NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A DRAMATIC change has come over the coal situation. All the week confusion had been worse confounded than ever. Every manner of wild suggestion was being flung about by the men's leaders. Mr. Noah Ablett glibly remarked that "the larger the area to which they extended the battle, the more the Government would have to deal with." If experience has not yet taught our Labour "statesmen" that normally a strike does not become more effective, but very much the reverse, the widder it is extended, and if they have not yet grasped the terrific forces of resistance that a serious attempt at anything approaching a general strike would evoke, their ignorance must be super-invincible. Mr. A. J. Cook again declared that the miners were going to fight "directly against the Government" for nationalisation. We trust they are not seriously thinking of trying to resuscitate that upburied, but, we had hoped, forgotten corpse. Its unhonoured decease had at least left the field clear for some policy relevant to the actual issues. And were nationalisation ever so desirable, it does not fall within the class of objects for which the strike is appropriate weapon. To declare a strike for a social change of that kind is to invite civil war. You may begin by striking, but, if you are to fight such an issue to a finish, you must end with machine-guns. The only other thing to do is to cry, "Our mistake! Sorry to see the poor still suffering, and injustice prevail alone" in the dock. Long before the springing of decontrol, it was the business of Mr. Hodges and his colleagues to have been examining every proposal that was in the field for so re-organising the industry as to lift it out of the rut and start it rolling on the path of prosperity. We need not recount again the various tactical blunders committed since the stoppage. But we insist once more that Mr. Hodges has grossly failed to carry out his repeated offers to "explore every avenue." He and his Executive have steadfastly refused to take the trouble to examine the most constructive set of proposals that anyone has suggested—proposals offering prima facie a veritable new world for the miners. Can it be that our Labour leaders are more anxious for a Labour Government (with themselves in high posts) a few years hence than for a real social advance under the present political régime? It is at any rate disquieting to read Mr. Ellis Davies' recent statement in the "Nation" that a Labour ex-M.P. "only last autumn assured him that he would prefer to see the poor still suffering, and injustice prevail for twenty years, rather than agree to a political compromise." Was this the inner meaning of Mr. Hodges' concluding passage? However that may be, he made one amazing admission—that the stoppage was initiated by the leave of the bankers; or (as he more discreetly put it) "we started with overdrafts at the bank." For whose benefit does he wish us to suppose that the contest has, in fact, been fought?

The agenda and the Press reports of the Labour Party Conference are melancholy reading. Even better stage-management than the Labour Party is capable of cannot make a really enlivening spectacle out of an interminable procession of red herrings. We can get up no enthusiasm over the question, to which of the Internationals the Party is to belong. They are all three committed to some brand or other of Collectivism. If the Party is to do any good, it had better drop on international relations, with the exception of one clause in a voluminous essay tabled by the I.L.P., would thoroughly commend themselves to that ghost of nineteenth-century Manchester, that masquerades under the odd guise of "Common Sense."
blankly ignore the real economic cause of wars. The excepted clause does begin to get on the scent when it speaks of "neglecting the needs of the home market"; but even this badly fumbles the issue. On unemployment, no more exhilarating suggestion was produced than the Labour Party's Right to Work Bill and a call to the State "immediately to organise production and distribution to supply social needs." We have, of course, a better plan even for the immediate purpose of supplying that odd necessity of our insane society—employment. But a Labour Party worth its salt would produce the smallest effect. The Executive has already excepted clause does begin to get on the scent when it speaks of "neglecting the needs of the home market;" another big step back into capitalism was taken last month. Private persons and companies are now to be allowed to rent big industrial works and sources of raw material. M. Lenin is naturally compelled to describe this as "a transition period," after which communism will be reinstated. But evidently the real "transition" is in exactly the opposite direction; we see a continual series of revisions, all making the same way. There is nothing to suggest any prospect of a sudden swinging round later on. What is happening is as plain as daylight. Cosmopolitan financiers are stepping in now that the ground has been so conveniently cleared for them by the Bolshevik orgy of destruction, and are snapping up cheap the depreciated assets of the nation. The larger concessions will be secured by these powerful financial rings, and the smaller entrepreneurs who take over the ordinary run of industrial concerns will be absolutely dependent upon them for credit. Industrialism will be extended far beyond the narrow limits within which it has hitherto been confined in Russia, and will assume an intensive form such perhaps as has never hitherto been known in any country. And the principal beneficiaries will be the foreign financial conquerors. For an indefinite period they may find it most convenient to continue to use the Bolshevik Government as their agents. The latter need not seriously alter their principles; at a very early stage of the Revolution M. Lenin was already waxing lyrical over the Taylor system of scientific management and similar pleasing devices of "advanced" capitalism. But whatever regime is nominally in power, the real ruling class will be the alien financiers. The monarchist and aristocratic elements which might have provided an aristocratic counter-force have been ruthlessly swept away; among ourselves the new plutocracy is at any rate kept a little in check by the Cecils and others of their caste. It is reserved for post-Revolutionary Russia to exhibit the disgusting abuse of power without palliation of that form. Go straight for the real stranglehold on the nation's life—the grip of the financiers—and Capital and Labour can at once begin to co-operate in working out their joint emancipation (and that of us all). The Social Credit policy affords a haven in time of need for this storm-tossed Party. We have already pointed out the electioneering possibilities it possesses. And it is at present at the service of any Party; which will be the first to appropriate it? Mr. Balfour, too, appears to be so under the impression. He is much exercised about "direct action," he thinks that "the present system is barbarous and absurd. " Unfortunately he has "no remedy to propose;" he does not wish "to suggest constructive legislation." He lamely concludes that it is for wage-earners and employers to do something about it. But we are not both landlords and special jobs to have other than a narrow outlook. It is surely the business of a detached and philosophical statesman to give a lead to society's foot-sloggers. The mystic word "credit"! It is an ornamental word, but it is not wish to equate everything dynamic.

