NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If a strike is a wilful restriction of production, the same must be said of a lock-out; with an added emphasis upon the wilfulness of the latter. Moreover, in the case of the Engineering Lock-out there is abundant evidence that both the time and the excuse for it have been deliberately chosen, and with much more ingenuity than is usually displayed by Trade Union leaders when planning, if they ever do, a mere strike. For months the Engineering industry has been gasping for life in the vain hope of that revival of trade which never comes and that will not come. Of our 300 blast-furnaces, sufficient in themselves to produce the pig-iron of all Europe, scarcely one in four has keen in the strike. For months the Engineering industry has been in a state of comparative indifference whether production continued or ceased altogether. Some new or ancient moment chosen for the lock-out; and upwards of two millions has been paid out by the Union in out-of-work benefit. In this moribund condition of the industry, it is little wonder that the Employers thought it a good idea to bring about what it exists to bring about, namely, delivery of the goods to those who need them. Capitalism does not hinder the development of productivity; science alone would see to that; but, on the contrary, it enormously aids productivity. At this very moment, while half our textile spindles are lying idle, textile machinery is being produced at four times the rate of recent years; and we should be much surprised to learn that there are no new blast-furnaces being erected even while three-quarters of those in existence are already idle.

The starting fact of our present system, indeed, is precisely the relative over-efficiency of our productive mechanism, side by side with the ridiculous under-efficiency of our consumptive arrangements. We can produce for the world; yet we have to consume as pauper savages. The “Labour Monthly” is certainly barking up the wrong tree (as usual) in calling attention to the defect of Capitalism which was once the supreme nostrum that has hitherto done duty for thought. The remedy, on the contrary, is to be found in employing the national real credit to bring about what it exists to bring about, namely, delivery of the goods to those who need them; and the mechanism for this purpose is the simple, harmless mechanism of price-regulation. Price-regulation scientifically applied would instantly remove practically all our present economic difficulties. From the moment that the Douglas ratio came into operation, the wheels of industry would begin to spin rapidly again; and everybody would at once feel the benefit of it. But, unfortunately, what is everybody’s advantage is nobody’s business; and thus the “Labour Monthly.”

Mr. G. D. H. Cole leading, can continue its excellent services in the cause of successive disasters culminating, as they will, in social catastrophe.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin has once more been scanning the horizon for signs of the often announced revival in trade. He thinks that, so far as prices go, we are now at the bottom. That has been said so often that it may not be any truer now than on former occasions. But, even if it be, Mr. Baldwin admits that we are at present only “dragging along the bottom,” and that...
"how long that process will last it is impossible to say."  
"It may be some months yet," he affirms, "before we see anything that can be called a revival." Why not some years? He went on to indulge in the customary wisdom of our experts on the subject of wage-reductions, and dropped the ominous hint that "there are still some important industries where considerable concessions, somehow or another, will have to be made." He drew a strong distinction between distributing businesses, wholesale and retail, and productive industry. The former, he said, were not doing so badly. He declared himself amazed to see how much shopping is going on in the name of thrift on the part of the ordinary man and an impatience to translate his money into concrete terms before it was seized by an instable Chancellor of the Exchequer. If so, the pressure of taxation may have a good effect after all, though it is certainly not one intended by the Treasury. Mr. Baldwin seemed, in this passage of his speech, to betray some dim glimmering of the truth that it is by spending that the nation lives. But it was in his treatment of the producing trades that he revealed the radical distortion of his outlook. He spoke of them, though their duty of distributing goods as a sole, function is to "export their goods and find food and raw material for the country." Incidentally, of course, they have to do this, though not necessarily (particularly as regards food) in anything like the wholesale measure that now obtains. But if our manufacture of such things as textiles, boots, hardware, cutlery, pottery, and furniture is not intended primarily to supply the needs of our own people, we must be mad. Naturally Mr. Baldwin was much perturbed by the tariff walls that have been rising everywhere since the war. If the home markets were planted firmly in the foreground of the picture, there would be no difficulty in delivering our indispensable exports at a price that no tariffs and no conceivable reduction of cost of production would enable foreign competitors to meet. By such a policy too we should soon force our traders to put their houses similarly in order, so that we could conclude all course to terms and arrange sensibly for all necessary or desirable interchange of goods. There is no difficulty whatever in producing in the whole world all that the world needs; and, if so, it needs but a machine of distribution to deliver humanity from its economic torments. Mr. Baldwin lamented that there seems to be "some accused fate over the human race that we must always be quarrelling amongst ourselves ... over trade which ought to be common to all of us, and a link and source of accord." As long as our rulers throw the responsibility upon some mysterious "Ixion's cloud of "providing employment" for our people, and turn on, at full power, our machines of production with the single-minded aim of delivering the goods—**

