NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is a remarkably close resemblance between the present course of our foreign relations and that which they pursued in the fateful years immediately preceding the war. Mr. Lloyd George has been declaring that our alliance with Japan may “merge into a greater understanding with Japan and the United States of America in all the problems of the Pacific”; and the “Times” straightway comes out with a flaming headline, “THE MOVING FINGER WRITES ----. ”

So, in the old days, the “Daily News” group in the Press was constantly insisting—occasionally with some support from governmental pronouncements—that our Entente with France was not “exclusive,” but might well be expanded to include Germany. We are repeatedly assured, too, almost till the very last, that all outstanding issues with the latter Power had at last been happily settled, or were on the very eve of certain settlement. Similarly Mr. Lloyd George and the “Times” diligently repeat that our Japanese alliance is directed against no other Power, least of all against Germany. But, economic struggles being aligned as they were, it led us, with fatal precision, into direct collision with Germany. Finally, the Prince of Wales’ contemplated visit to Japan cannot but remind us forcibly of his grandfather’s round of diplomatic visits, which played so large a part in the upbuilding of the anti-German coalition.

To insist on these unpleasant facts is, we are aware, to expose ourselves to the charge of wantonly creating suspicion and ill-will. Nothing could be more opposed to the truth. We fail to understand this idea that to treat war between America and ourselves as even a possibility is a kind of treachery. If we see that, quite unconsciously on the part of the vast majority in both nations, we and another Power are heading straight for war, then, in the very interests of peace, we are bound to draw the most public attention to the danger. It is our very object to insist that war is not inevitable. It is so indeed, if we continue to tread our present economic path. But we are continually pointing out that a better way lies invitingly before our feet, which would lead us at once out of the jungle of economic strife between nations, of competitive armaments, and of recurrent wars. We are as far as possible from being economic determinists; we merely insist that things have their consequences. It rests with a man’s will to jump over a precipice or not; but if he takes the leap, the most fanatical libertarian will not claim that he can then will to stop before he gets to the bottom. So if we choose to adhere to our present financial and industrial methods, we are committing ourselves to war sooner or later—probably sooner. There is no fatalism or determinism about this doctrine. It simply asserts that there are inexcusable consequences of conduct—in fact, that there is a judgment, as is proclaimed by all the higher religions of the world and not least by Christianity. It is above all to the will that we appeal; we believe in the power of this to control the course of events far more than do the ordinary run of pacifists or of sentimental Socialists. And it is an awakening of the will which is above all needed to-day. Of the sentimental “good” in good-will, oceans lap the shores of all the world; but where is the “will”? The more we study the mentality of Mr. W. M. Hughes, the more we are left wondering what Australia can possibly be like as a nation. We have no great opinion indeed of a people that can find no greater statesman than Mr. Lloyd George as its leader. But he is at least a comprehensible phenomenon. He has a superficial brilliance, and even a touch of genius of a sort. But leave out these, and what is there left of him? The remainder makes up to Mr. Hughes; he actually succeeds in being that almost unimaginable thing, a dull Lloyd George. His farewell to Great Britain took the form of yet another of his superfluous lectures. As usual, its level of political thought was that of an Imperial commercial traveller. But even from him we hardly looked for such a banality as an appeal for “a new soul, new ideas,” for the lofty end that the country might “hold its own in that fierce war after the war which was now raging.” Let those who are content to accept the life of nations on such a plane as that please themselves; but we could suffer them a little more gladly if they had the taste not to pretend to any interest in “soul” or ideas.” The worst of Mr. Hughes is that he could not even satisfy the demands of the most realistic and pedestrian common sense. He talked as though the sole raison d’être of industry were exports and the foreign market. “Employment at high wages or any wages at all depended in this country on one thing only, and that was the production of goods at a price which would enable them to be sold in the markets of
the world." It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Hughes that a people does not live on "employment", but on goods; and that it is the business of an industrial system to produce those goods, so far as possible directly and, in cases of necessity only, indirectly by producing other goods with which to buy them from abroad. He seems to be unable to see the home market for the horrors of foreign debtors. "We had here a mountain of wool and there a mountain of metal, that could not be disposed of," the reason was of course that the Russian people are out of action as buyers! Does he seriously think that our people at home could not consume these things, if they were given the chance? But a melancholy specimen of the wisdom by which the British Empire is governed. Yet Mr. Hughes has the assurance to proclaim that the only way of economic salvation is "by a frank recognition of fundamental, economic truth."

Another sermon in much the same vein has been published by seventeen M.P.s, mostly members of the "National Democratic Party. It is so rhetorical in its phraseology that it is a little difficult to make out what Hughes that a people does not live on "employment" "by a frank recognition of fundamental, economic truth."

Whether the "Times" and "The Westminster "Two important industrial capitalists have written in much the same vein has been allowed to have all their own way. Two important industrial capitalists have written in much the same vein has been forgotten or repented of his old heresy. It becomes a specimen of the wisdom by which the British Empire is governed.

We are particularly glad that he declared roundly, "No satisfactory solution will be secured merely by depressing wages. Other remedies of a more fundamental character will have to be applied." "The whole methods of our national finance will have to be reconsidered." They certainly will. Nothing could be more fatal at this stage than a policy of restriction of credit. We are entirely with Messrs. Johnston and Robson in calling for inflation. But again, we cannot simply plunge into this course of action, and leave it at that. Inflation by itself means, of course, a further rise in the cost of living. It is absolutely imperative that it should be accompanied by a social regulation of prices. And prices can only be satisfactorily regulated by means of the appropriate ratio (now scientifically established) to costs. Happily, both the "Times" and "The Westminster" have not forgotten that their intense hostility to inflation, agree as to the desirability of a fresh inquiry into the currency question. It is to be hoped that if this is held, some one, or some group, of influence will take advantage of it to raise directly the real issue.

Nothing of moment emerged at the recent Miners' Conference. The urgent question of unemployment in the industry, supervening on the stoppage, and of the closing down of pits, was practically ignored. Nationalisation was reaffirmed as stoutly and as unwisely as it has been strongly thought that this policy was particularly calculated to appeal to the consumer at the present juncture. The meeting of the National Federation of General Workers provided something a good deal more interesting in the shape of a speech by Mr. Ben Tillett, which repays careful reading. He made repeated allusions to "international finance," "the large bankers," "the amalgamation of bankers." He further declared bluntly, "It is the malignant and sinister power of the capitalist that is actually aiming at insurrection and actually using the present chaos in Europe, because it gives that class greater domination and greater opportunity for power." All this looks as though Mr. Tillett were thinking enterprisingly along the right lines. He has followed this up in a more recent pronouncement, in which he declares that he will not support or advise the "working capitalist"; the latter and his employees he described as being together in the grip of the financiers and the banks. We hope Mr. Tillett means before long to declare definitely and openly for the Social Credit policy.

