NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Japan is taking a stiff line in regard to the proposed Conferences. She insists on knowing exactly what will be the scope of the discussion of Pacific questions before she will consent to take part in this. She has staked out her claims in the Far East on a very generous scale, and is determined that these shall be in no way trenchcd on. Or if she will allow their limits to be treated as an open question, it is only on condition that other questions, which America is equally unwilling to discuss, such as immigration on the Pacific slope, shall likewise be opened. Further, the Japanese have been taking our Government to task for the uncertain sound with which it has spoken as to the renewal of the alliance. Evidently Japan's object is to engineer us into a position which will in effect commit us to support her against America. She is the most dangerously wily diplomatist with whom we have to deal. The peril of the whole situation is increased by the existence of millions of unemployed in Japan and America as well as in this country. We repeat that the safety-valve for escape lies in opening an alternative safety-valve. We have repeatedly pointed out how this can be done. Has anyone else any other plan to suggest? And the only limit to the claims which this is really possible. But we most emphatically deny that it is "upon their mutual co-operation" that "our prosperity is primarily dependent." No amount of good will on both sides would make it possible to supply the people's needs under the present system of financing industry. "The function of industry," Lord Blyth himself asserts, "is to serve the needs of the community." Very well; let him face the fact that, in spite of the enormous and steady increase in the possibilities of production during the last hundred years, we are substantially no nearer satisfying the most modest demands for comfort and security. He thinks to silence all complaints with the old tag, "Labour cannot secure higher wages than an industry can bear." Of course it cannot. But is industry now distributing purchasing power to anything approaching the amount it could well "bear"? Evidently the only limit to the claims that can be issued on the strength of any given industry is the possibility of honouring the claims by turning out sufficient goods. Now our producers are complaining on every hand that they find themselves compelled to restrict production, and, even so, often cannot get rid of the stock on hand. On their own showing their industries could easily afford to issue enormously increased purchasing power in wages and salaries. It is idle to ask, where is the money to come from? The only "money" necessary is some authorised form of acknowledgment of a claim to goods. The cost of the modest amount of paper and printing necessary would be negligible even in these days. Once grasp that it is possibilities of production alone that ultimately matter, and it must be clear that there is a vast untapped fund of potential income (in the real, not the monetary, sense) on which to draw in aid of wages.

"Good Will and Hard Work," as a prescription for our economic troubles, are being trumpeted forth in a steady stream of articles and letters in the Press. After Mr. Fred Bramley, in the "Times," enter Lord Blyth, Mr. Andrew Williamson, was refreshingly frank: "In view of the temporarily restricted buying power of a large part of the world in spite of their urgent need for wool, we agree with him that it is eminently desirable that employer and employed should "work harmoniously together"; we have pointed out the only conditions on which this is really possible. But we most emphatically deny that it is "upon their mutual co-operation" that "our prosperity is primarily dependent." No amount of good will on both sides would make it possible to supply the people's needs under the present system of financing industry. "The function of industry," Lord Blyth himself asserts, "is to serve the needs of the community." Very well; let him face the fact that, in spite of the enormous and steady increase in the possibilities of production during the last hundred years, we are substantially no nearer satisfying the most modest demands for comfort and security. He thinks to silence all complaints with the old tag, "Labour cannot secure higher wages than an industry can bear." Of course it cannot. But is industry now distributing purchasing power to anything approaching the amount it could well "bear"? Evidently the only limit to the claims that can be issued on the strength of any given industry is the possibility of honouring the claims by turning out sufficient goods. Now our producers are complaining on every hand that they find themselves compelled to restrict production, and, even so, often cannot get rid of the stock on hand. On their own showing their industries could easily afford to issue enormously increased purchasing power in wages and salaries. It is idle to ask, where is the money to come from? The only "money" necessary is some authorised form of acknowledgment of a claim to goods. The cost of the modest amount of paper and printing necessary would be negligible even in these days. Once grasp that it is possibilities of production alone that ultimately matter, and it must be clear that there is a vast untapped fund of potential income (in the real, not the monetary, sense) on which to draw in aid of wages.

The glaring fraud of the existing industrial system insists on thrusting itself into view through all the solemn glosses of employers and economists. But we have never read anything quite so amazing in this line as the report of the annual meeting of the Australian Estates and Mortgage Company. The chairman, Mr. Andrew Williamson, was refreshingly frank: "In view of the temporarily restricted buying power of a large part of the world in spite of their urgent need for wool,
wool-sellers were faced with a very serious problem, for the wool in hand and in sight was far greater than the immediate purchasing power of consumers. In other words, the production of commodities has nothing whatever to do with the real demand for them; then what about "the function of industry," as defined so excellently by Lord Blyth? But even so, Mr. William-son was too optimistic in his insistence on the "temporary" character of the problem. It is true that this is a period of abnormally bad trade, but that only means an exceptional intensification of the standing evil of restricted purchasing power. There are always millions who "in spite of their urgent need" cannot buy what they want. But the speaker went on to "give the show away" with a yet gayer recklessness; "the problem was further complicated by the fact that the increase of fresh supplies could not, as in the case of metals or manufactured articles, be suspended for a time." That is a plain confession that restriction of output is a standing policy, with capitalist producers; it has to be, if production is to be carried on along the present lines at all. But then, why these floods of moral indignation when the workers restrict output? They have just as good a right to protect themselves by the accepted and avowed methods of capitalist enterprise. A house of Mr. Williamson's speech we have reserved till the last. "The wool keeps growing on the sheep's backs and has to be shorn." These irritatingly stupid animals, which will not adapt themselves to capitalist conditions! Why can they not have the sense to form a trade union with a "striped ca' menny policy?"