* * * 

Even in the present slump, it is evident from the reports of company meetings that sundry industrial and commercial concerns are doing very well. Such headlines as "Profits maintained in a difficult year," "Increased profit in a difficult year," "Cheaper production and record gross receipts," are quite common. These results have been achieved by sweeping reductions in wages, and in some trades the workers are still threatened with further reductions. Whatever are they likely to think about it all? Can any reasonable being expect that they will work at all heartily under such conditions? Obviously they would not be human if they did. Only automatons, with neither feelings nor power of reflection, would do so. If ca' canny were far more universal than it is, and twice as intense, it would be the most natural of spontaneous reactions to the facts of the situation. Yet at such a time the Federation of British Industries tells the workers that they must both speed up and increase their hours of labour, and linseed oil, and lodge securely beyond the ravages of the economic cyclones to which any standard is row helplessly exposed. Further, in the real value of his wages the worker would reap the full benefit of his skill and efficiency. One would have thought that the most obvious consideration of their true interest would have impelled both sides at least to examine this solution. 

* * * 

The hollowness of the "trade balance" test of national prosperity is unsubstanably exposed by the latest figures. For the month of February there is a "favourable balance"—an excess, that is, of exports over imports (including movements of bullion and specie)—of £221,000. Prima facie, on the orthodox presuppositions, this is a magnificent economic success, and an evidence of the soundness of the country's credit. But then the curious fact emerges that this achievement of an excess of exports is actually accompanied by a fall, as compared with the previous month, of nearly £5,000,000 in the value of goods exported. That is to say, the "favourable balance" does not mean any positive achievement at all, but only a very marked falling off in imports. We have then brought in mind that the raw materials of most of our industries and the bulk of our food supplies come from abroad, that a nation lives by acquiring (whether by direct production or exchange) the goods it needs, and that our people are at present going scandalously short of goods of all kinds. The "favourable balance," that is, in this case is simply the sign and symbol of our failure to acquire urgently needed commodities. But this is simply a specially gross instance of the ordinary tendency of our whole economic system. Goods for the foreigner and work for our own people are avowedly or unavowedly the actually ruling principles of our business activities. When will our rulers and our industrial and financial magnates frankly renounce this Ixion's cloud of "providing employment" for our people, and turn on, at full power, our machines of production with the single-minded aim of delivering the goods?

* * * 

A Government Bill for promoting emigration within the Empire is shortly to be introduced into Parliament. We regard it with very little favour. It is a case of the "relief to the surplus population of this country" is put first among the benefits expected from it. So far as the policy is based on this motive, we can only characterise it as thoroughly disgraceful from beginning to end. In view of the notorious facts as to our productive powers and as to the wholesale wastage of our natural resources, particularly in regard to agriculture and fisheries, it is monstrous to pretend that our country cannot support a vastly larger population than we have at present. But more—a new nation was freely promised to our "heroes" during the war, and they were continually assured that they were fighting for their country—in every possible sense of that phrase. It reflects the utmost discredit on the Government that it should now seek to slip out of the responsibility of securing to their husbands, their children, and their wives, the rights in their own land, and jump at every shadowy chance of shipping them wholesale across the seas. It is an equally severe reflection on the thoughtlessness of our public opinion that the "necessity" is so readily accepted by such large numbers in all classes. The policy has no other real object than to save our statesmen trouble and to bolster up our financiers in their enjoyment of irresponsible power. We mean the policy of emigration as a cure for our internal ills. When its the...
advocacy is based on the desirability of developing the Dominions and of strengthening the Empire in the ultimate interests of the best life of the world, the case is altered. With that side of the propaganda we have much sympathy. It is only too evident that everyone has been assured of an adequate standard of living at home, it would be most desirable to facilitate emigration to the Dominions for those whom enterprise or love of change or adventure might impel to this. But in the actually existing conditions, the opening of any such safety-valve only means the granting to plutocracy at home of a fresh lease of life.

*. * *. Miss Margaret Bondfield has been lecturing in an Anglican church on the subject of "The Church and Property." She has recently been reading Thomas Aquinas and she appeared to be intoxicated with the discovery that some of his dicta could be exploited in the interests of modern Socialism. In the excitement of having apparently captured so valuable a point d’appui within the front line of the Church’s entrenched ground that they meant living on other people's labour! But if this were economically true, it would be equally contending with one hand concession instantly with the other hand property, cannot be genuinely valuable a point d’appui for the collectivist movement. From the beginning it must have been evident to every sensible observer that a bargain would have sooner or later be struck between the people and the Government; and to defer making a bargain of that sort with a people burning with a sense of wrong is simply to repeat the history of the Sibylline Books.

