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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The King's speech at the prorogation of Parliament assures us that, "Good progress has been made towards the solution of the most critical problems of home and foreign affairs." It needs a certain daring and imagination to see the situation in such resplendent colours. But it is a thoroughly vicious kind of daring and imagination which insists on dressing up the actual in a false semblance of idealism, instead of seeking to transform it decisively after the pattern of the ideal. The optimism too of our politicians is displayed in just the wrong place. Of the optimism, which dares to believe that radical new departures are possible, they have none. Here, where they ought to be optimistic, they are complete pessimists. But in regard to the mere drift of things or to the effect of a tinkering empiricism in the field, that is, where a healthy pessimism is our only salvation—they are furious optimists. The level of wisdom reached by the speech may be gauged by this dictum. "It is accordingly of vital importance . . . that expenditure should be still further restricted in every department of life, both public and private." A wonderful cure for under-consumption! The sabotage of the social programme, so alluringly dangled before the eyes of the electorate ever since the armistice, is glossed over by the assertion that the need for economy "has required the modification of some measures already passed, and the postponement to happier times of the completion of other reforms." It is the business of statesmanship to *make* "happier times." There is no allusion to the forecasted Budget with its practical (though not nominal) deficit of £60,000,000, to be made up by borrowing. In accordance with convention, the prayer is put into the King's mouth "that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon the labours" of Parliament. In the circumstances we cannot think it at all likely that it will rest on them. They are rooted and founded in lies, notably the Great Lie, that we are a far poorer nation than before the war. That most of those concerned honestly believe these lies does not improve the situation. There is much force in Plato's contention that an involuntary lie is worse than a voluntary one; the man who really believes what is false suffers from "the lie in the soul." Our nation has a lie in its soul, and it cannot prosper until it gets itself squarely adjusted to reality.

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The Prime Minister in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet displayed a similar vein of shallow optimism superimposed on a perverse pessimism. He believed "that we have seen the worst." We have heard that forecast so many times during the present year that we cannot attach any value to it. He went on to exclaim, amid the "cheers" which such sentiments always evoke among City magnates, that, "Work alone will fill the depleted tills of the world." Curiously enough, he immediately insisted that, "You have got to create purchasing power." Mr. Lloyd George must really make up his mind which it is to be; he cannot have it both ways. Either the failure is in the organisation of production; in which case efficiency and hard work are the remedy, Or, as the facts prove, the productive machine is perfectly capable of delivering all the goods required; and the only difficulty is that the people have not the money to buy them. In that case, it is, according to the Premier's second and happier thought, "purchasing power" that is needed. This defect could be easily remedied. There is no difficulty in distributing purchasing power, if the Government chooses to do it. But "work" is not purchasing power, and as society is at present arranged "work" by no means necessarily leads to it. Mr. Lloyd George went on to his favourite cock-shy—"the foolish policy of inflation of currency"; and talked about its disastrous results "in other lands." Well, there is inflation *and* inflation; it is a question of how exactly you choose to condition the process. The Premier always carefully keeps off the proposal of price-regulation, as though he had never heard of it. We would suggest to him once more that inflation without this is one thing, but combined with it is a totally different thing; the two together do mean "creating purchasing power." We are not disposed to take too seriously his apparently non possumus attitude. In the City he would be sure to be irreproachably orthodox on finance. Indeed it is his regular method, in all departments of policy, to keep on saying loudly things that will reassure certain powerful sections, up till the very moment when he suddenly does something that, to less agile minds, appears directly to contradict his protestations.

In the most unlikely quarters people are finding themselves hardly pressed against the problem of prices. Even the "Times'" City Notes not long ago glanced at the subject. After speaking about export credits and credits for Empire development, the writer insisted that, whatever good these might do, the problem of high prices would still remain to be solved. He pointed out how "practically every commodity sold in this country" is controlled by a trust or a price-regulating association, and complained that reductions in manufacturers' prices often go merely into the pocket of the retailer. He declared it "useless to reduce wages unless prices are lowered also." Hence he held that the Government must "tackle this menace of price control." Quite so, but how? On this point the writer gave no guidance; and it was not at all obvious what sort of measures he had in mind. Mere attempts to "break up" trusts are foredoomed to futility. The substitution again for private "price control" of the kind of clumsy Government control of prices which we experienced during the war is not an attractive prospect. Only a scientific regulation of prices will meet the case; and this must be by the flexible and self-adjusting method of a ratio. We need not repeat what is the ratio of price to "costs" which would mean that the consumer would pay the true economic cost of *what he gets*. As this would bring price far below the manufacturer's total costs, the latter would of course have to be indemnified out of public credit. Thus any serious dealing with the price problem would involve that most desirable species of credits—credits in aid of the home consumer.

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Sir Charles Addis found himself confronted with the same problem in his presidential address to the Institute of Bankers. The lecture was ostensibly a defence of the Cunliffe Report; but Sir Charles was guarded and hesitant in his support of it. He evidently saw the grave dangers involved in deflation, and deprecated pushing this policy through to the bitter end. He seemed to think that we might have to stop considerably short of the point "which would ensure a return to the pre-war parity." The great point, he held, was to stabilise the foreign exchanges; and whether inflation or deflation would best serve this end, might depend largely on what America did. This is a very timid and apologetic version of Cunliffeism. However, the most interesting portion of the address was that which dealt with prices. Sir Charles was struck by the fact that "at every turn we are met by the problem of prices." Our whole economic fate, he asserted, depended on our success in solving this. He thought that "to produce more goods for home consumption would not save us." By itself no doubt it would not, but indispensable exports should be, as a manufacturer has recently put it, "the overspill of a thoroughly saturated home market." Given this, there is no difficulty, with our magnificent equipment for production, in turning out an abundant surplus of whatever kind of goods are most in demand by our foreign customers. Further, such a surplus can obviously be sold at *any* price necessary to command a market. Given that we can produce enough wherewith to purchase our necessary imports, no monetary "loss" on the transaction need worry us in the least. But Sir Charles apparently took it for granted that the price at which we can "afford" to sell abroad must depend on the relative price-levels in the respective countries as settled by the "natural" operation of supply and demand. He revealed the poverty-stricken character of his thought by the naïve way in which in two successive sentences he spoke of "comparative cost" and "relative prices," as though these came to just the same thing. He went on to point out very interestingly how different sections of the community (and those by no means divided along class lines) have entirely divergent interests in regard to rising or falling prices. That is the crucial point. Any policy conceived on orthodox lines must be a sectional policy. The proposal of the Just Price alone can unite all elements in society (unless we make an exception of a mere handful of powerful financiers). The "Times'" comments on the address show that it is evidently uncomfortable about the whole matter. It is sceptical of the merits of the Cunliffe policy; and demands a fresh inquiry into the subject (not, unfortunately, a *public* one). It even ventures to print the temerarious sentence, "There is nothing sacrosanct about the gold standard as a basis of currency." The "Times" may yet become a pioneer of credit reform.

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The "Manchester Guardian Commercial" has given us a typical anti-Cunliffe view by publishing a second memorandum on monetary problems by Professor Cassel. He is keenly critical of the whole policy of deflation, bringing out forcibly its inevitable evils. He warns us that we may easily reach a position "in which we have to admit that, though the cure was a success, the patient succumbed." In particular, he makes it very clear that deflation does and must mean a restriction of credit; let us hope that this will be taken to heart by those manufacturers who are calling urgently for deflation, and, in the same breath, for increased credit facilities. He holds that a temporary inflation is at the present moment absolutely indispensable. He carefully discusses the gold standard, and seems to be, at least, in very grave doubt about it. His chief difficulty is as to the world's supply of gold. He points out that this "has become, definitely, insufficient for the rate of economic progress which we used to regard as normal before the war." But he does not seem to be willing, as yet, to abandon completely its use as a monetary standard. His chief practical recommendation is "to refer the whole problem, as far as it involves purely monetary questions, to a small committee of experts." This is all very well; but the "experts" have handled matters so unsuccessfully hitherto that the public may well refuse to receive with reverent submissiveness the oracular dogmas brought forth from behind the closed doors of such a conclave. Nothing short of an inquiry as public as the Sankey Commission will serve the turn.

