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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Major Douglas's lecture to the Civil Service Social Credit Group at the Essex Hall on Wednesday last was a great success as a meeting, and the presence of Professor Soddy, sympathetically in the chair, ensured a more than usual amount of publicity—outside, it goes without saying, of the treacherous "Times." But the question of Little Peterkin may well be asked, What good comes of it? For though a Financial Inquiry, conducted in public, is indispensable as a preliminary course of popular education, the present grievances of even the Civil Service, not to mention those of the nation and the world, can scarcely wait until every John Smith of us understands all about banking. The fact is that the present situation demands something more than resolutions, it demands resolution; and the Civil Service, in particular, appears to us to be in a position to make it. We have heard often enough of the powers of the bureaucracy. Is that power confined to making Government disagreeable to everybody; or has the bureaucracy real power over its own destinies? If the latter is the case, surely the provocation, real and sentimental, which the Civil Service has received would justify the use of it. On the one side they are materially affected by the impudent and ignorant "cuts" of the Geddes crew; and, on the other side, they are insulted by the phrases which Mr. Austen Chamberlain has picked out of the war-gutter to throw at them. If they are threatened with a "comb out," it is surely within the power of the superfluous vermin, with the aid of their tribe, to do something more than pass resolutions. Now is the chance for the Civil Service Unions, of which there are myriads, to show something for the money that has been spent on them. If they and the teachers and the other professional workers affected by the Geddes Report submit tamely to "economies" at their expense, the proletarian Unions can be forgiven for all they have failed to achieve. Brains and education, thereafter, would be proved to have been worthless.

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It would be folly to write in this strain if we believed that the "cuts" were necessary in the real interests of the nation. But they are not only unnecessary, they will certainly bring about an intensification of the very problem they are supposed to solve. Let it be agreed—though it is a monstrous falsehood—that we are a "poor country," the only available proof of our poverty is the inability of our population to buy goods and thereby to employ our capital resources, including labour. It is certainly no improvement of the situation to reduce still further the quantity of purchasing-power distributed among the would-be consumers. On the contrary, as the home-market shrinks, the employment of our capital resources will shrink with it, until, if the process is continued, we shall have "economised" so much that all our real capital is lying idle while the whole population is in want. Already the very financiers themselves are at their wits' end for a market. Failures, big and little, are occurring in the City every day; and many apparently flourishing concerns are tottering with rottenness. Furthermore, the evidence that we are now dependent on American financial "charity" is accumulating, and public proof of it was supplied last week in the reduction of the Bank-rate to suit the convenience of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Yet our financiers are either so stupid or so American that they can think of nothing better to do than to instruct our Chancellor of the Exchequer to announce the restoration of the Gold Standard, that same Gold Standard that had to be scrapped on the outbreak of war and that cannot now be restored without the special permission of Messrs. Morgan of America. The "Times," with its customary double-dealing, has been letting the cat out of the bag in order to set its dogs on it. To prove our contention that the banks do indeed control prices (by the simple means of expanding or contracting credit-issues), the "Times" remarks that "As soon as the purge of dear money had done its work [that is to say, reduced wages to a 'reasonable' level] the economic patient needed the tonic of cheaper money . . . . . *it was necessary to check the precipitate decline in prices*": Thereby from reduced wages with stable or rising prices profits and bank-dividends could be increased. And this action, performed by the banks at the expense of the whole population as consumers, the "Times," after correctly analysing it, declares to have been reprehensible only because it was not done sooner. The case, however, is too serious for mere criticism. What must be recognised is that everybody, including even our native financiers (if there are any), is bound to suffer from the exercise of credit-control in this incompetent fashion. Either, we say, our present credit-system will be reformed and very soon, or the ruin of the working-classes, now being followed by the ruin of the small professional classes, will be extended to the very citadels of English finance. Before the end of the present decade, we shall either have revolutionised our financial system or England will be

a financial dependency in the completest sense of America, or, rather, of Wall Street.

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Another vivid sidelight has been thrown on the vaishya business mind by the interview of a deputation from the Association of British Chambers of Commerce with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Economy" was, of course, the burden of the remarks of their spokesman, Mr. Balfour of Sheffield, where the knives come from. There was no modesty about the scale of the cuts demanded; "at least £200,000,000" a year will alone meet the views of the Association. Yet even in the very act of demanding such a Day of Judgment they cannot refrain from seeking to contract out, where their own purely sectional interests are hit. The particular ewe lamb for which they plead is the Overseas Trade Department. "Behold! is it not a little one?" is the essence of their apology for it. Well, if anything like £200,000,000 is to be "saved," it clearly cannot all be done in big cuts; it will be necessary to hunt out diligently every possible £300,000 or £400,000, or even threepenny bits, in order to make up the total. Mr. Balfour of Sheffield tells us that "the commercial community had received wonderful value and they had been well satisfied." Does it not occur to him that the vastly more numerous working class might have been "well satisfied" if a generous housing policy had been put in force? Or may not such of them as care for education consider that they would have got "wonderful value" from the original Fisher programme? Do "the commercial community" really consider themselves to be by divine right the Benjamins of the national household? As regards the wider issue, the deputation certainly showed cause for contending that our present taxation is excessive. We have continually insisted on this ourselves. But the Association assumes altogether incorrectly that "Economy" is the only method of reducing this. Their narrow and grabbing spirit displays itself in the chuckling satisfaction at the Government's refusal to consider the reduction of interest on the public debt. As much of this was borrowed when the value was at its lowest, the State would be precisely fulfilling its engagement (as regards *real* income—the only thing that matters) if the rate of interest were lowered pari passu with the level of prices. Besides, does the Sheffield mind really think that promises to Trade Unions or working-class recruits are less sacred than promises to financiers? Or has it completely forgotten that many of the services, on which it proposes to "economise," rest on the most solemn public engagements? But there are much more far-reaching expedients open to the Government than such readjustments of the debt-charge. Mr. Balfour of Sheffield declared that "personally he would rather do anything than borrow." We wonder if his "*anything*" is to be taken literally. If so, there is the very simple path of making up any deficit on the Budget by "inflation." We hope that he means what he says, since we would prefer this policy to the raising of a fresh loan. But if inflation is to be carried out we must insist that it shall be accompanied by the regulation of prices. Otherwise it would cause intolerable hardship to the average consumer, and would set the torch to the tinder of slumbering industrial warfare.

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How utterly discreditable to their intelligence is the fanaticism of "the commercial community" for "Economy"! It argues an almost wilful ignorance of facts which they really know and which they themselves are continually revealing. The commercial mind has apparently become so canalised along the ruled columns of ledgers that it is finally incapacitated for taking any broader sweep. These people cannot see the true significance even of facts the most familiar to them, or set these in their relation to the whole context of experience. Do they ever reflect on what is meant, in the last resort, by "paying for" any public service? Evidently, it is simply a question of producing certain goods. Consider, for instance, what is involved in a given programme of education. A certain number of teachers, while not themselves helping in the production of material wealth, have to be maintained in such a standard of living as to enable them to do their work efficiently. A smaller number of instructors of a higher grade have to be similarly supported, in order to prepare young teachers at the training colleges. A certain number of school and college buildings have to be erected; a quantity of books and other educational material has to be produced. The one and only question is whether our technical means of production are sufficient, with the labour available, to produce the required quantity of these various classes of goods. Now the astonishing fact is that our industrial and commercial magnates are actually lamenting the ease with which material wealth can be produced. We have not yet forgotten Sir Raymond Dennis's inspired moment when he confessed that the very difficulty of the situation is that we and the other industrial nations are so much more better equipped for production than we were in 1914. Owing to the very overwhelmingness of our productivity, he declared, it is difficult, in the competitive market, to command a price which shall be a business proposition. We are too rich, in short—since *potentialities* of production are the true measures of a nation's riches. Our financial system, in fact, does not know what to do with abundance. It cannot get rid of it in any commercial manner. Wool in Australia, growing on the sheeps' backs and having to be shorn (as a capitalist pathetically complained); square miles of corn in the American West burnt to save the unremunerative cost of reaping; shoals of sprats returned dead to the Channel—it is the same story everywhere. The difficulty of our financial controllers is to prevent the machines and the bounty of Nature between them from swamping us with commodities. And then they tell us that we cannot afford it! Yet it will not be pretended, at this moment, that there is a deficiency of labour to work the machines. The whole "Economy" philosophy, in fine, is the greatest intellectual and social fraud of modern times. The truth simply oozes out, on every hand, through the gaps in the plutocratic camouflage-screens, that our resources are ample to provide the whole paraphernalia of the promised "new England." That being so, the formal "paying for" it is a mere matter of arranging suitably our financial machinery. Since the *real* payment is unquestionably within our means, it cannot be beyond the resources of civilisation to solve this subordinate problem without unduly burdening any section or in any way discouraging enterprise.

