NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The inspired leadership of the Miners has now brought things to such a pass that one of the most popular cases ever made out by a Trade Union is on the way to being defeated. It is certain that upon the issue of wages alone the Miners would have had the support of their colleagues of the Triple Alliance (if for no better reason than that Mr. Thomas and Mr. Williams could not have withheld it), nine-tenths of the public and a considerable and powerful section of the Press. But they have chosen, or, rather, as we have said, their inspired leaders have chosen, to seize their case by its blade and to leave to the Government the handle. We are not, of course, impressed by the argument of Sir R. Horne and his astute advisers that the object of the Miners in demanding a pool is illegitimate, because it would require legislation to enforce it. How many demands of an industrial character have already required and received legislative sanction; and, in any event, what is Parliament for but to apply constitutional measures when they are shown to be necessary? Our case is that the Wages Pool is a proper object, not for legislation nor even for the co-operation of the Owners, but for the Miners’ Federation itself, and that much of the present trouble has arisen from the abject failure of the Miners’ leaders to rise to the level of both their duty and their opportunity. Collective bargaining has as its natural corollary collective payment; and there is not the least reason why the Miners should be on their knees to the Government and the Owners when the power to create a Wages Pool is in their own hands. All they have to do is to insist that in future, all wage-payments shall be made to agents of the Miners’ Federation in bulk, and to proceed thereafter to the distribution of the weekly wage-income; and the creation of such a Pool, apart from its effect in disposing of the present "political" objection, might have other consequences of far greater value and importance. We suggest to the Miners’ Federation, in fact, the immediate adoption of this policy; and we can promise them an immediate return in popularity and power from it. Let them drop their present "demand" for a pool requiring the co-operation of the Government and the Owners, and propose a pool of their own to be administered exclusively by themselves. As a nucleus of the pool, there is the ten millions of credit already offered by the Government; and to this would be added the weekly wage-payments made hereafter by the Owners. The creation and administration of such a pool would set an example for the world and be the beginning of the new age.

With the question of the pool out of the way, there would still remain, it is true, the question of the rate and amount of the wages to be paid; but, here again, the problem is largely, if not altogether, in the hands of the Miners’ Federation. On the arguments as already advanced there does not appear to be, we confess, a pin to choose between the contentions of the Owners and the Miners, since both alike accept without question the false assumption that the only available source, whether of Wages, Salaries or Dividends, is the selling price of the actual Output. But if this assumption continues to be made, what possible improvement, save of the most fractional character, is conceivable? If the only source of Wages and Dividends is the realised price on sales, then, in the absence of an inflated foreign market, with coal at from £6 to £12 a ton, only two courses are conceivably open: such a rise in domestic prices as will compensate the industry as a whole for the loss of foreign profits; or such a decline in Wages, Salaries and Dividends that uncompensated loss arithmetically dictates. And since, as to the first, we have reached the limit of what our domestic public can pay for its coal, any further increase in price being certain to reduce demand; and, as to the second, the present stoppage is due to the fact that the necessary wage reductions have been attempted—there appears to be only one possible alternative, namely, to question the original assumption that the only source of Wages and Dividends is Output, and to discover a fresh source of purchasing power in the real Credit or Development values of the industry as a whole. That the discovery, or, as we prefer to say, the realisation of the existence, of untapped resources of Wages and Dividends in the reserves of real Credit in the Mining industry presents one or two theoretical, but not practical, difficulties, we are, of course, only too well aware. The intelligence of our day is either on a very low level or it is sadly
misapplied. We are convinced, however, that the discovery has been made and that it only required a declaration to enable the Mining industry not only to distribute considerably more purchasing power to the people directly engaged in it, but simultaneously to supply our public with coal at a fraction of its present price, without adversely affecting, but rather the contrary, any of the "interests" of Capital, Labour, or the Community. Either, we say, this appears preposterous and "palpably absurd" proposition is true—in which case it is nothing short of criminal of the community to refuse to examine it—or, for the life of us, we can see no alternate conclusion to the disastrous state of affairs. For if there is no other source of Wages and Dividends than price of Output, then as Output or Prices decline the industry as a whole must be impoverished, and Owners and Miners must share in the common ruin. While if, on the other hand, we most confidently affirm, there is an untapped source, both of Wages and Dividends, which at the same time allows Prices to be enormously reduced—the outlook becomes immediately bright, and we are through the perils of the wood.