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Dr. Lyttelton has made himself responsible for a startling statement. He declared, in a public address, that he had positive knowledge that the War Office last year requested the leading scientific experts at Oxford and Cambridge to do their best to invent at once a gas calculated to annihilate a whole town in half a minute. We are interested to note that the scientists refused to degrade their profession by complying with this modest demand. But can we rely on all men of science in all countries being always so scrupulous? Dr. Lyttelton might well ask, if this is happening in our own country, what may not be going on in other nations? But a further point occurs to us. A War Office does not plan such definite war devices, with such urgent haste, in ordinary times of peace. Against whom are our military authorities preparing in such grim earnest? Dr. Lyttelton declared that, "if we continued to let things slide, another war was an absolute certainty." But we are troubled by a certain doubt concerning what he meant by "letting things slide." We fear that he has not got beyond the standpoint of the Norman Angells and Robert Cecils, but is still sunk in the dreams of political idealism. Let him find out why ex-President Wilson failed at Paris; and then let him burrow down to the economic root-cause of wars. If prophets are to be helpful guides, they must gaze on the heavenly vision through the spectacles of realism.

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Yet another spoke has been thrust into the wheels of Washington's peace chariot. This time it is France that is creating the difficulty. M. Briand has been telling the

Press representatives that his country will submit to no dictation as to the size of her army, and that she has already reduced it to the extreme limit for national safety. France is now the strongest military power in the world, and, if she will not reduce her forces, no other Power can afford to limit its land armaments. And the standard of military forces may well react on the question of naval power. There seems small hope left of even that scanty mercy of limitation of armaments of which the Conference did seem to hold out a real promise. How strained is the tension in the international atmosphere has been revealed too by the assassination of the Japanese Premier. Japan is evidently, as a nation, suffering from an acute state of nerves. And indeed she well may be. With her enormous and rapidly increasing population, and the special difficulties of her geographical position, and with her one obvious industrial outlet in China gravely threatened, she must needs, in a world of economically competitive nations, go in terror for her very life. Such an economic situation gives plenty of openings to the Prussianly-minded militarist party, who are engaged in a desperate struggle with the Liberals. The latter's chances of effecting anything for pacific ideals are seriously discounted by the fact that, like Liberals everywhere, they studiously ignore the inevitable reactions of those economic conditions to which they are so devotedly attached.

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The coal-owners are still desperately seeking how they may escape a débâcle of their industry. A deputation from the Mining Association has just waited on representatives of the railway companies to plead for cheaper transport as a means of reducing the prices of export and industrial coal. The railways, however, are themselves in very similar difficulties. Everywhere indeed it is the same story of high cost of living, a heavy wage bill, high prices, and therewith we swing back again into the cost of living and start the same merry round afresh. To break out of this vicious circle—that is the problem. The answer we need not repeat; it is familiar enough to our readers. But is there not one man of any vision among either coal-owners or railway directors or the leading manufacturers in any of the staple industries? When there is a policy in the field for enabling them to sell at a price which could command an almost unlimited market, and that even if they could not reduce their costs by a penny, one would have thought that, long before an industry reached the pass in which the coal-mines now find themselves, the employers would have at least considered such a way of escape.

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Whatever may be the merits of Birth Control in itself, Dr. Marie Stopes' Society for Constructive Birth Control hardly goes the way to commend its views. It is hard to characterise fittingly its latest methods. Its members seem bent on out-Rathboning Miss Elinor Rathbone. At its coming general meeting this amiable society proposes to discuss a resolution calling on the Ministry of Labour to issue to all unemployed married persons a slip urging them to abstain from the begetting of children, till the husband is in full normal work, and referring them for further advice to the Mothers' Clinic. We should have thought that any society of real reformers would have had but one message for the Government in regard to this matter of unemployment —stop it! Yet these amazing people deliberately assume that the thing has got to go on, and concentrate (and ask the Government to concentrate!) on giving good advice to the uemployed for making the best of a bad job. We note that the society's officers include Messrs. Edward Carpenter and Aylmer Maude and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. We wonder if they approve of this resolution; if they do, "Socialism" must be an even more reactionary form of political creed than we had supposed. But there seem no limits to the madness of "reformers" in these days.

The New Russia.

By Huntly Carter.

SOVIET Russia has undertaken a great experiment in social reform. It agreed, and still agrees, to do much. It agreed to lead the way in the improvement of the mental and physical environment of mankind, to humanise labour, to increase creative leisure, to promote full opportunities for the release and enjoyment of the play-spirit. Soviet Russia, on its part, agrees to do all this, which in effect amounts to an agreement to establish a new system of credit—credit between the worker and his immortal soul. But we have no data as yet to show what Soviet Russia is doing in this direction. We have no reliable facts and figures to prove that its present rulers are actually building a better civilisation than the one they set out to destroy. Their Genesis certainly holds the mirror up to nature. It is not, however, a nature exhibiting the operations of grace and foretelling the coming of an ennobled human character.

Article after article, interview after interview appear in the "stunt" and "spy" Press—the Press which disfigures England. Books pour from the publishing houses in an unending stream, books written by fabulists, sentimentalists, economists, journalists who think they think like Christ, but act like the criminal class. They all testify to one thing. Russia is in agony. The agony of Russia is, in fact, a subject that absorbs the attention of Grub Street. Indeed it absorbs the attention of everybody even in Russia itself. No one seems able to get beyond it except to glance anxiously towards the grave of Russia. Every instant there is flashed across the wire each turn of the agony which the moment produces. Famine, pestilence, civil war, murder, madness are the attractions. And we who passively participate in the vicissitudes of our fellow men follow the unfolding drama, and pause as its exponents pause—at the latest sensation. So we, in Western Europe, have passed from Russia before Pilate to Golgotha; and are now waiting to pass to the Sepulchre and beyond that to Pilate again. What a commentary on the exquisite new sense which our civilisation has developed.

Beyond the Sepulchre there is the Resurrection and the Transfiguration. Are we such ghouls that we have no thought for these? Is it the misfortune of the leaders of the Russian Revolution that the true Resurrection and Transfiguration of Russia have no place in their philosophy? Must it be said of the Bolshevik leaders, they come to bury Russia not to raise it? Or can it be that they are so possessed by some unseen force that they are powerless to contribute towards the regeneration of Russia? Fear holds them silent. They too have the universal disorder—paralysis of the will.

Fear, fatigue and famine may account for much. The two first certainly account for everything in the countries of the great Débacle. They account for the pitiable condition of England. Fear created the English Navy. Fear still keeps it alive. Fatigue banished the spiritual life from England. Fatigue still excludes it. To-day men are too tired for anything except gross physical indulgence. Indifference blots all the vital issues of life as with a gas cloud. Recently, for weeks I travelled in train and ship under the very worst conditions. It was like travelling through a world of fear. Everybody was afraid. There were countless refugees fleeing in terror, innumerable people on the frontiers speechless with terror. In great cities and towns there was not one who was not afraid, who did not tremble as though palsied. The murderous accompaniments of fear were so numerous, it was one long journey with them. Soldiers, soldiers everywhere. Was there ever such a spectacle of a craven civilised world self-bound blindfold to the cannon's mouth, not knowing when the fuse will be applied?

To the psychologist the overpowering distrust and

fear which consumes the strong men of Soviet Russia is, perhaps, the outstanding phenomenon. Let anyone who likes examine their authentic thought and action and he will find all the varieties of fear manifested in unnatural silence, concealment, avoidance or shrinking, excessive protective measures, fierce aggression for defence. Not a day passes but we hear of the iron hand, the system of spying, the deliberate repression of truth and liberty, the almost fanatical control of speech, the fearful operations of the secret police, iron discipline, compromise concessions, rigid factory discipline, rigid army discipline, rigid controls of all sorts, terrorist methods, holding hostages, shooting down conspirators. And a thousand other acts of repression and suppression, that two-headed servant of Fear. The Russian Revolution is said to be the greatest event since Christianity. Perhaps it is. But how different the methods. Terrorising Force versus all-subduing Persuasion. Mr. H. G. Wells has told us how he was filtered to the presence of Lenin through layers of heavily armed guards. Mrs. Clare Sheridan has drawn a picture of Trotsky concealing himself from his own soldiers. In my own experience I recall interviews behind locked doors, conversations in whispers, carefully concealed identities. I asked one leader his name. He replied, "I have a hundred names." I met another out of Russia. He pretended to be of Swedish nationality, and said he had never been to Russia. I called at legations, doors were unlocked and locked at my entrance and exit, conversations were brief, many significant questions went unanswered or were evaded, information had to be extracted. This experience seemed to me the strangest I had ever had. Here were men of proven courage, idealists of rank, fanatical in their desire to provide a new heaven and a new earth. Yet they were so consumed by fear that they could not possibly create the ideas for the building of the temple.