What, then, has Labour to oppose to this policy involved in the outlook of our plutocrats? The "sane" or evolutionary leaders trust that, in some continually receding future, the workers will get on top and will then proceed to raise the fundamental issues. With them it is always (and apparently always will be) Socialism to-morrow. To-day all they desire is to shake hands with the plutocrats and whoop for "Good Will and Hard Work." Over against them are the "extremists" or revolutionaries. We do not know which are the worst. The pity of it is that as against the latter the "sane" men are so obviously right. It is no earthly use to bank on a vaguely conceived "re-volution" which, in this country, is in the last degree unlikely ever to come off. And, short of "the Revolution," this sect has nothing to recommend but constant and reckless strikes for demands, often in themselves entirely impossible, and in any case beyond the strictly limited striking power of the workers to extort. The right wing leaders are always complaining acridly of the attacks of these men. But they ought to thank their stars that they have an opposition of this stamp to enable them to retain some sort of credit. What is urgently necessary is, what neither wing offers us, a radical new departure at once. The contrast that matters is not between revolution and evolution, but between the thick and the thin end of the wedge. The "extremists" expend volumes of energy and hundreds of resounding blows in fruitless attempts to hammer in their wedges, thick end first. The Social Credit policy is skilfully devised to insert the thin ends of wedges into every yielding portion and in any incipient gap of the present social structure. The whole field, in fact, of Labour policy needs to be very thoroughly surveyed anew. We hope shortly to begin the publication of a complete restatement of the Socialist position in the light of recent developments and particularly of Major C. H. Douglas's contributions to economics.

There is many a slip between the agenda and the progress reported at every Labour Conference. Of the meeting of the South Wales Miners' Federation it stands recorded that "the remainder of the agenda has been left over for consideration at the next general conference." The "remainder" naturally included the resolution on credit and banking—that being by far the weightiest of the resolutions tabled. Instead of concentrating on this, the conference spent the bulk of its time in deciding to affiliate to the Third International. There is no accounting for tastes; the South Wales miners like that kind of thing, we can only conclude that they are the kind of people who would like it. The level of mentality represented at Cardiff is revealed in the sentence, "Delegates stressed the fact that the test of eligibility for citizenship should be that the citizen was one who could contribute useful labour to the community as a whole." The obvious difficulty about this is that once "useful labour" is made a fact, it must clearly mean something that "the community as a whole" considers useful labour. But it has always been the case that most of the best work in the world has been appreciated at the time by only a small minority. And surely it is evident, too, that many of the most original and creative spirits will feel an overmastering impulse to devote all their time and energy to activities in which the mass are not likely, even in the most ideal society, to show much interest or "goodness." It will not do to allow any human right, whether the franchise or an income, to be dependent upon a man's chosen work being "passed" by a popular tribunal. "Dividends for all" are therefore the very foundation stone of any satisfactory social order. It is no earthly use to bank on a vaguely conceived "function." It cannot be too often repeated that a purely "functional" society would be a horrid place to live in.

A far more alert and hopeful Conference was that of the National Building Guild. The various local Guilds have certainly done splendid work; the movement is already the best constructive effort that the working-class has achieved. £300,000 worth of work has now been carefully completed, and in every case has given the utmost satisfaction to the customers. The Guilds have brilliant records, have realized the whole field, in fact, of Labour policy needs to be very thoroughly surveyed anew. We hope shortly to begin the publication of a complete restatement of the Socialist position in the light of recent developments and particularly of Major C. H. Douglas's contributions to economics.
self even begin to solve the social problem. On the other hand, the Guild-credit half of the policy, if left to stand alone, would be self-defeating. Even as it is, we would point out to Mr. Hobson, the Guilds are building houses which the builders themselves cannot afford to live in. And this evil would be actually intensified by his adumbrated policy, if he merely leaves it at that.

The story of Mr. Henry Ford's fight for life against the banks is as incredibly romantic as any "crook" melodrama on the films. At the height of the commercial crisis the Ford Company was faced with maturing obligations of nearly £1,500,000. Many an industrial concern, in far less serious difficulties, has gone under almost left to its fate, or even deliberately torpedoed, by the banks. These have then stepped in, bought up the depreciated assets for an old song, and refloated the business as a new company. That was practically the programme arranged for the benefit of the banks. Mr. Ford instantly showed him the door, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and went to work with might and main. The firm cut off all purchases of supplies, and manufactured everything in hand as quickly as possible into finished articles. Foreign debts were hastily collected; as much as possible was instantly raised on by-products. In order to hurry up transport a whole railway system was acquired, and £7,000,000, locked up in goods in transit, were thus released. By firing with every gun, the Company was just able to beat off its enemies. But it was the narrowest of shaves. No firm with less immense resources could possibly have won through. We should imagine that such an experience would make Ford future plan think; after it even he might welcome a socially controlled system of credit. Most certainly, we think, his agents would. For one weapon in his armoury was to enforce a clause in the contracts compelling the agents to take a certain quota of cars every month and pay for them. As it is cynically remarked, "Thus the firm made the dealers finance it." So the pressure of high finance at the top is always passed on. The big man shovels off as much as he can of the burden onto smaller men, and these in turn onto lesser men and so on. There was a long war by the average business man of middling fortune stand it?

Two prominent London clergymen have started a "Christian Anti-Communist Crusade." We are as much opposed ourselves as anyone to the Communist Party; and we hold its views to be incompatible with Christianity. But these mere "anti" campaigns are always a mistake—that is when they are sincere; they are often pieces of admirable strategy on the part of the unreasoning defenders of wealth and privilege. Even when they are sincerely intended, they inevitably become twisted round to serve sinister ends. Now one of the two Crusaders in question has always been an ardent Christian Socialist. To him we would address ourselves. He can only safely embark on this kind of campaign if he clearly and avowedly stands for a radical change of the social order. Let him throw himself vigorously into the movement for Guild Distributivism. That is at once the best antidote to Communism, and the most unequivocally Christian social policy that is in the field. While positively pressing the advocacy of this by all the means in his power, he would have ample scope for attacking Communism directly and explicitly, to his heart's content. Such attacks are not likely to carry much weight with any who are open to the Communist appeal, unless they are evidently based throughout on a constructive view that is unimpeachably democratic and co-operative.
The New Age
August 4, 1921

Chauvinistic deception of the palpable and objective which is apparently only effective for everyday lower life.

To-day we may well be ripe to put an end to poverty, to make an end of this thing; but riches and profit become mankind in this world period. But there is, without doubt, also a holy poverty, a super-richness which falls to pieces in its own splendid; a glowing love that presses all fullness to itself, allows all small possessions to fall more and more away from it, all narrowness in relation to things and to self; not from any ecstatic discomfort, but because of the poorness of these things in themselves. Such is the glory of holy riches and of divine prodigality.

