the last week on a Government "cash" deposit of 67 millions.

World Affairs.

Nor the most specialised and concrete but the most universal and abstract characters of both are adaptable to serve as the vehicles of the entelechies, or immaterial but determining plans of racial destinies. The Spirit most utterly and triumphantly embodies itself in those characters which are most dominated by Time and Space, that is, by Matter, and the cosmic and historic web of Necessity. But this self-realisation is the product of the world of specifically human comprehension. History and Nature are this world, the depths of the Divine Life itself, but of this Life born and incarnate, terrestrial, human; where clear form is virtue which gives glory and reality, while limitation and uniqueness are its existential secret. The proper or divine self-realisation of the Spirit, however, which eludes human comprehension and appreciation—self-realisation in the world of ultimate values and ends—is abstruse, eternal or nearly eternal, but not temporal; at once more simple and abstruse than the former, less glorified in appearance and less really real. The human spirit in its highest state and power is at once the proper state and power of the spirit of God; and this state, which is Value Absolute, which is the Pleroma of the Superlative Value, which is humanly, divinely and infinitely perfect, being the Intuition of the Reality of the Absolute—this power of self-realisation of the Spirit is a mystery less shining and seductive because it is less Sophian or perishable, less Sophian than any state of specific and partial consciousness. The Spirit's self-realisation is transcendentally real. Not of this world is its kingdom. Not the Abstract Truth; not the Value Ultimate; not the Divine Essence of the Eternal Unnamable, but Nature as incarnated and personal spirit is the Value of Values in the judgment of Sophia; life natural of humanity living. Not the Species but the Individual is Pleroma in the world of differentiation, articulated and finite Creation. Yet the creative Power and guidance are of a transcendental majesty beyond the need of admiration by the souls of the finite world. The simple shining glory of the King of Beasts, his fierceness and strength, puts into the shade of the abstruse the sublime helplessness of a human babe. The Lion overshadows the Human, although the Human in its abstruseness and characterlessness actually comprises the Lion and all the rest of creation. For Man is the spring and focus of all the evolutionary forces. To sum up a long introduction to our study of the Mystery of the British Commonwealth: the Human Kingdom is in the central line of Universal Evolution. The realms of Time, of History, of "divinity," and personal consciousness, of Species, of Individuals; the realms round the Centre and the Centre of Evolution and Creation itself are the Realms of the Universal, of the Idea, of the Divine. Thus it comes about that the Empire of Albion, the greatest Imperium of the White man in history, the most centrally placed achievement of the anthropogenic self-revelation of transcendental Humanity, is the most indeterminate and abstruse factor of value in Human economy, the most diabolical and at the same time most Christian complex in the evolution of Consciousness.

Yet the abstruse and fateful problem of the British Empire is only a pan-human mystery; it is not a nightmare of destiny, an irresolvable complex in the mind of transcendential History and of the makers of History; but The Race is the product not of History, but of the anthropogenetic self-revelation of the Logos of God. And The Race alone, not the races, guides the evolutionary cosmic history of Man. What is The Race as distinguishable from the races of Man? The racial organs of Man, his Body proper, are the cosmic and also historical aspect of his pleromic or amphipolar Being, the Time-Aspect of the Absolute and Eternal and Infinite
Man Universal; while the Race of Man is Humanity itself in its integral or divine aspect, both in its spatial and temporal presentations. The Race is the divine or spiritual aspect of the Man, the Image of the Eternal Nature, his likeness to his Being, hence, deeper than that, it is his Idea; and ultimately his Ground. The Evolution of Humanity Universal is both the End and the Cause of the history of the anthropological incarnatable nature of the whole Race of Man; and just as the Race is the divine correlative of races, Evolution is the correlative and ground of History and its systems. Eternity precedes and contains Duration, although Duration fulfils and reveals the Eternal; hence the Anthropogenesis of both Providence and Destiny is prior to and underlies the counterpart of this universally human normality and ground of History and its systems. Eternity precedes the spiritual aspect of the Man, the Image of his Eternal Nature, his significance in the Spirit itself; his value; his completeness in the West. This cannot be a truth that nations and tongues. The Aryan Man inherited the impetus to lead the Race higher into the Super-Race of Man; and just as the Race is the divine Form of the Place, the Wisdom of Nature fulfils it. The slow and profound growth of British power in the world, the character of solidarity and thoroughness which is the mark and the virtue of the English essence, has only the grand and venerable race of China as a counterpart in the whole of Humanity. That Chinese humanity is the stable element of the common and everlasting humanness, the unchanging element, in the Eastern hemisphere, we have already indicated in these contemplations. The Chinaman is the Englishman of the Far East, the Man of Harmony and of the Normal and of the marvellously Spiritual in his commonness and superhumanity. English is the Universal and Typical lines of History meanwhile spread radially and in infinite beauty towards the periphery. Man survives all men, and Humanity survives and leads races and nations and tongues. The Aryan Man inherited the Past and added to it. Albion focusses the World and Aryan mind once more in the unconscious but providential impetus to lead the Race higher into the Super-Aryan existence, if that be possible and needed.

The slow and profound growth of British power in the world, the character of solidarity and thoroughness which is the mark and the virtue of the English essence, has only the grand and venerable race of China as a counterpart in the whole of Humanity. That Chinese humanity is the stable element of the common and everlasting humanness, the unchanging element, in the Eastern hemisphere, we have already indicated in these contemplations. The Chinaman is the Englishman of the Far East, the Man of Harmony and of the Normal and of the marvellously Spiritual in his commonness and superhumanity. English is the Universal and Typical lines of History meanwhile spread radially and in infinite beauty towards the periphery. Man survives all men, and Humanity survives and leads races and nations and tongues. The Aryan Man inherited the Past and added to it. Albion focusses the World and Aryan mind once more in the unconscious but providential impetus to lead the Race higher into the Super-Aryan existence, if that be possible and needed.