In the current "Guildsman" the editorial notes deal with the position of the middle classes in relation to "Guild Socialism." They point out that those classes are a very tough nut to crack; on the other hand, they...
trust in the psychological reaction of the spread of professional organisation among the non-manual workers. But the problem raises far deeper issues than standardised methods, knowledge of scientific processes, ownership. Collectivism (since majority of the middle classes will never touch any actual machines, but very largely also of traditions, pioneers, and Guildsmen in particular, should clear them. It is needless to go into the complex psychological reality, there are two integral, and violently contrasted, positions which may be adopted by those who are in fundamental revolt against the existing social order. There is the Marxian view, regarding labour as the sole creator of wealth, and advocating "the right to the whole product of labour," the dictatorship of the proletariat, the seizure of mines and factories by the workers, and so forth. It all hangs together. On the other hand, the new credit-economies. On this view, wealth is the product of a vast co-operative effort of society, very largely the effort of past generations still bearing fruit at the present day. If we are to give any one answer to the question, who or what is the producer of wealth? we should have to say "the machinery of production." This is a complex, consisting partly of actual machines, but very largely also of traditions, standardised methods, knowledge of scientific processes, and similar imponderables. Its principal creators are an apostolic succession of inventors, most of them long dead and buried. The major portion of the wealth produced to-day has been earned by these men; it is not earned by any now living labour of hand or brain. Of course, labour of both kinds is indispensable to the functioning of this machinery of production. So is fuel and lubricating oil. There is no more reason for singling out labour as the creator of wealth, than for pitching on coal or oil. When a machine is running practically as fuel and pouring out manufactured goods, the labour of mere "minding" is only an incidental matter. Such labour might be justly and even generously paid, and yet 'leave the bulk of the product as a social dividend for workers and non-workers alike. As each generation simply finds these facilities for producing wealth on any terms lying about, as it were, they can only, in equity, be regarded as a social heritage in whose fruits all are entitled to share. The mass of the people, in short, are robbed not, as workers, of the produce of their labour, but, as citizens, of their social heritage.

**World Affairs.**

There are three things of primordial importance for the understanding of the British function in the world and all these three things are as deep and unrealised as they are verifiable and crying for recognition. We began this series on the British world-function with the fact of the racial derivation of the Englishman, of his Teutonic derivation, and with the fact that the Empire of Columbia, the Imperium of the far future, is primarily of British and Teutonic derivation. The speech of the British race and of Northern America is the mysterious English language, that multiple synthesis of the Western Aryan languages which leads the Aryan mind backwards again into monosyllabism and agglutination of the primitive and sub-intellectual utterance. This is a regression on the higher spiral and a progression at the same time, we have remarked and emphasised; a bending towards supra-Aryan thought and utterance; and the American Aryandom is moulding this supra-Aryan speech in its inception, moulding and re-shaping in considerable degree, and is conferring the gift and the mystery of this speech upon its new and supra-Aryan race in the making. We wish again to expose this fact to a glaring emphasis. With greatest hesitation and only compelled by truth we demand once more a recognition of the obvious. The English language is one of the foundations of the pan-human future and is one of the primordially important creations of the human soul. This language may become the vehicle of the future world-language, as the new humanity of Columbia, the titanic and great young race, the imperial young race, may become the epigenesis and the physical innovation upon the Aryan stock. A new and, partly, a supra-Aryan Humanity is in its inception in America. Universal Humanity, however, and the supra-Aryan evolution of the globe and of mankind are the fulfilment of Aryandom, its fulfilment and transcendence, not its annihilation. In America a new Aryan body is being born in these centuries, and the pan-human idea, in one of its aspects, is coming into existence in America. And just as England was born Teutonic and European, Columbia was born British and European. America is the evolutionary transcendence of England.

The essential contribution of the British race to the world is, as we have said in the beginning of this series, the English language, an essential language of humanity and the British character. The sublimity and the theurgic potency of this character we propose to consider and to value at the end of our present inquiry. This character is the foundation of the world. The pan-human merit and contribution of British mankind can be compared with those of the eternal China. The contribution of the eternal soul of China to the world is the reality and the ideal of the Ineffable, of the Normal, of the Perfect; the reality and ideal of the Divine; the reality and ideal of the Simple. This ineffable gift of China to the whole is her religion of Tao and her aeonian and lowly life in Tao. Tao is potentiality, and Sophia supernal herself, and continuity, and omnipotentiality. Sophia and Tao are Life itself, elasticity and life. Tao and the essence of Albion are indefiniteness and omnipotentiality. Chihli and eternally indefinite are Tao and Sophia, living, undying, neutral. The essence of China is pan-humaneness itself. The embodiments of common humaneness on earth are, in the racial aspect of the world, the Middle Kingdom of Asia and the Imperium of Aryan synthesis and transcendence; this biological
and wise Imperium is the cosmopolitan and feminine empire of the Englishman. England is a mother and is passive both to Providence and to Destiny. Unconscious indefiniteness is her humanness. Womb and unconscious mother is England. Her pan-humaness is truly neutral and indiscriminate. England is China, and nothing less, the immense and world-sustaining China, a victorious and cruel unconsciousness and mystery. America, and Canada and Australia are the progeny, and are already the born, self-existing progeny of England. If the Son, however, if maleness, if reason and personality were not God Himself, if Man and his own history were not divine and equal in majesty to the Father, the end of England would be death and stagnation, the evolutionary and feminine stupor, just as this was the curse and the putrescence of China.

The character and the mental harmony of the British Man is the foundation of the world, and a safe and worthy foundation. Tao and what is easy and natural, common sense and what is simple and nourishing is manifestation, the Son and his Freedom, personality and of the immense and world-sustaining Imperium is the cosmopolitan and feminine worthy foundation. Tao and what is easy and natural, common sense and what is simple and nourishing is manifestation, the Son and his Freedom, personality and the immense and world-sustaining Imperium is the cosmopolitan and feminine worthy foundation.