In the latter of Mr. Tillett's pronouncements there was, however, some far less commendable matter. He renewed once more his long-standing advocacy of compulsory arbitration. He had hoped that he had forgotten or repented of his old heresy. It becomes a very serious matter, when he revives it, just as this policy is being pushed to the fore in such very sinister quarters. He declared that it was favoured by some of the most extreme Labour leaders. That may well be. "Extremism" is by no means a guarantee of extreme devotion to the emancipation of the people. The "extreme" men are mostly more or less ardent admirers of Russian Bolshevism. That system of thought avowedly entertains the utmost contempt for the whole idea of liberty. It is as materialistic as the old "dismal science of Manchester. It cares for nothing but a hard mechanical efficiency. It regards an industrial system solely as a machinery for producing and distributing material wealth, and asks only whether, from this point of view, it does the job. Provided it does, then, for all the true
Bolshevist cares, it may ride rough-shod over all personal values. Human beings, for Lenin as much as for any trust magnate, are merely instruments of production. But Mr. Tillett curiously enough tried to link up the cause of compulsory arbitration with his attack on the financiers' power. He thought it would serve as an important check on the speculative operations of the money-lords. But on his own showing radical remedies are needed here. And, if we are going in for these, it is not worth while to trouble about clipping little corners off the field that is open to the financiers for their manoeuvres. It would certainly be fatal, for the sake of such inconsiderable and such uncertain gains, to dabble in sacrilegious schemes.

"Trade Unionism would cease to exist in a Socialist State." "In a Socialist State every one would be compelled to work." "The Right to Strike would go." These are quotations, not from an anti-Socialist tract, as our readers would guess, but from Mr. Bernard Shaw, unburdening his soul in the congenial atmosphere of the Fabian Summer School. It is not so easy to understand his motive in saying these things. He can hardly suppose that by doing so he is making Socialism more popular. Probably, like Dean Inge, he takes a perverted delight in advertising his singularity and in making himself objectionable; these are for him ends in themselves, and far outweigh any consideration of the fortunes of the cause which he professes to be pleading. For ourselves, we know that the fundamental ends of Socialism can be attained by methods which would set the individual far more free than at present. If we agreed with these Shavian dicta we should be determined anti-Socialists. But what it is necessary to grasp is that Mr. Shaw is really pleased at the prospect which he sketches, and genuinely advocates this appalling tyranny. This may well seem incredible. It becomes, however, far more understandable when we once realise that "Socialism" (meaning the total outlook of the actual Socialist movement) is simply a disease of capitalist society. The true Socialism must be an antidote for this disease quite as much as a cure for capitalism itself.

The Church is a very curious institution. Singularly illuminating is the domestic storm which the Dean of Carlisle has been arousing within its pale. With the theological subtlety of the particular controversy between the Dean and his critics we are not concerned. But the true inwardsness of the incident is quite independent of these. The point of public interest is the glaring contrast between the frenzied excitement displayed, whenever a dean or canon is seen to take a position which is seemingly unacceptable, and the calm composure which prevails at once. We agreed with these Shavian dicta we should be determined anti-Socialists. But what it is necessary to grasp is that Mr. Shaw is really pleased at the prospect which he sketches, and genuinely advocates this appalling tyranny. This may well seem incredible. It becomes, however, far more understandable when we once realise that "Socialism" (meaning the total outlook of the actual Socialist movement) is simply a disease of capitalist society. The true Socialism must be an antidote for this disease quite as much as a cure for capitalism itself.

"The Moving Finger Writes.--"

By C. H. Douglas.

It is now nearly three years since the first publication of the credit theory which has become, it is hoped, familiar to the readers of THE NEW AGE. When that theory first saw the light of publication to the world, panting and enfeebled from the first world war, was threatened with social upheaval and torn with conflicting idealisms on the one hand, and a prey to the megalomaniacs of industry and finance on the other. "All power to the Soldiers and Workers Councils" yelled the Left. "In a Socialist State every one would be compelled to work." "The Right to Strike would go." These are quotations, not from an anti-Socialist tract, as our readers would guess, but from Mr. Bernard Shaw, unburdening his soul in the congenial atmosphere of the Fabian Summer School. It is not so easy to understand his motive in saying these things. He can hardly suppose that by doing so he is making Socialism more popular. Probably, like Dean Inge, he takes a perverted delight in advertising his singularity and in making himself objectionable; these are for him ends in themselves, and far outweigh any consideration of the fortunes of the cause which he professes to be pleading. For ourselves, we know that the fundamental ends of Socialism can be attained by methods which would set the individual far more free than at present. If we agreed with these Shavian dicta we should be determined anti-Socialists. But what it is necessary to grasp is that Mr. Shaw is really pleased at the prospect which he sketches, and genuinely advocates this appalling tyranny. This may well seem incredible. It becomes, however, far more understandable when we once realise that "Socialism" (meaning the total outlook of the actual Socialist movement) is simply a disease of capitalist society. The true Socialism must be an antidote for this disease quite as much as a cure for capitalism itself.
vigorously and firmly away from one or two timid approaches to a consumer's policy, such as the demand for a trifling reduction in the price of coal, and bound hand and foot to an economic theory identical with the Capitalist theories of the 19th century, established in the public estimation as an anti-public interest. Endowed by the circumstances of the war with such an opportunity as no one political party ever had before or probably ever will have again, the Labour Party both in Parliament and out of it has proved to demonstration that because its structure is fundamentally identical with that of other political parties it moves more or less slowly along similar lines to those of its competitors, depending as to pace on the qualities of its personnel. They can change the pace but they cannot change the direction. That direction is merely to centralise or focus whatever power is resident in the interest for which the party stands, and it is patent that labour, simply as a component of the productive process, is fundamentally a dying interest.

Had the Miners' Strike, or Lock-out, occurred 25 years ago it would have paralysed this country and convulsed the world. How much of a ripple did it produce in 1921? If economic power precedes political power, as it does, how much influence will a purely Labour Party exercise in politics?

(To be continued.)

World Affairs.

We are nearing the conclusion of our work, and to approach the synthesis of our problem—the problem of the British Imperium in world Humanity—we will state the diagnosis of the case. In our view, the British destiny is identical with the very destiny of the Species Man. The destiny and fate of the British Empire is one and identical with that of the planet Earth. The Earth is the power-body of the Species Man. Of the race of mankind the British Imperium is an organ and a member. The human race and the world are the parallel of the British Man and of his power-body and empire. The human race and this world are not the property of the British Man. The future of the human Spirit, the nobility and the coming-of-age of humanity demand to-day that the greatest power on earth should renounce its evolutionary and providential omnipotence. The Empire of Albion is the pressure of the White Man in the human race, his pressure and prestige. The Englishman is a white man. The British Empire, more even than the continent of America and the continent of Russia, is the world-organ of the Nordic species. But the implied superiority gives birth both to virtues and to ugly vices; for from pride and strength, from superiority and reason, stupidity and brutality, Teutondom and imperialism are born. America, for the present, is still only a Logico race, Teutonic, intellectual. For a long time to come America can only deepen herself in reason, in masculinity, in quantity; the obsession of bulk, of weight, of quantity is her Nordic inheritance. America is the titanism of quantity and materiality. Though destined to reach wisdom, in this age she is reason pure and unclouded. America is Nordic in the cosmic and specific sense of the term. America is masculinity and reason, brutality and quantity. Russia, on the other hand, is Nordic also. But Russia is the titanism of quality, the obsession of quality, the superhuman extremity and exaggeration of the Anglo-Saxon. There is no restraint or check to Logico in masculinity and reason. Courage and fathomless craftiness and "bearhood" is the vice of the Sophian and womanly Russia. Of the Englishman, however, of his supra-Aryandom and Aryandom, of the Englishman, we say, the Englishman and the Logico virtues and vices are part.