The purpose of the old needs, therefore, cannot be "well-being," but only a new need. But the mighty "Evolution" has only an entirely "inner-finite" proletarian assault of the poorest in our days desires nothing but "satiety," nothing but "well-being," with a smattering of art and education built philistine-wise upon it. It does not want to overcome the bourgeoisie, as it asserts, but only to establish it for ever—bourgeoisie itself in everything, not a step higher. And that disgusts the few spiritual men. But how can it disgust those poorest ones? The deliverance of the proletarian cannot be the affair of the proletariat itself, the temporal, which in its is as if somewhere—"Near," conformably to some spacious picture; or as the "One," the "Without Shape," the "Thing in Itself." These are all materialistic, mediate things, but "God" or "Life" is immediate. Plora is immediate and is far away from all the gospers who seek to muffle the infinite in limitations and terms. To the high, crushing nearness of my exploding promordial life, "God is that which is quite Nigh," that which is within, not in relation to a thing, nor to a thing as such. But it is also a holy poverty, a super-richness in this world period. But there is, without doubt, also a holy poverty, a super-richness which falls to pieces in its own splendid; a glowing love that presses all fullness to itself, allows all small possessions to fall more and more away from it, all narrowness in relation to things and to self; not from any ecstatic discomfort, but because of the poorness of these things in themselves. Such is the glory of holy riches and of divine prodigality.

The modern, material word-play with "Evolution" is only the far more shallow counterpart of the lesson of the Fall, and of all kinds of systems of emanations. It is all one to me, an Absolute, which vibrates into enigmatical, inexplicable heights. It is a barbarous adoption, as if somewhere—"Near," conformably to some spacious picture; or as the "One," the "Without Shape," the "Thing in Itself." These are all materialistic, mediate things, but "God" or "Life" is immediate. Plora is immediate and is far away from all the gospers who seek to muffle the infinite in limitations and terms. To the high, crushing nearness of my exploding promordial life, "God is that which is quite Nigh," that which is within, not in relation to a thing, nor to a thing as such.
Our Generation.

The "Times' 'Educational Supplement" contained the other week one of those articles for which the supplements of the "Times" should by now have become famous. They begin with a splendid frankness, sanguine as the morning; one says to oneself, "This is how things should start!"; but after a while a suspicion begins to stir in one's mind that the exordium is lasting a little too long. One arrives at a new paragraph; here, one feels, the subject is going to be broached at last, but no! the writer still hangs on the very brink of utterance—"like a catarrh which hesitates in its fall," but never falls. Mildly astonished, one finds oneself at the end of the essay; one does not know exactly what has happened; certainly the waterfall would have been very fine, if it had only fallen; water, water, in abundance, but not a drop to turn a single wheel. The article in question was, or rather was about to be, about education. "We live in an epoch of transition. The world is new, and we have only one way to meet it: we must become new men. We must enlarge and intensify our consciousness to embrace unaccustomed distances and retain in the rush of things its promptitude and its composure. How valuable that would be if everyone knew what the "Times' 'Educational Supplement" meant, if everyone interpreted the message in the same way! But, as it is, everybody will, of course, read his own particular meaning into it; it will mean to a few everything, to a few nothing, and to the others, something or other, it does not matter very much what. In short, Mr. Lloyd George might have said it, and we have no doubt that sometime he will say it. The article proceeds: "For the sustainment and development of modern life we need, not as once in tens or even hundreds, we need in their thousands, men capable of participation in the whole human adventure; and are there not indications already that we are beginning to get them?" There is nothing said here with which one can disagree; one agrees with the very question at the end; not that one answers it in the affirmative, but that one does heartily admit it, even if God—the "Times' 'Educational Supplement's" God—is not just at this moment in his heaven, he will be by and by. Let us wrap ourselves securely in the Truth that the Truth can never touch wrong. Where is the common sense? Where, indeed?—when we know that wages are not rising but falling. But on the "moral sense" Mr. Hewlett is most eloquent of all. "Twenty-eight millions of people in this country are subsidised by the remaining twelve millions. Whether you call the subsidy alms or tribute, it is not to a man's credit that he lives on it." Mr. Hewlett does not appear to know that for these other things and other classes are equally responsible with Labour; and does not see the injustice of his ignorance with his authorship of an article upon the subject of which he is ignorant presume some trifling lack of "civic sense"? In common sense, too, the proletariat are deficient. "In nothing has it been so flagrantly displayed as in the great wages question; and the worst of it is that the intelligent in the labour circles know all about it, yet can do nothing to stop the everlasting call for higher wages, and the inevitable rise in prices consequent upon every advance. Where is the common sense?" Where, indeed?—when we know that wages are not rising but falling. But on the "moral sense" Mr. Hewlett is most eloquent of all.

A letter which I have received seems to indicate that when I was speaking the other week about "corporate responsibility" I did not make myself clear. My correspondent writes: "A more comprehensive title for 'corporate responsibility' is, I think, 'world consciousness.' The most comprehensive title of which I am aware, is 'cosmic consciousness.'" Now I was not denying, even indirectly, that the responsible man was corporately responsible. Whoever has attained corporate responsibility, has attained public responsibility, which is a more passive necessity, and not spiritual reality. The evil, however, is that the truly responsible men are bound by the irresponsible. Edward Moore.
The Gospel of Peace.

RELIGION, in its orthodox sense, is dead. The majority of people have become indifferent not only to the forms of religion, but to the ideals which found outward expression in the Churches. The aspiring towers and steeples were symbols of the human spirit that created them, but now we build factories dreary and uniform, whose windows haunt us with the same vacant stare as reflected from the empty sockets of the Capucinni skeletons, ranged in their ghostly rows. The spirit then that has deserted the Churches may not be found to-day incorporated in tangible form. Yet, though faith seems dead in the old beliefs, man cannot live by bread alone. A new religion is being framed, and that religion is Socialism. For Socialism is a religion, and its beginnings are akin to the rise of Christianity. The suppressed and thwarted self-hood, the aspirations for beauty and joy and fuller life stemmed by the coarse surplus-value, the class-struggle, and economic determinism—the average Socialist knows but one of the sacred Books until the heresy of Protestantism prevailed, and though Socialists may possess a copy of "Das Capital," it is studied only by a small proportion of them. But what matters it? The strength of Socialism in the present—as of Christianity in the past—is in its provision of an outlet for the powerful but vague and ill-defined idealism that moves humanity.