The simplicity of the British Sphinx is of the same nature as the simplicity of the ineffable perfection of the immemorial Chinese Sphinx. It is the instinct of the normal in Reality and the love of the Continuous, and the speech of the English Empire is an Aryan speech coming back to its own spiral downfall and regeneration; the most synthetic and psychic speech of Aryan evolution. The English language must be considered as the Epigenesis of Aryan utterance and the return of the logical consciousness of the Northern Hemisphere to the wisdom and power of the Aryan speech among human utterances, and in its very structure. The psychic contents of the English self-revelation in speech are recapitulation of the colour, of the sound, of the taste, of the smell, of the early and infantile human languages. English is the most omni-human among the Aryan languages by the mysterious and weird presence of psyche in it; and by the absence —painful and over-painful to the Aryan sense—of the inflectional, structural, intellectual frame of the Logos from it. English is the pan-humanisation of the Aryan, as the British Empire is an unconscious pan-humanisation of the Northern Man. The irrevocable return of English grammar to the agglutinative principle and to monosyllabics may be considered as the evolutionary recapitulation of the Mongolian and, possibly, of the Turanian principle. English is the attempt of the Aryan to synthesise itself into something like an Esperanto of the Aryan, and to simplify itself to make itself easy to despecialise itself for the sake of serving as a vehicle for the universal language. America, the Prodigal Son, the Logos become anti-paternal though she that the language and civilisation of the English is the Aryan; and there in America will be fashioned an Aryan tongue, which may come to be the language of future Humanity.

The fact that England was the cradle whence America essentially arose to her far Western function, and the fact that the British Empire is that Power, both centripetal and centrifugal, which has spread the Aryan presence throughout the world and keep the world related to Western Europe, is the indication of the utterly evolutionary and supra-historical importance and mission of the giant and the sphinx, Albion. With the Russian people holding the bridge between the hemispheres and charged with effecting the realisation of the synthesis of ideals both of the East and of the West, and with Britain holding the mighty and immense block of the Indian world, the world is a field of Aryan mission and responsibility. So it must be. The very name of the mystical and evil Britain—the name soundless but effulgent in colourless and unending radiation, Albion, the giant of wisdom and cunning, is the seal of the English Empire. The English essence is the basis of power of the White Man, the foundation of the Aryan Empire on the earth. The awful and fateful truth, however, is that this very virtue of power and conquest is a possibility and probability of the failure of England to impose the Aryan form upon the organism of nations, and, more than this, of actual loss of the Aryan form in her own essence.
mystery and a more unearthly and omnipotential meeting of factors of fatalities and human opportunities under the Divine guidance (for guidance: is of God, although the failure may come from Man) a greater and more perplexing meeting of these factors, there has never been.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to protest against a recent note of mine upon the duty of scientists to manufacture poison gas. She points out, with truth, that those "who refuse to obey the behest of the Government lay themselves open to 'reprisals.'" They may find it hard "to make a living in comfort or even to exist." But the community, she goes on to say, can sometimes be better served by death. It may be expedient "that one or two professors should die rather than that they should let loose the means to slaughter mankind by the million." We have no justification for the manufacture of poison gas in the plea of national preservation; "for the soul of a people that sinks to habitual use of poison gas would not be worth preserving."

That poison gas is used to-day is a tragic fact; "but the greater tragedy lies in its condemnation by writers . . . who to the mental state which accepts this evil without protest." I agree that to "condone" the use of poison gas is worse than to use it: it is diabolical, for it gives a spiritual assent to what has become, through the evil inventions of men, a temporary necessity. That anyone, except a Satanist, should do so is inconceivable; and even that "the mental state" exists "which accepts this evil without protest." I agree that to "condone" the use of poison gas is worse than to use it: it is diabolical, for it gives a spiritual assent to what has become, through the evil inventions of men, a temporary necessity. That anyone, except a Satanist, should do so is inconceivable; and even that "the mental state" exists "which accepts this evil without protest."

How much evil can be caused by sheer innocence is revealed in a remark dropped in the "Spectator" the other week. In a review of Mr. Gould's book, "The Coming Revolution in Great Britain," the "Spectator" says: "We must confess to some surprise at finding that the assistant editor of the 'Daily Herald' decryes the honesty and veracity of the British Press. Within the present system, honesty is for most people an economic impossibility. This is not true." And there is no doubt that the "Spectator" believes what it says. It simply does not understand Mr. Gould's plaf tude, and the reason for this is obvious. In all the noisy aspects the Press is perfectly honest: a newspaper editor is genuinely distressed, there is no doubt, when by mistake printed an error or fact it had to admit in its columns. To be correct in his statement of facts is a point of honour. But the sphere of honour in journalism is limited; journalism is permitted to be conventionally honest, only after it has ceased to be intellectually honest. Now many journals (the "Spectator" for example) and many journalists are not intellectual at all; they live well within the conventional sphere, never seeing its bounds nor imagining that it has any, and a remark such as Mr. Gould's is therefore simply Greek to them. But there are others who know where they stand, to whom the primary dishonesty and the secondary honesty of journalism are merely inventions; these console themselves by making the whole thing a game, and their honour consists in excelling in it, the rules being what they are. There remain the public. What honour they derive from journalism it is hard to see: except it is that of being the ashbin into which all the lies and the suppressions of the Press are daily poured. The very honesty of the Press brings them nothing but ill; it disarms their suspicion and makes them swell with the less thought the usual falsehoods. As much honesty as will make the dishonesty go down: that is the unconscious policy of the Press.

In two weeks in succession Mr. G. K. Chesterton has been writing about psycho-analysis in the "Daily Express," both times evidently without knowing anything about the subject. He criticises psycho-analysis as he has criticised so many other theories, by submitting it to his sense of humour. The method is, of course, irrelevant in intellectual discussion; simply that the truth, when it is known, does not always conform to accepted ideas of what is fitting, and when it is only becoming known, hardly ever does so. The quiet humorous comment is in matters of intellect nothing but a piece of gaucherie; and Mr. Chesterton, in using it, has habitually, convict himself of a lack of humour. But that is the least of the evil. The worst about Mr. Chesterton is that he hinders the dissemination of any truths which are not already accepted. The incredible laughter with which he greets the theories of psycho-analysis (which are crying out for criticism) is the same as that which kept the discoveries of Copernicus and of Darwin from being accepted for generations after they should have been. Ultimately, it is true, the laughter is turned against the laugher, but that is small consolation. For the retarded victory of a truth Mr. Chesterton's influence no doubt has been in some ways good; but in this it has been altogether bad. He has started a vicious fashion; the fashion not merely of stating a rational position with wit, but of making amusement a sort of intellectual criterion.

EDWARD MOORE.
The Mechanism of Consumer Control.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

[A paper read before the Sociological Society, December 7, 1920.]

1.