As an almost incredible example of the suicidal hostility of the Miners' Federation to any suggestion requiring Mr. Hodges to change his mind, even with the prospect of saving the Miners and the nation at large from the horrors of starvation and industrial war, we may record the recent action of the Miners' Executive in regard to the Douglas-New Age Scheme. At the instance of the Scottish Council of the Labour Party, the Miners' Federation, it seems, was induced, as long ago as the middle of last March, to undertake an examination of the Douglas proposals, and to appoint a sub-committee to report upon the matter. It affords a singular enough reflection on the sincerity of the wirepullers of the Federation that, up to the present moment, none of the authors or sponsors of the Scheme has been so much as officially notified of the existence of the Inquiry; and when we turn to an examination of the personnel of the investigating Committee, the hostile intention of its appointment appears to be obvious. Only one member of the Executive of the Miners' Federation has been appointed on the Committee to investigate the only avenue leading to a radical solution of the tremendous industrial problem; it is Mr. Hodges himself, the only Executive Miner, that is to say, who has actually taken the Society seriously and who, in fact, has committed himself to the unreasoned opinion that it rests on an unspecified "economic fallacy." The rest of the Committee, all carefully co-opted from outside the Federation, are as follows: Mr. Sidney Webb, who, on being shown the Scheme, declared that he did not understand Finance; Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who has persistently misrepresented almost every detail of the Scheme with his accustomed ingenuity and disregard for accuracy of statements, and who has, besides, a vested personal interest in opposition to it; Mr. R. H. Tawney, who is of declared opinion that finance is only a matter for cranks; and Messrs. Lloyd and Dalton, docile followers of Mr. Webb, the "New Statesman," and the London School of Economics. It is perfectly needless to say that, in general, no member of the Committee has been a mover in the resolution to appoint the present Committee; and it is certainly a strange coincidence that Mr. Greenwood, the secretary of the late Financial Scandal, should have been a mover in the resolution to appoint the present Committee; and it is a no less strange coincidence that all its members should be open or secret enemies of the Scheme upon which they are "impartially" to report. We will leave our readers to suggest a better explanation than the usual troo here.