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It argues an almost criminal degree of mental perversion to clamour for "Economy" in the midst of potential plenty beyond the people's wildest dreams—and a plenty that can barely be forced to remain potential, but is continually, of itself, almost bursting through into actuality. But we recoil helpless before the task of characterising adequately the mentality that can put forward such "Economy" as a remedy for unemployment. Admittedly the latter is due to the deficiency of demand. Therefore, say our super-intellects, cut down expenditure and turn off as many as possible of the taps through which purchasing power is now flowing out. Even our commercialists are forced to see that the method has its disadvantages. At their recent interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer their spokesman declared, "there was still a large amount of unemployment to be feared through the economies of individuals who were being forced by necessity to give up gardeners, chauffeurs and domestic servants." Well, the policy for which they are clamouring will lay the same necessity on many of the higher-placed among the officials whom it will doom to the sack or the cut.

But further, unemployment is obviously no greater a disaster when the unemployed worker is discharged from private service than from public. Why make such a grievance of the sacking of an occasional gardener here and chauffeur there, while urging the ruthless turning adrift of masses of Government employees at once?

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The preliminaries of Genoa are causing more difficulties than the Premier probably reckoned with. The attitude of France is at any rate intelligible, though it can hardly claim to be intelligent. But we confess that we do not understand the position of the "Times." It seems to have been seized with a judicial blindness on two subjects, the inviolability of the Treaty of Versailles, and the impossibility of "recognising" or in any way countenancing the Soviet Government. If the Peace Treaty is to be regarded as a law of the Medes and Persians, the European situation is hopeless. In any case we know that there is no immediate chance of the reconstruction of Europe on the lines we have advocated; but even such palliatives as are possible within the present financial regime depend absolutely on a drastic revision of the Treaty. It was rooted and founded in the ideas of perpetuating national antagonisms and holding down conquered enemies indefinitely in a condition of economic ruin. Its fruits are sufficiently evident. Surely the "Times" must see that a revival of the economic life of the greater part of Europe is a matter of desperate urgency. We do not desire to see the existing financial system ruin itself a day sooner than it absolutely must. If it collapses before the peoples are ready to found a new order, that is the end of civilisation. Again, what does the "Times" want us to do about Russia? It declares, "Help must be given, and that speedily." But relief alone is not enough. Much more prolonged and constructive forms of "help" will be necessary. This can only be given through the agency of the existing Government. We like that administration ourselves as little as does the "Times," but it is far too late to pretend that is is merely a transient revolutionary committee, and not a de facto Government. Again, we agree that it is principally responsible for the appalling dimensions of the famine, but unfortunately it is the only available agency for rescuing Russia from her plight. Further, it has enormously modified its policy, and incidentally has largely corrected precisely those errors which had offended the peasants and so led to the disaster. Unfortunately the "New Economic Policy" also means, as we have repeatedly pointed out, a sinister exploitation of the country by alien financiers. But the "Times" will hardly quarrel with that; and, for ourselves, we hold that it had far better be restored to tolerable economic conditions even by cosmopolitan high finance than not at all. If Russia is really unable, or is thought by her rulers to be unable, to mobilise sufficient Real Credit of her own for the full development of her natural resources, she has no alternative but to resort to the ambiguous aid of the cent. per cent. philanthropists. Neither Lenin nor Trotsky, neither Krassin nor Kameneff seems to have any other idea worth talking about.

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The Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy has followed up his recent pulpit deliverance on unemployment by a still more remarkable sermon on "Christ and Credit" at St. Martin's-in-the-Field. The church was packed almost to overflowing, the subject being distinctly popular. He threw to the winds the stock platitudes and semi-hypocrisies of ecclesiasticism. He declared that the workers had ceased to believe in the economic system, that they were not again going to work heartily for it, and that they could not be blamed for their recalcitrance. He derided the ordinary "good will" talk. He pleaded indeed for reconciliation and appealed to the money-lords; but told them explicitly that they must co-operate in "cutting their own throats." He mentioned one well-known peer by name as a glaring example of the excessive power which great riches give; and concentrated throughout on the "financiers," repeatedly insisting that "credit-power" is the power that matters. Such words from so prominent a cleric on so public an occasion can hardly fail to make a stir. But we hope that in his forthcoming lectures he will recommend, tentatively if not dogmatically, the Just Price as the key-stone of any sound reconstruction; for even if it is not ordinarily proper to advocate a definite economic policy in the pulpit, an exception may be made in favour of so historic a slogan of the Church herself.

The Situation in India.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

II.—MAHATMA.

MANEKLAL KARAMCHAND GANDHI is a high caste Hindu, whose father was prime minister of one of the Indian States in Kathiawad. He received an English education, studied in England for some years, and was one of the first Indians to be called to the English Bar. Soon after his return to India with this dignity he was called to South Africa to conduct a law-suit on behalf of Indians in that country. Till then he had believed in the benevolence and goodwill of the Anglo-Saxon race towards Indians, and had considered the superior airs of the former justified by the backward condition of the latter, never doubting but that as the Indian progressed the Englishman would make room for him on the divan. On his first arrival in South Africa he was turned out of a mail train roughly, bag and baggage, and left stranded on a station platform for having had the effrontery as an Indian to enter a first-class compartment (having bought a first-class ticket) and in the Transvaal he was turned off the box-seat of a coach (for which he had paid) and struck in the face by the guard who wished to sit and smoke there with only a faint protest from the English passengers. Physically very small and frail, with all the limitations of the gentleman, including gentleness, Gandhi must have suffered more than most men would be capable of suffering from such treatment, and still more from the sight of other Indians similarly treated. He was horrified that such treatment could be given to Indians, as a matter of course and generally, in a country forming part, with India, of the British Empire; and when the particular work which brought him to South Africa was finished he threw in his lot with the Indians of that country and became their leader, started an educational movement and a newspaper, organised all kinds of relief work, and tried by all means to improve their status socially and legally. When he revisited India to bring back with him his wife and children, he called public attention to the plight of the South African Indians—a proceeding which was angrily resented in Natal. On Gandhi's return the "Whites" were up against him, and the young Indian leader was kicked nearly to death by an infuriated mob composed of "respectable" "white" citizens, in the streets of Durban. He was rescued by the heroism of an Englishwoman, who, crying shame upon the blackguards, took his arm and screening him under her sunshade supported him to the police station which was happily near at hand. No man has suffered more from racial hatred than the fragile little man whom all the East now calls Mahatma, "the great Soul." And the greatness of his soul is proved, I think, by this one fact that, even in his youth, he never for a moment harboured racial hatred in return, or tolerated it among his followers. The English lady who rescued him stood in his mind against his would-be murderers, his many English friends outweighed his "white" assailants. His horror

was directed not against the brutal English, but against brutality, whether practised by an Indian or an Englishman; and he was more severe in judgment of the Indian because to raise and to improve the status of the Indian was his chief concern, and because, in his theory of overcoming evil in an adversary by increasing goodness in oneself, the lapse to violence was a disaster.

In South Africa he fought the case for his compatriots for years by legal methods and, when the law was quite unfairly turned against them, by a new weapon which, for lack of a more accurate definition, has been called Passive Resistance. It was the parent of the present Non-Violent Non-Co-operation in India. After suffering imprisonment and every manner of indignity, he achieved remarkable success. He raised an Indian ambulance corps which did good work in the Boer War, and served with it himself, hoping thereby to demonstrate the confraternity of Indians with the English in the Empire. Indeed Gandhi, on his record, must be regarded as a great Imperialist unless the term "Imperialism" would exclude fair treatment, conducive to the healthy progress, of the Oriental portion of the Empire. During the European War he again raised an Indian ambulance corps; and in his present opposition to the British Government there is more care for British honour and the future welfare of the Empire than our own "Imperialists," who condone injustice to their Oriental fellow-subjects, are at present ready to admit or able to perceive. Gandhi has held no intercourse with foreign Powers; he has discouraged every sort of foreign propaganda, seeking the salvation of his people solely from their own progressive efforts in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

When he returned to India from South Africa, he gave up all concern with politics and applied himself exclusively to social work; relinquishing his private wealth, which was by then considerable, and his personal ambitions, which might reasonably have been great for he had made a great name as a barrister. He led the life of an Oriental dervish or fakir, though of a new, enlightened, highly intellectual kind. It was then that people first began to call him the Mahatma. He came to be regarded almost as the soul of India; and his appearance at the head of any movement was sufficient, in the opinion of the people, to transport that movement from the region of politics into the region of religious duty. The common folk, most of whom never had set eyes on him and had but the remotest notion of the nature of his teaching, regarded an attack upon him as a national affront. It was his momentary arrest by the British authorities during the Satyagraha movement that produced the anti-European riots at Ahmedabad, and a false report of his arrest gave fury to the anti-European riot which became the pretext for the awful slaughter of Amritsar. But wherever he has gone and spoken to the people he has spread peace, giving them a new hope of freedom and progress not by the way of violence but by that of self-cultivation and self-restraint.