The second grave mistake, in my opinion, was in making too much fuss over the inauguration of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, at a time when India was concerned with serious grievances which those Reforms could never possibly redress; especially in bringing out a Royal personage and parading him on an occasion which the majority of Indians had decided to ignore, thus wantonly impairing the prestige of the Imperial Crown in India. India as a nation was not occupied with the "Reforms" at all, but with the question of the Turkish Treaty and the Punjab atrocities. This was quite natural and must, one would suppose, have been known to the Government. When the questions in which India was interested were settled to the satisfaction of India: that would have been the time for the appearance of a Royal personage, not the occasion of a change in the composition of the bureaucracy which interested only the bureaucracy and its hangers-on. I should like it to be clearly understood that I, personally, do not question the benevolence of the intention underlying the "Reforms," nor the importance of the principle conceded of eventual Dominion Status for the Indian Empire. But I can testify that the benevolence of that intention did not "carry over the footlights"—I mean that Indians could not see it in the least. People who had just witnessed an extraordinary exhibition of race hatred on the part of certain Government officials most of whom still kept their posts, who had seen the Imperial Government quite coolly break its solemn promises to India without any public protest from the Government of India, could hardly be expected to feel wild enthusiasm over some tardy reforms in the internal administration of the country. Their crying need was for a change in the attitude and status rather than in the personnel of Government, to the end that they might have a Government in the sense that other peoples have a Government—a Government which would protect their human rights at home and their national interests abroad.

Irritation at the refusal of the Non-Co-operators to "fête" the Reforms, involving, as it did in the opinion of the bureaucrats, "disrespect to Royalty," made a number of the rulers lose sight altogether of the fact that Gandhi and his Muslim henchmen, far from being
enemies to law and order, were actually keeping peace in India all the time. The era of “repression” then began. It is all very well to say that it is the duty of officials to enforce the law. We all agree to that, Gandhi as much as anybody. But the “repression” which the Non-Co-operators had to suffer was not under the ordinary law at all, but under special regulations arbitrarily employed against them. The enormity of the crimes for which they are arrested wholesale may be judged from the sporting offer of the Governor of Bengal to stop “repression” if they on their side would “call off” the boycott of the Prince of Wales. To give the subordinate police a free hand against the great mass of the people is a perilous proceeding anywhere. It is particularly so in India; and it is more than probable that the “repression” has been very much more cruel than British high officials know or even suspect. Anyhow, the imprisonment—with hard labour—of a number of leaders whom the people venerate as saints was by itself sufficient to create a new situation vastly more dangerous than any which existed before “repression” began. Gandhi’s chief belief—particularly those through whom he could restrain and organise the Muslim masses—have been put in prison under circumstances which have horrified and stirred the people to the last degree. His hands have thus been seriously weakened at the very moment when they ought to have been strengthened to the utmost. The reader will agree that the benevolence of the “Reformed” Government, the “change of heart” professed by rulers towards the Indian people, cannot be said to have been brought home to the Non-Co-operators. It is not the fault of Gandhi, or of the Muslim leaders now in prison, if something like Sinn Fein is on the point of breaking out all over India. Gandhi has always been a moderate, and a friend to England since he only asked that England should do right. Believing as I do, with Gandhi, that the adoption under provocation of violent methods by a large number of Indians means the beginning of the end so far as England is concerned, and that it is desirable for India to remain within the British “Commonwealth of Nations,” I think the Government of India ought to come to terms with Gandhi instantly.

I have said that Anglo-India abounds in Die-Hards, some of whom would go so far as to provoke a general rising, believing in their power to crush the spirit of the Indian peoples by brute force. That might be so if they were backed by the Government. But they are not, dealing with a nation animated and united by religious horror at the conduct of the present British Government. The horrors of the Punjab (when the Viceroy himself is said to have declared that he would crush in India a thousand Indian lives for every English life): the broken pledges of the British Government regarding Turkey and the Muslim Holy Land; the lying propaganda, and lastly the “repression” of a movement which asked only that the Governments of England and of India should do right instead of wrong. All this has filled the East with horror at the atheism of a race to which God has given the supreme trust of Imperial dominion. It must be plain to everyone who deigns to think that such a movement cannot be crushed out by force. It can be won by England doing right.

I lay great stress upon this point because we English have become so accustomed to under estimate the importance of breaking out all over India. This must be borne in mind in all attempts at reconciliation, or such attempts are sure to fail. For instance, when the Turkish question is settled in the way that Indians wish, it would never do to say that we were settling it in that way to please the Indian subjects of the Empire. We must settle it in that way because it is our duty to keep England’s solemn promise given to Indians at a crisis of the war, and to fall short in any point of England’s solemn promise is unthinkable. It must not be supposed that England, in a sober moment—the Lloyd George-Venizelos scandal must be treated as an aberration—can even imagine any alternative to doing what she is in honour bound to do. So important is this aspect of the question that I personally am convinced that there would have been no movement whatsoever against English rule in India if the Government had behaved as Indians expected Englishmen to behave, i.e., with due regard for truth and justice and humanity. Our wartime propaganda, our campaigns of calumny against the luckless Turk, above all our vengeful join the war had their natural and (at least by me) foreseen effect in India.

Assuming that we do not wish for war in India which could not be a good fortune for us in the circumstances, I urge that the following steps should be taken at once.