As anyone can see who visits Russia to-day, for four years these leaders have been engaged in destruction. Now they are standing on the threshold of construction, but seemingly unable to enter. Time after time they have assembled the workers of Russia on this threshold and said, "We are divinely appointed to build a temple in the service of the workers of the world—a temple not built of wages or pay, but of imperishable gold—the gold of service consecrated unto your real selves, and unto each other." To-day they are saying, "It is in our hearts to build a temple for you, but at present we cannot proceed. Our enemies are too much for us." One can hear the workers reply, "You are your own worst enemies. You have no spiritual grace in you. What does the outside world matter? You have us You cannot proceed without us. We cannot proceed with you because of your lack of vision, because of your absence of spirit, because of your moral cowardice. You have destroyed our faith in the old order. But what have you put in its place? Where is the new faith? We asked for a new life, you gave us a system. We sought the play-spirit, we have found iron discipline. In the system are mirrored your own distrust and fear. Is it any wonder that we have caught the reflection? We have no faith, no confidence in you. Where are the guarantees we require of you—the guarantees that you understand the needs of Russia, the nature of its people, and will act according to that understanding? Without faith, without confidence, there can be no new heaven and earth, and all your superhuman efforts on our behalf will be in vain. What we need is a world built of joy not of fear."

As proof they could, if they like, point to an incipient world of joy. It is a world which the Youth of Russia desire to build, but which their elders do not see and therefore will not sanction. The latter do not see it because they are too old and fettered to feudal ideas. The same fact is apparent everywhere outside Russia. Indeed the feature of the moment in Europe is the growing struggle for supremacy between Age and Youth. The old men are stagnant; the young are stirring but with unformed ideas. So in Russia the elders are growing in ignorance; and the young are growing in knowledge. The old men have lost the courage of their knowledge. Hence mutual fear. But none the less the latter are planning to build as though aware that the balance of power will shift from the elders to themselves. They will become the champions of the liberty which the others promised but have failed to fulfil. Evidence of the growth of the League of Youth in Russia and of the sincerity of its ambition could be produced. The spontaneous creative life which is quickening the young workers, young peasants and the children, is beyond question. It is true that the Soviet Government are training the children for a Communist future, but it is also true that the children are exhibiting a tendency to reform, enlighten and educate themselves over the heads of the Soviet Government. In their theatre work and in many other ways they show they have no use for their old-fashioned teachers. Likewise the young workers and peasants are doing things for themselves in clubs and leagues which the Government cannot do. Their improvisations are revelations. Given the opportunity, the Youth of Russia will do more to regenerate Russia in a few years than the elders can do in ten centuries.

Our Generation.

THE public disgust with Parliament must have been turned into active contempt by the opening of the debate on Unemployment. It was not merely the terms of the new proposals which were inadequate; the spirit in which they were discussed was incredibly frivolous and puerile. "The principal feature of the sitting," said the "Daily Telegraph," "was the duel between Sir Alfred Mond and his predecessor at the Ministry of Health, Dr. Addison." This was the principal event in a day spent in deliberating on the fate of the nation; our appreciation of realities both in the Press and in Parliament has sunk to this. Of course we know by this time that what is called "news" is a rigmarole of things which do not matter made up by people who do not matter. But the open triviality of Parliament, which tries so solemnly to appear serious, is almost a shock to us even in these times. "The more angry Dr. Addison became," we quote the admiring "Daily Telegraph," "the more disarming grew Sir Alfred Mond's smile. The more furiously Dr. Addison pressed in, the more deftly his rival—his successful rival—struck up his weapon. And the more consumedly the House laughed. There has not been such continuous laughter in the Chamber for many a long day. The scene was more than comedy; it was broad farce." "There has not been such continuous laughter in the Chamber for many a long day"! But then it is many a long day since the Chamber has had such a comical subject to discuss as unemployment. The "Daily Telegraph" of course approves. But without being against laughter, we should like to point out that only some men have a right to laugh at some things. If the House of Commons were dealing successfully with the problem of unemployment, if it were as effective as it is ineffective, then it might laugh, even "consumedly," during a debate which it was carrying to a victorious conclusion. We should all laugh then; we should not be left out of the joke and very much in the cold. But for an assembly which assumes responsibility for the fate of the nation and yet can do nothing to save it, and knows it can do nothing and is doing nothing—for such an assembly to "laugh consumedly" in its dilemma is surely very curious. People who do not happen to be in Parliament are prevented from laughing at certain things—especially at their own open helplessness in regard to others—by taste, or, when they do not have taste, by a sense of decency. It

may be, of course, that the "Chamber" is so stupid that it does not know it is helpless, or that it does not realise why it is a Chamber at all. At any rate, we are not so utopian as to ask any longer for dignity in public debates, or to expect it. On the contrary, we expect soon to have to reconcile ourselves to seeing the "Daily Telegraph" amused and enthusiastic every day.

In an ironical obituary notice of the late Mr. Kennedy Jones written recently by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the esoteric wisdom of the Press was let out of the bag, and we have managed to catch it by the tail. Mr. O'Connor relates a conversation between Mr. Kennedy Jones and himself. "[Kennedy Jones] then laid down a doctrine with regard to what constituted the success of a paper—especially of an evening paper—which I will not say revolted, but rather surprised and shocked me at the time. I was later on to find how well-founded it was, and to find how much the gigantic success of this moderately-paid reporter was won through its adoption. This was his theory: The public, he said, wanted "results," and they would buy the paper, irrespective of everything else in it, which gave them the results first; and of course he put the results of the racing as the one to which the public looked most eagerly. 'Hundreds of people,' he said in illustration, 'stand at the Elephant and Castle at a certain hour waiting to know whether they have won or lost their half-crowns on a race. The paper that has the most and the best machinery can get to the Elephant and Castle first; that is the paper which will be bought. It does not matter whether it is a Tory paper or a Radical paper; the first paper with the results is the paper that sells.'" There could not be a simpler and clearer explanation of the popularity of the Press. People naturally wish to know what has "happened" during the day, and they buy the first paper which tells them. This, however, explains only the existence of the Press; but one has only to consider the matter a little further to get an explanation of its "influence." Imagine, then, that our citizen at the Elephant and Castle gets his news every evening by the "Evening News" (because it arrives first); he discovers, or, worse still, he does not discover, that he has become somehow or other accustomed to it; its sentiments and ideas "grow" upon him; he finds himself repeating them; he insensibly takes sides; he is "influenced." It is being slick that gets a paper read; it is being read habitually that gives a paper "influence." The "ideas" that it expresses? These do not matter in the least. The man in the street is indeterminate, absolutely impartial about ideas: he "believes" in those which he hears most habitually.

I have taken the following two items of news from one issue of a daily paper as typical of what one reads every day; whether it is typical of what happens in England every day who can tell? "Members of the Northampton Education Committee have taken exception to the action of the managers and the headmaster of St. Edmund's School in giving the children a half-holiday to celebrate the winning of the school's team swimming championship without permission, and a resolution was passed stopping the teachers half a day's pay." A very interesting example of mean stupidity. Here is the other piece of "news": "The Bishop of London, in this month's 'London Diocesan Magazine,' writes: 'The naves of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and St. Alban's, Wood Street, are being used as lecture halls during the winter. This is going back to an old custom in the Church, when the naves of churches were used for very various purposes. . . . Many who lecture would not be permitted to take services, and it must be understood that these are not public services in any sense. The chancel in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, will be screened off." Surely there must be something interesting happening every day among a population of forty millions? Yet the Press selects habitually what is stupid, meaningless, petty, insignificant. Alas, it leaves nothing out.

EDWARD MOORE.

The Essence of the Matter.

By Hugh P. Vowles.

III.

PURCHASING Power is simply a measure of the possessor's ability to obtain goods (or services) in exchange for money. Let us consider this in some detail, since purchasing power is a matter of vital importance to each one of us. A man without it, or with an insufficiency of it, is no better than the slave of those who have it, since he will be dependent on them for the means of existence. They can be charitable and give him a "dole" of purchasing power, or they can find him means to "earn" it, or they can let him starve. In any case they have him at their mercy.

Now everyone knows that the purchasing power of their money varies. If the amount of money in circulation (or "at market") increases, without a corresponding increase of goods available for purchase, prices will go up; which is the same thing as purchasing power coming down. More money in circulation means more bidders for the goods available; and you have only to attend an auction sale to realise that the greater the number of bidders (i.e., people with the desire to buy, backed by money to make that desire effective), the higher prices will soar. So that if, for instance, the Government put into circulation a big increase of money—let us say Treasury notes—or if the banks put into circulation and honour a big increase of credit-documents such as cheques, and there is not *immediately* a corresponding increase in the goods available for purchase, you will see that prices will promptly rise under the present system. This means that the value of all existing money is thereby diluted, *the new money gaining purchasing power at the expense of the old.* It is very much as though your butler habitually added water to your whisky decanter; by which means he gets his drink of whisky, leaving you under the delusion that you have just the same quantity of whisky as before!