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**Our Generation.**

A correspondent raised last week in this column a cry for "spiritual bread"; I commented upon it, but I could not ask at the time what meaning the cry, coming at this time, could have. Does the old bread no longer satisfy us? In that case we should regard ourselves as favoured among generations; for to have a desire for a truth not yet uttered is not a hardship, but a sublime distinction. But does it mean, on the other hand, that we have learned from the truths we knew, that human Truth has hidden her face from us, that we are bereft not only of our future but of our very past, and that we live in the terrible vacuum, the affrighting non-existence, of the present? Certainly we do not turn with the instinct of a few centuries ago to the past; we do not feel that our cry for bread should be addressed to anything that is established; we call to what is not yet in existence, not yet formed and articulate. And that being so, it may be that our desire is not a desire for truths, but a desire for the search for truth, for the awakening of our mind. We do not turn back to the common, traditional truths of the past, for these had been; these we need not search for, and it is for the search that we unconsciously long. "Seek and ye shall find," for you shall find your seeking, and there is in the realm in which seeking and finding are the same. This may be a ridiculously optimistic diagnosis of the spiritual dissatisfaction of our day; yet it is true that everywhere, except among those who take Mr. Chesterton seriously, there is a loosening of dogma and a revolt against it. And ridiculous as intellectually as this revolt can easily be proved to be, it may yet be necessary and good; it may be the condition, a statement of the terms, which men have made in order once more to think, to live the life of truth within themselves instead of accepting truths external and settled. Either the dogma outside or a living voice within men certainly must have. When they are asking for bread, therefore, as they are doing in our time, with all the spiritual granaries of the past open to them, it therefore, as they are doing in our time, with all the spiritual granaries of the past open to them, it is almost sufficient proof that they desire unconsciously an inward life of truth, that something unattempted yet—for all ages thus far have been ages of faith and not of thought, of certainty—is on the verge of possibility. To withhold all ready-made truths, and to preach the awakening of the mind, and again the awakening of the mind, is our first duty nowadays.

M. M. Cosmo.
to acknowledge good-faith and heroism in each other, and how easy, on the contrary, it should be for journalists here, who are outside the conflict? Yet this letter, which by its mere accent would have convinced a cynic, is suspected by them. The "Daily Express" gives it the bleak and shameful heading: "Appeal for her son's murderer. Is it magnanimity or fear?" The assumed superiority to the greatest actions which this expresses passes characterisation. There is concealed shame in it; the shame of those who feel themselves to be ignoble and who therefore will not, for they cannot, acknowledge the existence of anything connected with planting. For I am bound to say that the collapse to me of a feeling of humility in admitting this letter to its columns; but it could neither sink nor rise to that.

Whether it is Mr. Bottomley or the Government who is paying for the national census the circumstantial evidence is inadequate to prove. Is the perusal of Mr. Bottomley's new Sunday paper a condition of our residence in this country? On these terms we should be compelled, as a matter of taste, to emigrate. Or is the Government so unpopular and Mr. Bottomley so popular that his magical name had to appear to reassure the people that any wrong the State does them will be righted in the pages of "John Bull"? Our birth certificates are not yet embellished with an advertisement of Mr. Bottomley; we can still die without fearing that his effigy will appear on our tombstones, but how much longer shall we enjoy even this modified form of immunity only the Government and Mr. Bottomley know. The shamelessness of advertisers is a commonplace of our time; but the most disconcerting thing is that the more shameless an advertisement is the better it succeeds. The public do not know that there is a point at which the importunity of advertisers becomes an offence; in fact, they are incapable of taking offence at anything which is done in the name of business. Meanwhile we may be sure that the signing of the Census has given Mr. Bottomley's new paper a good start. Perhaps it is the only thing about the Census of which we may be sure.

Nietzsche a few decades ago foresaw sadly the rise of small nationalities with suburban politics, "and the necessity of reading one's newspaper every morning." Unfortunately great nations are exempted least of all from this mean—duty; and it matters not in the least how great politics may be, the newspapers are always and everywhere urban. At the present time, unfortunately, they are also neurotic. It is impossible to assess the misery that the reading of the newspapers at our breakfast tables must cause. Every day is begun badly; every day is darkened at the very start; we are inoculated with fear, suspicion, hatred, gloom—and hopelessness, or with silly "hopes." To read that Ireland, already living in a ghastly nightmare, is to be goaded to fresh convulsions by a new band of soldiery; to read always the account of some fresh piece of madness or weakness, or some reiterated failure or unforeseen danger, and never to be told what the remedies are, though they are in existence, and free to everyone if the Press would only permit them to be heard: this is the condition to which we have come to submit, and by this time it has become dangerous. Our civilisation—we mean the civilisation of Europe—may be disappearing in catastrophe, and still the Press ignores whatever men among us are creative, and drives the people to the point of despair and madness by putting before them, day by day, until they are numbed, until they are beaten, an unbroken record of failure, misery and disaster. It is astonishing that the nerve of the nation continues to bear it. We have need of all our phlegm in these days. Perhaps we have need even of Mr. Bottomley, the Divorce Courts, and all the other stupidities—and especially the stupidities—of our time.

**Edward Moore.**

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**The Price We Pay.**

By Hugh P. Vowles.

[From a forthcoming book, "Under New Management."]

I set down this episode in the mental evolution of John Citizen precisely as he related it to me, but with considerable difference; the more so that I am not myself competent to refute the extraordinary views that he holds. Yet it is highly probable that many of my readers will be able to point to fallacies in his statements, to hope less like the pious Biggs in the Bad Ballads—"to bring this poor benighted soul back to virtue and propriety."

* * *

My name is John Citizen, and I have the misfortune to be at one and the same time a taxpayer, a consumer and a wage-earner. For many years I prided myself on being a "practical man," until one day I stumbled upon Mr. Hilaire Belloc's definition of the Practical Man as being one who suffers from "an inability to define his own first principles, and an inability to follow the consequences proceeding from his own action, thus these enabling proceeding from "one simple and deplorable form of impotence, the inability to think."

Now such severe stricture stung me into wondering whether there could possibly be a personal application in this definition. So I decided to prove the contrary by doing a little thinking on my own account, instead of taking my ideas at second-hand from the intensely "practical" newspaper which always fell into my hands before breakfast and caused irritation in the congested tramcar which took me to my practical job every morning. And what more suitable as a starting point for my pilgrimage into the realms of thought than the taxes I paid, the goods I consumed and the wages I earned?