SUBCONSCIOUS.

A windy shadow on the down,
The beech wood is for her a tomb.
Nor shall our sin be ever known:
My likeness fades from out her womb
Beneath the soil and the beech leaves brown.

"Awake, my husband! Awake, beloved!
All night I have listened while you slept
Amid wild trees, for years—that moved
And mocked you, when their leaves were
stripped." . . . . .
"I? No! My God! For I have lain
All night with secrets in my brain
The fiend himself for fear had kept!"

JOHN HELSTON.

A Query on Credit.

THE NEW AGE has propounded in the last few months (or years) a highly original and, in the eyes of its authors, conclusive solution of certain present difficulties. This may be generally described as the Control of Credit by Producers, or, alternatively, the Rescue of Credit from a certain professional and interested clique who now govern it. Well and good. But this last solution of our great troubles has always seemed to me to suffer from three inhibitions.

Firstly, that credit is not the ultimate lever of the modern—or of any other—productive process. *Secondly*, that the control of credit by the producers cannot be arrived at with sufficient directness and definition. *Thirdly*, that without a King (or by whatever name you choose to call the moderator of the Commonwealth) you have no guarantee that the new possessors will not become slowly distinct from the mass of men and therefore their masters.

Now for the purposes of this brief note I cannot discuss 2 and 3 but I would like to discuss 1, or, rather to put with regard to 1 what I think is a pertinent question.

What is Credit?

All economic problems and propositions are best stated in an extreme or primitive case. Thus can one best get hold of first principles.

Let there be a man possessed of the natural forces (say a fertile field, and a stream, and a wood and the rest of it). Let him be also possessed of the implements of production according to a certain standard (say of a store of clothing for one year, shelter against the weather, a store of food for himself and his horses, his horses, a plough, a harrow, sheep, a saw, a spinning wheel, a loom, etc.), and let him be turned loose with his family to produce what they want. There is no question of Credit here. It ceases to exist. It is eliminated. For the whole process is under one control.

Take the enlarged type of the same thing—the community in which all men are slaves (the Marxian concept) with the officials of the community to drive them. Here again you have the means of production, the stores requisite for waiting till production is accomplished and the result of production all in one control. Credit does not appear in the formula.

Now take the actual human conditions which have always existed. They presuppose a number of units (individual, collegiate, etc.). Each of those individual or corporate bodies, as the whole of human history shows, has control over parcels of the means of production. Credit at once appears.

A owns a plough and a team.

B owns the stores of food and clothing and seed.

C owns the land (I am putting the matter as crudely as possible for the purpose of analysis).

It would seem that credit consists in this. Any one of the three being considered either or both of the others or any two of them will require the consent of that one before they can set to work. It cannot mean anything else. A owning the land may say to B and C, "Go out and produce me a harvest. I will let you use the land on that account, but of the harvest I shall want so much." Or B owning the instruments may say, "I trust A and C to produce a harvest and will let them have my instruments but of the harvest I shall want so much, etc., etc."

It is true that Credit in this sense involves some calculation of future production, but is it not essentially based *upon existing means*? You cannot lend nothingness. You can only lend wheat or houses or machines —or other *things*. The control lies in ownership of these things, does it not?

I think it does; and therefore I think that actual control of the means of production is the bedrock of the affair and not what we call Credit. In other words, I

return to my old thesis that if property were well distributed the function of credit would settle itself: a blessing which I wish you all. H. BELLOC.

[It is perhaps as well that Mr. Belloc has not proceeded with his "inhibitions" 2 and 3, since, as most of our readers can perceive for themselves, Mr. Belloc's general description of the Douglas solution, namely, "the Control of Credit by *Producers*," is the very reverse of the true description, which is "the Control of Credit by *Consumers*." From time to time, in fact, we have considered whether it would not be advisable so to designate the object of this propaganda; more especially as quite a number of proposals are being put forward, here and in America, for Producer-control so called. Producer-control of Credit is exactly what the world has been suffering from since the days when Credit was first socially created. Latterly and increasingly, the actual producer has tended to drop into the position of agent of the manipulators of financial Credit; in other words, the actual manufacturer and real capitalist has been falling more and more completely under the control of the banks. But the fiction of producer-control is still maintained—largely as a screen for the effective bank-control—and, as we have said, the restoration of real producer-control is now the declared object of various propagandist bodies such as the Sound Currency League in this country and the Free Money League of America. Apart, however, from the difficulty of recovering real producer-control from the banks that have now usurped it (the majority of the shares of practically all our big capitalist concerns are now in the hands of the financiers)—the restoration of real producer-control would infallibly in a very short period be annulled by the re-emergence of financial control. Producer-control, in short, is only a stage on the way to financial control; and since this evolution has already been effected, there can be no putting of the clock back, and, even if this were possible, the clock would move forward again to its present position of financial control. Mr. Belloc must revise his description of the Douglas solution, therefore, in a radical fashion. It is precisely *not* Producer-control; but it *is* Consumer-control.

Even this, however, is not the most serious misunderstanding or, let us say, failure to understand, contained in Mr. Belloc's brief note. For it is perfectly clear, from his summary discussion of the nature of Credit, that either he has not read the Douglas literature on the subject (and particularly pp. 156-166 of "Credit Power and Democracy") or he has failed to grasp the distinction, which is fundamental to the whole theory, between Real Credit and Financial Credit. But we really cannot get along any further until this has been done. So long as Real Credit (or the correct estimate of our power to deliver real goods and services) is confused with Financial Credit (or the estimate of our power to deliver *Money* on demand), so long will the problem be not only insoluble but incapable of correct formulation. To state a problem correctly is half the battle of its solution; and since, in the present case, the problem consists of the interplay of two distinct factors, namely, Real Credit and Financial Credit, it is indispensable both to the formulation and the solution that they should be clearly differentiated.

Turning to Mr. Belloc's examples, we agree that in his first illustration the question of Credit does not arise. Beyond its "belief" that Nature will remain the same, a Swiss Family Robinson Crusoe, such as Mr. Belloc conceives, is under no need to "credit" anybody with anything. Society has not begun; and, in consequence, there is no need for association or any of the means of association. Money would be superfluous.