(1) The release of all political prisoners, as an earnest of goodwill. Far from endangering the peace, this measure would secure it. It would strengthen Gandhi’s hands immensely in his hitherto successful efforts to arrest the growing tendency to violence.

(2) A conference with full powers to arrange the terms of peace, care being taken to exclude certain Anglo-Indian personalities whose presence would arouse distrust throughout the country. I should suggest the Viceroy and the Governor of Bombay as the Government of India’s plenipotentiaries.

(3) The declaration by England of her firm intention quickly to evacuate Constantinople, and to restore the whole of Asia Minor and Thrace to Turkish sovereignty in accordance with Lloyd George’s famous pledge of January, 1918; also to withdraw her troops from Palestine and set up an effective national government in that country, and to persuade the French to do the same for Syria. Also to complete her evacuation of Mesopotamia and no longer to prevent the restoration of the religious-legal rights of the Khalifa of the Muslims over all the Holy Places of Islam. All this in accordance with her pledges to the Arab peoples and, as regards the Holy Places, with innumerable solemn pledges to the Indian Muslims.

(4) When that assurance has been given reconciliation will be easy but not yet complete. The Indians ask for such a change in the attitude and status of the Government of India as will make it representative of India in the Empire instead of a mere agent of the British Government. They want the power of veto on the use of India for the benefit of England if such benefit would have a thousand Indian lives for every English life; the broken pledges of the British Government regarding Turkey and the Muslim Holy Land; the lying propaganda, and lastly the “repression” of a movement which asked only that the Governments of England and of India should do right instead of wrong. All this has
be no upset, no dislocation of the services; the existing Government would simply become the first Dominion Government; the "Reforms" would then acquire reality for Indians, the whole nation would "co-operate"; and the English would become more popular than ever before.

If that can be done at once, I feel quite sure that England will regain her old prestige throughout the East. If on the other hand a policy of "stern repression" is pursued, affairs are sure to go from bad to worse. The "independence" party will increase in strength, and England will at last capitulate on much less favourable terms to enemies of England, which Mahatma Gandhi and his hosts of Congressmen are not.

Our Generation.

The bankruptcy of present-day political thought, which was shown up some time ago in a speech by Mr. George Harvey in which one or two ideas intruded, has been shown up again, perhaps not deliberately, in an article by Captain Wedgwood Benn which appeared the other day in the "Daily News." The aim of the writer was to show that Mr. Austen Chamberlain had repeatedly been first wrong and then right, publicly and with some emphasis, in the last ten years; and he concluded, with some justice, that the Liberal Party had little use for Harvey in which one or two ideas intruded, has been quote from political speeches over a period of ten years, and what speeches! It is not merely that there is not and what speeches! The bankruptcy of present-day political thought, which has been doing for a longer time than that). A careful

Edward Moore.
We as Consumers.

Some weeks ago I attempted to analyse our resistances against the constructive control of credit and prices, in terms of our unconscious Mammon-worship—the immense respect that we pay to the financier who is really our invisible King, our unconscious symbol for worldly inheritance and power.

I was writing, then, about the control of credit and prices in the abstract. It is a somewhat abstract proposition that "we" should control credit and prices, in our general interest, instead of allowing financiers to control them in their interest. The proposition is clearly attractive, but it needed further definition, along the lines of the question: "Who are we?"

This question The New Age has been patiently working out. We, who ought to have control of credit and prices, the main levers of the prosperity-machine, are citizens of two kinds, both at once. We are producers—the great majority of us who are not liars on dividends, unemployed, paupers nor lunatics; and we are consumers—all of us.

The problem arises, why the producers, those who are civically efficient in one way and another, should not have the monopoly of control. The answer appears to be that "we," as producers, are capable of worshipping only the god whom the banker represents. As consumers, we are on a common and universal human basis.

But why—to pursue my diagnosis—have we a resistance against regarding ourselves as consumers? We all know, as a matter of breakfast, dinner and tea, or as a matter of breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner, that we are consumers; why cannot we all behave and function as consumers, and take steps to ensure that we shall obtain what we need to consume, without going bankrupt in the process? Why do we, as consumers, contentedly or discontentedly starve with abundance at our elbow?

There is something more, here, than our Mammon-worship. For some reason, we don't like to see ourselves as "consumers." Everybody is a consumer, and we don't want to identify ourselves with everybody. We want to be special people—special, unique personalities, as we are and ought to be, every one of us. When we work out this individualistic ideal in practice, we find ourselves not expressing our splendid individualities, but worshipping, in our penury, the splendid bankers who have, in some curious way, collected nearly all our produce.

As consumers, we have to humble ourselves, and so dignify ourselves. It is not, psychologically, an easy task. We have to recognise that we all hang together—paupers and lunatics and all.

The plan that provides for everybody, without discrimination, is the sound plan—because if anyone is left out there is left a spot in the body politic ripe for cancer. The plan that provides for the producer alone tends to produce a most pernicious cancer—the cancer which grows freely in organisms that cannot unify themselves. The idea of "the producer" splits us up into a splendid disorganisation, in which we look up, religiously, towards the super-producer, the ultra-producer, and then, finally, towards the great banker-deity who produces nothing, and becomes the god of producers.