We have defined often enough what is the evolutionary mission and position of the British norm. There is such an entity and such a Sphinx as the British soul. The British soul is Albion. We understand by the name of the White giant of the earth's water, by the British Empire, that power-body and that Imperium which the Englishman has contributed to the organisation of the human whole, and that entity and mystery into which the Englishman has transformed himself. In the British man he has transformed himself. Into Albion and Great Britain and the British Commonwealth, we say, England has transformed herself. Now the Sphinx of Albion is both female and male, both evolutionary and historical. More than any other double-souled Sphinx in the human world the Sphinx of Albion is a being with two souls. England is polar and self-contained in herself more than any other humanity. For this reason her Imperium and empire represent the earth itself and the human being. England is the foundation of the world and the basis of pan-humanity. For Albion is of Nordic root and at the same time is of pan-human direction and instinct. America is a race. America, we repeat, is not a culture. America, Albion's progeny, is not an empire, a complex of States and civilisations in the imperialist and Roman sense. Russia and her Slavonic dependencies, on the other side, is more a humanity than a race, and is immeasurably more a culture and an idea than an empire and a civilisation. In the case of the Sphinx Albion the centres of both Slavdom and Columbia are contained, partly explicitly partly virtually. The British Man is the masculinity of the Imperium of Albion. The British Man is the Nordic manhood in the British Imperium. England is the Sophianness and femininity, greed, the biology of the empire of the British Man. The British Man is the conqueror, the Aryan man, the maker of history. From him the reason and will of his own Imperium are derived. From him are derived the heroism and the brutality, the honour and the rectitude of England. From England herself, however, from Mother England, from the Nordic and the Logico in masculinity and reason, England becomes the motherhood. The creator of History becomes the mother of Evolution. Evolution, however,
is blind, supra-human. Evolution is anti-Logic. Craftiness and diplomacy are the result of the Eternal Woman in the empire of the British essence. Commercialism and efficiency are the wisdom of Necessity and Evolution. England is the mirror of the world to-day and the battlefield of the World-Organisation against the Earth’s chaos.

M. M. Cosmoi.

**Population and Social Reform.**

**Time was** when the population question constituted the Sphinx riddle of social reformers, the all-but-insurmountable obstacle to social reform, and the great argument of those who were seeking to obstruct all reforms which might interfere with their position of privilege in the social hierarchy. It was not only the instinctively selfish individual who was dominated by the Malthusian theory. Able thinkers and sincere social reformers like John Stuart Mill were oppressed by it, and could think of no means of overcoming the difficulty save a return to a theory of primitive communism. The Neo-Malthusian League was instituted for the express purpose of disseminating information how this might best be accomplished, and Mill himself, in his younger days, distributed pamphlets which were designed to spread the gospel of birth control among the poor and ignorant.

The whirligig of time brings its revenges. This same problem of population which was formerly the chief argument against social reform now offers the most potent of all arguments to social reformers, though they do not yet seem to have realised its possibilities. Whereas the Malthusians once said: No social reform without a solution of the problem of population; the advocates of social reform may now retort: No solution of the problem of population, and no hope for civilisation, without social reform and a scientific organisation of society.

The birth-rate, which bounded immediately after the war, fell like a stone throughout last year and is already below pre-war level. There is good reason to anticipate that by the end of this year our birth-rate will be as low as that of France before the war, and where the French birth-rate will be by then can only be surmised. France, having lost three millions of population during the war, faced with the prospect of an actual and continuous decline, and confronted by a re- moving German population which is living literally on the edge of a precipice. They have a large margin of natural increase at present, but this is in no enviable position. This is the impelling motive of her schemes for crippling Germany by every means in her power in the hope of rendering a German recovery for ever impossible. But it is not France alone whom danger threatens. In the United States the old Anglo-Saxon element has become so sterile that it is dying out. With Japan in the ascendant on the horizon, possessed of a great and growing naval and military power in the Pacific and a teeming population looking hungrily out upon the thinly populated spaces within easy reach, Australia and New Zealand are living literally on the edge of a precipice. They have a large margin of natural increase at present, but this is due to an exceptionally large proportion of young married couples in the population, the result of immigration. Fertility is really very low, and the springs of emigration from this country must soon dry up. We can still export surplus population, but it will not be for long at the present rate of progress. Presently we shall be debating, like the French, upon ways and means for maintaining our own population, and what shall we be able to do towards maintaining the Anglo-Saxon element in our colonies then?

What are we going to do about it? Shall we content ourselves with a little head-scratching and, for the rest, let matters drift? The average individual is apt to banish unpleasant thoughts of this kind out of his mind assuming that some solution will turn up and that all will come right in the end. But all did not come right in the end with Ancient Rome and Greece. The surface of the earth is covered with the ruins of ancient civilisations which rose to power, became wealthy, and then were stricken with decline because they failed to grapple successfully with the problem of population.

What we should do first of all is clear enough. We should cease to drug our minds with comfortable excuses for doing nothing, and by a dogmatic insistence upon unproved and untenable theories. We should initiate an intelligently directed and ruthlessly energetic inquiry, determined to ascertain the real cause of the decline in the birth-rate. Of the accepted view, that the decline is due to the use of contraceptives, it is not enough to say, after the manner of Bob Sawyer, that all the evidence in its support could be placed in the bottom of a wine-glass and covered over with a gooseberry leaf—there is simply nothing in the way of evidence for a gooseberry leaf to cover. The two stout volumes issued by the National Birth-rate Commission: 'The Declining Birth-rate,' and 'Problems of Population' may be seen repeating each other's opinions and confirming each other's errors. All the really tangible evidence tells with decisive force in favour of the view that the decline is primarily the result of natural causes. But we should take nothing for granted. We need a thorough inquiry carried out with an adequate critical and analytical faculty.

And, having placed the real cause of the decline beyond dispute, we shall need to grapple with the problem of obtaining a birth-rate sufficient to maintain the number of our population at a suitable figure and to provide a margin for emigration to our colonies. This is where the social reformer is going to score, whereas attempts at compulsion would be useless, for this is pre-eminently one of those cases where it is impossible to take the horse to the water but impossible to make him drink.

Here, then, social reformers have the most potent argument that they ever had: No salvation for civilisation without social reform. Therefore social reformers should not neglect the birth-rate problem. They should study it in all its aspects, and should remember that these views will probably have to be fought for. They will have to be forced upon the sluggish imaginations of the majority. And the matter is becoming urgent. For it is a mighty difficult problem to grapple with and will take considerable time. We cannot see the solution of either the biological or the economic problems immediately ahead of us, whereas the spectre of a declining population is now well in view. Nevertheless none of the problems facing society are insoluble if we put an adequate measure of energy and intelligence into the task.

Moreover, the problem of population is a fascinating one apart from its bearing upon social reform. Consider what tremendous effects this problem of mental, moral and physical—all are opened up by the possibility of controlling the birth-rate and obtaining the greater proportion of children from the most capable, instead of from the least capable as at present. And why is it that un-
rate, so that the birth-rate is always adjusted to the needs of each race and each species. How came it that the law which controls the degree of fertility in human society now—a law which governs the union of sperm and ovum—can be a law among the cellular organisms, thus indicating that it was provided far in advance of the time when it would be needed, far, long ago in the distant past, in the dim twilight of time at the very beginning of the process of organic evolution? Did some Power foresee our present necessities and provide for them? Or was it merely accidental? Did it, as the materialist would profoundly argue, merely "happen to occur"?

CHARLES EDWARD PELL

Drama.

By John Frazer Hope.