That I soon found myself, like another Pilgrim, with "a book in my hand and a great burden upon my back" is scarcely surprising. The burden, which was one of taxation, had indeed been there all the time, but now I became more acutely aware of it. And as I journeyed on my pilgrimage resembled that of Christian in many other respects, inasmuch as I soon fell into a miry bog, a veritable Slough of Despond known as Political Economy. Of my subsequent conversations with Talkative (a Labour Leader) and Mr. Worldly Wiseman (my employer), neither of whom could free me of my burden, of my adventuring through the valley of the Shadow of Statistics and narrow escape from destruction on the Mountain of Error, I will not tell you now. I am still wandering, spurred on by occasional glimpses of the Defeatable Mountains; and in the meantime it may interest you to examine briefly some of the conclusions I arrived at by the way.

First, then, as to Taxes. I found that when a Government wages war, it borrows the money with which to carry on. A great deal of this "money" is borrowed from the Banks, which lend, however, not what they've got, but rather on the strength of what people think they've got. In other words they put a cash value on Faith, a process well known in Vanity Fair as "creating credit." Now although it is an offence against the law literally to coin money, yet this creating of credit—which is the equivalent of making fresh money—is curiously enough an everyday affair in the operations of an honourable profession. Very well. Having made this new "money" out of faith, rather like a conjurer drawing rabbits out of a hat, and "beating to a frazzle" the operation of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, the Banks proceed to lend it to the Government; carrying on with
the same procedure and lending fresh “money” not only to the Government but also to industrial undertakings until they estimate that the cash equivalent of Faith has been reached. Hope (but not Charity) enters into the transaction as well, since the lending is based on the well-founded expectation that the taxpayer, being a Practical Man, will carry his burden of taxes, grumblingly no doubt but without any inconvenient excursions into the realms of thought on the subject; and so enable the Government to cancel its indebtedness in due course.

The instrument which facilitates these transactions is known as the War Loan, in which bankers and other fortunate people invest; and in effect such investors are guaranteed a lien on work still to be done in the future. The happy position of reimbursing themselves for that which they never in reality lent.

Inquiry from which I emerged with the conviction that I, John Citizen, would ultimately deliver the goods. After all, the more the goods delivered the better for the financier, this reiterated call for production was probably not entirely altruistic. I further found that during the last year or so there had been an enormous increase in the capitalisation of many industrial concerns, without any corresponding increase in the plant available for productive purposes. So that where the capital of a company had been inflated six times, the amount of work necessary previously to pay a dividend of 5 per cent., would now other things being equal, only yield a dividend of one per cent. This threw a further light on the call for increased production, as it would only be by much greater intensification of work by people like myself that the new shareholders could expect to get a “reasonable” return on their shares. But I also found that in other cases there had actually been big increases in plant productive capacity during and since the war—so much so that the productive capacity of the Nation as a whole had increased by at least fifty per cent. Much of this extension work had been done out of surplus profits in order to dodge E.P.D. But since these profits had been wrung out of me as consumer, I had evidently paid for the plant as well as the goods—but only get delivery of the goods.

Being somewhat unsophisticated, I wondered why my newspaper had not called my attention to these aspects of “big production.” Other aspects, however, now began to clamour for attention, and were so numerous as to preclude my mentioning more than two or three.

Production, I observed, could never by itself ensure reduced prices, since price depends on two factors, quantity of goods and quantity of money available. Thus if Finance performed its credit-issuing or confidence-trick on a scale comparable with increases in production, I should find myself in the position of consumer, I had evidently paid for the plant as well as the goods—but only get delivery of the goods.

I realised, of course, that the big loans made to Industry by the Banks, being in advance of production, helped to send up prices; and this realisation was just sinking in when the Great Slump was upon me, confirming my belief that restriction of credit could bring down prices. I now had ample time to think these matters over incidently, been thrown out of employment. I therefore extended my observation to the subject of E.P.D. which my newspaper had told me was a tax on the profiteer. In a flash of inspiration I realised that this was really but another tax on my being taxed in another way, namely, through high prices. This led to a protracted inquiry from which I emerged with the conviction that if the money in a country is increased and circulated, without there being an immediately corresponding increase of purchasable goods, then each unit of money will buy less goods. In other words, inflation of credit leads to high prices. This made me more thoughtful than ever, since my newspaper had drummed it into me that the only thing which could reduce prices was “more-production-for-less-wages.” It seemed to me that if inflation could put prices up then restriction of credit could bring prices down; and as a matter of fact this was soon afterwards confirmed for me by practical experience. But for the moment the matter of greatest interest was this method of taxing me twice over. Naturally I did my best to get my wages increased to offset these higher prices, and being fairly well organised with my fellows I did at length (after considerable loss of purchasing power during the period in which wages were chasing prices) to some extent succeed in this endeavour, but not without protracted agitation.

I observed, I, should of course have to face further taxation to make up the loss in E.P.D. revenue to the Government. I had read somewhere that the Government had a heavy contingent liability for repayment of some of this E.P.D., but to my great disappointment I found that the repayment would not be made to me, the person really taxed, but to the profiteer, who as likely as not would receive an O.B.E. at the same time, much as one might get a mantel ornament given away with a pound of tea. And further, I should of course have to face further taxation to make up the loss in E.P.D. revenue to the Government.

I now began to see taxes whichever way I looked. I remembered the extravagance and waste in connection with my job during the period of E.P.D. and dimly recollected my employer saying that there was not much point in economising since this was only to increase one’s liability under E.P.D. This was no doubt all very well for him as long as the consumer it was equivalent to extra taxation, since all
earning. Why couldn't I, out of my earnings, put enough by to become myself a capitalist, and so share in the adventures of "high finance"? I had, as will "high finance" in its collective capacity be seen, already tumbled to the fact that at every point in the industrial process there went on a ceaseless flitching of my purchasing power. Nevertheless, having been urged again and again to be thrifty, and to be thrifty, and to be thrifty, and to be thrifty, and to be thrifty, I discovered, in other words, the unwritten law that Much shall have more, and Little shall have less.