Lest there should be any reader who doubts the ability of bankers to create new money I will quote from Mr. G. E. Roberts, Vice-President of the National City Bank of New York. Owing to cash reserves having got too low to meet a run on the banks in the U.S.A. in 1907, loss of confidence having caused a panic, American bankers set to work to *manufacture* fresh currency to support their toppling fabric of Credit. Belief that the money was there had began to fail, and there was a rush to grab what money actually was there. And as the public demanded "currency" the bankers decided they should have it!

Now listen to Mr. Roberts: "Necessity is the mother of invention, and the bankers improvised means of creating currency . . . . (They) issued promissory notes in the denominations of money, and these notes were put into circulation as money. They were not legal tender, or authorised by law, but the public had confidence in them . . . . in nearly every other country this principle had been adopted."

The fact that this "money" had no more and no less intrinsic value than the fabric of credit which it represented was of no importance. What was of importance, however, was that the public had confidence in it, and it therefore had purchasing power.

And now let us examine the methods by which purchasing power is:

(a) Distributed to the community.

(b) Withdrawn from the community.

Most people receive their purchasing power in the form of wages, salaries, or dividends, by reason of a belief in their ability to deliver goods, or effectively participate in such delivery. In other words, a temporary Financial Credit is conferred upon them by reason of belief in their Real Credit. Such dispensation of purchasing power may be in the course of the actual production of consumable goods, or the produc-

tion of capital goods, i.e., the plant, buildings, tools, etc., not consumable by the general public, but which augment Real Capital (the ability to produce consumable goods).

The purchasing power is then withdrawn in various ways which include various forms of direct or indirect taxation, as:

(1) Taxation by the Financier by dilution of purchasing power through increasing the amount of money in circulation in advance of any increase of production.

(2) Taxation by the Government.

(3) Taxation by the Capitalist by including in the price of all consumable goods the cost of all capital goods such as plant, buildings, etc., also the cost of upkeep of these capital goods and a profit in addition.

The question inevitably arises: Who exercises the *final* control of purchasing power, so as to dispense it and recall it at will? Here we are at the very basis not only of all industry, but indeed of all organised social life, since the final control of purchasing power *is the control of policy*, the power to make or break a nation, the power referred to in the words of Delmar already quoted: "to violate every principle of justice and perpetuate a succession of social slaveries to the end of time." This control clearly does not reside in Labour, which controls only its Real Capital or ability to produce, and is helpless without Financial Wealth, and nearly helpless without capital goods, i.e., the means (plant, etc.) of intensified production owned by the Capitalist. And just as clearly the final control does not reside in the Capitalist, although he is more favourably placed than Labour. He certainly owns the means of production, but he must not only get the co-operation of labour, by inducement (money or "love") or compulsion (machine-guns, etc.); he must also get the Financial Capital without which he cannot put the means of production into operation, since he must obtain materials and pay salaries and wages in advance of production and revenue.

The fact is that the true seat of power is with the Financier-Banker; and his power—the greatest power on earth to-day, to which Princes, Rulers, Parliaments, Capitalists, Labour and the Press are all in the end subservient—lies in Credit-Control. If the Banker (or Financial Agent) believes that the Capitalist has ability to produce and deliver goods, then the Capitalist has Real Credit, but not otherwise. The Banker believes that a loan made to the Capitalist will be repaid with interest within a certain time, and therefore he confers on the Capitalist a measure of Financial Capital in the form of a loan. Now, and only now, is the Capitalist in a position to go ahead and produce, "paying his way" for materials and wages in advance of revenue from sales of production. If the Capitalist has to erect and equip a works before producing, it will obviously be some little time before he gets any revenue from sales, and is thereby enabled to repay the loan (with interest). Hence he must first inspire faith in the Banker as a condition of obtaining Financial Capital. He will also endeavour to inspire faith in the general public by means of a judiciously worded prospectus. But the general public does not as a rule immediately take up more than a minor proportion of the shares offered. The balance are "underwritten," that is the Financial Capital required is guaranteed (for a consideration) by financial trusts, bankers and the like who may or may not be able ultimately to unload their obligations on to the public. And we have seen that under these circumstances the new money represented by the loan or advance will be put into circulation in advance of production and cause "inflation" and send prices up.

Now it is of the utmost importance to realise that the Banker only wields this most potent power because of his Financial Credit, or the general belief in his ability to produce and deliver cash as and when required; hence it will be seen that the Banker is making use of something which is really a communal asset, and should therefore in equity be under communal control, wielded for the benefit of the whole community. Here we get a preliminary glimpse of the foundations of reconstruction.

Thus we see that the Banker, by his control of Financial Credit, is able to dictate terms to the Capitalist as to *whether* he shall produce or not; and this also leaves to the Banker the power to say *what* shall be produced, since however useful a commodity may be to the community, the Capitalist will not get Financial Credit unless he can show that his product will sell at a profit and enable him to repay the loan. In fact something which is socially harmful will be preferred if it sells more profitably. The Banker also has the ability to dilute the community's purchasing power at will.

So far as taxation by the Government is concerned, this need not detain us here beyond the general statement that much Government taxation goes to repaying loans from the banks,* so that here again the Banker exercises control, and this time not only over the general public but also over the Government which in theory is supposed to be the true seat of power.

In the case of prices the method is a little different, but the result is much the same. The Capitalist having obtained a loan, must endeavour to repay it with interest. To this end, when he commences manufacture, he fixes a price for his products which includes—among other items—the amount of the loan and interest. Thus if he has spent the loan on plant and buildings, his costs will include an item "depreciation of plant and buildings" or "liquidation of Capital Cost," which means that in a period of months or years the total sales revenue *exclusive of profit* will include all moneys spent on capital account (i.e., cost† of plant, buildings, etc.), and in the same way he will cover any other items which together total up to the amount of loan plus interest. The question of profit is an entirely separate matter, a private tax which the Capitalist adds to the selling price, and extorts from the general public for his own benefit and that of his shareholders. I say "extorts" advisedly because his Real Capital being paid for by the consuming public should earn them a return but certainly not *him*: every sort of payment for management and administration being included before the profit is added to price.

Even were no profit made, the Financier would still exercise his control and reap his financial "reward" in interest and such other ways as control of the industrial process will inevitably ensure to him.

A LAMENT.

When Death in fierce excitement strove with me,
I flung him back and cheerfully blasphemed.
For though the blood ran through me wild and free,
To die was not the doom it once had seemed.
And when I reached the homeland, scarred and proud,
And acclamation rose on frenzied wings;
High hopes grew strong and cried aloud,
I felt a fit companion for kings.
The feet of Life with silver wings were shod:
The sons of England were the sons of God.

But now my life is ta'en by meaner foes.
My life, that bravely swelled and glowed like flame,
A poor and drooping thing that weaker grows.
While Death stands out of sight for very shame.
Beyond, we saw a pleasant land and green,
And recked not of the sacrifice of blood.
The tide has turned; the land that might have been
Lies fathoms deep beneath the rising flood.
And here I lie, a wasted pioneer.
My only heritage . . . . the atmosphere.

GEORGE ABRAMS.

* The total amount raised in this country for the purposes of the war was about £5,800,000,000, part lent by the public and part by the banks.

† "Maintenance" of plant, etc., is a separate item also included in the selling price.

Music.

MR. GOOSSENS and Schönberg. If there be such a miracle as entering the fourth dimension or the transcendental world by means of musical line, this miracle takes place in relation to the typical and best music of Schönberg. Whether or not the simultaneity of the four-dimensional state is attained in the "Five Orchestral Pieces," conducted by Mr. Goossens at the Queen's Hall on November 9, I will not venture to decide, nor whether Schönberg's purpose is to reach the presence of "world's will," which, according both to earth-denying Wagner and to earth-affirming Nietzsche, is the supreme aim of musical art. What Schönberg indubitably does reach is the labyrinthine process of the soul's journey through appearances, and of our striving towards the world-rhythm. Spiritual as modern Russians are, their music, even when great, as in the case of Rimsky-Korsakov and Scriabin, is less spirited and less purely modern than the lightnings of the intellect that strike us from the sound of Schönberg. Again, I do not hesitate to say that the French moderns, spirited and very modern as they are, lack nerve and irrationality when compared with this master of souls. Arnold Schönberg belongs to us; but though he expresses the present generation more completely than either the Russians or the French, it may be that one Russian, at least, will survive both Schönberg and us, one behind whom there seems to push the central line of musical evolution. I refer to the composer of the cyclopic three religious symphonies—Scriabin; in him the whole past concentrates and pushes forward. Even as a failure and a tragedy, Scriabin is one of the landmarks of immortal musical progress, whilst Schönberg expresses the present and mortal generation. What appeals to us to-day is Schönberg's daring of quest and his single-mindedness. Although, however, there is much reason in Schönberg, there is no light. But there is darkness in him, and in these particular orchestral works there is warmth. His sound is often black and menacing, but a soul is buried in it and exploding in that heavy grave.