In Mr. Belloc's second case, on the other hand, there is most undoubtedly a question of Credit, since it is no longer a matter of crediting Nature with uniformity but of crediting other people with power to grant or withhold necessities and privileges. Assuming Mr. Belloc's hypothetical Servile State, in which the officials control all the means of production and distribution, what is the *motive*, what is the *belief*, that leads the slaves to produce what they personally do not consume? Why, for example, would a slave make roads when what he really wants is bread? Clearly, the basis of the Real Credit of such a community—the constant human motive-power which is implied in the expectation of such and such an amount of production—is Fear maintained by Force. In other words, the inducement to co-operate by division of labour in the production of real goods and services is given by the threat of punishment in one form or another. If a slave will not work (at producing what he personally does not want) neither shall he eat, i.e., obtain what he does want. The Real Credit of a Servile State does not differ in nature from the Real Credit of a Free State. Both alike depend upon co-operation and the division of labour. In the case of the Servile State, however, the inducement to this co-operation is fear sanctioned by force; while, in the case of the Free State, the inducement to co-operate is created, not by fear, but by the hope and expectation of sharing more or less equitably in the common product. Mr. Belloc's third example, taken, as he says, from the actual human conditions which have always (?) existed, introduces no new feature as regards Real Credit, since Real Credit is inherent in the associated labour of the Servile State of his second example. It does, however, introduce the factor of Financial Credit. In the case of the Servile State, money in the strict sense of the term is superfluous. The State officials organise production as they like, and dispose of the product at their own discretion; they can dole out to the workers, by ticket or otherwise, exactly as much or as little of the common product as they please. But, in the case of the Free State, in which A, B and C each control an instrument of production—plough, food, land or what not—their association in common production is not directly enforced by fear, but is induced by hope; by the expectation or belief that, by association, each will derive more from the common product than he can expect to obtain single-handed. But the practical question is how their respective claims upon the common product are to be assessed. What constitutes their title? How is it to be made effective? How is its amount arrived at in advance of the actual product? These questions open up too many matters to be discussed in the present footnote to Mr. Belloc's query; and, moreover, they have been often enough examined both in Mr. Douglas's works and in these pages. But confining ourselves as strictly as possible to the question in hand, we may say that the *medium* in which all these estimates, calculations, assessments and claims are expressed is not (as is obvious) real goods and real services, but Money. A, B and C, who control respectively a plough, food and land, do not, in actual circumstances, bargain with each other in terms of their prospective common product; they bargain in terms of Money. And it is precisely this new factor of Money, entering into the problem of real goods and real exchange of services, that constitutes the nigger in our present wood-pile. Let us look at the illustration again. A, B and C each control one of the indispensable instruments of producing, say, wheat—separately not one of them can produce anything. The plough by itself is useless; the seed without land is useless; and the land without seed is useless. How are they brought together? Not, as Mr. Belloc suggests, by A saying to B and C something or other; but by *either* A, B or C obtaining from some source *Money* (or legal tender, i.e., a legal claim to goods and services) with which he can practically *command* the co-operation of his fellows. Usually, of course, the source from which A or B or C derives his legal power to control the instruments of the other two is a bank or financier, that is to say, someone whose special business is to deal in legal tender. But it is all the same (until he is found

out) whether his source of Money is a "bank" or simple forgery. Legal tender is legal tender, and, provided that it is above suspicion, neither A, B nor C would hesitate to accept legal tender in exchange for the use of the instrument under his control. That, at any rate, is the case in the actual circumstances of modern society.

Now Mr. Belloc is under the impression that the Money thus issued is something more than a medium by means of which the control of other people's property is secured to the creator of Money. He says that "you cannot lend nothingness." Strange as it may appear, however, that is precisely what money-lenders (big and little) actually and habitually do. Not theirs to know whether, in fact, there is something real to buy with the money they lend. Their money may actually go to market and find nothing there. Does a forger pause to ask whether his "money" stands against actual values? He is content to know that *if* there is anything to buy, his "legal tender" can obtain it. And so it is with the banks. Every unit of purchasing-power issued by the banks is an additional claim upon whatever real goods and real services exist in the community. Much or little, money will buy them all; and thus it follows that whoever has control over the *money* medium is actually in a position to control both the instruments of production (whoever's "property" they may be) and the disposition of the product arising from their co-operation. "The actual control of the means of production," as Mr. Belloc says, is truly the bedrock of credit; but that actual control is *not* in the hands of the *owners* of these means, but it is in the hands of those who, by virtue of their monopoly of the power of creating money, can control the owners themselves. The only alternatives for the latter are either to leave their instruments idle for want of the means of associating them with other equally indispensable instruments, or to resort to primitive barter. And both these alternatives involve the community in considerable loss. The conclusion to be drawn is that however well property in the actual means of production were distributed, its real control would remain with the monopolists of the medium (money) by which, and only by which, these means can be effectively brought together. Our business is to control financial credit.]

Our Generation.

IT seems to be a foregone conclusion that education will not come forth undamaged from the whirlwind of economy which the Geddes Committee are proposing to control. £18,000,000 apparently can be "saved" on it, and as what will be lost is not a matter of book-keeping we suppose the Committee "do not believe" in it. Their qualification to deal with the educational system is not that they know anything about education, but that they can tell when one thing is cheaper (by a few million pounds) than another. Whether they are qualified to decide that the services which they propose to cheapen will be still efficient when they are curtailed probably nobody knows. In their public life, apparently, nations cannot think of two things at one time; if they think of economy they cannot think of efficiency; and if their mind is meditating on how little education might cost it cannot meditate at the same time on education. But we might as well withdraw the conditional clause and say economically that the public mind cannot meditate on education. If it did, how could such reflections or anticipations as these appear in the Press? "The Committee contends, I understand, that considerable savings may be effected by cutting out unnecessary features of a more modern character, such as, for example, the education of children of very tender years, and a reduction in the curricula by the deletion of certain subjects of which children can normally acquire only a very slight knowledge. It would be surprising if the continuation classes had not come under review by the Geddes Committee, which is understood also to lay emphasis on the fact that the size of classes has of late years been considerably diminished." Now the only sense that one can draw out of that passage is that the Committee have only now become aware of the very minute advances in education which have been made in the last five years; they have discovered, strictly as economists and perhaps with a little of the specialist's indignation, certain "features of a more modern character," which, strangely enough, imperfect and half-and-half as they are, are all improvements and all make for the humanisation of education. It is in progress that they are economising; it is the one or two little things which might in the long run get us as a people out of our cul de sac that they are proposing to "cut out" as unnecessary. It would be a strange economy to make the children of the nation go with less and worse food than is good for them; but we cannot see any obvious difference between that and making them do with less and worse education than is good for them. As it is, they have to endure that, as well as quite a number of other things, but to make matters worse—! The insinuation that the size of classes should be increased is so unconsciously reactionary that only stupidity can be behind it. Large classes are educationally the same as over-crowding is civilly; and any politician who is against the one—or rather who dare not be for it—should be clever enough to know that he should be against the other as well. Both consist essentially in a lowering of standards; and a lowering of standards is precisely what we, with intelligence and inventiveness developed so highly as they are, should on no account permit. The standard of education being prospectively lowered, however, the Committee see clearly enough that the standard of educationists might be lowered as well. Accordingly, "in the case of the teachers it is said that the quality of mentality required is somewhat on a par with that of the Civil Servant of certain grades, and the clerk associated with railway management. [How, by the way, did the Committee arrive at this inscrutable valuation?] It is difficult in justice to reduce the pay of the Civil Servant and railway clerk whilst the teacher's salary is established at its present rate." In other words, prove that the teacher is only the equal of the Civil Servant "of a certain grade" and the railway clerk, and then you can reduce all their salaries together. And all this for £18,000,000.

A shocking paragraph from a daily newspaper has been sent to me by a correspondent. It is from an American correspondent but it concerns the world: "To calm criminals on the eve of their execution two negroes of New Jersey on Thursday were sent to the electrocution cell while the phonograph played 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and other religious favourites. Encouraged by the experiment, the New York authorities have sanctioned a comic cinema for two convicts on the eve of their death on February 2." Capital punishment dehumanises everything which touches it, and gives a ghastly look even to the attempts which are made to alleviate it; for surely mercy is in this instance still more loathsome than the unimaginably loathsome brute fact. We quote further, for it is a duty to bring home to people the sanctioned horror of the most bestial primitive custom which has survived in civilised society. "It is found that the men on the eve of death often lose control, and their shrieks turn the death-house into a screaming mob of fear-crazed inmates. The idea is that comic films will relieve the psychological strain and the criminals will walk to the death cell without disturbing the other inmates of the prison." One can only pray that God may give the authors of these entertainments a sense of irony or else the power to feel it. Charlie Chaplin—and then eternity! The whole thing sounds too bad to be true. The other week we objected to the amount of attention the Press was

giving to murders, because murders are, from the social point of view, accidents: they are not committed by the people in council, or even by their representatives. No good is done by public discussion of them, or even public knowledge of them. But the horrors which are enacted in prisons, and as much, except for one or two absurd and horrible particulars, in the prisons of this country as in those of America, *are* committed indirectly by the community, and the community is responsible for them. Good, therefore, can be done by public discussion of them; but we do not imagine that the Press is likely to start it or even to tolerate it. "Or even to tolerate it"—can it be then that the Press, or any class in the country, should be *afraid* that these things should be done away with? It is a question too abysmal to be answered: we dare only state it and leave it alone.

The typically English prejudice that if one speaks morally one's opinion on any subject is valid had one more illustration the other day in the paper on "The Church and Modern Drama" which the Rev. Clarence May read to the Playgoers' Club. "A good play," he is reported to have said, "was a good vision of life which took one out of oneself, and enlarged one's view of humanity and one's sympathy with it. . . . . He contended that the author must be free to give us his message, and that the Church must be free to criticise it." All of which means that one wants a feeling of virtue and justification in seeing a play, and that one has got everything which art can give one when one has attained that. It seems that both religion and art are now being publicly misunderstood; and that we have no longer the religious or the artistic ecstasy, but only moral sentiments. To speak of art in this way, however, without the nose and the ears for it, is disingenuous and therefore scarcely moral.