As humble consumers, we might consider why we let ourselves be ground under our own heel. We have the attractive dream that we are Producers: well and good, so we are. But if our power of production is usurped by people who can't manage it, except in their own interest, let us take another and a more practical line.

KENNETH RICHMOND.
CLIVE BELLE AND MODERN ART.

Art Notes.

After having had the pleasure a little while ago of seeing the feats of the famous wirewalker, Robadilli, Mr. Clive Bell's latest efforts seem rather poor and uncertain; he is unable to keep his balance. It seems to me that he dances sometimes in the rain and sometimes the tango under the delusion that one of them at least must be the latest fashion. He dances to the same music as any ordinary young-lady-art-critic—"a peculiar sensibility." This peculiar sensibility is an old trick, uncontrolable trick. It is moment and meaningless that one can fill it with anything he likes.

I think the real basis for art criticism I do not see where the intrinsic value of a work of art comes in, and art criticism with a basis which is no basis at all is absurd and useless although it may be amusing. This collection of essays, which appeared in different reviews, itself shows clearly enough the impossibility of writing art criticism on these principles and the whole book appears as a glorification of Clive Bell's own taste in dress, cigars, music, and painting. Art critics are fallible and tottering epistemologists in their speciality.

What else are they then if they do not show the way anywhere or only by accident? The essay "Standards" is just chatter which is already too stale to be interesting.

It makes the reader feel that he is having tea with a gossiping lady whose principal and eternal theme of conversation is "those dreadful people next door." The suggestion that there is art in everything in life would give one a great deal to think about if one did not go on to read his arguments, after which the suggestion appears an accidentally thrown-out sentence left there because it sounds nice and is good literature.

And he wonders that there are no standards in taste.

What does Mr. Bell think a standard is? Is it only what appeals to his own "peculiar sensibility"? Why are we to believe that his sensibility is the standard one? Is he the most perfect human instrument for criticism? Are we to believe that his sensibility is the standard the proposition that there could be a standard of art in life would be merely "Manners maketh man." It may be that there is a special thrill for James Hay Raine, aged 25, a vendor of polish, in kissing a Newburn girl against her will, kissed in a train a Newburn girl with whom he was travelling alone. The assault took place while the train was in a tunnel. If I accept the proposition that there could be a standard of art in life it would be merely the fanners of the world. How do we know that there is art in everything in life?

And his sensibility may be, in this particular case, as great as anybody else's can possibly be. Should he be allowed to become on that account a more of an artist than a critic. Should he be allowed to become on that account a more of an artist than a critic?

Mr. Clive Bell's "Standards" serve no purpose, are a vendor of polish, in kissing a Newburn girl against her will while passing through a tunnel. If he achieves all this and gets the desired sensation without going to prison has he been an artist in this case? Would that act communicate anything to anybody? And still his sensibility may be, in this particular case, as great as anybody else's can possibly be.

Is he the most perfect human instrument for criticism, and therefore nearer to science than to anything else. I will put forward a case.

In an evening newspaper appeared this: "At Newcastle-on-Tyne to-day James Hay Raine, aged 25, a vendor of polish, was sent to prison for six weeks, for having, against her will, kissed in a train a Newburn girl with whom he was travelling alone. The assault took place while the train was in a tunnel." If I accept the proposition that there could be a standard of art in life it would be merely the manners of the world. How do we know that there is art in everything in life?

And still his sensibility may be, in this particular case, as great as anybody else's can possibly be.

Should he be allowed to become on that account a more of an artist than a critic. Should he be allowed to become on that account a more of an artist than a critic?

Mr. Clive Bell's "Standards" serve no purpose, are chaotic and in fact do not exist, and for that very reason they are neither wrong nor right. He says much without saying anything. That is also a great art and I believe most sincerely that Mr. Clive Bell is more of an artist than a critic.
to establish this difference, but so far it has failed and Mr. Bell’s argumentation is not convincing enough to make me believe that he is going to succeed. If there are any “doctrinaire” they are minor artists, who pick up a doctrine and adjust their work to it. Anyhow, there is no need to insist on this point as Mr. Clive Bell himself is not very sure of his two labels. The whole essay would admirably fit “Badecker” and then tourists in Paris would be able to see everything Mr. Bell thinks worth seeing in a very short time—a la americaine—and even put something on a new painter if they wish to. The guide does not guarantee that the tourists will experience the same pleasure as he did—there may not be among them who possess so much or such peculiar sensibility as Mr. Bell. On the whole it reads very much like this:

ULLESKELF WINS AT LINGFIELD.
A Good Performance Under Top Weight.

New Lady’s Victory.
Reinforced by some who were at Dunstall, the attendance at Lingfield showed a distinct improvement on that of yesterday, except on the part of the general public, and there was more life about the course.