The wirepullers of the Miners' Federation may, however, continue to boycott fair discussion of the Scheme, and the financial advice of the "New Statesman" may continue to boycott any discussion of it whatever (it is still a fact that the "New Statesman" has not yet even reviewed "Economic Democracy," a book published over eighteen months ago), discussion of the Scheme cannot be prevented for ever; and, thanks to our colleague, Mr. Arthur Kitson, it is now proceeding in an "acute" form in the courageous pages of the "capitalist" "Times' Trade Supplement." Leaving to Mr. Kitson, for the present, the laborious task of replying in detail to the criticisms directed against the Scheme, we take the liberty of proffering a piece of unspeakable but expedient advice to the editorial and other directors of this particular discussion; and it is this, that Jews in general should be excluded from it. It is not so much the fact that Jews in general have a genius for every subject; but we say again that, in general, no Jew is capable of understanding the true, the Christian and the European conception of the very nature of real credit. We impute it as no fault in them; it is a genius for every subject; but we say again that, in general, no Jew is capable of understanding the nature of real Credit, and for the most profound of historically demonstrated reasons that the Jewish mentality is and has always proved itself to be incapable of accepting the Trinity. This, we think, is as true of the Miners as of any other body, and, in the present case, it is most obvious. For the Jewish race is predominantly anti-Trinitarian, and even reviewed "Economic Democracy," a book that credit is a communal asset," our contention, in short, that "credit is a communal asset," the equal work of the Three Persons, the Producer, the Consumer and the Community. It is the racial and historical attitude of the Jew towards the Trinity, the isolation and elevation of one aspect above the rest and to the exclusion of the rest, the sacrifice of real Credit to financial Credit, Christ for thirty pieces of silver. And since, in general, this attitude is native and ineradicable in the Jew, we suggest that the present discussion be carried on mainly without him. We may add that, in the case of Mr. Frank Morris, the well-known Jewish financier, there are other motives also at work, of a less racial but, perhaps, more human character. He was not so long ago that Mr. Frank Morris examined the Douglas Scheme in depth and could point out no flaw in it. His race, in the interval, may have come to his aid. To those who doubt, much to the advantage of the financial oligarchy, the reality and power of the control is certainly a strange coincidence that Mr. Greenwood, the secretary of the late Financial Scandal, should have been a member in the resolution to appoint the present Committee; and it is a no less strange coincidence that all its members should be open or secret enemies of the Scheme upon which they are "impartially" to report. We will leave our readers to suggest a better explanation than the usual troo here.
exercised by the Money Market, we commend the consideration of the effects of a mere change in the Bank rate. It was about one year ago that the price of Money was raised to 7 per cent., and the reason offered for this seemingly arbitrary decision—a decision only made possible, of course, by the monopoly of Money—was the putting an end to the "speculation" then declared to be rampant. Among the effects, it was said, of "cheap money" was, not only "speculation," but high prices. By issuing more and more Money to producers in advance of the delivery of Goods, prices, it was said, by the well-known ratio that fixes their level, namely, by raising the ratio of Money to Goods, were raised. It is true that while the issue of bank credit continued, the demand for labour increased almost as fast as prices. Everybody remembers the "boom" that appeared to be taking place during the period of "cheap money." But the high prices consequent on the inflation of credit were more than counterbalanced by the corresponding demands of higher and higher wages to keep pace with them, with the result, as we all know, that our financial rulers decided to "make Money dear" and to stop the "boom." How they have succeeded the evidence is all around us. By raising the Bank rate, restricting and directing credit, they have succeeded, indeed, in putting an end to the boom, and almost, at the same time, in putting an end to the nation. The millions of unemployed, without including the miners, are the casualties already produced in the silent battle of Finance; and the devastation visible and almost, at thesame time, in putting an end to the boom. The Bank rate was lowered from 7 to 6 1/2 per cent. last Thursday as a preparatory stage to lowering it again in a few weeks' time; and the calculated consequences of the renewed cheapening of Money are a repetition of the old phenomena of "speculation," fresh inflation, and rising prices. It may be inquired why, then, the oligarchy is about to repeat the cycle through which we have just passed. Why raise the rate if it is now to be lowered; and why lower it if the next necessity will be to raise it again? The answer is that by alternately raising and lowering the rate, the Banks secure the control of Capital and Labour in turn. Raising the price resources of the producer, the manufacturer, the merchant, and brings these classes within the control of the banks. Lowering the rate of Money, by raising prices, brings the consumer still more helplessly under the same control. By both operations the banks profit to the infinite misery and ruin of the rest of the population. Our readers may observe for themselves that the "poorer" we become as a nation, the more visibly, as well as "invisibly," the banks become wealthy. The secret of their power is their control of Money.

That the Government, as the principal spender of Money in the community, is naturally in the power of the controllers of Money, namely, the financial magnates and their henchmen, may be taken for granted. A Minister who values his position can afford to offend one of the least of these. The mechanism of the control, however, has been hitherto a little recondite, for which reason we have pleasure in reproducing the following letter published recently in the "Saturday Review":—

Sir,—You have condemned the "knock-out" which takes place at sales of furniture and works of art. In the "Times" City Notes of April 13 reference is made to the Government's decision to revert to the tender system of selling Treasury Bills, and it is stated that "the market will, as before the war, agree to form a syndicate for the purpose of fixing the price at which Bills will be tendered for." Here we have a "knock out" among the great banks and financial houses against the sellers of Treasury Bills, viz., the Government. But the bankers have for long in the past maintained a "knock-out" against the public, in that they combine among themselves to fix the rate of interest beyond which they will not pay the public for money left on deposit. There are many more "knock-out" practices among the great banks and financial houses (and even insurance companies, who practice a "knock-out" in the form of an agreed tariff) than have been noticed by ordinary furniture brokers and picture dealers at auction sales. The auction freemasons deal in sums of tens, or hundreds of pounds, but the banks, financial houses and insurance companies "knock-out" in millions against the public and the Government, by a "conference" system, "knock-out" against the public before the war. So do the trade unions always.