For some unknown reason I did not see Lord Dunsany's "If" until the hundredth performance, by which time it was as mellow as it ever will be. It is curious to notice how popular these dream-plays are—a psycho-analyst perhaps could explain the reason; "Eyes of Youth," a very similar play in its main theme and mechanism, was one of Miss Gertrude Elliott's successes, and "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure" will probably last as long as "If"—and one memory runs back to "A Message from Mars," in which Mr. Charles Hawtrey also dreamed. But "If," like "Eyes of Youth," uses the crystal as a means of discovering answers to questions; "what will happen if I become a school-teacher, an opera-singer, or a rich man's wife?" were the questions asked in "Eyes of Youth." "What would have happened if I had caught that train?" is the question asked in "If." In both cases there is an attempt to provide a magical atmosphere by the method of introduction of the crystal; a Yogi gave it in "Eyes of Youth" as an expression of gratitude, a Persian carpet-dealer, I think, gives it in "If." Also as an expression of gratitude. I find these introductory speeches tedious rather than impressive; they seem to assume that an English audience is incapable of using its imagination except by miraculous means. Actually, as everybody knows, there is nothing magical in a crystal; clairvoyance is a human faculty which may be induced by many means, and these preliminary speeches are therefore as useless as they are tedious. They are intended to be decorative, but are merely tedious; they do not reveal the significance of the thing itself (that would be art), but they trump up a case to make it appear important, assuming that, intrinsically, it is not so.

But if we must have dream-plays, they ought to be produced in a manner that suggests a dream. Not until we have revolving stages, or this new system of lighting that is reported to alter the forms as well as the colours of material objects, will the dreary waiting for the scenery to be changed be abolished. Lord Dunsany adds to the difficulty of production, and the tedium, by repeating a scene word for word with the exception of the last line; the substance of the scene is given in description also, and we are tired of the incident before the play is really in motion. The first scene ought to be cut entirely; we should then hear the description of the incident, and see it enacted with the happier ending without being bored to death. If a man must dream back into the past, there is no need to show us, first, the past as it really happened, and then the past as it would have been if it had not happened like that.

But I find the play curiously disappointing once it gets going. Lord Dunsany's seems to be a mind not yet harmonised, and therefore at present incapable of style. He is "naturalist" in his satire, romantic in his imagination; in the one mood he tries unsuccessfully to escape from the other, and chases his own tail like a kitten. One can imagine him explaining the play as illustrating the dreams of suburban gentry; he spares us nothing of his contempt for them—that horrible pink wall-paper, that horrible red-plush suite (which the wife "still thinks ought to have been green"), those photographs, and, worst of all, the consent with such surroundings, to be among any other, Lord Dunsany paints the picture with a relentless fidelity. To live like that, and to have no regrets—except a regret that he had missed a train ten years before! The fact that the picture is familiar, and even the inference from it (did not "Chains" handle the same theme a little differently, and many other plays?), does not diminish its effect; Lord Dunsany, too, like the author of "Chains," believes that there is no escape from Suburbia except in dreams.

That the dreams of such people should be megalomaniacal, dreams of grandeur, is psychologically correct. Fresh from Mr. Shaw's "Methusealah," I could find it easy to interpret the dream substance satirically. The Englishman, with no political knowledge or training, dreaming of himself as King, with an unutterable female Cockney as queen, and discovering at last that good government is no substitute for self-government (the Liberal doctrine), ought to be a figure of laughter. Before any other audience than an English, I believe that the satirical import of the dream would exclude its merely comical intention; but I felt that the audience at the Ambassadors was simply puzzled by it. It was not obviously comical enough to make them laugh unreservedly, and they were not sufficiently well-informed politically to feel its satirical intention. It is possible, I think it is even probable, that Lord Dunsany was not conscious of the satire underlying the dream; he was chiefly concerned to show us a couple of Cockneys in incongruous surroundings, relying on the contrast for comedic effect. But the contrast is not marked; this may be a King who ought to have read Machiavelli's "Prince," and not have trusted to fortune, or the affections of men, to maintain for him the position that he had won by his own power and astuteness. If political satire had been Lord Dunsany's intention, he would have made more of the political intrigue; but the intrigue was merely an incident in a fantasy of Cockney megalomania.

One feels throughout the play a conflict of intentions which issues in indecisiveness. He would not be Lord Dunsany if he did not have something about gods in a play; but he describes events without our knowing that it is a matter of the gods. He introduces the idea of the Cockney's, and only orders the bloodthirsty ones to be thrown into the river. Here was the point where the personal ascendancy of the Cockney ought to have been revealed; it was the first dream scene in which he appeared, and he had somehow to object to the title of "Great Master," already elevated himself to a position of authority. We are presented with an accomplished fact without any indication of the means by which it was accomplished; and the explanation will be that the Cockney's imagination works like that. That may be; but as Lord Dunsany's imagination only presents us with a scene of which a deviation from the conventions provides the sole substance, we could wish that his own imagination had been less concerned with the real working of the Cockney's, and more with the construction of the play. Judging his play by what it offers, and not by what I can read into it, "If" is a "Kismet" without drama, a "Chu Chin Chow" without spectacle, an "Eyes of Youth" without moral, a "Chains" without social significance. After the well-observed scene in the villa, and in the train, Lord Dunsany's characterisation is feeble, his dialogue barely interesting, and he keeps on in an everlasting fidget with his changes of scene. All the real action of the play happens "off," and in its place we get a none too interesting study of Cockneys already mentioned among the inhabitants of the villa, and the explanation will be that the Cockney's imagination works like that. That may be; but as Lord Dunsany's imagination only presents us with a scene except as background; indeed, Lord Dunsany seems to attend to nothing but his Cockneys.
Readers and Writers.

The general implications of Mr. Bertrand Russell's new book, "The Analysis of Mind," have already been noticed in The New Age, but there remain certain particular considerations of his theory relating to what might be called the psychology of inspiration, or of productive imagination, which justify a fresh reference. It will be remembered that Mr. Russell's conclusion is, briefly, that "the ultimate data of psychology are only sensations and images, and their relations. Beliefs, desires, volitions, and so on, appear to be complex phenomena consisting of sensations and images variously interrelated." With this analysis I think any writer (or any painter—but I will keep to my last) must agree; he may only doubt its adequacy. Mr. Russell, of course, makes no pretension to analyse the particular phase of psychology we are concerned with; but he does incidentally cover most of the ground. The problem is even stated, implicitly, at the end of the chapter on Words and Meaning: "Those who have a relatively direct vision of facts are often incapable of translating their vision into words, while those who possess the words have usually lost the vision. It is partly for this reason that the highest philosophical capacity is so rare: it requires a combination of vision with abstract words which is hard to achieve, and too quickly lost in the few who have for a moment achieved it. The capacity for expressing direct vision in abstract words is the very definition of the artist, and the great philosopher is only rare because the great artist is rare: he is a species of that genus. But what exactly is this capacity?—how does it manifest itself and what is its machinery? Mr. Russell's analysis does not give an answer.