Mr. Bliss, Mr. Heath, and Mr. Bax, who are also represented at these concerts, are at present perhaps more patriotic than successful, and resemble different well-known English types touring in a foreign country. Mr. Bliss has studied his Bædeker, and as he keeps his eyes open he is able, like Molière, to take his "bien, là où il le trouve." But returned travellers are not always interesting.

I regret to see that Mr. Goossens is going to repeat, "by request," the Bach Fugue in C minor, orchestrated by Sir Edward Elgar and performed for the first time (in its new guise) at Mr. Goossen's concert on October 27. Personally, I object to adaptations of any kind in a concert hall. Adaptations are necessary and useful from an educational standpoint, but they should be kept for that purpose since they do not give us what the composer wrote. In the present instance it is a question of completely changing the character of a work written by a man who was a supreme master of the instruments at his command, who wrote masterpieces for many different individual instruments; and when Bach wrote for the organ, we may assume that it was because he wished that particular expression of himself to be heard through the medium of the organ. We are told in the annotated programme, that this adaptation is the result of a musical (sic) challenge exchanged between Sir Edward Elgar and Richard Strauss. I do not wish to interrupt a duel between these two distinguished composers, but surely it is not etiquette to murder a bystander and fight across the corpse. I hope, therefore, that Sir Edward Elgar's shot has put Mr. Richard Strauss out of action, and that there will be no new version of this "joke." I hope, also, that the words "Fugue in C minor—Bach-Elgar," will not appear again on a concert programme. Mr. Goossens is to be congratulated on his conducting. We seem to be watching the appearance of a modern and enlightened, though young, conductor.

H. ROOTHAM.

Readers and Writers.

ABU 'l-'Alá Ahmad ibn 'Abdallah al-Ma'arrí is perhaps a remote name and not one to conjure with. But that Ma'arrí was a great poet is certain, and that his poetry has a particular appositeness to our present needs anyone can discover who likes to read the careful essay on him written by Dr. Reynold Nicholson and published early in the year by the Cambridge University Press ("Studies in Islamic Poetry," 26s. net). We learn from the annals of Ma'arrí's period that it was a time of social and economic disorder. There were wars and civil wars. "The price of wheat in 'Iráq rose to an enormous figure and a great number of people died of hunger on the road." "In 992 at Baghdad a pound of bread cost 10 dirhems and a walnut 1 dirhem. In 1047 Mosul, Mesopotamia and Baghdad were desolated by famine and pestilence; the number of dead reached 300,000. In 1056 (a year or two before Ma'arrí's death) plague and famine spread over Baghdad, Syria, and Egypt, and the whole world, and the people were eating their dead." In 1909 "Abú 'Abdallah al-Qummi al-Misrí the cloth-merchant died, leaving a fortune of one million dinárs, exclusive of goods, merchandise and jewels." It will be seen at once that the period offers striking resemblances to our own. Now Ma'arrí was before all things the mirror of his age, and so it follows that his poetry is an echo, and even an expression, of present distress and agony.

* * *

"Ma'arrí (Dr. Nicholson tells us) stands for the largest humanistic culture of his time. . . . He is not primarily concerned with abstract truth. He seeks the True for the sake of the Good, and seldom loses sight of the practical end. . . What gives him importance in the history of Moslem thought is his critical attitude, his assertion of the rights of reason against the claims of custom, tradition and authority, and his appeal from the code of religion to the unwritten law of justice and conscience; in a word, his rationalism. He is a free-thinker at heart." This leads Dr. Nicholson to compare Ma'arrí to Euripides, and in this connection he quotes the words used by Dr. Farnell in characterising Euripides as exactly fitting Ma'arrí. Since this quotation is an excellent definition of a "type" that is more apt to influence its generation than the more perfect and ultimately more effectual genius of orderly reason, I will reproduce it here:

> Being by nature a great poet, he had also something of the weakness of the "polymath" or the "intellectual"; he had not the steadiness of brain or strong conviction enough to evolve a systematic philosophy or clear religious faith; his was, in fact, the stimulating, eager, critical spirit, not the constructive. His mental sympathies and interests shift and range from pole to pole.

* * *

To proceed with Dr. Nicholson's comparison of Ma'arrí and Euripides: "In the works of both we find three elements:

(a) orthodox religious beliefs;

(b) rational doubts as to the truth of these beliefs;

(c) philosophical views inconsistent with these beliefs.

In Ma'arrí's case the contrast is sharper because he does not write as a dramatist, but as a moralist directly exhibiting or disguising his own character throughout. Like Euripides, he wrote for a minority who saw at once that if the pious asseverations were sincere, the parallel questionings were absurd, and who judged that the poet was more likely to want faith than wit." This subtlety makes the application of Ma'arrí's philosophy to our own sad case a difficult procedure, expressed as it

is in an elusive scepticism related to an alien faith. But Ma'arrí was more than a philosopher: he was a philosopher-poet, and at his best his universal appeal carries itself even into a translation into a less expressive Western language like our own. Dr. Nicholson has done very bravely in the matter of translation, and though, from what may be personal prejudice, I could wish he had not been so often led astray by the hob-goblin of rhyme, I must admit that many of the 332 translated poems given in the body of his study are completely convincing. From many possible examples I select this one, which reproduces the original metre without the rhyme:

The greatest of all the gifts of Time is to give up all;
Whate'er he bestows on thee, his hand is outstretched to seize.
More excellence hath a life of want than a life of wealth,
And better than monarch's fine apparel the hermit's garb.
I doubt not but Time one day will raise an event of power
To scatter from night's swart brow her clustering Pleiades.
Ere Noah and Adam, he the twins of the Lesser Bear
Unveiled: they are called not yet amongst bears grown grey and old.
Let others run deep in talk, preferring this creed or that,
But mine is a creed of use; to hold me aloof from men.
Methinks, on the Hours we ride to foray as cavaliers:
They speed us along like mares of tall make and big of bone.
What most wears Life's vesture out is grief which a soul endures,
Unable to bring once back a happiness past and gone.

* * *

Ma'arrí, like others both before and after his time, is famous for his pessimism. He was struck blind very early in life, and while this calamity seems to have quickened his sensibility, it was undoubtedly a cause of bitterness. For most of his life he lived in seclusion—"a misanthropic and world-weary old man." The main themes of his verse were: "the pain of life, the peace of death, the wickedness and folly of mankind, the might of Fate and the march of Time, the emptiness of ambition, the duty of renunciation, the longing for solitude and then—to rest in the grave. The pessimism of the *Luzúm* (says Dr. Nicholson) wears the form of an intense pervading darkness, stamping itself on the mind and deeply affecting the imagination." At times Ma'arri reminds us of the sombreness of Donne:

> Propped on his side, whilst in the tomb he lay,
> To us he seemed a preacher risen to pray.

But more persistently, more nearly, he calls to mind the ironic gloom of Mr. Hardy—not only in grave complaint of "Time's ruinous strokes," but even in slighter "satires of circumstance":

> They robed the Christian's daughter,
> From high embowered room
> In dusky robe they brought her
> Down, down into a tomb—
> And oh, her dress had often been
> Gay as a peacock's plume.

* * *

But if Ma'arrí so often calls Mr. Hardy to mind, it is not always to Mr. Hardy's advantage. There are different values even in pessimism, and Ma'arrí's pessimism, as Dr. Nicholson acutely notices, "is no mood of melancholy retrospect: it is the cry of a man in pain who feels himself driven along ruthlessly 'like victims with halters on their necks.'" But isn't Mr. Hardy's pessimism too often just that mood of melancholy retrospect? It is a romantic mood, of course—the mood of Schopenhauer and Chateaubriand; and it is given the sanction of a "philosophy" by the enthusiastic exponents of Mr. Hardy's genius (but never, one should note with pleasure, by Mr. Hardy himself). It is the unconsoling stoicism of this "philosophy" that appeals to the sham profundities of our modern Die-Hards of criticism. Mr. Hardy is accepted, not on account of his real merits, which lie in the direction of a technical adaptation of lyricism to metaphysical needs (or even in the direction of experiential lyricism simply), but on the more doubtful account of the metaphysical content itself. But this metaphysical content will not, I imagine, bear a sustained examination. It has not even the excuse of a dyspeptic emotionalism, which, in the last extremity, might excuse Ma'arrí. It is not emotional: it is ratiocinative and systematised. It is an a priori mechanism. It is as rigid as a sausage machine, and man is merely the plastic meat forced into the mincing cogs of its "foresightless" action. (I am sorry my metaphor is crude, but I plead that its object justifies it.) But if one thing is certain it is that man is a piece of the whole, a cell in the natural body of the universe; and that any philosophy of life must reveal man in vital and continuous relation to his environment. In the last analysis Mr. Hardy's philosophy will be found to be anthropomorphic. He may, as in "The Dynasts," purposely avoid anthropomorphic personalisations; but that is only because he is a monist. To prove that this last state is worse than the first is the particular task before modern philosophy.