Sixteen of the old familiar figures went out for the Thornhill Hurdle, and Gamli, although he had finished behind Watergate at Gatwick in the race won by Apollant and met him on worse terms, was made favourite in an open market.

A desperate finish saw him again behind, Mr. Tenment’s horse winning by a head.

A WELCOME TURN.
It was a welcome turn for Turner’s little stable at Stoughton, Watergate had not previously won since May, 1920, when he scored at the Isle of Wight meeting.

The safest jumpers fell in their turn, and Poor Jack, whose third race it was on successive days, came down second, for 170 guineas.

The winner was sold to Mr. Taaffe, the owner of the stable.
The Insane.

II.

It speaks volumes for the truths contained in Dr. Lomax's recent book* on the asylums that the Ministry of Health has been moved to form a committee to enquire into the "allegations" he has made. But it is a little sad to notice that whereas Dr. Lomax complains of nothing but our Lunacy system and laws, most definitely outlining their deficiencies, this committee, if the newspapers are to be believed, are to "recommend any improvements which may be necessary and practicable without amendment of the existing Lunacy Laws." In these circumstances what they can hope to achieve passes comprehension.

Once again, in many cases certification means nothing less than the damning of all chances of recovery. Let us consider the commonest of all types of insanity, dementia praecox, which constitutes a majority of asylum inmates. Here the patient begins comparatively early in life to find the work-a-day world unsatisfactory and not at all to his liking. Finding also that his complaints and efforts entirely fail to alter things—for the trouble is, of course, in himself and not in the world—he begins to retire into a world of make-believe where he can order things entirely to his satisfaction. To certify such a case, while it is still possible for the patient to understand in the least what is going on, is to convince him once and for all that the world is against him and full of inimical tyrants. When in the asylum, if he ever attains a lucid interval and realises his surroundings, it is inevitable that he returns his dreams in haste as a defence against, or flight from, his intolerable situation. In this connection it is worthy of note that alienists all agree that dementia praecox is the most unremitting and untreatable of all insanities. This is hardly surprising, and is rather like stating consumption to be "hopeless" while confining cases for treatment in coal mines. The "D.P." case, and others for that matter, may be regarded as a psychic truant who needs to be coaxed back again into the world-schoolroom of which he is so desperately frightened.

I have previously cited a case which terminated un-

* "The Experiences of an Asylum Doctor." By Montagu Lomax, M.R.C.S. (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.)
treatment, it is finally adjudged that the patient will not recover he should be passed to Mental Hospital C, the true asylum or refuge, where for the remainder of his life he would be comfortably housed and attended.

As to the medical staff I would suggest that those who on qualification choose the career of psychologist should be entered at hospital C for not less than a year and preferably two years. Here they should study the end-types of insanity and attend lectures and demonstrations. Qualifying by examination for further service they should then be passed to the out-patient Clinic, now seeing and treating the earliest possible signs of the maladies with whose end results they are familiar. Hospital B should be the next step, where the work of retrieving the psychic traitant before he leaves our world altogether would give the profoundest satisfaction to one type of human scientist. Appointment to Hospital A should be the crowning glory of the psychological career.

In order to make treatment and study efficacious the proportion of doctors to patients would need to be about 1 to 20 at the Clinics; 1 to 15 at hospitals A and B; 1 to 50 at Hospitals C and B free permission to live outside the hospital and carry on private practice should be the rule, and, except that so many hours' work a day should be demanded, it should be left entirely to the individual at what times he carries out his duties. It would be absurd to suggest that this is more than the roughest outline of what might or should be done. No doubt many people will question the advisability of spending so much time and money on the psychological wakening of the mind when the healthy are in such distress, but there will always be a type of man whose function it is to wrestle for his brother's soul, and if such a type exists, which it certainly does, we must not deny him the opportunity to fulfill himself. Of course such a scheme needs money, but to that objection there is an answer.

Views and Reviews.

THE JESUITS.—II.

The perverse temper of the Jesuits is only equalled by the perversity of their history. I have already referred to the assertion that Xavier's body, although buried in quicklime in 1552, remains incorrupt in Goa to this day; but even if we were willing to believe the extravagant discoveries, in which, generally speaking, the Jesuits went about the business in an intelligible manner, resorted to what the author calls on p. 579 "their usual tactics of forgery and interpolation," tramped up charges against them, and intimidated the public more than the most subtle systems and the most extravagant discoveries, in which, generally speaking, the mind wanders wildly without ever finding the truth.