The method of control, it will be seen, is perfectly simple. The monopolists of financial Credit decide among themselves at what price public credit shall be bought and sold for, and proceed to act accordingly. It is all at the expense of the consumer and the community, but since the latter tacitly accept a practical conception of Credit from which they are both excluded, neither of them has any reasonable ground of complaint. We can only presume that when they are thoroughly tired of being made the sport of a handful of nondescript financiers, they will question the right of a few individuals to control the credit of the whole community.

It has not occurred to anybody to suggest that if Wages should fall with the cost of living, a still more excellent plan would be to reduce the figure of the War Debt proportionately with the same table. The War Debt, as everybody knows, was incurred in terms of inflated value. A £1 of war debt, for example, was the equivalent or had the purchasing-power of fewer commodities than a £1 at its pre-war value; and, by the same reasoning, if prices have now fallen or are about to fall, it would seem only reasonable that the repayment of the war debt should be in terms of purchasing-power, an equivalent repayment for the purchasing-power originally "lent." We are not suggesting, in the very least, that such an act of comparative justice would contribute greatly to the solution of our industrial problem, in which even the war debt is only an incident; but it would certainly have the effect of putting the problem that faces the Treasury. The Budget, introduced by Mr. Chamberlain last week, characteristically proposes to continue to pay off an inflated debt, not only in deflated values, but in values whose further deflation is and must be an object of public policy; for, in so far as reduced prices are a social necessity at this moment, every step towards them must simultaneously relieve and distress the general taxpayer by at once increasing his purchasing-power and his indebtedness. How to reduce prices without ruining ourselves is the exact problem before the Treasury and the community; and, so far, no solution save our own has been forthcoming. Since, however, we know the problem to be solvable, we have little doubt that, in due course, it will be practically solved. A few more years may roll, and this present civilization go to its dishonoured grave, but, in the end, the human race will not allow itself to be beaten by a problem for which there is an easy and known solution.

Our pacifists continue to pretend that war between England and the United States is unthinkable against all the evidence behind their backs that all that is now uncertain is the date. The New York "Nation," at any rate, is not of the opinion of our Sunday-school journalists, and with as much courage as good sense has begun the publication of a series of ten articles devoted to proving, not that war is impossible, but why it should not take place. We are glad to see that the editorial writer has not been deterred by the usual clap-trap about good-will or by other equally irrelevant considerations.
World Affairs.

The dominion of the racial genius of the Jews over the earth to-day is a symbol of the degeneration of the Aryan chariot, but more especially in Europe. For though America is the greatest material power of the world and is deeply penetrated with the Jewish presence, America, even in her aspect of Columbia, is not the brain of the world. Europe is the brain and the synthesis of the world. And, though the prostration of the Aryan spirit in India is tragic and everlasting, through the immittigable guilt of Albion and the suicidal obstinacy of the national leaders of India who decline to believe in the Incarnation of the Man Universal in the Messiah of the World, it is not upon India that the future of humanity depends to-day. It is upon regenerated and pan-human Europe that the regenerated world of the future humanity will be based—upon Europe—and Europe in her pan-human aspect. Europe in her only proper presentation is already, as we have tried to indicate in one of these articles, a miniature and an actual synthesis of the world, the three fundamental racial blocks of Europe, the Alpine, the Mediterranean and the Nordic being actually and representatively blended in Europe of history. Moreover, by proclaiming the Old Testament as an entire half of her scriptural canon, Europe has drunk deeply from the awesome spirit and blood of Yahveh and Jehovah; and by receiving the Gospel and its pan-human dispensation, Europe, we say, has become the power-body of Christendom. Europe is Christendom. In her historical idea and her function in the human race Europe is Christendom—only in her idea and function, we are bound to assert—not in all particulars and in all moments. Furthermore, the rich and clear differentiation of the threefold Christendom, the religions of Peter, of John and of Paul, are all included in that supra-racial and supra-geographical essence which is the holy elementary spirit known vaguely and indiscernibly as Europe. Further still, this supra-natural name, Europe, stands for harmony, completeness, functionalism. The elementary spirit of Europe is socialism, this term covering and expressing all that is best and lasting in such forces as democracy, liberalism, individualism. This real and mystical Europe also includes Great Britain and the Slavic world; this Over-soul and of this one body, Russia and England are equally members with Germany, the Teutonic or racial kernel of Europe, and with Italy and France, the cultural dominants of Europe. Ancient Greece and, paramountly, Rome, are of the essence and of the spirit which is, like the rest of the world to-day, in its crisis of death and resurrection; and more gravely and poignantly is Europe’s name and existence at stake to-day than the honour of humanity as a whole, than the future and existence of all humanness.