HERBERT READ.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THERE are times when I do not want to write of what has been done on the stage in London, but of what is going to be done; and this is one of them. It seems to be my fate to be confined to what are the more definitely artistic theatrical ventures; and although I sometimes kick, and go to a "commercial" theatre, the utter lack of the spirit that appeals to me in most of the successful West End productions disheartens me. They make me think, as does the popular Press, of Lorenzo de Medici corrupting the people of Florence with his masques and processions, turning their thoughts away from politics and the real things of life as Napoleon proposed to do by gilding Notre Dame. I hold no brief for the "propaganda" play; the function of drama, as I see it, is not the elaboration of ideas, but the communication of spiritual influences, the establishment of real attitudes towards reality, the enunciation of the spiritual values of life. This is usually done without intention; as Browning put it:

> O'er importuned brows becloud the mandate,
> Carelessness or consciousness, the gesture.

The difference between the artist and the artificer is chiefly due to the difference of their interests; the artist is not merely interested in, he is possessed by, his subject, he wants to convey its very essence; but the artificer is interested in his skill in presentation. So we can say of the work of artificers that this is better done than that, but of the artist's work only "How true?" or, what is even more fundamental, simply: "I like it," or "It appeals to me." One suffers much from the crudity of the searchers after reality, but not vitally; and occasionally a work is produced that reminds us that England still has a soul that can be expressed in the theatre.

Such a work is Mr. Halcott Glover's "Wat Tyler," which I reviewed when it was published. It will be produced at the Old Vic on Monday evening, November 14, and repeated on the following Wednesday evening, Thursday matinée, and Friday evening. Four performances of a play that for reality of spirit, greatness of conception, and skill in handling crowds, sends me back to Shakespeare. It is true that Shakespeare did not approve of popular risings; neither does Mr. Glover, for that matter; but in spite of Shakespeare's snobbery, the spirit of humanity expressed itself through him. But, in one sense, Mr. Glover's play is an advance on Shakespeare; the most important conflict in "Wat Tyler" is not the political conflict, but the spiritual con-

flict between Wat Tyler and John Ball. Tyler might almost stand for England itself; "heavy fellows, steeped in beer and fleshpots, they are hard of hearing and dim of sight. Their drowsy minds need to be flagellated by war and trade and politics and persecution. They cannot well read a principle, except by the light of faggots and of burning towns." So said Emerson of the English in 1856; and the truth of the judgment is not yet exhausted. Such is Wat Tyler, who "made this rising for a simple end"; he knew no more than to ease the foot where the shoe pinched; while John Ball, drawing his inspiration from the Christianity that has never been tried, dreaming of a new heaven and a new earth, would, once he had taken the sword in his hand, have let Hell loose upon earth in the hope that the Kingdom of Heaven would establish itself. How to make our ideals practical, and our practice ideal, is the problem that confronts everybody; the crusading spirit has its value, but if Christianity means anything, the world will be redeemed by the love, and not by the wrath, of God. I shall write more of this after its production; at present, I remark on the fact that it is produced for four performances at the Old Vic, and not for four years at His Majesty's Theatre—and in that fact one may discern a criticism of our present state. I have been asked to state that Wallace's "Maritana" will be played on Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" at the Saturday matinée at the Old Vic in the same week.

In the same week, for two performances, the Phœnix will revive Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy." The history of the play, as given by Mr. Montague Summers, serves to remind us of our vandalism in matters of art. It is rarely that we see in the West End a complete rendering of a Shakespeare text; Barker did it, and the Court and the Old Vic do it, but usually we are asked to admire pageants, or scenery, or some novel scheme of lighting, and go without whole sections of the play for that purpose. "The Maid's Tragedy" has suffered similarly; for just as Colley Cibber "improved" on Shakespeare, so Sheridan Knowles "improved" on Beaumont and Fletcher; and Macready gave a "brilliantly successful" programme at the Haymarket in 1837 of the revised version called "The Bridal," with "three original scenes" by Sheridan Knowles, and other modern "improvements." Various revivals of this, and other adaptations, have been made; but Mr. Summers assures us that the artistic conscience is not dead in England when he says: "It would probably be no exaggeration to say that, until the present production, 'The Maid's Tragedy' in its entirety has not been seen on the English stage since the days of Mrs. Pritchard and that noble 'Pupil of Betterton and Booth,' James Quin." If, as the Catholics are always telling us, the Reformation was the cause of all that we deplore at the present day, this turning back to the classics of English literature should be a step on the way to the recovery or renewal of the real English spirit that has been misled to the worship of externals, and a denial of the human values.

On Tuesday evening, November 15, the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, will produce four plays by Lord Dunsany, "A Night at an Inn," "The Tents of the Arabs," "Cheeso," and "The Lost Silk Hat"; and it will be interesting to compare Lord Dunsany's exotic Cockneyism with the more authentic inspiration of the other productions. What I remember of Lord Dunsany's "Plays of Gods and Men," and what I saw in "If," suggests that he hovers uncertainly between His Majesty's Theatre and The Grand Guignol, tries to thrill us with spectacular magic for no apparent reason. If he were to mention every one of the three hundred and thirty millions of Gods of India, I should still be sceptical of their power to work the miracles that Lord Dunsany asks us to believe; but as a writer of fairy tales for children, illustrated by a Cubical artist, I believe that he has a real future.

Recent Verse.

LILY DOUGALL and GILBERT SHELDON. Arcades Ambo: Verses. (Blackwell. Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

How alike all these volumes of contemporary verse are! Written for no particular purpose, except to amuse the authors, in a style neither good nor bad, but simply undistinguished, they yet convey a sense of an—oh so gently emphasised—individuality, of the possession of which the authors in the background are—you can feel—complacently proud. The pride is in nine cases out of ten misplaced, for the individuality revealed is generally the individuality of the average man. The occasion of these remarks is the present volume, in which there is a thoroughgoing absence of flavour. It is as uninteresting and as inoffensive as a glass of water. One neither wants to read it nor to throw it out of the window. It is not even lukewarm so that one could wish ——. But that is not done nowadays.

Mr. Sheldon's technique, however—let us force ourselves to take some interest in the matter—is a shade better than Miss Dougall's. He is never quite so bad as this, and his collaborator frequently is. It is from her "Portrait of a Lady."

> Your soul, lady, is like a crystal, losing
> Nothing of the sun—
> Tell me how three true loves could be of your choosing:
> Duty points to one.

Now, where, oh where, is the connection between the first two lines in this verse, and the last two? The last line certainly *is* extraordinary, but the penultimate seems to be a few fathoms too long. Surely the author has lost count? As this verse, from "A Ministering Spirit," is typical, we may profitably—or not—devote a little attention to it.

> "Pilot of floating cloud, hast left the blue,
> 'Lighting to play?
> Or wind-wraith, that with wings of sunrise flew
> From gates of day?"
> She passed in sun and shade, now grave, now gay.

This is addressed to "a shining one" introduced in the first verse, and revealed in the last as "the Joy of Spring." This young person, this "ministering spirit," has, it is clear, an adventurous time, not the least risky of her tasks being the piloting of "floating clouds" through the shallows of Miss Dougall's verse. But if she is alternatively a "wind-wraith" that flies "with wings of sunrise" from "gates of day" she is certainly a creature with more points than we could reckon. She is "now grave, now gay," too. We are not surprised at it: the circumstances are such as to make anyone grave or gay. So are the following lines, taken from another poem of Miss Dougall's. The scene is a convent garden, and a novice sings:

> Gather my spirit, as dandelions
> Are spoiled for a baby's sport in spring,
> That in belt more brilliant than Orion's
> He may strut for an hour while blackbirds sing.

There is a compendious collection of literary sins for you. Nothing can be said of them except, perhaps, that the "dandelions" are of less offence than the desperate blackbirds who are thrust into the last line to sing and so to rhyme with spring. We feel that they are as surprised to find themselves there as we are.

Mr. Sheldon is a trifle better than this, but, unfortunately, he is not interesting, and he sounds very often like a well-bred echo. As, for instance, when he says:

> who can say
> When, to full stature grown, the human mind
> Shall leave the narrow, toilsome paths untrod,
> Down which it stumbles blindly, and essay
> The boundless world of spirit unconfined.
> Wherein the souls of heroes walk with God?