No doubt, to some members and guests of this Society, much of the subject with which we are concerned tonight will be elementary, even if the method of approach to it is somewhat novel; but to others to whom the subject of Finance, which is an important component of it, is a mysterious and incomprehensible jungle through which they feel they could never hope to find a way, I would make the following suggestions.

Money is only a mechanism by means of which we deal with things—it has no properties except those we choose to give to it. A phrase such as "There is no money in the country with which to do such and so" means simply nothing, unless we are also saying "The goods and services required to do this thing do not exist and cannot be produced, therefore it is useless to create the money equivalent of them." For instance, it is simply childish to say that a country has no money for social betterment, or for any other purpose, when it has the skill and the will and the education and the capacity to create that betterment. The banks or the Treasury can create the money in five minutes, and are doing it every day, and have been doing it for centuries.

Secondly, you will hear a good deal to-night about credit, and I would ask you to bear most consistently in mind the two following definitions:

Real credit is a correct estimate of the rate, or dynamic capacity, at which a community can deliver goods and services as demanded.

Financial credit is ostensibly a device by which this capacity can be entertained, and it is, I insist, actually a measure of the rate at which an organisation or individual can deliver money. The money may or may not represent goods and services.

I would also ask you to realise that the validity of the criticisms passed on the existing financial system does not rest to any considerable extent on the personal character, or the good or bad motives, of financiers. The motives of both sides of the Irish question, for example, may be of the most lofty, for all that I know to the contrary, and no one would suggest that there are not charming men on both sides; but one can hardly say that the result of their policy is happy, and that either side can be allowed to pursue a policy having such results, indefinitely, and the same line of reasoning can be applied to the existing financial system.

Before dealing with the subject described by the title of this address, I would therefore beg your indulgence for a short space of time in order to review briefly certain premises fundamental to the subject; because it has been found that even people very familiar with these matters are apt to rate the vigorous objections which are really based on other and inconsistent premises unless they are placed in the limelight at once, and as far as possible, simultaneously. If you disagree with these premises, you will of course disagree with our conclusions, but if you agree, and still dislike the conclusions, I hope you will tell us where the hiatus occurs and suggest another solution based on them.

Categorically, they are as follows:

1. Modern Co-operative industry (all modern industry is co-operative) serves two purposes; it makes goods, and distributes purchasing power by means of which they are distributed.

2. The primary object of the overwhelming majority of persons who co-operate in industry is to get goods with a minimum of discomfort, both of the right description, "right" being a matter of individual taste, and in the right quantity. It is not "employment," and it is only "money" in so far as money is a means to these things.

If the system fails to achieve this end, it fails in its primary object and will break up, from the failure of the majority to co-operate.

3. If we insist that the distribution of the goods is entirely (Marxist) or chiefly (Capitalist) dependent on the doing of work in connection with the production of them, then it follows that either, (a) it takes all the available labour to provide the requisite amount of goods, or (b) an increasing number of persons cannot get the goods, or (c) goods or labour must be misapplied or wasted, purely for the purpose of distributing purchasing power.

We know that (a) is not true. It was, the whole of modern progress would be a mere mockery. But, on the contrary, it is quite indisputable that, apart from many other factors making for real progress, production is practically proportionate to the dynamic energy applied to it, and the means developed during the past century by which such energy (steam, water, oil-power, etc.) has been made available to the extent of thousands of times that due to human muscular energy (which yet, previous to this development, was able to secure for humanity a standard of life in many ways more tolerable than that existing to-day) is sufficient basis for such an assertion. Speaking as a technical man, I have no hesitation in saying that it is the programme of production and not the productive process which is chiefly at fault, and that where the productive process is working badly, it is because of the inclusion of unnecessary labour in it.

(b) and (c) are true, as matters of both common and expert observation.

4. The system under which the whole of the world, not excluding Russia, carries on the production and distribution of goods and services, I would ask you to bear in mind the Capitalist system, which system, contrary to general opinion, has nothing, directly, to do with the relations of employers and employed, which are administrative relations. The fundamental premises of the Capitalist System are first, that all costs (purchasing power distributed to individuals during the productive process) should be added together, and recovered from the public, the consumer, in prices; and second, that over and above that the price of an article is what it will fetch.

If you will give the foregoing premises your careful consideration, you will see that the existing economic system is breaking up, not so much from the attacks on it, which, on the whole, are neither very intelligent, nor very well directed, but because of the inherent incompatibility of its premises with the objective of industry and modern scientific progress as a whole.

The latter, taking the objective of industry as it finds it, endeavours, and fundamentally succeeds, in obtaining that objective with an ever decreasing amount of human energy, by shifting the burden of civilisation from the backs of men up to the backs of machines; a process which, if unimpeded, must clearly result in freeing the human spirit for conquests at the moment beyond our wildest dreams.

The existing economic system, on the contrary, ably backed by the Marxian Socialist, takes as its motto that saying which I cannot help thinking proceeded rather from Saul of Tarsus than from the Apostle of Freedom—"if a man will not work, neither shall he eat!"—and defining work as something the price of which can be included in costs and recovered in price. It completely denies all recognition to the social nature of the heritage of civilisation, and by its refusal of purchasing power, except on terms, arrogates to a few persons selected by the system and not by humanity, the right to disinherit the indubitable heirs, the individuals who compose society.

May I emphasise this fact before passing on to more
concrete arguments—if wages and salaries, forming a portion of costs, and re-appearing in prices, are to form the major portion of the purchasing power of Society, then modern scientific progress is the deadly enemy of Society, since it aims at replacing the persons who now obtain their living in this way, by machines and processes.

(To be continued.)

Readers and Writers.

I promised some weeks ago to return to the consideration of the “Dialogues” of M. Denis Saurat which were recently published in these pages. It goes without saying that, having been published in The New Age, their immediate fate was to provoke a deafening silence. On the other hand, also as usual, their subsequent fate has been to attract increasing attention; and in a few years’ time, when, as I hope, the “Dialogues” will be published in book-form, they will be, in a relative sense, all the rage. English readers allow themselves to be persuaded that the dialogue-form is difficult to read. For equally true, we are persuaded that the volumes of short stories are less readable than novels. Their own actual experience, if they would only attend to that and ignore the opinions of others, is, however, I am quite sure, entirely different. Volumes of short stories are, indeed, popular, and in the case of dialogues, I have seldom known a series fail of a good circulation. From Plato to Oscar Wilde practically every writer of dialogues has commanded attention; and I am not at all certain that the form is not one of the most instead of least popular of all literary styles. Be that as it may, M. Saurat’s “Dialogues” are assured of a long life, both from their form and substance; and I can recommend my readers to keep them with a good conscience.