Elsewhere, in dealing with memory and mnemic causation, Mr. Russell comes to the conclusion that in all probability these processes are reducible to ordinary physical causation in nervous tissue. The units in the processes are sensations and images, which are in their turn probably physical units. One phenomenon not noticed by Mr. Russell, but which, speaking on the evidence of those who experience the spontaneous fusion of vision and words, seems to be in varying degrees an essential feature of the creative process, appears to offer distinct confirmation of the hypothesis of physical causation. When a writer is faced with a problem of expression (is urged, that is, to give form to some emotion, whether sensational or intellectual) he may at the moment of urgence be baffled, utterly dumb. If he is writing against time, or for one of Mr. Squire's journals, he will, by aid of thesaurus and dictionary, force his unwilling mind to arrive at an approximation in abstract words of the vision to be expressed. But if he is wise he will merely wait; and in an indeterminate course of time the words come, exactly expressive of the thing seen. The only possible explanation of this fact is that the mind, given raw material, will work unconsciously to create. You place the unbaked dough into the oven and in course of time you find bread. Again, the only possible explanation of this explanation appears to me to be an hypothesis that the vision, or prevision, that urged the artist to expression, took physical shape in the nervous tissue of the brain: that shape was too amorphous to be recognised by the ready counters (abstract words) of time in physical association with the units of vision. But a centre of attraction had been established and in process of time that centre will attract the units of expression; the words that fit. At such, I think, is possibly the machinery that combines vision with abstract words, and determines, by its efficiency, the capacity of the philosopher—and of the artist.

Lest readers should take this theory of inspiration as purely materialism running away with itself, I would draw attention to a further development of Mr. Russell's analysis that quite decisively alters the complex of the case—I mean the problem of truth and falsehood. The formal solution of this problem is not difficult: it consists in verifying propositions by relating their constituent images to the objectives meant. But this formal solution, as Mr. Russell points out, though true, is inadequate: "It does not, for example, throw any light upon our preference for true beliefs rather than false ones. This preference is only explicable by taking account of the causal efficacy of beliefs, and of the greater appropriateness of the responses resulting from true beliefs. But appropriateness depends upon purpose, and purpose thus becomes a vital part of theory of knowledge." And, we may add, of theory of aesthetic. Art, in so far as it is expression, is a material process. Within the limits of this process much beauty, of "gem-like flame," may exist. But the beauty that is non-material—that is spiritual and thereby so definitely separate from physical nature from the existence and nature of a purpose. Whether the purpose is aesthetic in origin, or whether it is economic or ethical in character, perhaps doesn't really matter. But it does seem to me that beauty (which we might safely, because vaguely, say is the purpose of all art) is a quality of moral action, as well as of significant form; that beauty is dynamic as well as static: and this is the be-all and end-all of all confused theories about "pure" art, about art for its own sake, art "striving to be independent of the mere intelligence."

There are obvious dangers in the extreme view on the relation of beauty to ethics, but when it is advanced firmly, though not narrowly, by so serious and so complete a critic as Professor Irving Babbitt, it would be well not to dismiss it too hurriedly. In his book, "Rousseau and Romanticism"—which, I am glad to see, is having a very vitalising, and a continually increasing, influence on our current literary standards—Professor Babbitt can be as forthright as follows:

The attempt to divorce beauty from ethics led in the latter part of the eighteenth century to the rise of a nightmare subject—aesthetics. . . . We would not hesitate to say that beauty loses most of its meaning when divorced from ethics even though every aesthetic in the world should agree with us in the importance of such a thing. To rest beauty upon feeling, as the very name aesthetics implies, is to rest it upon what is ever shifting.

To that statement with its appertaining arguments I see no answer. The only tenable opposition seems to be that typified by a modern school of art critics—I mean Mr. Clive Bell and Mr. Roger Fry. Their theory, resting on the assumption of a separate aesthetic emotion, from the manifestations of which it is possible to deduce the science of aesthetics. Unfortunately, this emotion is peculiar to a narrow sect of people, mostly painters, and it is extremely difficult to establish causal laws of any universal applicability. But a science lacking universal laws is a misnomer; and for this reason, if for no other, we are driven to the same conclusion as Professor Babbitt: that the aesthetics is a fiction of the romantic mind. And Croce notwithstanding; for his Aesthetic is not the science of beauty, but the science of expression, and in this sense is more allied to what I have called the psychology of inspiration, or of productive imagination. If these conclusions are admitted, the consequences are rather alarming: it means that we must "seriously all aesthetic philosophies that rest on a conception of art as a separate manifestation of the mind, and adopt, on the one hand, the analytical methods of Croce (and even those of Mr. Russell) and, on the other hand, revert to the type of criticism represented by Lessing—the greatest of all critics since Aristotle; criticism based on the
Our Generation.

It is a pity that we have had to refer so often to Dean Inge, so that by this time he has become almost the hero of these notes; but he says so many things that it is impossible to ignore him. He is like the man who always talks in company: we must reply at last in self-defence or else suffer a feeling of almost intolerable intellectual oppression. And, like so few habitual talkers, he has recently said something which will surprise and delight everyone by its justice and originality. Writing about the present impotence of the Church, he says: “The clergy,” he says, “ought to be trained as competent physicians of the soul. This, and not politics, is the real business of a clergyman. . . . We suspect that an adviser who has a scientific training could cure us, and we think that a Christian priest or minister, if he had had a scientific training, could help us better than a doctor of medicine. Here is an opportunity of which the Church of England has never availed itself. I should like to see in every town a highly trained clerical consultant to whom it should be a recognised thing, and that every problem, even the most obvious, is religious. And both parties would certainly have to explain to their patients a few ‘mysteries’; but it has been said that ‘all mysteries shall be revealed,’ so why not so now as well as at any other time? There is another point that is worth more consideration. Dean Inge mentions specifically ‘the psychology of religion’; and the presumption is that the problems which his ‘consultants’ will undertake to solve are religious problems. But who nowadays would dare to say which psychological problems are ‘religious’ and which are not? Psycho-analysts, according to their complexion, would claim respectively that no problem, least of all the ‘religious’ one, is religious, and that every problem, even the most obvious, is religious. And both parties would certainly be nearer the truth than Dean Inge if he asserts, as we believe, that some psychological problems are religious and some not. Nietzsche outlined a long time ago what appeared to him then to be a fancy, but what is not unlike the proposal of Dean Inge. He imagined the priesthood abolished, and the medical profession given their functions. Doctors, he dreamed, as if it were an impossible thing, would be both the bodily and the spiritual ministers of men, and as men who knew humanity through and through, they would be the best healers. It is astonishing that in an age when the barrenness of mere dualism is acknowledged the soul should still be handed to one physician, and the body, as quite a different matter, to another. But the fact is that we rarely believe in our beliefs.