Survival of the West would mean Universal Humanity in the world, its cosmic order; and it would mean acceptance of the Christian Religion by the world—its entire acceptance, but only as the suitable and perfect frame for the religion of Logos and Sophia, which religion would be Universal Humanity itself in actual realisation, the reason and the wisdom of all freedom and all law. The spiritual problem of mankind to-day is indicated in the pathology of the human mind. The crude and savage science of psycho-analysis is an indication of the desire of our age to approach the mystery of self-existence and regeneration. The quest for the release of electronic volcanoes and the entropic oceans of force demonstrate the wish of the present Aeon to enlarge the cosmic powers of human mind. Nothing could be more dangerous and murderous than the collapse of Europe’s spirit and the consequent perishing of her essence in the world. For Aryanism, Christianity, Socialism—the organisation of the Species upon the basis of White hegemony in the world, its organisation upon the religion of harmony and completeness, its organisation upon the basis of universal socialism of humanity—the three ideals these three entelechies of pan-human order are the three essences, the three immortal values of Europe herself. These three ideals make up the being of Europe and sanction her primacy in the world.

We have sufficiently outlined what it is that we understand by Aryanism, Christianity and Socialism sub specie humanitatis. It is only the pragmatical and functional import or value of these world-elements that we have in mind. It is only Species itself, Man himself, the world itself that is the absolute measure of the ideals and values and forces of the world, and even if God or Holy Trinity is the law-giver of this absolute measure, the Infinite Value itself, Man himself and his own judgment and law are included in the Absolute Measure, in God. It is therefore only Universal Humanity itself that is the goal of our pragmatical choice. This is what has led the world up till now, and will lead it till the consummation of its purpose. Universal Humanity is the goal of human species. The synthesis of the world, Loka Samgraha, must, however, be built and can only be built upon the scheme of the Western hemisphere. It is the West and its Logico-hemisphere that can be the foundation of Universal Humanity, its foundation not in a material sense, but in the sense of form and frame. The West is only functionally equal to the East. In its particular function, however, it is supreme. The particular, unique function of the West is intellect, personality, consciousness. This function must not be suppressed, overwhelmed by the principles of the East. For Pleroma, Holy Spirit, is a synthesis. It is the synthesis and co-equality, co-dignity of Propator and of Logos. What we mean is the upholding of consciousness. The West is vulnerable. Consciousness is expensive. And the holy and cosmic East is omnipotent. The East is the power and strength of the human kingdom. The East is the antithesis of power and instinct, of will and unconsciousness to Aryanism. And though the essence of the West is solar and surpassingly expensive, the poor magic of the Aryan man is powerless. For the will and the abyss of the Eastern power and instinct are greater than the machinery and technology, trickery and materialism of the West. The power of the East is already absorbing the Western materialism and machinery, and though personality and consciousness are difficult to attain, mechanics and intellectualism are easy. The whole of Europe and America, more than Japan can absorb and enforce upon the hemisphere whose providential and evil leader she has become. And this absorption and enforcement will be profound and of staggering, of lightning, of insuperable haste and quickness if Europe, the providential and functional
entelechy of the world’s harmony and synthesis, does not remain true to her aeonian duty, to the synthetic guidance of the world, to the synthesis of humanity. For America, Far West as she is, is the real and proper antithesis of the Far East. And America, extremely western and ultra-Logoic as she is, is a member of the White, of Aryan, Man. We say that America is a member and a possession of Aryan Man. Russia, America, Great Britain and continental Europe are one body, and they are all members of the Civilisation of Personality. They all are the progeny of consciousness.