For the benefit of their re-readers, M. Saurat has provided a kind of scheme into which the “Dialogues” naturally fall. The first four of the series of thirteen deal with “Ontology”—the nature of Being. The next four expound M. Saurat’s conception of Cosmology, or the order of the World. Psychology, or the nature of Mind, is treated in Dialogues 9 to 11; and, finally, Eschatology, or the Ends and Purposes of Life, is considered in the last two dialogues. Ontology, Cosmology, Psychology, and Eschatology are the “deific square” enclosing the world of intelligent discourse, or Metaphysics, and, in its turn, they are considered as the “square deific,” I suggest that, for the moment and, as it were, strategically, the most important of M. Saurat’s “Dialogues” is the eighth, which deals with the three “Conventions: Material, Moral and Metaphysical.” For it supplies not only a basis for common thought, but a practical reason for the necessity of agreement. We are all familiar with the need and advantage of common standards of measurement and value in our material transactions with each other. It is, furthermore, apparent that submission to common standards in respect of conduct, political ideas, legal institutions and other social modes is one of the conditions of the maintenance and spread of civilisation. A civilisation, in fact, can be defined as a world which has a common acceptance of certain standards of value; and as it extends where those standards prevail so it may be said to end where agreement concerning them ceases. All this, of course, is the commonest of common-place. Conventions, or a relatively unquestioning acceptance of common standards, are the very web of civilised life.

But it is necessary to go much further than this if we are to do more than maintain a civilisation. In view of the world-nature of intelligent Man, it is not enough to discover and impose conventions on only a select area of mankind. A civilisation presumes a circumambience of non-civilisation; it is, in effect, an exclusion; and for that very reason it is unsatisfying to the universal in the mind. What is, therefore, necessary, as a conclusion of a world-conception, is an agreement as to essentials of a universal character—truths “true” and acceptable to everybody; not to one nation or race only, but to every nation and race. Is such an agreement possible? Admitting it to be desirable, since only on the basis of common agreement about fundamentals can a world-civilisation be created, is it at the same time possible?

My colleagues “M. M. Cosmoi” have lately been endeavouring to discover and formulate the actual psychology of the world-process. Regarding mankind as One Great Man or Mind in course of development, they have arrived at certain conclusions concerning the functional distribution of the organs and powers of the “Man in the Heavens.” As I understand them, the world-process is comparable with the development of the individual; each repeats the other. As there are the conscious and the unconscious in the individual psychology, so there are the conscious and the unconscious in the psychology of the Universal Man; and as, in the individual both orders of consciousness manifest as powers and forces, so, in Mankind, both parallel orders manifest as movements and races. I am not clear, at the present moment, how nearly in agreement M. Saurat and “M. M. Cosmoi” find themselves; but, as a venture, they appear to me to be complementary. Both are looking for a universal synthesis which shall subsume in a single theory the highly differentiated aspects of the world-process; and both have as their practical object the formulation of a world-policy. Whether, in the one case, the right of hegemony is attributed to Europe or, in the other, to the voluntary common acceptance of a metaphysical convention—the end is the same: the development and final establishment of a world-commonwealth.

I am only taking the chair in this discussion, and it is not my function, at least at the present stage, to offer an opinion. It is clear, however, that for the moment the subject under debate is precisely the nature of the Metaphysical Conventions which will afford the world the securest foundation for a world-commonwealth. We are considering, in other words, a “written constitution” for the pan-human Republic—a political problem of the very highest importance. “M. M. Cosmoi” have not, I think, done more than suggest the Metaphysical Convention on which their views and conceptions metaphorically rest; but, as suggested, it appears to take the form of the already formulated Christian metaphysics in their most exalted expression: the Athanasian Creed, let us say, as interpreted by the best Aryan minds of all times from Brahmanism onwards. The true “Principia Metaphysica,” they would say (I gather) has
already been drawn up; and all that remains to be done is to get it universally accepted. M. Saurat, on the other hand, appears either to deny or to ignore this contention. The world has, he says, a material convention; we all agree sufficiently well for practical purposes about space and time and matter. We also agree reasonably well in an ethical convention regarding, let us say, the values of pleasure and pain, good and evil. What is still wanting, he says, is a body of common doctrine regarding the fourfold aspect of Metaphysics; in short, a Principia Metaphysica; and it is precisely this which he has set out to supply. I cannot, as I have said, while occupying the chair and merely opening the debate, pronounce an opinion on the merits of the respective cases. Perhaps they are not so different as they appear; perhaps they are divided by unrealised worlds. It is, at any rate, a debate of the utmost importance. If it could become of public importance, the world would be nearer its goal than it now is. M. Saurat’s thesis is in the lists, and the meeting is now open for discussion. R. H. C.

**Principia Metaphysica.**

By Denis Saurat.

I.—Ontology: The Actual and the Potential.

1. Every existence is infinite; every expression is limited. The expression of any thought or being is necessarily incomplete.

2. There are two parts in every being: the Actual, which is the expressed, and the Potential, which is the unexpressed, and they grow together, infinitely, the one out of the other.

3. The aim of every being is to express itself: to render as intense (as conscious) as possible the desires which are its essence.

4. To express itself, Being has to concentrate on some chosen part of itself, and to reject other parts; thus, in its expression, Being divides and sub-divides itself into individuals.

5. Pain and Pleasure are the twin concomitants of creation, which is expression, which is division.

6. Pleasure is the self-consciousness of desire: the aim of every being.

7. Pain is the consciousness of loss which accompanies the rejection by Desire of part of itself in the course of its expression.

8. There is in every being the instinct of concentration: of the necessity to choose and reject.

9. Concentration in a Universe produces men in a man, ideas.

10. The Potential is common to all: individuals are concentrations of the One potential Being in different directions.

II.—Cosmology: Languages and Conventions.

11. Being expresses itself through languages.

12. Languages are established by Conventions, which are necessary collaborations of certain categories of beings to help each other in their expression.