Sir Michael Sadler, by virtue of his position, must be an observer of young men; and the other week he gave the world the fruit of his observations. Young men nowadays, he said, ‘want to get their own experience, to see things as they really are, to test things for themselves, to be responsible for their own actions. They resent leading strings and blinkers. Consequently they are much better informed about life than young people of their age were forty years ago.’ The great difficulty of living in any age is one’s ignorance of what the age is becoming; not merely what the shaping ideas are, but how they will be aided or retarded by the attitude, the powers, most unconscious than conscious, which the next effective generation will cast into the arena. It should be the duty of teachers, of those who practise education, to know and to publish this. For only by knowing these powers and by freeing them can anything humanly great be done. If psychology has taught us in sublimation instead of suppression as a theory, it must still teach us that the sublimation and not the condemnation of the tendencies of our own age, which we hate most, is alone wise and alone possible. Whatever the beliefs, the blasphemies and the diseases of the world there are more witnesses for the defence than the prosecution. It is difficult to doubt that the Church will object to ‘preach the gospel’—certainly a most childlike belief. Dean Inge’s proposal as it stands is, of course, nothing else than the statement of a question. It is difficult to doubt that the Church will object to one, at least, of his stipulations: that ‘the treatment must be rigidly scientific’; yet this is the most fruitful as well as the most daring suggestion that he has made. It will entail an unpardonable slight on the Church; but the Church needs nothing more than secularisation. In the Protestant churches the Word has never become flesh: these churches labour under the simple and tremendous disadvantage of being discarnate. Dean Inge’s ‘consultants’ will certainly have to explain to their patients a few ‘mysteries’; but it has been said that ‘all mysteries shall be revealed,’ so why not so now as well as at any other time? There is another point that is worth more consideration. Dean Inge mentions specifically ‘the psychology of religion’; and the presumption is that the problems which his ‘consultants’ will undertake to solve are religious problems. But who nowadays would dare to say which psychological problems are ‘religious’ and which are not? Psycho-analysts, according to their complexion, would claim respectively that no problem, least of all the ‘religious’ one, is religious, and that every problem, even the most obvious, is religious. And both parties would certainly be nearer the truth than Dean Inge if he asserts, as we believe, that some psychological problems are religious and some not. Nietzsche outlined a long time ago what appeared to him then to be a fancy, but what is not unlike the proposal of Dean Inge. He imagined the priesthood abolished, and the medical profession given their functions. Doctors, he dreamed, as if it were an impossible thing, would be both the bodily and the spiritual ministers of men, and as men who knew humanity through and through, they would be the best healers. It is astonishing that in an age when the barrenness of mere dualism is acknowledged the soul should still be handed to one physician, and the body, as quite a different matter, to another. But the fact is that we rarely believe in our beliefs.
"L'Actuel": An Unpublished Poem.

III.

The seventh canto, "Brama," describes the beginning of the last stage in the drama of "the resolution of desires into Ideas." It commences with a dialogue between Vir, the new incarnation of Man, and Brama. Vir has learned from Plato and Isis that a third convention is necessary, which will correct, complete and direct the two previous ones and lead the world to its consummation. This convention is the Metaphysical Convention. For a while the debate hangs uncertainly.

Speaking of the moral values of Plato, Vir says:

Il crut à l'absolu moral, au Dieu Parfait,
Mais toi, Brama, dès ta naissance tu savais
Que la Perfection ne peut agir ni croître.

Brama, sceptical of all activity, replies:

Pourquoi suis-je l'erreur que tu sais reconnaître?

Because in that error there is more truth than in your truth, replies Vir.

Brama, dans cette erreur est plus de vérité
Que dans ta vérité. Leur erreur a créé
L'expression morale aux humaines solitaires.

At length Brama consents to co-operate with Vir in the final struggle to realise the world of Ideas. He will throw open to the world the treasures of the ancient wisdom of the East and will advise, but as yet he will not act. The companion of Brama must be strong, he says, for Brama does not act:

Mais de Brama le compagnon doit être fort,
Car Brama n'agit point. Je te laisserai prendre
Aux trésors entassés par des âges en cendre,
Te livrant les secrets jadis accumulés.
Aux immensités des textes revêlés,
Par mes sages, au cours des siècles innombrables,
Car dans l'Esprit du Dieu est l'Esprit de son peuple.

And what induces Brama to concede even as much as this is the decadence of his races and his power. He, too, has been touched by the Evil One. So Brama, Vir, Plato and Isis unite and call upon Osiris, and Osiris signifies from under the earth that he is present. Then they pray to Christ, whose cross appears in the uttermost heavens. The birth of the new world seems to be accomplishing itself; the whole earth, all nature seems to be on the point of deliverance, but in response to the action of the four Powers the Evil One once more appears, and all their hopes fail to the ground. Vir alone faces the Enemy, who disappears, but leaves the powers too exhausted to make another attempt:

Et l'ombre du Mauvais devant la voix de l'homme
Des cieux et de l'esprit des dieux se retira
Comme d'un continent que la nuit abandonne.
Et sur la terre alors le Soleil se leva.

In the next canto, "Isis," a new plan is brought forward by Brama, who, having done nothing, is the least exhausted. It is that an embassy should be sent for help into the World of Ideas, which Vir has revealed. But men are too entangled in the conflicts of this earth and its conventions to be fit for this quest, and Alma, who represents what powers of the Potential the world has acquired, is selected to go, and Isis offers to accompany her. They disappear from the earth, and in the World of Ideas Alma sees in the infinite sub-division of her own being that the Metaphysical Convention cannot be founded in this world; the "language of matter," the existence of material laws, being incompatible with it. M. Saurat's vision of existence in the World of Ideas is full of originality:

Elles avaient brisé les limites humaines,
Embrassant maintenant d'une envergure pleine
Tout ce qui de leur vie vit éternellement,
Leur passé tout entier devenu conscient
En toute les idées qui sur terre étaient nées,
Et rien n'était perdu de leurs œuvres passées;

This state of existence is not possible on the earth, but it must be prepared and fought for there. When Alma calls upon Isis to return with her to the earth to deliver the message, Isis replies that in the World of Ideas she has found Osiris and that she is now indis solubly united to him:

La recherche est finie pour moi; dans mon corceau
Des océans de calme et de bonheur reposent,
Et dans mon cœur s'est accompli le cours des choses.
Oisiris n'est pas mort.

Alma comes back alone, therefore. Then Plato pays a last homage to Christ, who had warned men that the kingdom was not of this world; and Vir defies anew the Evil One. In the ultimate struggle the whole of the world dissolves, leaving only the elementary rhythm and vibration of Being, in which the Ideas will find their new language:

Tout fut calme, car nul être n'existait plus,
Ni dieux, ni éléments, nul homme, nul ne put
Entendre le fracas ultime et solitaire
Et la mort fut paisible et simple de la terre.

Thus in their ultimate satisfaction in effort the Powers are dead.

The last canto, under the title of "L'Étre Parfait," contains a series of hymns in the World of Ideas, tracing the course of the Cosmic Spirit on the plane of Ideas. It culminates in a Hymn to the Potential, inexhaustible source of all being, of which I can quote only a part:

Inactuel, o mer dont nous sommes les ondes,
Et qui nous portes, dans la nuit, aveuglement,
An de tente et de toute existence dépeintes,
Pour connaître la vie, ton âme est trop profonde.

Comme la mer inquiète en la nuit magnanime,
Quand les espoirs de l'aube ont brisé l'horizon.

Nous sommes les sommets tremblants de tes flots
Pour un instant illuminés par le soleil,
Et puis nous retombons dans ton sacré sommeil,
Epoussés de l'effort qui nous tira de l'ombre.

Le Soleil de la Vie jamais ne touchera
Que la surface de ton âme inépuisable,
Mais jusqu'au plus profond des désirs insomnables
La Conscience de ton être passera
Et pour un seul moment d'existence éternelle
Ton Unité divine se réveilera,
Puis, le Soleil tombant dans la Nuit maternelle,
Le cycle imprescriptible recommencera.

"Le cycle imprescriptible recommencera": these are the last words in a poem which is so little in the style of the age, that one is astonished to find it in existence at all. In this bald account I have had little opportunity of giving the reader an idea of M. Saurat's audacity of thought, the intellectual passion which sustains and transforms his thought even where it is most abstruse, and the grandeur of his conceptions. Only a perusal of the entire poem could do that.