I will not weary you with further details of my journey. My pilgrimage still progresses, not yet have I reached my journey's end. There are times when I take a wrong turning which leads to Doubting Castle where dwells the Giant Despair. This is when I find myself described as a "commodity," as though I were nothing but a spanner or a gallon of oil: "One of the commodities needed by the employers as a means of production and distribution," or see myself as simply a unit in "of those armies of workers engaged in individually hopeless outlook" to which each community is being reduced by the international financier "who is concentrating in himself everything that is worth while in the world of trade and commerce." Or again, when reading such a diagnosis as this: "Jealousies and anti-foreign enactments, tariff manipulations and commercial embitterment, destructive foolish exasperating obstructions that benefit no human being. . . . Nearer and ever nearer, the politicians of the coming times will force one another towards the verge, not because they want to go over it, not because anyone wants to go over it, but because they are, by their very nature, compelled to go that way. . . . and consequently the final development will be . . . at last, irresistible and overwhelming, the definite establishment of the rule of that most stern and educational of all masters, War!" 14

Such a diagnosis finds ample support—albeit made twenty years ago—in post-war conditions of politics and trade; trade which must find a vent for the huge increase of capacity in the productive machinery of this and other countries, leading to fiercer and fiercer competition for foreign markets and for "control" of the raw material producing regions—particularly coal and oil areas—and so to another large scale war beside which the last will pale into insignificance, a war possibly with America, as part of the price I have to pay for the goods I buy under the present system. Many other items I have also entered up which do not commonly figure in a manufacturer's cost accounts, although they must inevitably be paid for all the same—neglect of science, neglect of health, neglect indeed of all that might to-day make life fair and gracious, simply because industry is run from the point of view of "frenzied finance" and not for the service of mankind. . . .

Nevertheless, in spite of all my doubts there are times when I am able to perceive a certain hopefulness in the world, a world which itself is capable of its innumerable burdens; when I see signs of more and yet more fires being kindled in the minds of men; smouldering as yet, but soon it may be to blaze up and spread the knowledge that a time of great change is at hand.

1 American "New Republic."
2 Jenks. "State and Nation."
3 Sir Oswald Stoll.
man in love was shattered by Mr. Hannen's vigour and insensibility to style. Points that we ought to see, he tries to make; his abounding energy always misleads him into trying to do more than the part demands, with the consequence that he does less. I have puzzled for some time about Mr. Hannen to discover what is his real talent; his performances in Henry James' "The Reproach" in "Reggie Reformers," and now the Doctor in "Jealous Barbouille," have revealed it. He is the Hotspur of the stage; he "wants work"; he is an actor before all things, an interpreter very seldom. That is why he succeeds in farce and fails in comedy; his Doctor is not an interpretation, it is a caricature of human nature—and Mr. Hannen is obviously delighted with the part, and delightful in it. He has plenty of "business" with his book, and his hat, and his "tenthiles"; and he keeps things going with unflagging energy and humour throughout. It is in farce, as a caricaturist of human emotions, that Mr. Hannen's talent is expressed.

Mr. Macdermott seems to have taken more than a hint from Mme. Donnet in his production of "Jealous Barbouille"; it was difficult to remember that it was a farce, and not a ballet, that we were witnessing in some parts. But the technique was consistently used throughout the play, and was not limited to two or three characters as it was in Mme. Donnet's disastrous production of "The Beauty's Stratagem." The consequence was that it was a good Mr. Macdermott, although a bad Molière, that we saw; and the fantastic extravaganza of it kept the actors well employed, and the audience vastly amused. The two old men, with their everlasting skipping up two stairs and skipping down one, gave Mr. Brember Wills and Mr. Harold Scott the opportunity to show that they, too, had the caricaturist's talent; while Mr. Joseph Dodd, as the jealous husband, and Miss Muriel Pratt, as the wile, were quickened into ballet farce with excellent results. "Jealous Barbouille," as played at the Everyman, is nearest I can get to a genuine emotion. She is as bad as Marie Lohr when she does it—and she does it often, as vocal technique. Mr. Joseph Dodd, as the brutal soldier, gave a powerful piece of work which I shall remember against him when he tries to fob me off with a low-powered study. He has a great voice when he likes to use it—and he did use it as Gembah.

On the whole it is a very interesting show. It reveals the fact that Mr. Macdermott is an artist who has not quite found himself, but will be a force to reckon with when he does. We have had, and have, all sorts of attempts to restore the art of drama, and I fancy that they are coming to a focus at the Everyman. The whole mood of the place, is different from that of any other theatre known to me; it is alive, and its very crudities (like Mr. Macdermott's tilting at the Censor) are a sort of almost unconscious "The Pedlar's Basket" more than once came perilously near to beauty—although the miracle did not quite happen. But we expect it to happen at the Everyman.

Recent Verse.

AN ANGLO-EGYPTIAN CIVIL SERVANT. Lyric of the Nile. (Essex House Press, London. 7s. 6d. net.)

The author of this volume has displayed good judgment in restricting the edition to 250 copies, for it will appeal only to those—a small number—who are attracted by irony. His very pseudonym is ironical, for while he may be a Civil Servant, he certainly did not write these poems as a Civil Servant. Could one think of Heine as a Civil Servant? Well, the author is as ironical as Heine—at a distance, it must be admitted, with infinitely less poetical power, perhaps, with no poetical power at all, for his talent is not particularly poetical—but still authentically ironical. His irony differs from that of most contemporary writers in having in it nothing hysterical; it is not a mere cry of pain distorted into laughter; it is not personal, neurotic, violent—in one word, "strong." No, it is an irony—if one may use the epithet in the psychological rather than the philosophical sense—objective rather than subjective; the irony not of mere disillusionment, but of scepticism, which is disillusionment with a good conscience triumphing over itself. Irony is in the strong an indulgence, an enjoyment which they dare to allow themselves; while in the weak it is an attempt to present their weakness in a strong attitude. The author's irony belongs to the former class, and we can afford therefore to enjoy it. Like Heine's, it is directed towards the gods. This is a characteristic comment, for instance, on the dedication of King Pepy:

"Come, clap your hands now, all you gods; A beautiful god, say what you will— And raise your voices—Should be carved and set up high on a hill, And an honest god—do what you can Remains the noblest work of man; So man rejoices.