13. Matter is the language of desire on the plane of the Universes.


15. In speech and art are the beginnings of the language of desire on the plane of ideas. (Most speech is action.)

16. Beings, in their expression of themselves, modify the Potential around them. As the Potential is common to all, beings communicate with each other through their perception of the modifications of the Potential.

17. The senses are the powers which translate perceptions of the modifications of the Potential into languages.

18. In the organisation of the world, the pain which emanates from all creative activity is being perpetually rejected: partially non-expressed. A quantity of suffering accumulates in the Potential, and tries to express itself through individuals. That is the Evil Element in the Universe: Evil is pain felt separately from its cause, creation.

19. The Conventions protect against evil the beings that belong to them.

20. Accidents are violations of Conventional laws. Such violations, being outside the protection of the Convention, entail suffering.

21. Man belongs to two Conventions:—The Universal Convention: which is the Material Convention; the Human Convention: which is the Moral Convention.

22. Man’s specific work is to prepare the third Convention: the Convention of Ideas, which is the Metaphysical Convention.

III.—Psychology: Fall and Resurrection.

23. Existence entails responsibility.


25. Liberty is the power of expressing one’s desires: it is a concomitant of responsibility; and both, of existence itself.

26. As every being is infinite, liberty entails immortality.

27. The foundation in men of the world of Ideas is the beginning of an immortality which is continued in a different order of being.

28. When a desire has reached the highest intensity it is capable of, it ceases and falls: Perfection is annihilation.

29. A fall is a return into the ever-unexpressed Potential, which refills the fallen being with new forces, and resurrects it. Desire follows an infinite rhythm of rise, fall and resurrection.

30. There are two forms of fall: sleep and death. In sleep a desire comes back as desire, in the same expression; in death, a desire gives up its former expression, and comes back on the next plane, subdivided into ideas.

31. Ideas need a new language, as matter is too ponderous an expression for them. The formation of the world of Ideas entails the death of the material Universe.

32. The basis of all language is the elementary vibration of the Potential, the first rise and fall of desire. Thus all language, all expression, is rhythm.

IV.—Eschatology: Destiny.

33. Universes also reach Perfection and die, in the world of Ideas and the realisation of the Metaphysical Convention.

34. Nothing is ever lost for the Potential; and the Potential never ceases from creating.

35. A fallen world is reproduced in new circumstances; that is, among new worlds which the Potential has created during the fall-period of that world.

36. Every being reappears in and with its world, again and again in new circumstances.

37. There exists for each being a permanent Abstraction, which is its true imperishable essence: a plan of that being, which life makes real again and again in varying circumstances.

38. There exists a Plan of all Abstractions, which is Destiny; but the Potential is for ever coming into the Plan with new creations.

39. In Destiny the will, or desire, of each being is completely accomplished.

40. Destiny is the will of the Total Being, which is One: The One striving towards Self-Consciousness for ever, as its self-consciousness has its infinitude for object, and the Potential grows with the growth of the Actual.

V.—Ethics.

The duty of man is to be at once the Discoverer and the Creator of Being, by reaching full self-consciousness:
(41) To understand the will of the Total Being, and to understand that his own will is identical with it.
(42) To feel, in pleasure, the development of the Total Being, and to bear, in pain, his own share of the suffering of Creation.
(43) To act: to express in his languages the Total Being: that is, on man's plane, to resolve the desires given him from ideas: to carry out the Metaphysical Convention; and to lay the foundations of the Metaphysical Convention.

**Drama.**

By John Francis Hope.

**MR. JAMES BERNARD FAGAN** has re-opened the Royal Court Theatre, Chelsea, with the intention of devoting it to revivals of Shakespeare. The theatre has been reconstructed and redecorated, and the scheme of screened and reflected light is very grateful to tired eyes. But one wonders which of the Shakespeares will find a home here, the poet, the comedian, or the tragedian. The production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with which the season opens, repeats Mr. Fagan's success with "Twelfth Night;" the comedy scenes are perfectly conceived, and perfectly rendered, and "the few brief scenes of love" (as his love These) "very tragical mirth" provides the opportunity for the cleverest, the heartiest, most good-humoured foolery to be seen on the London stage. As a producer of Shakespearean comedy, Mr. Fagan is without peer in London; Mr. Granville Barker's wire-drawn intellectuality forbade him to produce the effect of full-blooded, spontaneous enjoyment that Mr. Fagan seems to get without effort. It does not matter whether one sits close to the stage, or far from it (I was in the second row of the stalls, but I should have preferred the circle, and if managers were wise and critics were not snobbish, we should always be put in the circle), the comic actors are obviously masters of their craft. I have seen Mr. Miles Malleson, for example, on many occasions; I know, to within a little, what to expect from him; but he is always better than I expect in a Shakespearean part. His Quince in this play is a masterly character-study; a man of about sixty-five, lean and scraggy about the neck, with a power of serious absorption in the problems of stage-management that its very air of reality makes doubly ludicrous. Mr. Malleson plays the fool not like a serious man trying to be funny, but like a foolish man trying to be serious. In this case he makes me think that if Quince had only applied as much power of thought to the quality of the play as he obviously did to the details of its performance (which worried him extremely), its dramatic quality would have been improved, although its "tragical mirth" would not have such hysterical effects on the audience. That is Quince to the life; he bears a brain, but of that muddle-headed type that is perfectly serious about silly things, and offers its absurdities in all good faith as an expression of kindly feeling. It is a masterly performance, and London will be laughing at it for some months to come.

I do not know where Mr. Fagan found Mr. Alfred Clark, but he is a real discovery. His Bottom the Weaver is, I think, the funniest that I have ever seen, and it is played with an amazing simplicity. His Bottom is not clowning for anyone's amusement; he is seriously regarding himself as a tragic actor, and his self-possession is extraordinary, but particularly so in the play-scene. His Pyramus enters with a big "O," forgets his lines, draws his script from his wallet, and prompts himself—all with an air of sublime confidence in his powers that is irresistible. He is a fine, full-blooded Bottom, who nowhere showed his skill better than in the way he manipulated the ass's head. The jaw moved consonantly with the words, long and short; and detail of that kind betoken the real actor. It makes the illusion perfect; and when I remember some of the stage piano-playing I have seen, with the actor's hand ascending the keyboard while singing scale-passages are being played, I cannot be too grateful for this workmanlike attention to detail. But the whole group of them, Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Starveling, Mr. George Desmond as Snout, Mr. William Arlott as Elbow, these actors thoroughly understand each other, and are perfectly at home with their material. Their scenes are the success of this revival, and reveal an instinctive sympathy with the spirit of Shakespearean rustic comedy that is really uncanny. "So much things should be."