... Fullness of power and divine instinct must ever precede pleromic or perfect action. But clearness of consciousness, integrity of personality, must also precede every action that is perfect or pleromic. Clearness of consciousness, intellectual heroism, must precede the work of European restitution. Intellectual honour must precede Europe’s world-action and her own restitution. Truth should be spoken. Verihood should be spoken. The black fact that Europe and Aryanism are to-day in mortal danger of destruction, of spiritual disaster, is causally connected with two facts generally known and again causally and mystically connected with each other. These woeful facts are the following: Europe and the West believe in the individual and personal incarnation of the Second Person of God in living and concrete units of Western humanity, of the absolute, self-contained value of Western men, women and children. Of her own superiority over the rest of Man Europe is conscious enough, not, however, of Universal Humanity itself, and not of equality, equality, equality of all men, women and children sub specie humanitatis. And the Logoic hemisphere does not believe in the fundamental and synthetic Incarnation of the human Over-soul, of Universal Humanity, of Sophia herself in the Universal Man Jesus. From the disbelief in Jesus as the Messiah of the earth and the synthetic focus of the Geon follows the disruption of the entelechic and resurrectional power of Europe. To disbelieve or not to understand the fact of the Incarnation of the Over-soul of the human species, not to believe in the Union and concrete Incarnation of the Universal Man in the omnipotent Christ of the world means being bereft of that final self-synthesis and that supreme cosmic awareness which is at the same time pan-human consciousness itself and therefore at once personal, cosmic and eternal. Universal Humanity is the gate of Pleroma. Universal Humanity alone is the meeting-place of all values, of all being and of all awareness, of Holy Trinity itself, of God, of the universe and of personality. It is impossible to become aware of Universal Humanity in our Aeon without becoming also aware that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ of the Race and that He is Man Universal, nothing else, nothing more, nothing less. And it is also impossible to become aware of the pan-human uniqueness of the God-Man without immediately becoming wholly aware of Humanity Universal itself, of the Species. This means that Europe is not a Christian force in the world. Not being solar or Christian she is taken, led, destroyed by Judaic finance. The West and mankind are being jeopardised and given over to destruction by those who will destroy them, by misleaders and to chaos by the sensualism of the Judaic finance. The prostration of the West is caused by this single though double-edged cause, by the sinful and imbecile apostasy of Europe from Him Who is her essential meaning and mystery, and by the sensualism of the financial blood which must ensue.

M. M. Cosmo.

Our Generation.

A perusal of the interview which Miss Isadora Duncan gave recently to the Press should enable us to re-learn an old national lesson, or, perhaps, learn it for the first time. “They say to me,” she said, “You should have come to London twenty years ago.” But I did. I came to London twenty-two years ago, with this new discovery of mine, and I danced as a young girl in a way that I cannot dance now. I was asked to dance at Lady So-and-So’s house. After I had danced, and danced, and danced, Lady So-and-So said: “Won’t you have some strawberries?” I was in the springtime of my life and art, and Beerbohm Tree said: “I don’t think your dancing would go on the music halls, and it’s certainly not for the legitimate stage. I don’t know what you’re going to do with it.” I left my trunks in London (and have never seen them since). It was in Berlin that I made my first success.” Miss Duncan offered England her art when it was at its height of vitality and beauty, when it was fresh and living; and it was refused, or, worse still, ignored. And now when she cannot dance as I danced as a young girl” England says almost with reproach “You should have danced for us twenty years ago. Why do you come to us now?” In England everything is too late. A new idea, a new form of art, must be dragged triumphantly through France, Germany, Russia, and only when it finally is known and again causally and mystically connected before its dusty corpse is received by us with complacent ceremony. The spontaneous need of the spirit from which the idea sprang may be past, may be exhausted in its own bitter dissatisfaction, but the dead idea will serve us nevertheless far better than a living one. England is the hell of lost ideas, the English Channel is the Styx, and the English intellectual is Charon disguised as St. Peter. The strange thing is that we are not ashamed to be the murderers of new truth and new beauty; we are proud of it; we exult soberly in our slowness, our sureness (which takes the form of being sure that everybody else is sure), our “wait and see,” our caution pushed to the length of stupidity, of disaster. We have become the dupes of all the dead ideas in the world simply because we have refused to be “taken in” by a living one. The English intelligentsia, and the English generally, are, it is certain, the cutest people in the world: they will not be “taken in” even by the living truth. But when the truth is dying and the last hash is eaten up, they display an unexpected perspicacity. “What is this idea which everyone has been raising his voice about? Fools!” But in deference to the opinion of the world, and lest they should be “taken in” again—for, who knows, the body may have some virtue in it—they nevertheless bury it piously. And remembering, or being reminded, that they were not kind to the poor thing at its birth, they immediately perceive in this the fatality which must befall all saving ideas in this world—or, at any rate, in England—and they become almost edifying as the nearest spectators, the occupants of the stalls—and England will always be in the stalls—before the very latest crucifixion. To have such feelings who would not gladly be stupid?