This questioning is really far too safe a "line" for the

poet. He gets an appearance of profundity by asking questions where he would simply betray his poverty by trying to answer them. And Mr. Sheldon's question is so well-bred that no one would think of answering it. It is as banal as the customary inquiry after one's health. On the next page the author has a poem of the type which should be suppressed with a strong hand, because it is nowadays extremely infectious and a danger to all versifiers. It is entitled, "A November Day" and it begins:

Autumn dawn in Merioneth
And a narrow world and grey.

The second verse begins:

Autumn noon in Merioneth
And the clear, bright warmth of June.

And the *third* verse begins:

Autumn dusk in Merioneth;
Yet a flame of rosy red . . . . etc.

This is bad enough, but it is not the worst, for the verses end respectively as follows:

On the coast of Merioneth
At the dawn of day.

Purple peaks of Merioneth
At the hour of noon.

Keeping watch o'er Merioneth
When the day is dead.

This sort of thing is not merely easy to write, it is almost impossible to read. As there is no means of interdicting the publication of it, however, we can only enter our protest. There are half-a-dozen respectable lines in Mr. Sheldon's sonnet, "The Call to Battle":

And if it shall be told thee that the foe
Beholds the banner that thou deem'st thine own,
March in his van to battle, be not wroth.
The truth is other than the truths we know;
His cause and thine are laid before the Throne,
And God inclines to neither and to both.

That is in the end non-committal, however, and seems to be more profound than it is.

A. O. (Major, B.E.F., France.) Carrick-an-Arth and Other Poems. (Erskine Macdonald. London. 3s. 6d. net.)

The author is handicapped by possessing a style that is so stiff and formal that it gives the effect of pomposity without being really pompous. When he addresses Nature we feel he is addressing her from a platform, or toasting her before drinking her health. In the first poem in the volume these lines occur:

Westward all the troubled waters
Met Atlanta's mighty tide,
Eastward trooping from the valleys
Came Bosloga's woods in pride.

Nature looks too much here as if she were dressed up for the occasion; but even then "Atlanta's mighty tide" is a little bit too much.

Worse than the author's stiffness, however, is his garrulity. His method of constructing a poem is simple. He takes a subject, say, "Britain"; he then begins by saying, "I have loved her simple peasants," her this, that and the other. Using this device he builds up a poem of fourteen verses of four lines each. We feel when we have got half-way through that the catalogue will never stop: orchards, farms, churchyards, halls, gardens, hills, fens, beacons, roads, ivied abbeys, ancient almshouses, bluebells, primroses (we are among the flora now!) and heaven knows what else, follow one another in a procession that wearies us but seems to leave the author fresh. Towards the end of the volume "A. O." becomes rather melancholy and Schopenhauerian:

See here—some luckless wight bewails
Misfortunes! Sickness! Are such tales
Fit to be weighed in Nature's scales
Colossal?

We do not deny the sincerity of the opinion, but the expression makes it anything but impressive. In "The Suicide's Soliloquy" the expression is not any better:

Hence! this vile lust of life's dull wretchedness.
The root-of-evil is the will-to-live,
Vile fount of all the ills 'neath which we groan,
Foul aphrodisiac to insane desires;
Accursèd antidote to Heaven's sweet rest.

But even there the author is on the platform.

W. A. G. Kemp (R.A.M.C.). From Kemmel Hill and Other Poems. (Stockwell. London.)

The quality of the verses in this little book may be judged by the first three lines of the first poem:

So this is martyred Belgium! From this hill
With these amazed eyes of mine I see
A land that smiles through all its agony.

Mr. Kemp not infrequently amazes *our* eyes as well, as in:

The trees are still as still can be
As still as God's own peerless sea—

That peerless sea up there so high
As beautiful as God's own eye.

The author is right: "God's own sea" is not only peerless, but there is not another one that is in the same street.

E. M.

Views and Reviews.

THE NEW HUMANISM—I.

This "study of the biological, sociological, and psychological foundation of the family"* is very modestly proffered. "Such a summarisation of our actual knowledge of the biology, sociology, and psychology of the foundations of the family institution this book aims to present, and if it can at the same time suggest a starting point for a more rationalised system of social control in this field its purpose will have been accomplished." There is nothing more certain than that the problem of civilisation is the population problem, not, as the Malthusians do vainly say, because population outruns subsistence, but because, as Faguet put it, "a non-reproductive people placed beside people very prolific or only more prolific than it is quietly and continuously invaded by them. France, between Germany and Italy, loses one peaceful battle a year to Italy, and two to Germany." But it is equally obvious that the simple doctrine of "increase and multiply" does not meet the necessities of the case; moral and sociological questions complicate the matter, and as Mr. C. E. Pell has shown so clearly in his "The Law of Births and Deaths," the physiology of fertility is not the least important of the subjects involved. The fact remains, as the authors of this study repeat, that if any society is "to hold its own numerically, its women must have, on the average, two children each, plus about one more for unavoidable waste—death in infancy or childhood, sterility, obvious unfitness for reproduction, etc., i.e., three in all." There is, presumably, a time limit to be observed; because, with the lowering of the death-rate and the increase of the average expectation of life, the generations tend to overlap: but there the fact is that group survival demands from each of its women three children, and the implications of that simple necessity ramify through the very foundations of society. All the other problems are subsidiary to this vital problem, and such a survey of our knowledge of the subject as the authors here present is a necessary preliminary to our fumbling with the umbilical cord of civilisation.

The first essay by Dr. M. M. Knight is the more valuable because it puts the feminist writers and their

* "Taboo and Genetics." By M. M. Knight, Ph.D., Iva L. Peters, Ph.D., and Phyllis Blanchard, Pr.D. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

chief authority, Lester Ward, out of court. The gynæcocentric theory was invalid even at the time of its publication; it was published "long after its main tenets had been disproved in the biological laboratory"; the theory of the matriarchate was no more than a misunderstanding of savage customs. All the twaddle about man being created by woman for the specific purpose of fertilisation, which Mr. Shaw repeats even in his "Back to Methuselah," has no scientific warrant; the genetic basis for both sexes exists in each individual, and the result of de-sexing men is not that they become female, but infantile. Put quite briefly, man is not a differentiation from the female any more than woman is a differentiation from the male; both alike have in varying proportions the qualities of both sexes, and the existence of the "inter-sex," which sometimes presents all the ordinary female sex characteristics, and yet possesses male sex glands, indicates that neither feminism nor hominism is worth a moment's consideration (except for purposes of personal wrangling), but that a new humanism is the only scientific foundation for modern society.

The new humanism involves the quantitative theory of sex differences; Schelling's principle: "all difference is quantitative," the identity-philosophy, really seems to be justified by science as well as religion. It is necessary to state simply what "the quantitative theory of sex" implies, and how it is demonstrated.

Experiments with transplanted sex glands, with sex-gland extracts (testicular and ovarian), and the observation of infusions of a male-type bloodstream into a female body, as occurs in nature in some cattle and in the so-called human "hermaphrodites," indicate a gross chemical difference between the respective determiners for femaleness and for maleness. So the chemicals involved, though not yet isolated, must be presumed to be *qualitatively* different, since they produce such different results.

But such experiments also indicate that both determiners must be present in some proportions in every individual of either sex. The basis for both sexes being present, the one which shall predominate or be expressed in the individual must depend on the *quantitative* relation between the determiners which come together at fertilisation. The quantitative theory merely means that this predominance of one factor or the other (maleness or femaleness—Gynase or Andrase) is more pronounced in some cases than in others.

In brief, then, the quantitative theory of sex is merely the most reasonable explanation of the known fact that inter-sexes exist—that is, females with some male characteristics, or with all their characters more like the female type than the average, or vice versa. Laboratory biology has established the phenomena of inter-sexuality beyond question, and the word "inter-sex" has become a scientific term.

One of the inferences to be drawn from these facts is that whatever may be the right way for society to treat these inter-sexes, the wrong way is certainly that pursued by the House of Commons in its discussion of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. Mr. Macquisten, on August 5, talked about "the falling away of feminine morality," and its "civil and sociological effects," with the purpose of inducing the House to pass a vindictive amendment, and obviously needs a better grounding in biology.