But the irony in the volume is so pervasive that quotation will not do it justice. It is generally one line that makes each of these poems mocking, and unexpectedly the line usually loses nine-tenths of its force without the poem. Take, however, these two verses from "Arsinoë of the Fayoum":

A great Greek Tolemy offered once a prayer To his own gods: "In all this stifling heat Oh for a breath of Hellas, cool and sweet And quickening to intellectual fire! I'll plant a city there, Shall give me something of my heart's desire— There, on the oasis, under the strange trees— Hellas!—Ah, me!—Homer, Euripides!"

He swore to it. "This overwhelming Nile, These mummmied gods that never come to be, This Sobek with his beastly crocodile Belly and teeth! For heaven's sake something human! Ah, the divine in woman! Pallas! They shall have my Arsinoë To worship as the Goddess of their Rome; Out in the desert there some touch of home!"

The last line is amusing, and suggests Heine, and yet it is by no means a reminiscence of Heine. And how neatly does the anti-climax follow the exasperated enumeration of the "mummied gods" and the "beastly crocodile": What the author lacks is not irony, but style. Lines like

Priests have a way of shining in the dark, please us and displease us at the same time, for we feel that while this is witty it should have been more witty. To say that the priests "have a way of shining" is, we feel, not to exploit the situation with sufficient subtlety. Heine, to return a master of irony once more, would have raised the witticism to the realm of imagination, and we should have seen the priests in some ludicrous attitude.
Occasionally “An Anglo-Egyptian Civil Servant” slips out of irony into satire, and he is not then so successful. This is perhaps his happiest sting; the victim is the shade of Lord Cromer:

He strode, "a leopard among dogs!"

(1. try to stride that way down street.
When I have at my back the British Fleet.)

That verges on the crude, and the following passage, on the “Osiris of Abydos” is almost violent, almost modern:

There, as I watch and listen, alone.
In the gold sunlight, where the pewits sing,
You come to life in the cool stone.
Engendering strength, sweetness, and grace.
I look into your face.
Triumph over death and our mean fears.
Away with this self-torture, tear the thin
Drab veil of self-begotten sin!

What though some precious saint here whispers, and
Smears
toon, bloody Coptic crosses on your throne,
Or eats cold pulse.
And stands on one leg for a thousand years!
When one thinks how much that would have gained in
wit by a little restraint and detachment, one must be sorry that the author allowed his feeling to run away with him. What a figure of comedy that saint could have been if “An Anglo-Egyptian Civil Servant?” did not dislike him so much! It is seldom, however, that he is guilty of this fault.

EVA MARTIN. The White Road. (Philip Allan and Co., London. 3s. 6d. net.)

Miss Martin possesses—for good or for evil—a certain intensity of feeling, and her feeling appears to be equally intense whether what she is saying is sincere or insincere. Here she is obviously sincere:

Let me not feel. I would be dead to feeling.
Sink down, wild pain, into the depths of the heart—
I press you down, deep down!
I will go out and seek some balm for healing
The burns and scars left by your searching fingers.
I will seek cool water to drown
The pitiless flame that lingers,
Pleading, loth to depart.

Aches in my veins, as a shrill
Cry in an empty street.
We are moved by that because a cry of distress must always move us. But the emotion is not one that we desire to experience; it is not one that we are gladdened, as we are by all aesthetic expression. The proper thing for the author to do, as a poet, was not to “press down” the emotion, or to “go out” in search of distraction, but to carry the emotion into the aesthetic. An example of insincerity intensely expressed:

There sat enthroned, and reaching to the stars,
God—alone, intense,
In His magnificence—
And between Him and me only great space—no bars.
Was it Mr. Masefield who introduced in one of his longer poems inspired by the “Police Budget” the dramatic phrase “thumbs down”? We are reminded of it by the last words in the above passage. Surely this is not the language of passion—or, rather, it is nothing more than that. Miss Martin is occasionally pretty, as when she speaks, apropos a Bach concerto, of the

Sweet murmur of thy heav’n-reflecting tide,
That sweeps with crystal waves the barren ground,
And floods the rocks with silver, cool and wide.

But we wish she were not so obviously intense.

LLEWELLYN E. WILLIAMS (Lieut., Royal Engineers). Knightly Adventurers. (Simpkin, Marshall, 4s. 6d. net.)

Poems about the war, mainly realistic. They are not remarkable for thought or expression. Perhaps the best is “Le Roi s’amuse”:

There was a poet. Lord; he was a fool!
He wrote of war; called it the sport of kings!
If only he were here, I’d show him things
To put his poor fantastic Muse to school.

The sport of kings? Perhaps he may be right;
But see me train my gun on yonder men
And scatter them to bits. 0 poet, then,
Sing in what dirty pastimes kings delight.

Lieut. Williams’ jauntiness is occasionally overdone, but it sometimes jumps with a sort of good-sense, as in this verse in commendation of the demi-monde:

Dear fairy godmothers, the demi-monde
May cast a stone at virtue for your sakes.
Chaste maidens, frozen faces, brown or blonde,
When mended one our socks or made us cakes?

But the volume is, on the whole, undistinguished.

E. M.

 Aphorisms by Weininger.

In the things around him man recognises his own being. Every cognisance is salvation. System and conception are repentance. Every cognisance is a new birth. Human willing is not directed towards pleasure. It is directed towards that which is called Value and which I call Life, or Existence, or Reality. Pleasure is related to value and can never directly be attained, but only through value.

Only affirmation of Life is pleasure.

Even a corpse belongs to God and not to the Devil.

I affirm that Will is ever good, and therefore that the Will to Evil simply does not exist. There is no Evil Will.

Evil is the renunciation of Will and of the impulse from Will. The proof of this is that Will is always conscious, pure instinct is unconscious.

One must never deprive a man of his own will; no one is entitled to replace Providence; it is immoral to think of men as marionettes, immoral even if such thinking is well meant and when it actually serves the best purpose of those concerned.