But "A Midsummer Night's Dream, Jr." is, unfortunately, not all rustic music. It is a poetic tragedy averted by poetic fantasy, and poetry has other values. Poetry conveys not only sense but sound; indeed, it tends to express its sense in its sound, and the musical quality is quite as important as the intellectual. I have often thought that actors should go through a course of listening to music; I am quite sure that Nicolai's "Merrie Wives," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and an Englishman whose name I forget, but whose "Puck" at Queen's Hall, I am sure that a course of such music would give actors a sense of poetic character, even, which they seem unable to divine from the words. We only have to cast our memories back a few years to Forbes Robertson (not so far we have Leon Quartermaine and Henry Lytton), and remember that mesmeric silence of an audience thrilled with a sense of beauty. A poetic actor commands his audience, communicates emotional states to it, does, for the time, lift it to a higher level, and make it see "the light that never was on land and sea." But it seems impossible to get either producers or actors of this day to understand what one means; they do not believe in poetry, they do not feel it, do not understand it except intellectually, as a peculiar and pedantic means of conveying information—which it is not. One talks about rhythm, and they look as though one had suddenly gone mad; yet when Mr. Arthur Whitty, speaking prose, induced hypnotism in the first act of "The Lost Leader," his delivery became rhythmic, his voice poetic—that is to say, the sound conveyed produced the meaning of "sinking, sinking, into soft, black velvet," until one succumbed to mere listening.

Not all poetry, of course, produces that effect, or requires that style of delivery; but it always requires the more musical tones of the voice, and something of the musical sense of interval as well as rhythm. Unless an actor is fully seized of the poetic meaning (which is really feeling), his voice rises and falls meaninglessly, words are stressed in wrong places; and instead of a general emotion (say, for example, appeal in Helena's case) being conveyed, we get only a didder-dadder of vocal annoyance. At the Court, they practically all use the upper register of the voice, and their only emphasis of expression is to throw the voice over in a parabola of sound; musicians will know what I mean, and I cannot express it any differently. But every musician knows that musical effect is produced by swell and subsidence, by variation of tone-quality and pitch—and not by using the upper register of the speaking voice. If Miss Mary Grey, for example, could only import into her speaking voice some of the flexibility of interval as well as rhythm, she could bring about the poetic effect the part of Oberin demands. It is only, or at least, chiefly, a question of voice production; she sings like one of Nature's choir, but she talks like a schoolmistress, as tonelessly as though she were reciting a lesson. I single out Miss Leah Bateman from this general censure not because she knows how to speak verse (she does not; she chimes her rhymes, but destroys her rhythms, and has no sense of poetic pitch), but because her sense of character gives at least a prose reality to
Hermia. She has the real dramatic sense, acts all the time—she is on the stage, speaking or silent, and in character, too. The others have their exits and their entrances, say their little piece, crowd over, and are done; but from first to last, in action or at rest, she is Hermia as she conceives her, and Hermia is a possible young woman of the twentieth century. She is at her best in her altercation with Helena; but she plays the love-scenes with that sense of sub-conscious criticism that prevents the modern young woman from presenting a Shakespearean heroine in all her appealing grace. Shakespeare's women (in this play particularly) were softer hearted, more clinging than the women of this generation; their love was their life; and if Miss Bateman can act on that assumption, she has the ability to make a name as a Shakespearean actress. But she must not criticise, she must express, the Shakespearean "values."

P.S.—I have been asked to state that the financial difficulties of the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, are in a fair way to be solved. A lady has offered £2,000 as a gift, subject to the whole £4,000 required being raised. It ought not to be impossible to find a number of people willing to subscribe the £2,000 necessary to put this venture beyond danger; and I give publicity to these facts in the hope that they will meet the eye of those who have money either to give to or invest in London's only repertory theatre.

Views and Reviews.

GUILD SOCIALISM RESTATED.

It is about six years since I was publicly excommunicated from Guild Socialism by Mr. G. D. H. Cole; and I notice with some surprise and more amusement that he now declares: "There is, I am glad to say, no such thing as a strict Guild orthodoxy." But if the six years have made some difference to Mr. Cole, they have also made considerable difference to the situation, a difference so marked that I doubt extremely whether any process of logic or reason can fruitfully be applied to public affairs. Mr. Cole throughout this book* commits himself to a policy of evolution, and Darwinian evolution at that, the policy of "encroaching control"—and this at a time when the Federation of British Industries has begun to put its policy of "lower wages" into operation. It is true that, in one place, he says: "At any moment it is at least possible that a revolution in the situation may arise, either because the possessing classes think that the moment for resistance has come, or because the contending parties have merely muddled themselves into a situation from which there is no other outlet"; but none the less he declares that "especially for Guild Socialists... the thing to aim at—whether we can in fact attain to it or not—is not early revolution, but the consolidation of all forces on the lines of evolutionary development with a view to making the revolution, which in one sense must come, as little as possible a civil war and as much as possible a registration of accomplished facts and a culmination of tendencies already in operation." It is Mr. Cole in his everlasting rôle of the Abbé Siéyès, trying to build constitutions for a cataclysm.

Let us be quite clear on one point: revolutions are part of the art of government. They are not made by the working classes; they are provoked by the governing classes. The evidence collected by the Hammonds in their histories of the labourers during the Napoleonic period up to the Reform Bill, Robert Hunter's "History of Violence in the Labour Movement," the history of the Russian autocracy, the present trouble in Iran—everything shows quite plainly that revolutions are provoked, and usually crushed, by the same people. They do not depend on 'the will of the people,' but on the will of the governors; just as the Turks used to argue that the only way to settle the Armenian question was to settle the Armenians, so the tendency now is to settle Labour problems, or political problems, by settling the labourer or the politician. Malthus was perhaps the first to use Christian teaching in support of the argument that problems arise from people, and can be solved by abolishing or restricting population; but the lesson has been well learned, and whether the means is Christianity or Marxism is always the same. We may talk as we like about "democracy," but government is an art subject to what seem to be inevitable laws; and Mr. Cole's assumption that "the national co-ordinating machinery of Guild Society would be essentially unlike the present State, and would have few direct administrative functions," is in flat contradiction to the obvious trend of all central government. America and Switzerland, to take two famous examples, both began with the idea of keeping the central government comparatively weak; but the whole is greater than the part, and the very pressure of events compels a crystalline aggregation of power in the central government.