E. M.

FINANCIERS, O FINANCIERS!

Why shouldn't the men have a "share in control"? Why on earth should we worry or dread it? The Guilds might, for all we care, manage the whole. So long as we manage the Credit.

It's little we care how the work is got done,
Or who does the jobs, or who sets 'em,
So long as we fix, interfered with by none,
Just 'what goods are made and who gets 'em.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.
fell off as the result of comparatively high electrical stimuli, and that the shoots from the "eyes" of the potato became fibroid and fell off, show at least the inverse relation between nervous energy (or its vegetable equivalent) and fertility that Mr. Pell postulates.

So, when Mr. Pell shows that "the highest birth-rates seem to be found where poverty, ignorance, and a moist climate go together," and these conditions are unfavourable to the production of nervous energy of comparatively high tension, Mr. Baines enables us to see, if only in a glimpse, why this should be so.

Warmth increases the conductivity of the nerves, and moisture gives capacity, or power of absorption of electric energy from the air.

The optimum electrical conditions for fertility are not those provided by modern civilisation; and an "intelligent regulation of the birth-rate" will, when fertility is required, necessitate a nearer approach to natural conditions, a restoration of the human being to normal relations with natural electrical forces. Fertility seems to be a vegetative function, and it is interesting to observe how Mr. Baines would treat geological "faults" which produce sterility in otherwise good soil.

Mr. Baines quotes a section on Pan formation from Dr. Russell's "Soil Conditions and Plant Growth."

A pan is a layer of hard impermeable rock that gradually forms at the usual water level below the surface of the soil under certain conditions. Its effect is to cut off the soil above from the material below, and therefore to modify profoundly the movements of water and air, leading often to swamp conditions. The effect on vegetation has been so marked that in agricultural practice the pan has usually to be removed, often at considerable trouble and expense.

Mr. Baines looks at the problem of these barren wastes from the electrical point of view, and premises that:

Dry soil is non-conductive of electrical water; other things being equal, soil conductivity rises and falls with rise and fall of temperature. In the case of the pan first mentioned, swamp conditions would, of course, involve drainage, but the effect of such a formation would not only be to modify profoundly the movements of water and air but also that of the earth current. Now while water is essential as an electrolyte, phosphate of lime is not, but electrolytes are neither equally distributed through the soil nor of uniform resistance, so that electrification of the soil cannot everywhere be the same. When a "fault" of the nature we have been discussing occurs, the "pocket" of soil would, presumably, be cut off from the earth supply, or alternatively receive a diminished supply owing to the resistance of the rock, and be mainly dependent upon the air for its charge. This, with a dry upper stratum, would, in the absence of rain, be negligible. It would appear, therefore, to be desirable to test soils both for E.M.F. and sign of current—to determine the nature of the charge—and where there is a deficiency to arrange for a constant supply at a voltage not materially higher than that of the roots. The mere fact that the underlying rock is at a depth permitting of root expansion, a simple remedy might be to drive a metal rod or tube through it to enable the earth current to pass.

In cases where there is excessive drainage, as in the Shopwyke soil of Worcestershire, Mr. Baines proposes an experiment with ferrous sulphate and electricity, and in the words of Mr. Pell, "one might probably thrive upon a mere fraction of the water ordinarily required." The electrical theory of germination clarifies the problem at the same time that it indicates solutions; and Mr. Baines is to be congratulated on a most suggestive and informing work.

A. E. R.
Reviews.

Sex Education and National Health. By C. Gasquioine Hartley. (Parsons. 6s. net.)

Mrs. Hartley brings to this subject a more tempered zeal and a better knowledge of education than is usual. She insists that children have a right to the truth, the contrary course of lying producing effects that are neither for their good nor ours; but she also insists that they ought to be told no more than they want to know at the moment. Above all, the subject should be simplified; primarily, sex is a fact like any other fact, and the superstructure of emotions, ideals, and values should be allowed to develop in their own time and way on a basis of knowledge. There is a conversation in Dr. Marie Stopes' recent book, "Radiant Motherhood," which is a very good example of how not to do it, where a mother gathers her little son in an affectionate embrace, drags them to want to know at the moment. Above all, the mother insists that they ought to be told no more than what is said should leave the impression that such a mystery, love. No more disastrous method could be in which he puts it at the time. Mrs. Hartley is wise enough to see only among those who love and respect one another." It cannot be done; the whole danger of sex lies in its at all because they are 'nasty,' but because they are so important and intimate that they can be mentioned at all. You have forced an adult value on a child's mind which it cannot appreciate, and you have begun the process of dissociating states of consciousness, you have developed secrecy, which is the forcing-bed of emotion, at a time when those emotions should not be worry. Mrs. Hartley is wise enough to see that no good comes of moral exhortations on the subject; represent it either as holy or diabolical, as mystery or misery, you have exaggerated it out of proportion of a fact of life to the amorphous threat or promise of infinity. But so it is with all emotional treatment; you cannot discard the moral emotion, and retain the filial. There is absolutely no reason why we should be taught to reverence sex; reverence is one of the emotions of love, it belongs to a later phase when the generalised libido takes a particular, personal direction, when the whole organism is homologated, or polarised, by a personal stimulus. Even then, it is doubtful whether reverence is an emotion to be encouraged; there is no apparent reason (except the "will to power") why women should be regarded as more worthy of reverence, or any other special value, than men's; marriage is, or should be, "mutual help, society, and comfort"; and not a one-sided service and acceptance. Mrs. Hartley deals very frankly and wisely with the question of auto-eroticism in schools and among young people, and her knowledge and thoroughness of the book to lift the whole subject out of the sensational atmosphere in which it is usually found into the calmer, more reasonable, more decent, realm of simple knowledge of human nature. She over-emphasises the difficulties, we think, of imparting sex-knowledge; if people are, as she supposes, so thoroughly conscious that they cannot talk of universal processes without implicit personal reference, the whole subject must remain under taboo, and our young people pick up their enlightened ignorance (for it cannot be called knowledge) in the usual surreptitious way. But surely an adult can tell a child where he came from without re-acting to a simple question as though it were a sex-stimulus.

Meredith Revisited, and Other Essays. By J. H. E. Crees, D.Litt. (R. Cohnent-Sanderson. 12s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Crees discourses upon Meredith, the "Odyssey," Aristophanes, the "Medea," Ibsen, Newman, Mr. Beresford, and smoking, but says remarkably little that any of the idolaters, or the iconoclasts, would remark that even the most upright writer will insert an unnecessary word to round a period. Dr. Crees imports unnecessary words by the gross. The following is almost a typical sentence: "Great writers suffer as much from the idolater as from the iconoclast, from comfortable neglect as from insolent esteem." A perfectly trite remark which need never have been said, and Dr. Creeslabours it. Sometimes there are echoes of the late Mr. James Huneker: "There is nothing commonplace about Meredith, there is no scamped workmanship; there is no pornography steaming hot." The repetition of that "there is" is the infallible mark of journalism. And what looseness of expression in the "nothing commonplace about Meredith!" On Ibsen it might be Mr. Ma's writing: "And so one comes to the question, 'Will Ibsen weather?' 'Will he hold out?' against the wrackful siege of time'—by which we suppose the author means, simply, will Ibsen be known a hundred or a thousand years hence? But this childish and ineffectual inflation of expression is a habit of Dr. Crees. His incapacity to state anything simply and normally leads him into a theatrical over-emphasis. It is simply absurd to say of Ibsen that "misanthropy is his creed, and manslaughter his pastime." But it is middle-class prejudice to add later that "one feels he was a little man." Dr. Crees quotes against Ibsen Arnold's famous eulogy of Sophocles, but with little justification, because he has not managed to see even Ibsen steadily and see him whole. But then, as he says, Ibsen did not write to his father for thirty years.