EDWARD MOORE.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY," now being performed at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, has certainly lost its topical interest. The one touch of reality in it that "Trotter" mentioned, that preposterously long description in the second act of the manner in which the police suppress a riot, is certainly not less true to fact than it was, but does not evoke the sympathetic response it was obviously intended to evoke. Indeed, the real Trotter, by devoting most of his notice of this revival to Darling Dora, indicates very clearly that the centre of interest has shifted from that "searcher after reality," Margaret Knox, to the more agreeable, familiar, and civilised member of the oldest profession in the world. Margaret Knox, glorifying in the fact that her mother's prayers for her enlightenment had been answered, might well have quoted Isaiah with point: "And thou saidst, I shall be a lady for ever; so that thou didst not lay these things to thy heart, neither didst remember the latter end of it." Certainly Margaret Knox was not a lady, but a female Ferrovius who knocked out the teeth of policemen "in one of her religious fits." She gloried in the fact that, under provocation, she had behaved like a virago of the slums; and actually purchased one of the policeman's teeth for ten shillings as a trophy of her prowess. Under equal provocation, Sergeant Todger Fairmiles "downed" his man, knelt on him, and prayed for him; under greater provocation, Ferrovius discovered that he really worshipped Mars, and whole-heartedly gave him allegiance; and both instances are of more value for civilisation than this case of female emancipation. She was rightly married to the brother of a Duke at the end; she was obviously a Primrose Dame in embryo, who would read the "Morning Post" and howl for blood daily, particularly that of people who followed her example.

Darling Dora, on the other hand, only played a joke on the policeman, called him "a silly little officer" and tipped his helmet over his eyes. She had no grievance against the police, and no ecstatic revelation of reality, no silly paradoxes like: "Reality is pretty brutal, pretty filthy, when you come to grips with it. Yet it's glorious all the same. It's so real and satisfactory." She was a realist, not a romanticist about reality; she understood that not even a woman can have an argument both ways, that, for example, one cannot expect to be honoured for behaving contrary to the accepted code of honour. "Take what thou wilt, but pay the price": is the law of reality; and she paid the price of her freedom willingly, and incidentally showed a much more acute perception of social values than Margaret Knox did. She had no more manners than Juggins had; she treated everybody alike on the assumption that they were human beings, and although her expression was not impeccable, her intention of establishing the equality of brotherhood was obvious. She knew more about "brutal, filthy reality" than Margaret Knox did, and was wise enough not to have any more of it than she could help. She was even willing to learn table manners, and to speak more correctly; in fact, she was on the ascending arc, while Margaret Knox was on the descending arc, bragged of her "descent into hell," and pretended to have a mission to redeem people from it, while at the same time she found it glorious.

Margaret Knox was not a Suffragette, but the confession in the epilogue of Fanny shows that Margaret is intended to be the protagonist of the militant feminists. Fanny "did a month with Lady Constance Lytton; and I'm prouder of it than I ever was of anything or ever shall be again." Lady Constance Lytton was one of those ladies who thought that prisoners had to be forcibly fed, and deliberately clenched her teeth to make the doctor's task more difficult—and then complained of his "brutality." Margaret Knox's "revelation" is that "nobody's really a lady unless they're treated like ladies," which shows a similar perversion of the facts. Nobody's a lady unless she behaves like a lady; and Shaw has done a real service in drawing this character with such fidelity. Topical plays always have historical interest for later generations; and the absurd reasoning of the feminists is summarised for ever in the characters of Margaret Knox and Fanny. Both have been obliterated by the war; women have got the vote, but I have not yet noticed any purification of political or social life in the activities of the Coalition they helped to return; but Darling Dora has, I think, multiplied herself during the same period.

But apart from these considerations, the play retains its comedic value; if any change is to be recorded, its comedic value is enhanced by the fact that the characters of the play are now detached from their relation to topical events. It is Shaw's great merit as a comedian that he makes the passage from life to art, begins with the intention of doing something with a play, bringing us to conviction of sin, as he once phrased it, but gives an æsthetic reality to the product, an existence independent of his intention. It is the old story; "the stone that the builder rejected has become the corner-stone of the temple": and the very genius for writing comedies that Shaw despised is the measure of his value to his generation. His influence on social life is practically spent; it is in the theatre that he has so unsparingly condemned that he survives, and is likely to survive as a classic. "Fanny" is much funnier than it was eleven years ago; the "guying" of the critics, even, has not lost its freshness, while the play itself is full of those rapier thrusts of wit that reveal character in ridiculous situations.

The performance was very uneven, and some of the players were still uncertain of their lines on the third night. That clever little actress, Miss Hazel Jones, was certainly too shrill as Darling Dora, squealed dis-

tressingly in certain places, and lost satirical point because of it; but her natural ingenuous charm brought out with astonishing clearness the really good nature of the girl. She was certainly Darling, if not quite Dora; she has not quite learned how to render that patient pity of the ignorance of respectable people that the part demands, and was obviously being vulgar with effort, but she will settle to it. I could not imagine Miss Dorothy Massingham knocking out a policeman's teeth; she did not handle Bobby so roughly or so efficiently as Miss Lillah McCarthy did, and the hint of the virago was absent from her tones; but she made Margaret Knox a quite credible young woman. I am aware that Shaw says that Duvallet spoke English better than Mr. Knox, but an occasional lapse into accent under the stress of excitement would be quite justifiable, and give the needed finishing touch to Mr. Leslie Banks' impersonation. The Juggins of Mr. Geoffrey Bevan was a good piece of work; and Mr. H. R. Hignett's performance of Mr. Gilbey, although lacking weight, needed no apology. Mr. George S. Wray made Gunn a very convincing critic, with the Vaughan of Mr. Walter Herbage and the Bannal of Mr. George G. Carr playing up well. The setting was very simple, but sufficient; but suggested a greater artistry in the home than these people were capable of.

Readers and Writers.

SOLDIERS are strange literary beings. There is a curious Bohemianism about life in a regular army which seems in some men to bring out deeper traits in their minds than any other sort of career. Take, for example, the case of General Denikin, whose memoirs I have just been reading. When I was attached to his forces in South Russia as a correspondent I neither thought highly of his imagination nor found anybody else who did. But yet it is clear from these two recent books of his that he is a man of sentiment, penetration and imagination, and withal a practised writer. It seems that for years he has contributed regularly to Russian service periodicals—not mere strategical articles, as uninteresting to the layman as a chess problem—but sketches of army life and experiences. Himself a man of the people—he is the son of an emancipated serf, who was consigned to the army in his youth as a pig is sent to market—he used to write descriptions of popular scenes—Dutch pen-pictures, so to speak. I confess that I have not read any of General Denikin's earlier writings; but there is a chapter in his memoirs which displays his powers as a graphic author.

* * *

He wants to show the terrible moral burden of the Russian officer after the Revolution. Politicians were giving rope to their tongues and effecting nothing; the Soviets, astonished at their own powers, were trying to see how far they could go along the path to anarchy without (they hoped) actually arriving there; the appetites and passions of the soldiers were played upon by all kinds of irresponsible influences; the enemy was watchful and implacable; and all the time the responsibility for the discipline of the army and the defence of the country was left on the shoulders of the officers, who were daily more and more humiliated and weakened by fresh ukases from the demagogues in the towns. In his memoirs Denikin describes this whole process in historical perspective. Chapter by chapter he traces the causes and progress of the disintegration of the Russian Army; but when he has finished he still finds apparently that he has not wholly made his point. Will his readers, he seems to wonder, really understand the mental torment to which the Russian officer was subjected? And so he sits down and writes in the form of a story (all the parts of which are taken from fact) exactly the sort of day the Russian officer had to endure. He depicts a captain leaving his dug-out and coming to his company in the trench; the men are sitting about and playing cards, the sentries dozing and all discipline and order gone. They do not move when he comes; they merely look at him hostilely and go on with their game. A group of "fraternisers" are in No Man's Land chatting with Germans, whose spick and span appearance contrasts with the ragged and dirty Russians. The officer notices with disgust that the Russians, mutinous as they have been taught to be in relation to their own commanders, bear themselves with the remnants of soldierly demeanour before the German officers who are interrogating them; they stand at attention and reply smartly. Then a soldier is seen crossing towards the German lines to fetch a bundle of newly printed pacifist newspapers which the gentle, loving kindness of Hindenburg and Ludendorf has provided for the Russian soldier in his own language. The colonel of the regiment, an old soldier, is so exasperated by the sight of his men being fooled by the Germans that he picks up a rifle and shoots dead a German officer whom he sees observing the Russian dispositions from rising ground near by. This shot astonishes all around; the troops rapidly return to their trenches; the Russian soldiers begin to talk of "court martialling" the Colonel—and our hero goes back to his quarters.