But the quantitative theory of sex does not imply that it is possible "to identify absolutely the conditions of the sexes," as Mr. W. L. George put it; unless we are to disregard reproduction, and let society collapse in a generation. Sex itself is a differentiation, a specialisation for a vital function; it involves a difference in metabolism, and requires its own conditions for proper functioning. The test of all theories concerning individuals in society must obviously be the social significance and value of those theories; and a theory that ignores the different life-cycles of men and women plainly has no survival value for society. It is true, for example, "that most employments do not even require a muscular skill beyond that possessed by ordinary individuals of both sexes;" but the inference that, therefore, it should be a matter of indifference whether a man or woman did a particular piece of work is not socially justifiable. As Dr. Knight says:

> It ignores the primary consideration in the sex problem in society, the first of the following two parts into which the whole problem may be divided: (1) How to guarantee the survival of the group through reproduction of a sufficient number of capable individuals; and (2) How to make the most economical use of the remaining energies, first in winning nutrition and protection from the environment, second in pursuing the distinctly human values over and above survival. The sex problem as a whole is concerned with adjusting two different general types of individuals, male and female, to the complicated business of such group life or society.

Identifying the conditions of the sexes is obviously not the way to do it. A. E. R.

Reviews.

"L. P." The Treatment of Inflammation and Sepsis by Lipoid-Paraffin Dressings. By A. White Robertson. Brevet Lieut.-Colonel, R.A.M.C. (Routledge. 3s. 6d. net.)

Readers of Dr. White Robertson's "Studies In Electro-Pathology" will remember that his main doctrine is a reversal of Listerian practice: "I am convinced that the scientific method of treating an injured cell, no matter where situated in the body, and no matter by what means injured, is to concentrate upon the restoration of the cell and to neglect the bacillus absolutely. That is a revolutionary view and a highly unorthodox announcement. My study of cell-physiology and of bacteriology, and my experience of wound-treatment have, however, convinced me that we must abandon the Listerian practice." It will be remembered that Lister made some very interesting studies of inflammation, demonstrated that it was a condition precedent to bacterial invasion, and then, under the influence of Pasteur's work, devoted himself not to the cure, alleviation, or prevention of inflammation, but to the destruction of the bacteria. The discovery made by the electrician, Mr. Baines (with whom Dr. White Robertson worked "during a very crowded year"), that inflammation is an electrical phenomenon, that "local pyrexia interferes with local insulation resistance," and the possibility of restoring insulation by the use of a standardised paraffin, has enabled Dr. White Robertson to answer the question that Lister raised but did not answer. The importance of the discovery may be understood from the fact that this simple dressing makes unnecessary the elaborate "asepsis" technique that has been developed from Lister's teaching, and according to Dr. G. T. Wrench (one of Lister's biographers) is less successful in avoiding infection of wounds than Lister's simple carbolic technique was. The reports of cases treated by this paraffin dressing at the Fort Pitt Military Hospital, Chatham, show that when the cases were received early, and the patients were not chronically toxæmic, the dressing acted like magic. It was most obviously successful when the inflammation was high, and erysipelas and cellulitis vanished, while pneumonia was aborted in a few hours. The cases given here include wounds, erysipelas, cellulitis, septic pneumonia, burns, conjunctivitis, keratitis, periostitis, suppurating appendicitis, septicæmia, empyema, inflammation of kidneys, cystitis, and gangrenous wounds, all of which responded rapidly and favourably to the treatment. Another series of cases at the Millbank Hospital showed similar results; but a third series of cases, not treated until February, 1919, did not. In this series the dressing was used by doctors who were not acquainted with Dr. White Robertson's theory and technique, on "debilitated very chronic cases saturated with toxins, refractory to local treatment, and offering little chance to any fresh local application."

Until the general toxæmia was cured, no local dressing could succeed; and it does not seem to have occurred to these doctors to use the paraffin internally. Even so, the reports are to the effect "that Lipoïd-Paraffin was not found to be superior to the usual remedies that are employed." This pamphlet explains the cause both of its astonishing success in acute and early cases, and its comparative failure in chronic and late cases; and justifies the author's claim for a more extended trial of the dressing, and the technique. 'L. P.' is offered to the profession as a remedy for Inflammation."

One Woman. By Alfred Ollivant. (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Ollivant credits his "one woman" of Sussex with a strain of Spanish blood; why, we do not know. She was "raped" by one man (Mr. Ollivant ought to study that question of rape in police records; he is very innocent), married to another, and resisted the solicitations of a third and fourth. No need for Spanish blood, it seems to us—unless Mr. Ollivant has a Malthusian mind—and thinks that no Englishwoman would have children unless she had, potentially at least, a tendency to immorality. This strain of Spanish blood, however, keeps everybody on the qui vive for a possible slip; she might run straight—and yet, how could she? So her friends meditate. Her enemies, of course, are emphatic; of course, she doesn't run straight, how could she? Mr. Ollivant writes of her in this strain: "Ruth, now thirty, was in the full bloom of her passionate womanhood; drawing with her far-flung fragrance the pollen-bearing bee and drawn to him. The girl who had been seized and overthrown by a passing brigand was a woman now who looked life in the face with steadfast eyes, and meant to have her share of the fruits of it. The old Christian doctrines of patience, resignation, abnegation of the right to a full life, made no appeal to her. Richly dowered herself, she would not brook a starved existence. She who was empty yearned for fullness," etc., etc. Meanwhile, she was a cottager's wife, with four children, "twenty-two bob a week," and a husband who took to drink. At the end of the book, she was still in the cottage, with the same number of children, quite satisfied with her husband (when he had braced up and gone to the war), and applying for relief to a Committee of one of the Funds. Her morality was questioned, and triumphantly vindicated; and we wonder, therefore, what Alfred Caspar is doing throughout the story. His trump card of blackmail was that she was not legally married to his brother, Ern, because she had previously married Captain Royal, whom he successfully blackmailed. As investigation proved that she was not married to Captain Royal, and was married to Ern, Caspar's successful and unsuccessful attempts at blackmail are simply incredible. Also, the "rape" seems to reduce itself to "seduction"; and why should Captain Royal pay Alf Caspar to keep his mouth shut about a story that everybody knew, and, at most, meant no more than the possibility of an affiliation order? Luckily, Ruth does not hold so important a position in the story as she and Mr. Ollivant thinks she does; and there are some clever studies of local politics focussed on the German menace and Earl Roberts' propaganda for conscription. Mr. Ollivant handles the Labour side of the dispute very efficiently; but his Colonel is unlike any member of the National Service League known to us. There were not many gentlemen in that propaganda; it is strange but true that Tory propaganda always utilises the scum of every grade of society; and Colonel Lewknor, with his appreciation of every point of view, his fairness to his opponents, his courtesy to all classes, is a misfit in the National Service League. On the whole, it is a successful study in laconics, with divination of motives by people who find explicit statement difficult or unnecessary; and Mr. Ollivant's attempts at eloquence are as irrelevant as an ornate frame to a Phil May drawing. Realism and romanticism do not mix well.

The Tower of London. By Walter G. Bell. (The Bodley Head. 6s. net.)

Mr. Walter Bell, who is already known as the author of several books on London, has written these few descriptive chapters (which appeared originally in the "Daily Telegraph") "to endeavour to interest Londoners in their own possession." We are certainly interested in his book: the Tower, we are convinced, is something to write about as well as "something to see when we have time," or to which we condemn our country cousins and Americans. Its history of nearly eight and a half centuries includes that of the most prominent politicians of the period; begun in insolence by the Conqueror, and continued in cruelty by a long line of kings, it has been the site of so much human tragedy that the Tower and Death are almost synonymous terms. One tires of the sickening story of torture, barbarous imprisonment, secret murder, public execution, even in this cursory study; and for our part, we would rather visit the Natural History Museum than this colossal Golgotha. But there is a large number of people who make pilgrimages to such places, and it is to that public that Mr. Bell's book is addressed.

Jesus Christ: Man, God, or Myth. With a Special Chapter on Was Jesus a Socialist? By George Whitehead. (The Pioneer Press. 2s. net.)

Mr. George Whitehead does not answer his question; but his general treatment leads us to infer that he regards Jesus Christ as a man who was exactly the opposite of the popular conception of Him. He plays the game of Bible-banging very well; but as he regards every verse in the Gospels as of equal authenticity, interprets them quite literally from the standpoint and with the values of the average citizen, his pamphlet can serve no other purpose than that of awakening rather dull people to a consideration of what they really mean by "Jesus Christ," and what they think of Him. "We have but faith: we cannot know," does not apply to documents on record; and Mr. Whitehead's chief contention is that Jesus Christ is a myth based on ignorance and misunderstanding of the records of a man. The question: "Was he a Socialist?" could as easily be asked of Karl Marx; Mr. Whitehead himself challenges the Fabians on this ground; and one tires of Hyde Park oratory.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Sir,—Will your readers kindly note that the original of Dr. Steiner's article first appeared in the international weekly, "Goetheanum," edited by Albert Steffen, to which, in consequence, acknowledgments are due.

TRANSLATOR.

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