Of the three main doctrines of the Socialist creed—surplus-value, the class-struggle, and economic determinism—the average Socialist knows but one: the class-struggle. This he accepts ready-made, as his gospel of action, without considering its doubtful geneesis from the theory of surplus-value. The strength of the Socialist party lies consequently far less in the reasoned grasp of their economic position than in the imperious need for a larger, fuller life. Heaven and Hell are abolished, and the shrunken horizon shuts down on an intolerably squalid and narrow lot in which each individual is crushed under the isolation of his identity. Socialism, calling to the oppressed to bind down on an intolerably squalid and narrow lot in which each individual is crushed under the isolation of his identity. Socialism, calling to the oppressed to bind themselves in a holy war against the capitalists, appeals to the heart rather than to the head, and its adherents collect under its banner with all the fervour of a religious sect.

This passion for sacrifice and service which animates the human soul finds vent in still another mode, allied in spirit to Socialism, though differing from it in aim. Patriotism, or love of country, has always been rooted in sentiment rather than in reason. And that is where its strength lies. It has been my experience lately to fall in with an ardent member of the Fascisti, the patriotic youth of Italy, who have banded themselves together against the Communists. Like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, he held me with his glittering eye, refusing to listen, but delivering himself of his story with clear thought as to its origin. Is it not the sympathy roused by a crusade against prices as by a crusade against war. Here the application of New Age economics is simple and direct. The general averision from war, which is at present voiceless and unorganised except in Peace Societies characterised by sentimental ineptitude because they have no sound economic theory, would grow irresistible if combined with clear thought as to its origin. Is it not the privilege of those, who have been enlightened by The New Age, to unite their knowledge to the general sentiment and thus quicken it to effective action? It is easy for a Peter the Hermit to inflame the passions of Europe to war. Our age calls for a different dispensation. Will not some golden-tongued Chrysostom arise to persuade the nations to peace? FRANCIS PREWETT.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

It was my privilege, some months ago, to draw attention to Mr. Halcott Glover’s play, “Wat Tyler.” That play has not yet been produced, and from what I hear its production is being considered in the wrong places. Mr. Halcott Glover is a phenomenon among modern English dramatists in this respect, that his imagination is inspired by historical subjects and works easily and naturally with a crowd. To attempt to produce either “Wat Tyler” or “The King’s Jewry” on a small stage would compel a manager to adopt the dogmatism of the policeman, and declare that “one’s a crowd if I say so.” Frankly, I do not know who could play “Wat Tyler” satisfactorily; but if Mr. Matheson Lang, or Mr. Henry Ainley, does not seriously consider a production of “The King’s Jewry” at a West End theatre with a large stage, he will have missed the chance of England; we see the decision taken in the Prologue, its production is being considered in the wrong places.

“Wat Tyler” does not present the scenic difficulties of “Wat Tyler”; it requires only two scenes, the Royal tent for the Prologue, and the Jewry for the rest of the play. The play is much more compact than was “Wat Tyler”; practically the whole action passes in one place within the space of twenty-four hours. The crisis with which the play deals is the decision of Edward I to expel the Jews from England; we see the decision taken in the Prologue, the drama of the Jewry develops within the shadow of the impending menace which some, including the leader of the Jews, believe cannot become real. But without this “act of the prince” to produce the catastrophe, the play is a powerfully moving drama of emotion, of character, of passionate life. I find myself thinking of Mr. Glover as in the direct line of succession from Shakespeare; he lacks Shakespeare’s vein of lyrical poetry, which so often spoiled Shakespeare’s drama, he does not indulge in such “exsufflicate and blown surmise” as sometimes made Shakespeare “strike the stars with his sublime head.” But Mr. Glover has the same love of the big theme, treated in that vein of imaginative realism that does not exclude the rhetorical appeal; he has the sense of the tragi-comedy of life, which a word will determine (see, for example, the trial scene in this play with the mummers and the Abbot of Unreason), and he has enough philosophy to show reason on both sides, and the inevitable conflict (not yet resolved) between the belief in usury and the belief in natural increase, or the reward of labour. I prefer to undertake my admiration of Mr. Glover’s work, and to call him the most considerable English dramatist of this generation. He is astonishingly mature, and his stagecraft is, I think, instinctive. Anyhow, there is nothing to excuse in “The King’s Jewry”; the play seems to have written itself.

A synopsis of the play may be of use. The play opens at dawn in the Jewry, with a crowd of refugees outside Eleazar’s house. To them is added a party of Jews from York, led by Melchias, who has come to challenge Eleazar’s leadership. He hints at treachery in Israel, points to the fact that “Jewry wails from sea to sea, and only Eleazar stands untouched.” Eleazar has no difficulty in showing that his wealth is the very condition of his ability to help Israel, that this very day he is going to the King, “with money in my hand I go to make persecution cease.” Failing that, he will present his ultimatum: “If thou hast need of me, oh King, protect my people, as my father protected his; or if thou needest me not, let me depart in peace.” He calculates that the King cannot let them go; the King needs money, “it is the Jew, and the Jew alone, can furnish it.” He departs on his mission, with Melchias still casting suspicion upon him because his dealings with the King are secret.

He is led back by the mummers with a rope round his neck. He has been refused audience by the King, and delivered to the custody of the Abbot of Unreason, who has brought him back to Jewry to be tried and executed. In a scene that, for rhetorical sway over a crowd, is comparable only with Mark Antony’s oration over Caesar, his wife secures his release; while Melchias adds fuel to flame by denouncing her as an adulteress with the Christian. She saves Melchias also when the citizens, cheated of one victim, demand another; and the situation becomes threatening. It becomes positively dangerous when a Christian woman, beggarred by the Jews, accuses them of having hidden her boy, and later, of murdering him (he had been bled for the plague by an English doctor); but the danger is averted by the promptitude of a Jewish soldier, who is armed. The crowd departs, “cursing all Jews yet!”; and Eleazar warns Melchias that Jewry shall judge between them at sunset.