I have, on former occasions, dealt with this point ad nauseam; I refer to it again only to emphasise the fact that history reveals the trend and nature of the forces actually in operation, while speculation, such as Mr. Cole's, reveals at best a development of ideals. The ideals, as Mr. Cole reveals them, are so obviously unrelated to the real forces at work that they seem almost ludicrous to a man like myself. Mr. Cole begins his "restatement" with "the demand for freedom," and assures us that freedom is a condition of progress and reconstruction. Unfortunately it is not; in physics a free force is not a force, in physiology the term is meaningless, in sociology it is simply a danger. Progress, in physiology, for example, only occurs in response to stress; Mr. Morley Roberts, in his fascinating "Warfare in the Human Body," shows us that the heart, to take an example of a really vital organ, "is the latest result of repeated failures of the circulating canal under strain, and of the repairs effected by the stressed tissues in their response to changed and abnormal stimuli, just as bone alters under its particular stress." Political bodies have very close analogies with human bodies; it is a commonplace of criticism of the English Constitution that it is, like the heart, a thing of shreds and patches, that it does not progress on the lines laid down by principles, however logical, but in response to definite strains and stresses of events. Like the heart, it has all the signs of a much repaired organ.

The response to "the demand for freedom" is always a vote; and we have to contemplate, even in Mr. Cole's book, an ever-extending electorate. A new electorate swamps the old; "Votes for Women" postponed the coming of a Labour Government, and I thought that "votes for children" was only a jest of mine until I read Mr. Coles declaration: "Have not the child and the youth the right to make their voices heard in the moulding of the educational system, if not as a whole, at any rate when it touches them directly, in the school itself?" If in the school, why not in the home, where they are equally concerned? Has not the horse the right to determine his working conditions? No lover of horses, aware of their intelligence, their general sobriety, their superiority to men, according to Swift, can refuse their demand for freedom. The true democratic doctrine is: "Ye shall have the vote, and the vote shall make ye feel free."

Mr. Cole goes further. One vote for one member of Parliament is a mockery of freedom; "Brown, Jones, and Robinson must therefore have not one vote
each, but as many different functional votes as there are different questions calling for associative action in which they are interested." The cry is not merely "Votes for Everybody," but "Votes for Every Thing." In the schools, the little children putting up their hands and saying: "Please, teacher, I don't like you"; in the factory, "direct election by the individual workers concerned will probably be the best way of choosing nearly all the leaders"; also, "there would doubtless be workshop committees, meetings, debates, voting, and all the phenomena of democratic organisation." Mr. Cole admits that the Russian Bolshevik leaders "seemed to have things round the other way" that industrial democracy is incompatible with workshop discipline"; but there is, in Mr. Charles Raven's "Christian Socialism" (p. 337), an equally authoritative comment on the idea. Richard Isham was manager of the Christian Socialists' Printing Association, and his report on its failure is, we are told, "characteristic of the majority. 'The great evil,'" he writes, 'is too many disputes, too many discussions, too many meetings, too much interference.' A strong manager rendered himself liable to the charge of being false to the spirit of association, a weak one could not secure adequate performance of the work."

I admit that this criticism is irrelevant to Mr. Cole's case. Mr. Cole is not concerned with getting work done, but with making men feel free. He assumes that free men want to work, or that somehow the work will be done. But it is freedom, not work, that is the aim of his disquisitions; it is democracy, not government, that his restatement of Guild Socialism expresses —and democracy is plural voting for functions. A simple person like myself would have thought that a representative was a "function" of the represented; but Mr. Cole seems to have swallowed Señor de Maeztu's "Christian Socialism" and to give votes for things rather than for men. In either case, votes do not seem to be a cause, but only an effect, of political and economic change.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Watchdog of the Crown. By John Knipe. (The Bodley Head. 7s. net.)

The Tower of London has not received of late years so much attention from novelists as it deserves; but Mr. John Knipe makes his first appearance as a novelist with an historical romance in which the Lieutenant of the Tower is not only one of the chief actors, but one of the two narrators of the story. Exactly why Sir Angus Ruthven and Sir Henry Talbot should take turns in telling the story, we have not been able to fathom; they both speak in the first person singular, and it is not easy for the reader to remember which is speaking, there being no marked difference in style. The story is certainly an enthralling one; it deals with Lord Seymour's conspiracy to kill King Edward and his sister Mary, and to put Elizabeth on the throne. Mr. Knipe makes Seymour a fine figure of a conspirator, a dasher, debonair villain with a ready wit, an easy conscience, and the soul of a diplomatist. He intrigués on the very scaffold. But threaded through his intrigues is a love story, or, rather, two love stories; and the first conspirator of them all is the Lady Frances Grey. She is really a brilliant study, the skill with which she makes truth serve the purpose of falsehood is phenomenal; she seems not only to be in love with Seymour, but en rapport with him, inspired by him. The means by which Sir Henry Talbot exorsises her faith in, and love for, Seymour amount to a prolonged process of psychological torture; indeed, Talbot seems to have a genius for this form of torture, as when he extorts a confession from Seymour's servant by putting him on the rack and keeping him waiting for over two hours in silence. There are, of course, plenty of exciting incidents in the story, Ruthven's swim to the Tower on a night in January after escaping from and firing a house in Whitefriars being one of the chief; but the main interest is in the play of wit, even the Star Chamber becomes a psychological clinic. Mr. Knipe weights the scales of judgment heavily against treason, so that the reformation of Lady Frances Grey amounts to a re-education of the soul; and the assumption that treason is sin certainly adds intensity and subtlety to his handling of the story. Altogether, it is a fine performance, which tells us less of the fundamentals of politics than of human nature; political conspiracy certainly seems, in the hands of the novelist, to elicit the utmost powers of the human mind. Talbot even seems to have been a hypnotist—but he was certainly a brave man when he married Lady Frances Grey.

The Story of a New Zealand River. By Jane Mander. (The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d. net.)