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At the mess that day food is scarce. The soldiers' committees have decided that the officers' rations must be cut down and they do not allow the mess bakers to have flour for bread. There is nothing to be done; all authority has gone, and the mob's whim rules all. Moreover, officers cannot any longer wholly trust each other; any one of them may be a Judas who will carry to the soldiers' committees any indiscreet remark of his colleagues and these will be duly censured and their "undesirability" voted; and then, if they do not leave of their own accord, they stand a chance of being killed in the dark by their own men.

* * *

In the afternoon there is a "meeting"—this English word has been transplanted into the Russian language. Unknown men in soldiers' uniform harangue the crowd of ragged, idle troops; and no one any longer dares to oppose the demagogues except our officer who has been raised from the ranks for valour. But even his efforts are vain; the Russian soldiers are too bewildered, too child-like any longer to feel an impulse towards heroic effort. A little lynching—yes, a few of them might decide upon this; but anything involving discipline and toil is taboo. At the end of the day the officer returns to his billet. He understands now why so many of his colleagues have committed suicide—men of all ages, from old retired generals to young subalterns. He puts his revolver down finally, and lies on his bed in the dark. Then suddenly there is a noise and he is brutally belaboured. A short patriotic interjection at the afternoon's meeting is being requited!

* * *

I have read many accounts of the Russian officers' martyrdom after the Revolution, and talked to more than a few of them about it; but never, I think, had I realised its significance as poignantly as in this brief, unlaboured sketch of which I write. It is curious, this power of the word, which allows a few lines written from the heart to convey more than a hundred times as many written by the head. Such upheavals as the effects of the Russian Revolution upon the moral both of the civilians and of the army need to be expressed imaginatively to be expressed adequately. I have discovered this from my own experience. In trying to express what I had seen and heard in the South of Russia in Denikin's time I essayed two means of expression; I wrote a long, descriptive book, carefully documented and annotated; and then—for I felt that I had not cleared my mind of the urge that was upon it—I wrote

a short story. Within my limits, I suppose, there was nothing to choose between the two so far as their writing was concerned; but I know that the little story, fantastically incomplete as, of course, it must be as description, nevertheless summed up far more completely all that I had experienced than the exact historical manuscript I laboured on so long and which, with the present attitude of English readers towards Russian affairs, few people will even weary themselves to read.

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I cite my own experience, but it is universal. Still, I do not want to learn my history from stories, short or long, unless I am convinced beforehand that the writer knows his subject adequately. I admire Denikin the more that he has not scrupled to set his two channels of expression side by side; do not accept his story, he seems to say, unless you are satisfied that my historical account is correct. C. E. BECHHOFER.

Art Notes.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY. (Drawings and Water colours by B. Meninsky. Interior, Still-life and Genre painting by Ethel Sands.) I experienced a very pleasing sensation on arriving at the Goupil Gallery at finding that the catalogue for Meninsky's exhibition was not ready, or probably that there will be none at all. To be more sincere, I could get nothing on the subject out of the old and sympathetic doorkeeper. There are drawings, water colours, etc., and all without names or descriptions; in such a case one is less liable to go and look in a picture for the things suggested by the inadequacies of the words and christenings. One is obliged to look at them as they are and if you cannot pass without names you can easily name them in such a manner as will best respond to the emotions provoked by the visual messages before you.

Judging by the exhibited drawings it would appear that Meninsky's tendency is to represent not the object he looks at, but the relation between his emotions provoked by an object and the object itself. Consequently, the general impression of the objects is preserved and to it is added something which the artist felt to be essential in his grasp of the object. I am not implying that Meninsky has any theory of pictorial creation; this is my personal impression. The big masses are ingeniously selected and constructed, and invariably executed with mature craftsmanship. There is, indeed, a certain affinity to the Chinese drawings in Meninsky's pencil and pen and ink work. His work is not yet as accomplished as Chinese drawings but it certainly, through its simplicity and skilful execution, is tending that way.

Meninsky's sense for medium—(a sense rarely found, though essential for all painters)—is sound and intimate. Every medium has for this artist its own qualities and he has found a suitable treatment for each, thus obtaining, in most cases, all the possible advantages which the different mediums can offer him. To obtain the highest effects of his medium I am glad to see Meninsky uses most economical means. Indeed, I venture to say that economy with Meninsky is a great quality. While using pen and ink he obtains everything by a flowing and decisive line with a few blots rubbed in here and there. The solidity, the construction, in fact the virtues of good drawing are here. The pencil drawings are equally simple and also consist of very suggestive lines and a little shading.

Meninsky sometimes unites these two mediums very successfully, obtaining surprising effects. His charcoal drawings are adapted to that medium and are treated more like paintings; in fact every single medium he uses has its own process. There is great pleasure in observing his refined feeling for different mediums and to see with what lavish economy he obtains rich and abundant effects.

His drawing No. 5 is an excellent example of his craft. The outline of the sitting nude is sure and consistent, the big masses of the body simplified almost to the extreme, the volume and solidity of the whole obtained excellently, and all this is done with a few strokes and some blots shaded by pencil. The simplicity and unpretentiousness of Meninsky's drawing is striking. No. 54 illustrates very well his way of working in red chalk; No. 57 well represents his pencil work. The feeling one gets from his drawings is that there is something in them that makes them more attractive the more one sees of them. No. 74 is an excellent example of his charcoal drawings and so is No. 93, which is slightly reminiscent of El Greco. In fact all these drawings, although not imitations, bear witness of Meninsky's intelligent respect for the Old Masters.

The water colours are very fresh and well done, especially when it comes to figure work. In still life his colours appear a little too dry and have a metallic quality which by no means adds to the value of the work. Some—very few—water colours give the effect of a John's painting as far as general impression is concerned. The water colour No. 88 is both very well drawn and coloured. So are Nos. 76, 60, 52, 50, 32, and some others.

The works in gouache are particularly attractive; drawn first in charcoal and then coloured so that the charcoal is mixed with the colour, they produce a peculiar effect and make a strong impression. As in all other materials, Meninsky is here also a master. No. 55 is an outstanding example of his general work. There is distinction and gentleness in the play of light and a profusion of colour which gives a special appeal to this picture. The brilliancy of gouache is preserved with craftsmanship and with success. No. 53 is a very well placed male nude worked in a very lucky scheme of brown, blue and green. No. 28, although by no means an imitation, reminds one of Tintoretto's sketches in the British Museum. No. 29 is also a good gouache. All those who are not ashamed to look at nudes as well as those who can look at nudes without disturbing any puritanical feelings, should not miss this exhibition, nor should they be disturbed if on leaving it they might have to face a poster "The Wicked shall be turned into Hell."

ETHEL SANDS, with her forty-two interiors, still-life and genre-paintings, is rather a poor match for Gertler and Meninsky. Her colouring has something pleasing but it is of an inexpensive kind. "The Churchyard" (No. 12) looks like a lemonade stall. There are lemonades of lovely colours, but do not—for your own sake—taste them. So it is here. Everything is arranged in a very sweet scheme of colours which are meaningless and belong neither to the subjects themselves nor have they anything in common with their pictorial translations. I would not oppose "Liberty" utilising the picture in question for an elegant basin design.

In general, Ethel Sands is much too much picturesque and has very little perception of what art really is. Sometimes she reminds me of Sickert, but only superficially. I do not know whether Miss Sands is one of Sickert's pupils, but as she, at any rate, has some admiration for him, she should at least try to get his idea of what makes a picture. For what she has shown here is chatter and irrelevance, in fact, great chatter and much irrelevance.

I regret I have been unable to loosen my chivalrous feelings for the weaker sex (I hope my readers will believe me that I am not a misogynist) and have poured all my compliments on man—Meninsky and in the last article on Mark Gertler. But, anyhow, I wish Ethel Sands good sales and even a lot of praise from my contemporaries.

R. A. STEPHENS.

Views and Reviews.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"—III.