As to the Jesuits, it is impossible for the general reader to make any sense of these accusations of conspiracy; Mrs. Webster was presumably a Catholic, and she alleged that the Illuminati plot against civilisation had at least the connivance of the House of Prussia, and was designed to benefit it; the Jesuits allege the same conspiracy against civilisation, regard themselves as the most effective opponents of the Illuminati, and are sheltered by the very monarchy which, ex hypothesi, ought to have been most urgent for their extermination. When the Catholics wanted the suppression of the Jesuits they went about the business in an intelligible manner, resorted to the assertion of a Catholic, and she alleged that the Jesuits we shall have easy work with the Pope; and in the opinion of Rorbacher, quoted on the same page, were "attacking the Society only to strike with greater certainty at the Church and the State"; these "philosophers," in the persons of the monarchs of Prussia and Russia, supported them and sheltered them. Certainly d'Alembert wrote to Frederick to warn him that he would regret it, reminding him that in the Silesian war the Jesuits had been opposed to him; but Frederick seems to have been saner than any Catholic sovereign, and his letter is worth quoting:

"You need not be alarmed for my safety. I have nothing to fear from the Jesuits; they can teach the youth of the country, and they are better able to do that than anyone else. It is true that they were on the other side during the war, but, as a philosopher, you ought not to reproach me for being kind and humane to everyone of the human species, no matter what religion or society he belongs to. Try to be more of a philosopher and less of a metaphysician. Good acts are more profitable to the public than the most subtle systems and the most extravagant discoveries, in which, generally speaking, the mind wanders wildly without ever finding the truth."

In any case, I am not the only one who has protected the Jesuits. The English and the Empress of Russia have done more than the Pope. The reference to England is interesting, as on pp. 442 et seq. we are told that "the first conspirator who set to work to carry out the plot to destroy the Society, which had long been planned by the powers, was, as

might be expected, the ruthless Pombal," of Portugal. “Father Weld adds his own judgment to that of the Cardinal [Faccia], and tells us that the ‘bias in Pombal’s butchery of Culloden—but that this was thwarted by the Jesuit confessors of the royal family had not been opposed to it. This crime was never forgiven the Portuguese Jesuits.” Yet England, when the “conspiracy” had succeeded, and the Jesuits were suppressed, sheltered them! There is no composition in the argument; if there were such a conspiracy, it has to be sought among Catholics, not among heretics.

It is this “conspiracy mantra” that makes the English general reader, at least, so sceptical of Catholic history. If it is not the Jews, it is the Protestants—if it is not the Protestants, it is the Freemasons; when what is perfectly obvious to the outsider is that the Catholic mentality is a warped one. “Suspicion,” as Emerson estimates of her and her work, Miss Tracy indeed becomes rhapsodical in her attempt to do justice to her subject. It is possible that Mrs. Ellis was a seven months’ child, and “she was more in a temporary sanity. He can neither beg, nor steal, nor marry people who denounce “the vulgar lusts of the flesh and the fierce desire of absorbing possession,” which should construct a matrimonial Utopia in which the only common interest of a couple would be the sex interest. It is a common complaint of some of our “advanced” women that the industrial revolution has robbed women of their interesting domestic work; Mrs. Ellis not only suggests putting the rest of the work out (she even suggests that “the new system of [co-operative] housekeeping might eventually become a State concern”), but she suggests putting the woman out also. “The ostracism of the doll’s house, the bird-cage, and the prison will mean emergence for both men and women. The true emancipation is to deliver woman from economic pressure and find new channels for her manifold maternal powers.” In short, married people should not live at home, and women should mother everybody but their own children. We ought not to be surprised when she tells us, in another essay: “In domestic and political life the maternal woman is the sweet emancipator and the tactful arbitrator.” Wonderful creature, the maternal woman; we suspect that she is rather like Low’s double-headed donkey.

Mrs. Ellis, of course, had views on the militant suffrage movement; she believed in the vote, but not in fighting for it. However, our “moralised” politicians have given the vote in return for the women’s experience of “economic independence” in the munition factories; and the purifying influence of women in politics is seen in a House of Commons of hard-faced men. Here is more work for the maternal women, to convert the “hard-faced men” into “rubber necks” looking ever Upward and On! Of the sweet influences of the Phleasdes! On the question of war, Mrs. Ellis contrasts the maternal women in the nursery with the stupid politicians. “Does a mother to her nursery or schoolroom want to kill or crush her obstinate, cruel, and overmastering child?” The answer is frequently “Yes”; and a Society already exists which issues pamphlets instructing mothers in the good, old-fashioned dismemberment of their babies as a permissible means of expression of this desire. “Is any one of us as clean-hearted or as clean-handed as a dignified and far-seeing mother would be in her large family?” The economic independence of women is incompatible with large families, and large families are not usually controlled by dignified mothers; but we suggest that the person who wrote the pamphlet for the Society mentioned above was at least as “clean-handed” in the use of the slipper as any mother could be after profiting by the instruction. We agree with Miss Tracy’s estimate in one detail; Mrs. Ellis was a seven months’ child, and “she was more in a hurry than the rest of us.” She never stopped to think.

Hunger. By Knut Hamsun. (Duckworth. 8s. 6d. net.)