This is a misleading title for a novel which deals with the slow evolution of an Englishwoman's mind from the conventional to the experimental state. The theme is by no means original, and so far as English readers are concerned it development presents no novelty; but it is handled delicately, patiently, with an instinctive faith in the inevitability of the process of unfolding. Miss Mander makes it perfectly clear that, to the mid-Victorian Englishwoman, the final revelation had been made; there were things that a lady did, and things that a lady did not do, and with this code of permissions and prohibitions she was prepared to face any sort of life and judge it. The absurdity of trying to preserve the Victorian conventions in a lumber-camp is apparent, but it is really no more absurd than trying to preserve them in London; for they are relevant only to one form of life, the imaginary. Alice Roland was fortunate in finding in New Zealand a lover who was a doctor, whose instinctive kindness and sympathy equipped him as efficiently as the more technical apparatus of the psycho-analyst; as a rule, he let her grow, only helping her to adjust herself to a new point of view when her excessive emotion prevented her from thinking. Indeed, she had difficulty in thinking—she could only judge according to her inherited table of taboos, she could only "warn" against the "dangers of life," she could not unaided so conduct herself in an unfamiliar situation as to handle it successfully. But for the author's skill in character-drawing, the story would be tedious; the woman is such a fool, she is so slow in learning by experience, that a less sympathetic set of friends would have tired of her. Even as it is, Miss Mander shows us what an elaborate apparatus of friends, social and cultural experience, is necessary to make one Englishwoman behave like a reasonable being, and learn the simple lesson that, because human beings are not all alike in every respect, "judge not, lest ye be judged," is the first condition of social life. Although the scene is laid in the New Zealand bush, Miss Mander contrives to bring so many influences of European culture to bear on her heroine that the lumber-camp seems more like one of the more advanced of our summer-camps of a few years ago; Shaw and Wells seem to have reached New Zealand, but the most advanced modern plays mentioned are "The Liar," "The Gay Lord Quex," "Niebe," and "Lady Windermere's Fan." May Heaven preserve her from "Damaged Goods," and similar works of sociological drama.
Young Man: It's very kind of you; but I don't think I don't know what you mean.

Young Man: What, a thousand first-class Labour leaders? I should say.

The Anonymous Power: Well, make it hundreds. And million would refuse to accept £1,000 a year for nothing. And you say, "Only a few." Very good, let us say, this next five or ten years?

Young Man: As many more as we have to-day. . . . .

But I don't see what you are driving at.

The Anonymous Power: Right. Well, let's suppose we do. Then you tell me what a million is to the hundreds of millions every year.

Young Man: A million. The Anonymous Power: That is what I'm allowing you.

Now another question. Answer me straight: How many of your thousand, do you think, would refuse to accept £1,000 a year for doing just nothing whatever? Think before you reply.

Young Man: Well, put like that, I couldn't see many of them refusing, but if you are suggesting—

The Anonymous Power: I'm suggesting nothing at present. I'm simply asking how many of your thousand would refuse to accept £1,000 a year for nothing. And you say, "Only a few." Very good, now will you work out the sum of a thousand at £1,000 a year. What does it come to?

Young Man: A million.

The Anonymous Power: Right. What do you reckon is the worth of the present system to the capitalists, as you call them?

Young Man: Oh, we know that well enough. You bleed the country of hundreds of millions every year.

The Anonymous Power: Well, let's suppose we do. Mind, I'm only taking your own case. Now will you tell me what a million is to the hundreds of millions you say the capitalists get? Less than 1 per cent., isn't it? Isn't that a rather cheap insurance, don't you think?

Young Man: Oh, but the leaders would never allow themselves to be bribed in that dastardly way!

The Anonymous Power: Of course not, my dear boy. But my friends were not born yesterday. Besides, it can be done much more cheaply by other means.

Young Man: I give me, but I do not see the point.

The Anonymous Power: £1,000 for doing nothing would, I agree, be too obvious. But what about £4,000 for honourable public service, say, for "educating the working man," and why not £1,000 well camouflaged—don't you think the bait would be swallowed?

Young Man: No, I don't.

The Anonymous Power: Well, I've done my best; you must live and learn. But you must agree that it's singular how many of your leaders do land up in £1,000 a year jobs, under Government and elsewhere—all well outside the "movement."

Young Man: Your suggestion is scandalous, Sir.

The Anonymous Power: Come and tell me so in a year's time.

ARISE, DEAD BEAUTIES.

Rather than elegies I would sing your waking, O vanished, and since vanished most belove'd; Not on your shroud but new-washed mantles shak'ing The dew of herbs by morning kissed and moved; For her dead children unto Earth are dearest. Lo thou lost Sweeting, gone a thousand years, Lift thine hands up to the sun; Lo thou that bearest Still on thy cheek thine ancient tears And frozen sorrow become oblivion, Let Time nip thy growing woe, But not thee; Radiantly Rise and sing for evermo.

Never you had nor shall have faith If so ye do believe That you are obscured of death, For on you I call, nor grieve: Blossom up, twined lovely hair, Bud from the earth and blow abroad; Are these flowers worthier So from the root to rise in the Spring And burgeon, that the hues of her That was denied to a king?

And these proclaim your hiding-places, These amell'd and these pensive buds, These many windflowers with their earthy faces Save in the sun, when each one upward nods; Thus saying in the drooping "Here she lieth," And in the smiling "But she shall arise"; And each one from the strolling Zephyr buyeth With sweetness music for your hullabies.

And why doth Crocus so cry Gold,

But in remembering your shining, Body and raiment, O ye loves of old, Of metal fine beyond refining? Not that o'er gauded earth called precious, But quintessential light of day: (I mind me of this though you be gone): Not the proud dust misnam'd of us, But the broad warmth of the sun.

Above you in the first of the spring the merle Bloometh brier and buddeth thorn,

Rise up, fair from the earth! Not on your shrouds but new-washed mantles shaking

And where the brake is earliest strewn with pearl Where dwelleth every vanish'd Beauty; And from the turf such company To weep a little while.

I think to be in that Country

I hear the chimes of Marychurch Was whelmèd under sea:

Bloometh brier and buddeth thorn, The spray springeth everywhere;

So the silly leaves are born, But thou Love art lying there;

And here the oak and there the birch Drop rain so tuneably,

Showering thee with mirth; Ere another Spring be flown Rise up, fair from the earth!

And here in that Country

Where dwelleth every vanish'd Beauty; Whereon I fall upon melancholy To weep a little while.

RUTH PITTER.