The trial takes place, and Melchias, with supreme effrontery, demands Miriam, wife of Eleazar, as his advocate. She is sent for, but is not to be found; and Melchias mocks Eleazar: “Hall to him whose wife lies within the gentle.” The trial goes forward until Eleazar casts Melchias forth as a danger to Jewry, one who seeks to make division. As the gate is opened, Miriam is seen. She has been to the King; has been told that “the Jew must go,” and has, by her pleading, wrung from him the concession that “he shall go in honour, with his goods.” Melchias makes his last attempt, sees Eleazar’s treachery to Jewry in this concession, and rushes at him with a knife. Miriam steps between, and falls mortally wounded; while Melchias is cut down by the Jewish soldier as the King’s troops knock at the gate.

The last scene brings the King and Eleazar face to face. The King identifies himself with Christendom, just as the Jew is identified with Christendom, as the Jew and Christendom; but the King is satisfied to cast out usury. “Already the Lombard stands at the King’s side, furnished with jugglery of parchment and of Pope to make black white.” Usury has passed from Jewry to Christendom; but the King cannot strike at the visible enemy, and leave the rest to God: “for man at last is not moved by gold, but by life, towards which gold is but one of the baser means.” Eleazar has his answer to this, that in casting out the Jew he has not cast out usury. “Already the Lombard stands at the King’s side, furnished with jugglery of parchment and of Pope to make black white.” Usury has passed from Jewry to Christendom; but the King cannot strike at the visible enemy, and leave the rest to God: “for man at last is not moved by gold, but by life, towards which gold is but one of the baser means.”

With the dignity of recognition of the fundamental conflict between them, they are about to part, when the King remembers his courtesy, and asks to see Miriam. She is brought in her coffin; and on that sombre note of common human grief the play ends. “The King’s Jewry” is a remarkable addition to our dramatic literature.

* “The King’s Jewry : A Play.” By Halcott Glover. (The Bloomsbury Press. 3s. 6d. net.) Agents: C. W. Daniel, Ltd.
Readers and Writers.

The cry "The French do these things so much better" is rather tiresome and even in some ways a little out of date, but I am afraid it is still appropriate when literary criticism is the matter in mind: they have ten or twelve good critics to our one or two. As an effect of this comparative plenty we see in France a competition of talents evoking a pitch of some intensity. In England there is no competition and no intensity: the solitary giants in our little world—really cross one another's path; but have, however, to busy themselves pitchforking the pigmies out of their lonely furrows (it is desultory work for talents). My complaint may seem harsh and despairful, but look, I beg you, at the inspiring sight of M. Albert Thibaudet, critic-in-chief to "La Nouvelle Revue Francaise," geared to combat the portentous negations of M. Pierre Lasserre—the leaver, if only by virtue of persistence, of the anti-romantic revolt. You will find the history of the affair in the June number of "La Minerve Francaise." M. Lasserre has just written a book which, under the title "Les Chapelles Litteraires," deals with (or "érepente") a group of writers that have always caused me—and, I suspect, most "level" Englishmen—some perturbation of mind: I mean Claudel, Jammes and Peguy. The neo-catholic movement in modern French literature. When M. Lasserre's criticisms appeared serially in "La Minerve Francaise" they attracted "indignant ripostes," and to these ripostes M. Lasserre has replied in the preface to the published volume, maintaining therein the liberty of the critic to say what he very well pleases and to bring to bear on his contemporaries the same seriousness and detachment that he would use in the study of past masters. It is at this point that M. Thibaudet enters the controversy. M. Lasserre's outraged conception of Catholicism is that of a religion of the Christian sense and, in consequence, of an incapacity to see beauty in a poetry based entirely on the Christian fact. M. Lasserre replies that there are good Christians who don't appreciate Claudel, and that there are worldlings, diplomats—fort peu chretiens—and even Jews, who do appreciate him; that, in short, a sense of Christ is nothing at all to do with the matter. In answer to this M. Thibaudet makes a distinction: we must distinguish between faith on the one hand and sense on the other; between belief and sentiment. And while faith or belief may not be necessary for the appreciation of Claudel, sense or sentiment is; and it is implied that sense or sentiment is a delicate perception of beauty in religion denied to the crude rationalist. But M. Lasserre, ready with a counter-distinction: Christian sentiment is much the same thing as Claudelian sentiment, and at any rate all amounts to is what he would call "une chapelle littéraire"—a circle of fanatics worshiping, without criticism or discernment, the aura of some confused genius. True poets, however, are not inspired by fanaticism, but by enthusiasm. Enthusiasm shows love; fanaticism an uneasy aesthetic conscience. But M. Thibaudet will not admit this distinction between enthusiasm and fanaticism: he says it is merely rhetorical, like the distinction between liberty and license or that between religion and superstition.

There I will leave this particular application of the argument, though Peguy, if not Claudel, is a ghost I mean to lay some day—his genius is a material thing or it is nothing at all: I have an undecided mind at present. But just now I would like to divagate on the fascinating distinctions (all distinctions—all intellectual progress is the separation of the sheep from the goats in one's mind) made by these warring critics; and most of all on that between belief or faith and sense or sentiment, and on the application of this distinction to literary judgment. I know several people who profess the Catholic faith who were not born to it, who have had, so far as I know, no decisive "religious experience," and who never, I am sure, practise the public ritual of worship. For them, as they express it, Roman Catholicism is "this very religion responsible for an artist's." That may be all very well as an aesthetic distinction among religions, and I suppose that the neo-catholic art of Claudel, Jammes and Pégy proceeds from exactly this attitude. What I am perfectly positive about is that though there may be an aspect of religion that is art, it does not follow that there is an aspect of art that is religion. The Book of Job is a high expression of human tragedy; it is of the very highest kind of aesthetic expression. But can anyone affirm, for a moment, that for its appreciation we must equip ourselves with a sense of the Judaic religion? I think not. M. Thibaudet affair. Apart from any rigour, then, I am bound to think that M. Lasserre is right in method. He stands for objective criticism—and by objective I mean no more than the detachment that is attained by the harmonisation within the mind of the greatest possible number of facts in experience; whereas M.
Thibaudet seems on this occasion to stand for subjective criticism—and by subjective I mean no more than the transforming attraction that one particular fact in experience may unconsciously exercise on all the other facts in experience. M. Thibaudet says that it is not possible to see the beauty of Claudel until one has seen the beauty of the City of God. But it is at least admissible to observe that but one faculty is involved—the faculty of sight—and that whatever the object in focus may be, it is the same eyes that see, the one mind that understands, the one judgment that judges.