At the end of his chapter on "Jesus's Physical Personality,"* in which he criticises the portraiture of Jesus, Professor Hall gets on the dangerous ground of definite statement of the physical qualities that are desirable in a re-created Jesus. He is thinking particularly of the adolescent age, of which he has made special study; and he asks: "Has art ever made or tried to make an appeal to this unique propensity [of hero-worship] at this unique age, in which statistics show that Daniel among the lions, or Samson, is a greater favourite than Jesus or any other Bible character? Could we not have Jesus as an athletic champion, illustrating perhaps the ideal of doing the prodigies that athletes so admire? Could Jesus be knight, priest, banker, sailor, landed proprietor, society man, manufacturer, actor, professor, editor, etc.? and, if so, how? and, if not, why not? Almost all of these go to Him,, and not He to them? He might perhaps be better represented as insurer, builder, inventor, labourer, artist, legislator, agriculturist, if, and just so far as, these vocations were idealised."

It is curious that the one occupation that has definitely accepted, and projected in a personality, the Christ ideal is not mentioned in this list; Keir Hardie is still called "the Christ of the Labour Movement," and he is, I think, better described as a "Labour agitator" than as a legislator. But there is in Professor Hall's conception, I think, a complete reversal of the Christ idea; whatever else Christ may be, He is a figure of protest against the existing order, and the fact that the Labour movement has discovered its Christ, and the occupations mentioned by Professor Hall have not, is psychologically significant. The Christ ideal has meaning and significance not for the rulers of this world, but for those who are protesting against their rulership. How, without perversion, can He Who drove the money-changers out of the temple be represented as a banker, how can He Who said: "Let your conversation be Yea, Yea, and Nay, Nay," be represented as an editor of news, how can He Who had nowhere to lay His head be represented as a landed proprietor? Can a man Who denounced the scribes and Pharisees be the ideal of the priest, the man Who said: "Swear not at all," be the ideal of the lawyer, the man Who refused to give His public what it wanted, miracles, and enjoined silence when He did perform them, be the ideal of the actor? Theoretically, it should be possible for any of these occupations to point to some fictional representative as "my Christ"; but the Christ mythos itself has disqualified them in advance. "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," etc. Precisely because Christ is the ideal of Humanity, the Son of Man, a generalised conception, He has no significance for the separate functional activities of men; it would be plainly absurd to suggest that because He is an ideal of Humanity He should be represented particoloured white, red, yellow, and black; it is really no less absurd to suggest that He should be degraded from the position of representative of the wholeness of Humanity to that of a myriad-minded functional delegate. We have only to think of Christ as a machine-minder to see the impossibility of the conception.

The pragmatic sanction cannot be given to any conception of Christ that represents Him, like Mr. Cabell's Koshcheis, as Lord Of Things As They Are. Christ will not work on this level; He is Lord Of Things As They Should Be, He represents not the expressed, but the unexpressed, energy of the race, not the attained but the unattained, He is the Eternal Futurist. From this point of view, the absence of new developments of the Christ ideal is disquietingly indicative of a lack of surplus energy in the race; the race that forsakes Christ denies its own future, condemns itself to death, is conscious of the imminent end of the world—for it. I think it was Lord Rosebery who said that "Socialism is the end of all things"; but a touch of the Christ spirit would have made him work towards, instead of against, that end. Mythology always represents the Gods as Communists; there is no private property in the means of life in any Heaven known to me, and Heaven and Humanity are represented by the one ideal of Christ.

But Professor Hall is thinking of the adolescent; and we know that the adolescent ideal is usually like Ouida's guardsmen. Professor Hall therefore argues that we must conceive Jesus as a large man, as a physically strong man, as possessing manly beauty and personal magnetism. It is such a pity that Sir Eric Geddes is not handsome; we are compelled to look to the Guards, probably to some of those very battalions that he wishes to disband, or, more appropriately still, to the "Death or Glory Boys," for our model. Like all romantic heroes, Professor Hall's has no brains; and where else should we look for him but in the Army? I think it was Mr. Harold Begbie who, during the war, wrote poems about Christ in the trenches, where we could imagine Him, if we liked, drawing His rum ration and going over the top like any other Tommy. But even Mr. Begbie could not imagine Christ at G.H.Q. or the War Office; and once again we see that the Christ ideal does not lend itself to the glorification of the rulers of this world.

But this insistence on physical perfection is more Nietzschean than Christian. The blond beast, going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, is the typical hero of romance, the headless hero. Shaw's Nature, that is always "driving at brains," is evidently not the romantic Muse; and Shaw has rightly opposed romanticism even in Christology, as his preface to "Androcles and the Lion" shows. Certainly, Shaw there writes like a good Fabian, not like a good Christian; he believes that "good government" is better than "self-government," and expresses general agreement with the policy of knocking rebellious genius on the head, and indeed asserts that progress is of the Philistines—as gross a miscalculation as Disraeli's idea that it was the peculiar quality of the Tory Party. Wisdom is certainly justified of *all* her children; but the same mythos emphasises to the point of boredom the fact of the two races of mankind, not derived from the same source. "He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God," is not a very comforting text for those who are everlastingly slaying the Christ ideal by identifying themselves with it.

From the psychological point of view, the Christ ideal is really a norm of judgment of the vital powers and values of a race. By their Christs, ye shall know them; and it is practically universal history that most people prefer a dead Christ. The Fifth Monarchy men want to bring the Kingdom of Heaven too near, and are always therefore a danger to the Church and State—as the typical Christ was. But the Christ ideal remains, even for psychology, the light and hope of the world, the fulfilment in fantasy of its suppressed wishes; and the prediction that the second coming would be with power, nay, that the Kingdom of God itself would come with power, has its own psychological significance. Even if we call the Christ ideal the product of a psycho-neurosis, we are assured by Dr. Eder that "a psycho-neurosis occurs in two kinds of persons, those who are inherently below the level of the civilisation, who may be called degenerates, and those who are ethically in advance of their age. The latter are the harbingers of a new world, of the dawning civilisation which may only (or may never) materialise

* "Jesus, The Christ, In the Light of Psychology." By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D., Ll.D. (Allen and Unwin. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

centuries hence." It is of the latter type that the Christ ideal is significant and representative, and it is time that He was born again.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Master of Man: The Story of a Sin. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

Sir Hall Caine has (perhaps without intending it) written a most convincing refutation of feminist morality. We have heard so often that if a woman is charged with infanticide, the father of the child should be charged with her. Victor Stowell and his lover, Fenella Stanley, hold that opinion; and the story, with its motto: "Be sure your sin will find you out": illustrates the consequences of it. But if the person who commits the crime is not to be regarded as solely responsible for it, where is responsibility to end? It is true that Bessie Collister could not have killed her baby if she had not had one, and that she could not have had a baby unless she had been intimate with a man. But the fact that a man is father of a child does not make him an accomplice in its murder; in this case, he did not even know at the time that there was a child. Bessie Collister was attempting to "hide her shame," as the phrase goes, because she had subsequently fallen in love with someone else, and did not want him to know of her lapse. The infanticide itself was accidental; in the attempt to muffle the child's cries so that her stepfather should not hear them, she suffocated it. Her fear of her stepfather, not her "sin" with the man, then, was the immediate cause of the infanticide; the general cause being her desire to conceal her pre-marital lapse from her second lover. But her stepfather cannot be exonerated from responsibility, if we accept the feminist contention; if he had not bolted the door against her (why did she not climb through the window?), she would not have gone back to meet the man, if it had not been pouring with rain, he would not have invited her to wait in his rooms while he found her a lodging, if she had not thrown herself at him, she would still have remained a virgin even then. Dan Baldromma, then, must also share the responsibility. But the search must go wider still. If Fenella Stanley, when she first discovered that she loved Victor Stowell, had not forsaken him for feminism, if she had even determined to save him a little earlier, or given him any clear indication that she cared for him, the affair, we are assured, would never have happened. Her contributory responsibility, as Janet tells her at the end of the book, cannot be gainsaid. But the only one who accepts responsibility is the man; he accuses himself of everything, and Sir Hall Caine lets him develop into a moral maniac, who is more concerned with the expiation of his own peccadillo than he is with the safety of the State, the dignity of Justice, or anything else. Sir Hall Caine outrages all probability both in his development of the character and his treatment of the legal aspects of the case; a judge's recommendation to mercy in such a case, when no execution for the offence had taken place for fifty years, would not have been over-ruled. We know that the Isle of Man is represented by three legs, but no tail or head; but not even to make a tale can we believe that a Deemster would help the victim to escape from prison on the night before the execution. Even as a satire of a male feminist, the thing is impossible; and not even a male feminist, if he had done such a thing, would confess it to the Governor, and when he refused to arrest him give himself up to the police and force them to try him. They would have had him examined, certified, and sent to an asylum, not to gaol. But that is Sir Hall Caine's defect; he starts with people, and develops them into logical consequences. He writes at interminable length about a lot of puppets among whom he flings a man whose casuistry never rises above that of a Sunday-school scholar. Victor's whole conception of moral responsibility is false, as everybody except the fool he marries tells him; and Sir Hall Caine might well have emphasised the fact more strongly. We admit that he has shown us that to expiate a wrong Victor Stowell commits wrong after wrong, breaks his oath, breaks even the "covert agreement" that makes and keeps society in being; and the story should have ended on that note. But the story ends with his marriage in prison to the feminist fool whose theories had ruined her lover and brought revolution to the Isle of Man.