All evil is revenge.

It is neurotic to feel oneself guilty when confronted by nature.

Unity and Totality are so difficult; the neurasthenic renounces Totality, the criminal renounces Unity. The neurasthenic is too weak for Totality, the criminal for Unity.

The moon is the exteriorised dream.

Nothing is the mirror of Something.

The hatred against Woman is nothing else than the hatred against one’s own unconquered, unsurpassed sexuality.

All animals are criminal.

I believe that the power of my spirit is such that I have come to be in a sense the solution of every problem. I do not believe that I could have remained in any error too long. I believe that I have merited the name Solver. Mine is a nature that solves problems.

Lying is always sloth.

A man who can remember every single one of his experiences must be a good man.

The category of morality is always superior to that of intellectuality. A wizard can know everything but God.

The cracking of a room is our own inward breaking-up passed into the unconscious.

The transcedental or criminal liar dies from the inner serpent-bite; the natural liar dies from the outward, material bite of a serpent. The criminal liar, however, experiences the hallucination of a serpent biting him and dies from ungrounded fear.

The saint (that is the inverted criminal, Jesus, Augustine, Kant) suffers most painfully from the problem of Time. The Greeks had no saints and did not know the problem of Time.

Translated from the German by Z. Y. X.
Music.

Mr. Igor Stravinsky. The Sacre du Printemps.

Queen’s Hall, June 7 and June 23. Mr. Ernest Newman complains that “some (not much) of ‘Petrochka’,” and “a good part of ‘Le Sacre du Printemps’ sounded to me flat, formulative and démodé.”

With all respect for Mr. Newman, we think he must seek the cause of this disaster in his own mental attitude, and not in Mr. Stravinsky. It is Mr. Stravinsky’s misfortune that a great many young men of small musical talent and no originality have tried to imitate him, but even the most captious of musical critics should not let the unhappy results of this fall upon Mr. Stravinsky himself. Mr. Stravinsky is the giant, the prophet, and the seer of earth-bound things, and he shows a great and terrible genius in his use of the instruments which are their man-made voices. That he can write melodiously when he pleases, he has shown in the “Oiseau de Feu,” but melody, or the lack of melody, seems to be of no importance in connection with the “Sacre du Printemps.” Not only the unseen forces, but all tangible and visible things in Nature, all the various aspects of animal, vegetable, and mineral life, participate in the Spring rite. Mr. Stravinsky’s genius divests his instruments of their usual literary and sentimental associations, and makes them instead expressions of the essence from which they spring. He recapitulates the significance of their origins in the world of nature, and makes audible that conflict which is for ever rending and tearing, not in order to destroy, but in order to emerge. It is not the sound of death battering down and in, but of life knocking, hewing, and tearing apart, that a new birth may issue out. “Petrochka” is a work of great and original genius, but we do not think it has the profound musical significance of “Le Sacre du Printemps.”

The terror and the anguish of “Petrochka” are the terror and anguish of human consciousness, and Mr. Stravinsky uses his instruments to depict—wonderfully and poignantly—something entirely outside themselves and their own mechanism. But in “Le Sacre du Printemps,” minerals, wood and reeds are as essential a part of the rite as man himself, and it is here that we feel the supreme importance of Mr. Stravinsky’s genius. His instruments express not only some emotion or aspect of conscious man in his relation to Nature; they are given their own in their origin as an inseparable part of Nature’s organism. We doubt whether there could be a finer rendering of “Le Sacre du Printemps” than that given by Mr. Goossens and his specially selected orchestra. The actual playing was magnificent, and we think that the composer himself could not ask for a better understanding of his work than was shown by Mr. Goossens as conductor.

Mr. Arthur Bliss. Wigmore Hall, June 11. Mr. Bliss announces his “Concerto for Pianoforte and Tenor Voice” as “pure, abstract sound.” It was stated on the programme that the work is a work of serious and entirely dissociated music from the words. Even if he took a sequence of phrases which had no intellectual relation to each other, we suspect that some one of these phrases would—unconsciously perhaps—fasten itself upon his mind and influence his music. Miss Myra Hess and Mr. Steuart Wilson were the soloists. A striking feature of the concert was the beautiful performance of the Scarlatti Andante.

H. R.

Views and Reviews.

The Subject-Matter of Psychology.

Mr. Bertrand Russell’s book* appears in the nick of time. Like so many of us, he found himself in sympathy with many of the tendencies which at first sight, seem inconsistent. The “behaviourist” school of psychology, which is the only one that produces positive evidence, “tends to adopt what is essentially a materialistic position, as a matter of method if not of metaphysics. They make psychology increasingly dependent on physiology and external observation, and tend to think of matter as something much more solid and indivisible than mind. Meanwhile the physicists, especially Einstein and other exponents of the theory of relativity, have been making ‘matter’ less and less material. Their world consists of ‘events,’ from which ‘matter’ is derived by a logical construction. Whoever reads, for example, Professor Eddington’s ‘Space, Time, and Gravitation,’ will see that an old-fashioned materialist can receive no support from modern physics. I think that what has permanent value in the outlook of the behaviourists is the feeling that physics is the most fundamental science at present in existence. But in this position of being a cold, materialistic if, as seems to be the case, physics does not assume the existence of matter.” The truth probably is that we are getting nearer to reality, and the old-fashioned assumptions and categories of observation are simply obstructions to understanding. The old language, with all its associations, no longer is capable of even approximately accurate description; and the attempts of some psychologists to invent new words, lamentable as they are from a literary point of view, is indicative of the fact. Certainly, if, as William James argued and Mr. Bertrand Russell supports in these lectures, “the stuff of the world is neither mental nor material, but a neutral stuff out of which both are constructed,” all the logomachy of mind v. matter, all the theories of psycho-physical parallelism, materialism and idealism themselves, are swept aside as irrelevant. Psycho-analysis and the theory of relativity alike make it practically impossible for us to accept the evidence of consciousness, or even to accept consciousness as a datum. Psychology, linked with physics on the one hand and with theory of knowledge on the other, has tried physics and philosophy alternately in vain belief that it was establishing its own autonomy as a science. Mr. Bertrand Russell has made a gallant attempt to distinguish its subject-matter.