H. R. Read.

Music.

The musical season which has just closed has been important and significant. We do not propose, however, to deal now with the particular events of the past season. Before doing that, we wish to deprecate a partisan attitude which is in process of intensive cultivation both in musicians and in critics. Enthusiasm is an admirable emotion, but when allowed to degenerate into unreasoning partiality it does even more harm to its possessor "eternal verities." Each composer in his turn has to pluck fruit from trees planted by his predecessors, and then express his own emotion and his own thought in such terms as his individuality makes proper, and the experiments of his predecessors make possible. To-day in every art (excepting architecture) we witness a new birth, and, closely following historical tradition, we also witness the inevitable stone-throwing. Shelley and Keats, Schumann and Wagner, Cézanne and the Impressionists, are now the stand-by of elderly critics whose intellectual forbears would have stoned them to death; and doubtless Wheels and the Sitwells, Schönberg and Stravinsky, Kadinsky and Mestrovic, will in their turn be bound in white vellum, or stored in public galleries, and recommended to revolutionary youth by the intellectual posterity of the stone-throwers of to-day. Laurels grow on the Seine. But on still, moonless nights, impressionable wisps of mankind float through the far-distant, invisible creed of Youth.

The Self-appointed Poet

Is one whose tongue argues him equal to Shelley, but his pen proves him inferior to Noyes. He is commonly some fellow who scrapples a meagre living by reviews in the daily Press or by a burly of words which he and the rabble call a short story and think marvellous good writing; but, regarding a poet as the noblest creature on God's earth, he must needs appropriate that title and spawn daily a half-hundred of execrable rhymes. If by ill-chance you fall into his company, his discourse will be of nothing but Francis Thompson, Shelley, Thibaudet, and himself; he will bounce here and there round the room in apparent lunacy, mouthing line upon line of platitudes from stale poems. Or perhaps he will stay for a moment to describe the true nature of inspiration: how, when he wrote his latest poem, "'Stark Winds in the Sheer Sky" (which Professor Puddlebrain had sworn to be the greatest poem of the past fifty years), he was carried beyond himself, blown through by the out-mastering breath of God or what you will, and scarce knew what he was writing. And you had best agree with him; else he will take up a petty and pettish attitude which is in process of intensive cultivation, and will tell you that the next comer what a puffed-up, disagreeable fool you are, and how the last poem you published was refuted by twenty-eight editors and the twenty-ninth printed it only because you offered him three guineas. Which, he will continue, is all the money you had, and that, too, borrowed.

Yet this low mountebank is not without a semblable wit, which passes among the ignorant for intelligence. Applause is his touchstone of success: he has a nice faculty in appraising new reputations, and his verdicts go current for good coin. Being much practised as a man of letters, he knows and fears actions that would show him ridiculous, and so far avoids them that most men he deceives; but to such as are better acquainted with him he is seen to be naturally compacted of the ridiculous, and never more to be laughed at than when he strives to escape detection. He is happiest when he is reciting his own poems to an audience of woman novelists. With one hand he rakes his coarse black hair, the other saws through with snow that scorches and with fires that freeze; Pluck from the granite heart of God one word Fierce as a star and lonelier than a bird.

I stand immutable and mock this age.

Men shall grow pitiful to hear my voice,

Clamour against the irresponsive pole

Sift the rich seed of opal flowers that must

Smell sweet and blossom in the afflawered dust.

What though the critics gibber? Lo, I can

Gibber as potently as any man.

Such hobble-gait folly informs the more part of his rimings; but, whereas this year's fashion sets for the description of nature, in a many verses, he will make shift to call a cowslip yellow and a sow fat, or will dodge in, out of all time and judgment, a turbot snatch-
ing flies in a cattle-pond or a landrail whistling on a pear tree.

His deceits have corrupted yet more his nature than his writing; for he lives not by reason or by impulse but by a strange idiom of the poet's life which he has built from the conduct of dead poets. Yet, if this idol stand thwart to his pleasures, he will seem not to observe it, and so cheat himself into obeying his desire. He holds, for example, that your poet should be generous, and in perfidious or visible charities he is constant; but he will never seek where he may show generosity undetected, nor will he ever hurt his pocket beyond a pinprick. Loyalty to friends is frequent in melancholy for his unappreciated virtue. He will betray whom he pleases if by it he may advance himself. Yet no man is sorer for an affront; his mind will not cicatrize for a se'nnight. He will stare at a stick that his own foot has kicked, and will drop into a mad revel and abuse him, and will elbow through to his presence and exclaim, "Ah, Mr. Who-is-it-be-he, I fear you haven't heard of me or read my last book, 'Tempestuous Gloom'; but I have a great reverence for you and knew your nephew at Oxford. I have always felt something cosmic and illimitable in your marvellous novels. Do you not think Milton had a noble theme for 'Paradise Lost'? How much you have all notabilities in esteem, even though they be but lords.

But I tire of him; if you would learn further what manner of man he is, you will observe him twice a week in the Café Royal; and, when he is there, none else.

**Alan Porter.**

**Power.**

A symposium was published last year entitled "The Spirit: God and His relation to Man, considered from the standpoint of philosophy, psychology and art."

We will concern ourselves here only with the psychological contribution, which was supplied by Dr. J. A. Hadfield. He writes on "The Psychology of Power."

The essence of his thesis is that, when what he calls the instinctive emotions are functioning in harmony, without conflict, then the individual becomes the expression of his full powers. And Dr. Hadfield produces harmony in his patients by means of hypnosis. His style in writing is musically Christian, and not a little pedestrian in relation to this subject-matter, and he appears to have been influenced in the extreme by McDougall's twelve so-called instincts, the "triebbündel" of the earlier German psychologists. It is not a little invi- dious and academical to postulate all these multitudinous impulses. There are the two instincts, the sexual and the self-preservation, and each is an aspect of the one libido. The one is the expression of libido as love, and the other is libido as power. Libido finally analyses into pure affect. When we have said so much, we have said all that is necessary for the moment. Dr. Hadfield refers himself to Jung's libido theory, and remarks that his conceptions have something in common with it. So it seems more than ever a pity that he should not discard his ponderous terminology in favour of the more accurate and less scholastic language of Jung. The "triebbündel" is the modern version of the problem of the angels and the needle-point.