A History of the Chartist Movement. By Julius West. (Constable. 16s. net.)

The late Julius West was not previously known to us as an historian, but as a poet, and translator of Tchekov. It is the more astonishing, therefore, to discover not only that he was interested in such a subject, but was capable of a great deal of original research, and of writing a mature history of the Chartist movement. He died at twenty-seven; like the other historian of the Chartist movement, Mr. Mark Hovell, he was fated not to see his work produced, but he had not merely read everything that was known on the subject, including the Place manuscripts in the British Museum, but he unearthed the Place Collection in the Museum annexe at Hendon, 180 volumes of papers, newspaper cuttings, manifestos, 29 of which tell the story of the Chartist movement from 1836 to 1847. But he handled all this mass of material with an easy mastery that is amazing; his cursive style, although making for very easy reading, frequently disguises the elaborate research that lies behind his judgments. His boiling-down of the very prolix accounts of Place into readable and comprehensible summaries of fact, checked at every turn by other authorities, is a masterpiece of précis-writing. One stands amazed at the industry of a boy (for he was really no more) that ranged from the Place MSS. and Collection to various German and French authorities on the period, taking in its stride biographies of numerous people, memoirs, histories of co-operation, Trade Unionism, Local Government, Philanthropy, Economics, Labour Representation, State trials, anything and everything that would throw any light on his subject or elucidate disputed points. But his narrative runs along as easily as though he were writing fiction instead of fact; he has the supreme gift of the historian, the portrayal of character by the statement of fact. After reading Julius West's account, one knows Feargus O'Connor, for example, not as the mercenary traitor that political opponents assumed, but as a man "extraordinarily and inexplicably disinterested in the pursuit of his chimeras. He demanded limelight, but scorned lucre. He was undoubtedly careless, and in consequence provoked the wrath of Joshua Hobson and many another, but his carelessness always left himself and not the movement out of pocket. No charge of actual dishonesty was ever proved against him. The Land Scheme had its critics, and the charge of dishonesty was made by them, but demonstration never accompanied it." The extraordinary disinterestedness of most of these Chartist leaders is the outstanding fact; Jones, for example, was disinherited of £2,000 a year because of his opinions. The picture of them, quoted from "Struggles of an Old Chartist," is pathetic: "It was said that Mr. Jones and other Chartist lecturers were making plenty of money out of us, but there was not a worse paid lot of men in the country than they were. . . . . Mr. Harney often lecturing in this district (Halifax) . . . . sent for a Mr. Burns, a tailor, to mend his trousers whilst he remained in bed. Mr. Kydd . . . . had to sit in a shoemaker's shop while his shoes were repaired. . . . . On one of Mr. Jones' visits . . . we had to buy him a new shirt and front before he could appear at the meeting." O'Connor lost thousands over the Land Scheme; tenants refused to pay rent,

and so forth; and, indeed, the whole history of reform or revolutionary movements in this connection was summed up in Bishop Blougram's sneer at Gigadibs.

State the facts,
Read the text right, emancipate the world—
The emancipated world enjoys itself
With scarce a thank-you.

We are not sure, and Mr. J. C. Squire's very interesting introductory memoir does not inform us, whether West regarded his book as finished. As it appears, he only allowed himself one page in which to express his conviction that the movement was not a failure in its essential object, but takes its place in the sequence of the evolution of "class-consciousness, the better organisation of the working class in its struggle for greater economic and political power." Politically it failed; psychologically, it succeeded in creating a state of mind that has not yet developed an articulate consciousness. The working-class movement in this country, like Shaw's Life in "Man and Superman," is striving to get a brain; and so long as the history of its failures does not destroy the initial impulse, so long as it can learn ever so little by each experience to correct its mistakes, the prospect remains hopeful. The period of the Chartist movement was a period of unparalleled fecundity of ideas; there is little current to-day which was not canvassed and attempted then; and it behoves us all to read West's history of the period to understand why ideas failed of successful execution then, and to beware of making this history repeat itself.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford. Briefly described by Falconer Madan, M.A. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)

The Bodleian combines in a unique manner the advantages of public and private libraries: the order and comprehensiveness of the one with the charm and individuality of the other. To be a true "University of books" a library must provide for its readers, not merely the material, but the atmosphere, of scholarship, and in this the Bodleian is scarcely surpassed by any private collection. Its history and locality contribute to this result. In the Old Reading Room, "the fittings, ceiling and desks are hardly altered from what Sir Thomas Bodley ordained and saw." Mr. Madan's monograph on the foundation, development and contents of the library is well designed to give the general public some idea of its value as a cultural asset.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE POET REINCARNATE.

Sir,—I fear that the intention of my last letter was lost in many words. I did not wish to imply that Mr. Hope's criticism of "Will Shakespeare" was, in any degree, unjust to the play: on the contrary, having respect for Mr. Hope's acumen and having seen "Will Shakespeare" (or as much of it as I could endure) I wrote without afterthought or irony when I described his condemnation of that anæmic-melodrama as a foregone conclusion. But when he set down its trivial sentiment, its novelette psychology and its fictive history as "feminist values," "the product of the higher education of women," "the values of a women's college," as having no value "outside of a modern High School for Girls" I certainly concluded that Mr. Hope wrote with an anti-feminist bias. Since I have done him injustice I apologise. Though I myself admit to something like a "phobia" for the women's college and the High School for Girls I still, however, think the words quoted less than fair to those institutions. The incompetence he loathes is common and even applauded outside the sphere of their influence.

M. L. S.

Pastiche.

MOKSHADHARMA (MAHABHARATA).

Whatever act of any sort one does
With eye, with mind, with muscle, or with tongue,
The fruits of such an act are one's reward.
O king, as fruit of action happiness,
Or misery, or interwoven both,
A man obtaineth. Whether good or ill,
Never are acts destroyed until their fruit
Be reaped or borne. Sometimes, O child, the joy
Entailed by righteous acts appeareth not
In him that sinks, until his sorrow goes;
And when that sorrow's gone, the good fruit shows.
And know, O king, that fruits of wicked acts
Appear when righteous acts are finished out.
Forgiveness, self-restraint and energy,
Patience, content and truthfulness of speech,
Modesty, harmlessness, abstention
From cunning—all these have their fruit in peace.
No creature is for ever subjugate
To fruits of action; he that is possessed
Of wisdom, strives to hold and fix the mind.
Nor does one man another's fate endure,
But only of his own deeds the effects:
And he that casts off happiness and woe,
The path particular of knowledge treads.
But those, O king, attachment-bound a way
All different take.
A man should never do
Such deeds as in another he'd not praise;
Indeed one meeteth ridicule that way.
A Kshatriya's fear, a Brahmana that eats
All food omnivorously, a Vaicya's sloth,
A Sudra's idleness, a learned man
Unlearned in manners, one of noble birth
But acts ignoble, and a Brahmana
Of truth bereft, a woman, too, unchaste,
A Yogin still attached, a selfish man,
A fool that prates, a land without a king,
A king, of Yoga destitute, that cherisheth
His people not—all these, indeed, O king,
Deserve all pity.

T.

MARCH AND THE CHILDREN.

Sculptured with wind, the cloud rose pale,
Brightest and loveliest;
His slender foot was in the vale,
The zenith knew his crest.

He drew his arm across the sun,
And the cold wood did grow
Violet, and the heath was dun
With whirling wisps of snow.

He stretched his wing, he stayed his hand,
Unvail'd the fostering star,
And took his way across the land,
O swiftly and afar!

And many a year has gone between,
And anon mute Death;
And if the grass was sere or green
What heart remembereth?

There when the clarion wind is loud
Prosper nor Margaret sees
The shadow of the lily cloud
Fall on the gilded trees:

And She, the least and the most dear,
The loveliest and the last,
That was the crocus of the year:
She too is grown and past.

RUTH PITTER.

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