The six conclusions at which Mr. Russell arrives after an exhaustive analysis may be stated in his own words:

1. Physics and psychology are not distinguished by their material. Mind and matter alike are logical constructions: the particulars out of which they are constructed, or from which they are inferred, have various relations, some of which are studied by physics, others by psychology. Broadly speaking, physics group particulars by their active places, psychology by their passive places.

2. The two most essential characteristics of the causal laws which would naturally be called psychological are subjectivity and mnemonic causations; these are not unconnected, since the causal unit in mnemonic causation is the group of particulars having a given passive place at a given time, and it is by this manner of grouping that subjectivity is defined.

3. Habit, memory, and thought are all developments of mnemonic causation. It is probable, though not certain, that mnemonic causation is derivative from ordinary physical causation in nervous (and other) tissue.

* "The Analysis of Mind." By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. (Allen and Unwin. 16s. net.)
4. Consciousness is a complex and far from universal characteristic of mental phenomena.

5. Mind is a matter of degree, chiefly exemplified in number and complexity of habits.

6. All our data, both in physics and psychology, are subject to psychological causal laws; but physical causal laws, strictly speaking, can only be stated in terms of matter, which is both inferred and constructed, never a datum. In this respect, psychology is nearer to what actually exists.

These conclusions, it need hardly be said, are not final conclusions. "The question whether it is possible to obtain precise causal laws, in which the causes are psychological, not material, is one of detailed investigation. I have done what I could to make clear the nature of the question, but I do not believe that it is possible as yet to answer it with any confidence."

Certainly, if habit, memory, and thought are developments of mnemonic causation, and mnemonic causation is probably derivative from ordinary physical causation in nervous (and other) tissue (Conclusion 3), it is difficult even to understand what a "psychological cause" can be. The bio-chemical work to which Mr. Russell refers becomes subtler than he thinks in the explanation of habit, for example, in Brailsford Robertson's theory of auto-catalysis, quoted in an appendix to Boris Sidis' "Normal and Abnormal Psychology."

The extreme probability that catalysis is an electrical phenomenon, on this showing, definitely hand in nervous (and other) tissue (Conclusion 3), it is difficult even to understand what a "psychological cause" can be. The bio-chemical work to which Mr. Russell refers becomes subtler than he thinks in the explanation of habit, for example, in Brailsford Robertson's theory of auto-catalysis, quoted in an appendix to Boris Sidis' "Normal and Abnormal Psychology."

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Pastiche.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.

This narrow house has grown too high
With emptiness. Here crawls the sly
Sunlight whose shrill soprano plays
A duet with the dust of days
Upon the sharp wires in each head
That's dull and dusty, deaf and dead.
A child with black-fringed hair, I creep
Through sharp-edged crazy noon.

Through slits of windows, and I find
The house flaps like a tall wet wind
At the little people of the earth
Who, whispering, speak but
Of plums and pears upon the trees.

When the Moon's hurdy-gurdy wheeze
Grinds out her slow mummy dust,
Their 'whispers tear like a knife thrust
Holes in that canvas, painted smooth,
My face.

Of life—strange Fair with peepshows. I
Through the hoarse shades of noon creep by
to where the beguines walk the plain
And forget the old world's bane
While they enjoy the grassy smells
In their gowns like large slow bells,
Whose cold sound brings the darkness down
Sinking about us till we drown.

But where the leaves are dark and moody,
The fruit shrills like a Punch and Judy
And the large rain comes pattering
Like some strange awakening.

The small wind, sour unripe as grapes
Hardens the mind into new shapes
And my black hair seems like the frondage
Feathered life grew when the bondage
Of earth-sense broke and music shrilled
Into new sense that thrilled and killed,
And grew to Love. . . . Between the trees
(Metallic cranes to lift degrees
Of feathered life from that below)
I see a Punch and Judy show
And all the green blood in my veins
Seems jerked up on the trees' tall cranes,
Mimics each puppet's leap and cry,
Shrieks to the Void, hung up on high,
Dictates of strings my ancestors
Jerk from my memory's corridors.

A VISION.

A little saint in a cloud,
Hands folded, head bowed:
Pearled : a flower

Like to Narcissus, wide
Petalled—gold-eyed.
A Venus de Milo, rough—
Heawn out of stuff
Such as suns are. Gold tressed
In a panel of gold—
Seeming to fold
Her hands on her breast
A maiden. Have drifted
(And flower—like cover)
Her gold panel over
The lambent discs—shower-like.
See her face lifted!
Would she to lover
The saint in a cloud
Hands folded, head bowed,
Shining above her?

A dream!
A gold dream!
Shapes that quiver yet stand!
A quavering blot
Of amber : gold sand
In a glass. They live not,
Yet live, maiden, and saint,
And Venus and flower;
Frail discs in a shower . . . .
The vision stedfast
Growth faint . . . . and is past:
Shadows of ivy on
A whitewashed wall
Sunlit—that's all!

A MODERN BRONTE.

The children shouted noisily, and ran
And pulled at her, and scrambled on the ground.
She sighed, and strove to quiet them, but they fled,
Shrieking along the patchy grass, and round
The smoke-grimed evergreens ; responding to her pleas
With cat-calls from behind the little stunted trees.

She drooped, and sat, a weary, patient thing,
The sport of ill-bred children; her wan face
Turned to the iron railings and the street.
These city gardens were a prison place.
Ten dreary years of this . . . . and yet another ten . . .
Of other people's homes and children . . . and what then?

June, 1921.

ERRANT.

Went I forth, or didst Thou send
Thorough life so far in the dark,
Thy servant to an holy end?

Silent is the earliest lark,
And hadst Thou not forbidden fear,
I might weep that I can mark
No light along the heaven drear.

And I have suffered woe, and still
Some woe must see, and after, death;
Then (though I went not of my mill)
I will climb up Thy shining hill,
Proud, like a child, to have kept faith.

RUTH PITTER.