Now let us consider Dr. Hadfield's method of awakening, or releasing, or harmonising, libido. He employs, he says, hypnosis, and helps himself with free associations taken from the patient during hypnosis. This is the method that both Freud and Jung had abandoned for analysis in the conscious state, and it says little for our English psychologists to find that they still advocate it. It is, in fact, a cumbersome method, almost incomparable in subtlety to conscious analysis. When the analytic technique is there for all to learn and practice, a continuance of hypnosis is as if a modern railway were to persist in the employment of Watt's steam engine. The original Breuer-Freud method should now be of interest only historically. Coué and Baudouin have now, however, abundantly shown that the effects of hypnosis are in reality obtained by the patient's own auto-suggestion; and, in the light of this knowledge, we may perhaps be permitted to put forward for study a combined technique of actual hypnosis, or what some have termed psycho-synthesis.

Here is an example. A patient was suffering from a severe introversion psychosis, and there was real danger that his libido would regress entirely from objectivity, and disperse into the collective unconscious. In this state he produced a dream of horses stampeding. The wild horse symbol seems to be very closely associated with the psychoses and insanity. We did a certain amount of analysis on rather general lines, discussing the recoil of this dream in terms of its method (he was a case of war-shock) and the determining factors in such a recoil—generally speaking, infantile mother-fixation—and at the same time we went through his anamnesis. He then dreamed he was in a field, was pursued by some fifty horses, and feared especially their teeth. He associated having seen fifty pit-ponies in a field a few days ago, while walking with his wife; and the fact that he was almost impotent. We went extensively into the subject of horses, ranging from nightmares and Jung's "devouring mother," the dragon in the unconscious, to Pegasus, the horse of the Muses. To the fact that pit-ponies are, after all, a good work-a-day symbol. And at this point I sent him away with a formula for auto-suggestion that he possessed fifty horse-power. We also discussed the question of infantile fears in general.

In his next dream a dentist pulled out his front teeth. He had actually been to a dentist on the day before the dream; and the dentist had remarked how like a horse's were his front teeth. We improved the shining of his dental teeth, and the edge that he was almost impotent. We went extensively into the subject of horses, ranging from nightmares and Jung's "devouring mother," the dragon in the unconscious, to Pegasus, the horse of the Muses. To the fact that pit-ponies are, after all, a good work-a-day symbol. And at this point I sent him away with a formula for auto-suggestion that he possessed fifty horse-power. We also discussed the question of infantile fears in general.

The next time he came to see me he had no dream to tell. But, most strangely, he had picked up in the garden of the hospital an old horse's tooth. The incident pleased him greatly. His next dream was that there was a cricket match, and the staff beat Cowley by one run. To staff he associated the staff of life. Cowley (a village close to the hospital that plays cricket with the hospital) was a blend of his green field and devouring horses. Kine, as every student of Hindu mythology knows, are potent mother symbols for good or evil. There is the cow that will pour milk, or the mother that will go on carving ribs of heel, as a dreamer once recorded. And his staff had beaten the cow. In terms of philosophic theory his individuality had reasserted itself, and had overshadowed the backward pull of his infantility into the mother's womb, the deeps of the unconscious. The urge of libido to disperse into the unconscious was over. In terms of Hindu mythology the sea-demon that stole the Vedas was slain. By one run—only just, he associated—by the skin of your teeth, I said. That was the beginning of the end of his psychotic troubles. A horse-sacrifice had been performed.

I do not wish to dogmatise, but such a combination of analysis with auto-suggestion as this does seem to be a method of psychiatry that is not without its use.
in certain cases. And I maintain that such a method permits of far more subtlety and accuracy than the too clumsy psycho-analytic treatment described by Dr. Hadfield. Pure hypnotism has its use, but they are strictly limited; hypnotic analysis at this time of day is not only old-fashioned but likewise barbarous. Dr. Hadfield should cut loose from his present McDougall attachment, and follow where his theories actually lead him, which is to psycho-synthesis.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Views and Reviews.

THE ANSWER TO MALTHUS—V.

The selections that I have made from Mr. Pell’s work have been chosen to show, in massive social phenomena, the inapplicability of the Malthusian and Neo-Malthusian theories to the variations of human fertility. But the principle under discussion is really a law governing the union of sperm cell and ovum:

As the theory was deduced from the theory of evolution, and as the theory of evolution assumes the development of the higher forms of life from unicellular organisms, it follows that it should apply to the first beginnings of life among these minute organisms. The sperm cell and ovum are in the first instance nothing but specialised unicellular organisms, and we may confidently expect that they will be governed by the same general law as the organisms from which they were originally derived. So that although these organisms exist in enormous variety, and although they are adapted to all sorts of conditions, yet we should be able to trace, amid a vast complexity of facts, some faint foreshadowing of the principle.*

It is admitted that the evidence on this subject is by no means complete; but what evidence there is supports Mr. Pell’s theory.

Before examining this evidence, however, it is necessary to inquire to what rules we should expect the conjugation of these unicellular organisms to conform. We have seen that the higher organisms generally, among which sexual reproduction is the rule, have to meet two opposite sets of conditions. There is the case of an improving environment with a declining death-rate, when, if evolution is not to be self-defeating, the birth-rate must diminish also. Conversely, when the death-rate increases the birth-rate must increase also, or the rate will become extended. But there are conditions of exceptional hardship (usually temporary) such as famine, when an increased birth-rate, instead of compensating for an increased death-rate, would merely add to the mischief. There is a limit beyond which there is no possibility of conjugation; these organisms are rendered sterile both by excessively favourable and excessively unfavourable conditions. The same holds good of plants which are rendered sexually sterile by extremely favourable and extremely unfavourable environments. So that the condition most favourable to fertility, most favourable, that is, to the union of sperm cell and ovum, occurs at a middle position. This point most favourable to fertility may be termed the optimum point for fertility. It is probable that from this point the capacity for fertilisation decreases steadily with the increase of vitality, but that when the degree of vitality is lowered beyond the optimum point for fertility the capacity for fertilisation steadily decreases with the decrease of vitality. In other words, death-rate and fertility are in quite a different position. The “optimum point,” wherever it may be fixed, may be represented by a gateway, through which we may pass in either direction, reaching the surrounding desert of sterility at last.