This translation of Knut Hamsun’s first novel is a terrifying book. The desire for food is the most primitive of all instincts, and we never quite realise the strength of our instincts until some artist exploits them to the full. Hamsun spares us nothing; the physical nausea, the mental exaltation, the falling hair, the final collapse, every detail is used with skill. The whole study tears at our vitals because the man himself is a civilised man, unable even in extremity to revert to primitive methods of satisfaction of the instinct. He bites himself on one occasion until the blood flows, but the sight of it shocks him back into temporary sanity. He can neither beg, nor steal, nor accept alms; he wants to write for a living, but can
do nothing but invent philosophies. Hunger in Nature is less terrible than this; the mercy of death can either be inflicted or sustained, but a civilisation which will neither feed, employ, nor kill a man who cannot return to Nature, who has been bred and trained above Nature, who fails in the first essential of civilised life, which is: "Give us this day our daily bread." Hamsun has broken new ground in this novel; he has shown that art is not limited to the exploitation of the reproductive instinct. Self-preservation and the search for food are even more fundamental than the desire for reproduction, although together they are the trinitarian basis of a full life. It is not a propaganda novel; it is nothing but a veridical study of the effect of prolonged starvation on a civilised man; but it illuminates vividly the unstable basis of a civilisation that has not secured the first and fundamental condition of life, a plentiful supply of food. For many people reversion is still possible, and therefore savagery is still possible; and as the translator, George Egerton, says, "the psycho-physiological effects of Hunger upon a man can be of terrible significance to-day when whole countries are in the throes of starvation."

The Passion of Labour. By Robert Lynd. (Bell. 6s. net.)

Mr. Robert Lynd begins his first essay with the assertion: "Labour in politics has but one passion. It is to make the world a better place for the people who inhabit it. More narrowly, it is to make one's own country a better place for the people who inhabit it." On this text, he hangs a string of homilies that are sometimes relevant, seldom demonstrative, but always interesting as expressions of personal opinion. We should have thought that the text demanded a demonstration of historical continuity; but Mr. Lynd has an essay on "The Importance of Forgetting History," and seems to accept the Syndicalist philosophy in toto. But as we cannot forget what we have never learned, Labour's next step should be a study of history, particularly its own very interesting history. But if we are to forget history, why should Mr. Lynd also write "A Defence of Parliament"? Syndicalism and Constitutionalism are not allies, but alternatives. But, indeed, there is no definite line of thought running through these essays; as befits their origin (with one exception, they all appeared in "The New Statesman"), they are pot-shots at every passing subject of discussion. "The Wrongs of Birds" follows "The World As One Place," and is followed by "The Patriotism of Infants." But he is sporadic, not synthetic, in his method; says many a true thing about the working classes, particularly in "The Men Are Always Right," but too often tries to make sympathy do the work of intelligence. It is something that Mr. Robert Lynd should sympathise with Labour; everybody does, even the "Times," except on those points where their own interests are concerned — its enemies sympathise most of all. But Labour no more wants sympathy than it wants charity; it wants brain-power, light and leading, in the Nietzschean phrase, "A Yea, a Nay, a straight line, a goal!" We should have liked something "more relative than this" volume from Mr. Lynd; but it is at least as readable as "The New Statesman."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

PROPAGANADA

Sir,—Will any of your readers in Norwich and district who are interested in the Douglas-New Age proposals kindly communicate with me, with a view to forming a group.

T. M. COLVIN.

59, Beaconsfield Road, Norwich.

Pastiche.

FAIRY TALE.

Lie down low
Where the gracious grass doth grow,
And the constant flower doth keep,
Angelo,
Vigil over them that sleep.

Not more slow
The singing from the Beggar's bow
Than the wind along the meads,
Angelo,
Rippleth in the river reeds;

And doth go
As the broken waters flow,
Leaps in silver triumph, and fades,
Angelo,
To his silence in the shades.

Thou dost know
The enchanted valley lies below,
Yet thou upon the enchanted Hill,
Angelo,
Slumberest with smiling still;

Eve doth sow
In cluster and in shining row,
Stars of summer on her gloom,
Angelo,
Candles in her dusky room;

Bright they show,
And the waking breeze doth blow,
Bringing from their bosky grounds,
Angelo,
Belling of the mournful Hounds,

None doth mow
In the great meads to and fro,
Though the heavy grass be ripe,
Angelo,
And the Winter ne'er doth pipe;

Nor the snow,
Like a pale and northern foe,
After battle ranging wide,
Angelo,
Buries blossoms that lately died.

Spells do strow
Blossoms for the roving roe,
That he stray not; and for thee,
Angelo,
In silence,

And the breathing Summer.

RUTH PITTER.

RESPONSIBILITY.

Thus I fell, betrayed my trust,
Welcome Sin's ambassadors—
In my blood the rage and lust
Of forgotten ancestors.

And my fellows in the street
Made the shame of sinning light,
Jostled me and tripped my feet
When I strove to walk aright.

Now I sit and brood in Hell,
Asking whose the guilt may be:
Was it I who sinned and fell
Or the human race in me?

ALEXANDER GRAY.