Square Pegs: A Rhymed Fantasy for Two Girls. By Clifford Bax. (Henderson. 15s.)

It is an old longing to be in some other age, and Mr. Bax only makes the longing symmetrical. The girl in the age of Titian wants to be in the seventeenth century, the twentieth century girl wants to be in the age of Titian—in both cases, there is a profound change in the manner of their lovers. They meet, exchange confidences, and are about to exchange places, when each discovers that she cannot surrender her lover to the other. Therefore, they stay as they are. As Shakespeare sang: "What is Love? 'Tis not hereafter. Present mirth hath present laughter. What's to come is still unsure! Love is the subtle link that binds us to the Present; Love is the joy that makes Past and Future meaning less; Love is the bond of friends; Love, O Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love! The rest may be read in Mr. Bax's fantasy.
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

FINANCE AND THE JEWS.

Sir,—Apropos of Finance (in relation to credit-control), I think there is something quite definite and simple to be said about the problem of the Jew. I will not introduce a preamble to say that I have no anti-Semitic bias, because that is what anti-Semitic writers always say; I will leave the following essay in elementary analysis to speak for itself.

Why is the Jew a power in finance, when he makes finance his business? Let me ask your patience for two brief and veracious stories. (1) Through a chapter of accidents, I once found myself on a trans-continental express without enough cash or credit to take me home. An English fellow-traveller, to whom I confided my difficulty, lent me five pounds on no better security than an exchange of names and addresses. I mislaid my note of his name and address (a most reprehensible unconscious reaction on my part), and he had to write and reclaim his money. He wrote in a tone of apology, and put it as his justification for writing that he had thought himself able to judge a man’s honesty, and that he wanted to test the point. (You will note, here, a typical combination of English candour with English unconscious-ness—or semi-conscious—diplomacy.) I replied suitably, enclosing the cash.

(2) At the end of a solitary walking tour, having walked 25 miles homewards and being again out of cash, I tried to get credit at a country hotel where I had often stayed before. Unfortunately the Boniface, an old friend of mine, had been displaced by a Jewish manager who did not know me, and looked upon me with natural suspicion. I offered all the credentials I could, and as a concrete pledge proposed to leave with him a heavy gold signet ring that I was wearing. It was no use.

"Id may be flash," he said—and so it might have been. Therefore, he was compelled to reprove my right of lodging, and I had to tramp a further weary 12 miles by night, before I could find a roof and a bed.

(I don’t think I hate that Jew; in fact, I hope to show that I understand him. Anyhow, the incident occurred nearly 20 years ago now, and I hope to have outgrown any rancour about it.)

Now to my simple thesis: which is that the Jew can’t trust, in Europe, and the European can. This fact, I think, gives the power over finance. By the acquired instinct of a suppressed and persecuted people, he cannot and does not trust; he schemes and calculates instead; and that is business as opposed to sentiment. The English money-lord may be as hard and strong and silent as he likes, but he cannot prevent his unconscious sentiments from letting him down. (The case of the Scotsman is somewhat different—but I will leave this point for your consideration.)

The financial Jew acts on a settled principle of mistrust—a principle settled before he was born. The financial European has to accrue, now and then, unconsciously, instinctively, to the curious impulse that Aryans have to trust one another. It is a great pity, from a business point of view; for business, sanely considered, is a cut-throat process, pure and simple, and sentiment can only blur its clear outlines.

And here I find myself talking cheap irony. "Business," in this sense, is Mammon, and the devil. I am, probably, getting annoyed because I realise that the Jew understands this aspect of Mammon, this devil, better probably, getting annoyed because I realise that the Jew is Mammon, and the devil. I am, after all, one of the unconscious roots of anti-Semitism, and of the Protean fantasy about a Jewish world-plot. We displace our hostilities from Mammon, its true object, on to the ablest servants of Mammon. Why? Because our attitude to Mammon is ambivalent: we revere as well as hate it, and we envy those who best succeed in its eyes.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The English nation’s capacity to produce goods was never greater than it is to-day. The expansion of labour-saving machinery during the war increased that capacity. Health statistics show that, in spite of much preventable illness still existing, the English nation’s physique is better than ever before. As one familiar with English children all over the country, I am always impressed with the soundness of their instincts, apart from the evil social influences exerted by poverty and commercialism.

Now, it is in this national energy and spirit that the secret of the nation’s credit lies. In a small clique of financiers, not in politicians, not in bureaucrats at Whitehall. It is this ability to produce coal, corn, cotton goods, woollen goods, metal goods, ships, and the rest, which constitutes the credit of the English people. Who controls this splendid credit, which is the glory of our nation? It is the financiers who control it. On the strength of the credit of our nation, these few controllers issue loans for developing business, or they refuse to issue loans. They make money dear or cheap as they choose. They, in effect, control the prices of the food, clothes, and houses of our enormous mass of toiling, suffering, and (as the war proved) brave and right-meaning people. This evil system does not necessarily imply that the Capitalists who borrow from financiers (and are often of the minority of the financiers) exploit the wage-earners with vicious motives. Many capitalists, when engaged as actual industrial managers, are kindly intentioned and much prefer happy employees to unhappy systems. It is the financial system that is at fault, and not our hearts. What, then, should be done? In my judgment, Major C. H. Douglas has gone beyond other economists (Individualist or old-type Socialists) in originality and practicality, at this period of crisis. He proposes that each industry (mining, shipping, etc.) should carry on its own bank, and estimate its credit, not by mere day-to-day "production," but also by its ability, means, and machinery for producing. The industry, not the financiers, would reap the benefit of the labour-power, and wit, and invention concentrated in each vital field of production. On the basis of this, and with these industrial credits, the Government or General Authority would fix prices. The prices, made low by our national excess of ability over our needs, would place food, clothing, houses, etc., amply within the reach of all consumers.—F. J. Gould in "The Gazette."

Before describing the outlines of a Guild Company law, by which the present capitalist system could be re-constructed (without an inconvenient period of chaos) into a democratic system where industry would be administered by the people for the good, that is, for the benefit of the rich class, as at present, the present writer would refer the reader to the alternative method of transition which has been worked out by Major C. H. Douglas and in the editorial columns of The New Age.

The details of that proposal must be sought in its author’s own words in the books and articles which have expanded it with a wealth of acute analysis which may one day have to be recognised as an epoch in economic science and administrative art. Whether the proposed Industrial Credit Banks are the most convenient manner of transition from Capitalism to Democracy is a question which can only be really decided by a practical attempt, which will also be the test of the Guild Company legislation to be suggested in the next chapter of the present book. But Major Douglas and The New Age (quite apart from their practical conclusions) have already done a great work in economic research by pointing out the supplanting of the capitalist producers and merchants by the modern development of the still more dominating financiers, who are manipulating the machinery of financial credit as the earlier manufacturing manipulators of the English Revolution manipulated the machinery of physical tools. But the subject must be most carefully examined in The New Age and in Major Douglas’s two books, "Economic Democracy," and "Credit-Power and Democracy."

G. R. S. TAYLOR. (Pp. 52-3.)