The usual method of reproduction among unicellular organisms is by division, conjugation taking place only exceptionally. Let us reason by analogy with what we have seen to be the rule among higher organisms, we should expect that there will be an optimum point for conjugation—that conjugation will become more and more improbable with these lowly organisms as ex- haustion approaches; but that when exhaustion is carried beyond a certain point conjugation will become gradually less possible. The point most favourable for fertility will occupy a middle position.

So it is found in fact; Maupas, for example, isolated an infusorian, and watched its growth for months. By the time that two hundred and fifteen generations had been born (without sexual union), the family was exhausted. The members were being born old; and a-sexual division stopped, and the powers of nutrition were lost. But some of the individuals were removed before exhaustion was reached, and conjugated with unrelated forms of the same species. “The usual number of successive generations occurred: members removed at different stages were again observed to conjugate successfully with unrelated forms, and this was done to the one hundred and thirteenth generation. After this, however, the family being again near its end, the removal was no longer of any use.”

Here are, as Mr. Pell says, just such facts as the theory would lead us to expect. When the cells are fresh and in full vigour, conjugation is unnecessary. As they become exhausted during repeated a-sexual generations, conjugation becomes more and more necessary up to a certain point. When, however, exhaustion is carried beyond that point, conjugation becomes impossible even with unrelated forms. None the less, as Geddes and Thomson have very truly said, “in the realm of sex difference we find that a little active cell or spore, unable to develop of itself, unites in fatigue with a larger more quiescent individual.” One does actually “fall” in love; conjugation (although Mr. Pell does not say so) is really a unicellular attempt at self-preservation by parasitism. Nietzsche, although writing as a psychologist, hit upon the same truth when he said: “Love is only a more refined parasitism, a nestling in a strange soul, sometimes even in a strange body—Ah! at what expense always to the host.” Mr. Morley Roberts, in his “Warfare in the Human Body,” reminds us “that the embryo acts upon the maternal organism against which the mother has to be protected,” and that “the very methods by which the ovum attaches itself to the uterine wall are, so far as the hostess is concerned, actually pathological and bordering on the malignant.”

But this suggestion will carry me too far from Mr. Pell’s theory. We find that the effects of nutritive conditions among these lower organisms parallel in a singular way what has been shown to be the rule among higher organisms.

Thus, if nourishment be continually and abundantly supplied to cultures of Ciliata, pairing can be prevented. They continue to divide until the whole culture dies off in consequence of premature senescence. On the other hand, cultures of Infusoria which are approaching exhaustion, are in the most unfavourable conditions, sexual maturity may be induced to pair by withholding nourishment.

The action of heat is two-fold:

Up to a certain point it quickens development and the general life, favouring a-sexual reproduction and parthenogenesis rather than the sexual process; beyond that limit of comfortable warmth, so variable for different animals, it may induce a feverish habit of body and hasten reproductive maturity and sexual reproduction.

The facts relating to unicellular organisms are just what might be anticipated, and are precisely parallel with what occurs among the higher forms of life. Highly favourable conditions facilitate a-sexual reproduction, but are inimical to conjugation. Unfavourable conditions which exhaust the vitality of the organism facilitate conjugation and sexual reproduction until carried beyond a certain point, when conjugation becomes increasingly difficult, as Mr. Pell’s difficulty about the variation of nervous energy may be overcome by a reference to A. E. Baines’ “Studies in Electro-Physiology” (published by Routledge), in which the electrical phenomena of fertilisation are dealt with.

A. E. R.

* “The Law of Births and Deaths: Being a Study of the Variation in the Degree of Animal Fertility under the Influence of the Environment.” By Charles Edward Pell. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE LAW OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

Sir,—I am deeply obliged for the generous notices in The New Age of my work, "The Law of Births and Deaths," and would like to say, in reply to the question raised by your reviewer in regard to certain facts reported by Dr. Hallford Ross as occurring in the Suez Canal Zone: "Did the birth-rate vary nine months after the death-rate?" This question is not explicitly answered in the evidence of Dr. Hallford Ross, but I may point out that on my hypothesis it is neither essential that the variation of the birth-rate should follow that of the death-rate at an interval of nine months, nor even probable that it would.

The question apparently refers to a couple of cases of epidemics which were either accompanied or followed by corresponding increases in the birth-rate. Now it is a fact that an epidemic does not, as a rule, follow instantly upon the development of the causes from which it originates. It would appear that unhealthy conditions lead to a progressive and cumulative debilitation of the community, and where the disease is not locally prevalent the match is usually applied to the combustible material in the form of infection from outside.

Take a case where a community whose water supply becomes polluted. This would begin to affect the health of the community and there might be a corresponding increase of fertility which would probably begin to make itself apparent after about nine months. But if an epidemic ultimately results, this may occur in three months, six months, nine months, or after almost any period of time. There would be no reason, therefore, in the case of sporadic outbreaks of disease, to expect the corresponding increase in the birth-rate just nine months after. As to the fall in births and deaths of the Suez Canal Zone in the year falling over the Suez Canal Zone, this was gradual that was so gradual on both sides and spread over so considerable a length of time that the nine months interval between conception and birth can hardly be said to enter into the matter at all.

I foresee that the chief argument against my view is that the fall in the birth-rate is due to a natural law the function of which is to adjust the degree of fertility to suit approximately the needs of the species or race is likely to consist in pointing out that the general correlation between births and deaths exhibits many irregularities. The reply to this is that my hypothesis perfect regularity is not to be expected, nor is it demanded by the scheme of organic evolution. Where mathematical precision is necessary Nature will produce it. She will design an eye which rivals our finest microscopes. But wherever exactitude is not essential she paints with a broad brush. All that she can do. Where the problem of variations is concerned is to produce a corresponding increase in the birth-rate. Now it is a fact that an epidemic does not, as a rule, follow instantly upon the development of the causes from which it originates. It would appear that unhealthy conditions lead to a progressive and cumulative debilitation of the community and where the disease is not locally prevalent the match is usually applied to the combustible material in the form of infection from outside.

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