The failure of the Triple Alliance before going into battle reminds us that Labour in this country is still a child. It cannot strike a blow for liberty except when its traditional guardians (and exploiters) command it. For itself it can do nothing, because it thinks that for itself it has the right to do nothing. The definition of a slave is a man who will do anything—kill, suffer any degradation, but he himself slowly by hard work or swiftly by war—for anything outside himself. He asks that the object of his sacrifice should be made for him; that the achievement demanding the spending of his life, the only thing he has to give humanity, should be bought for him. The command once given, he will do whatever is demanded, brave any peril, suffer any degradation, but he...
will remain faithful to his word of command—it is the only thing positive he has got. It is when he has to fight for himself that he is weak, for that involves not only boldness in action, but boldness in speech. Heine said ironically of the people of the small German States who resisted Napoleon: "They rose up against their tyrant, they intrepidly drew their swords for Liberty—because their princes asked them to." Had Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe told the Triple Alliance in an immortal moment that it was their duty to strike, had they proclaimed that "England" commanded making for trade; but with its own leadership it knows only boldness in action but baldness in thought. Heine said ironically of the peoples of the small German States who resisted Napoleon: "They rose up against their tyrant, they intrepidly drew their swords for Liberty—because their princes asked them to.

The theatre in London is becoming so bad that it is a disgrace either to speak of it or not to speak of it. In their endeavour to get the custom of the public, the theatre managers have been staging plays which are actually too bad to be popular, and when these have failed they have staged still worse ones, under the impression, apparently, that their audiences can be placated by giving them the whole progeny of the dog that bit them. Out of forty odd plays just in London there are only about five which any literate man would care to see. Outside of these there is neither wit, nor intelligence, nor even dialogue as good as one might have expected from a country which has all the pull in England. Even in intellectual affairs English opinions are silently determined by aliens, as a Polish or a Tcheko-Slovak or Jewish discovery, London, Cambridge and Oxford would by this time have conferred all their honours on the discoverer. Mr. G. K. Chesterton once described the English as an "unknown" people. The rest of the world, he said, did not know them. But the English are better known to every nation than to their own; it is to themselves, above all, that they are really unknown. In the meanwhile, not foreigners is merely but a rare gift that is everywhere, has all the pull in England. Even in intellectual affairs English opinions are silently determined by aliens.

So many calamitous things are happening (I realise that this column cannot be cheerful reading)—miners' children starving, trade paralysed, men committing suicide because they cannot get work (a portent become at last alarming). The inhibiting surrender of the Triple Alliance shows that the unions implicated have not even what, considering the conditions unique, the theatre managers have been staging plays which are actually too bad to be popular, and when these have failed they have staged still worse ones, under the impression, apparently, that their audiences can be placated by giving them the whole progeny of the dog that bit them. Out of forty odd plays just in London there are only about five which any literate man would care to see. Outside of these there is neither wit, nor intelligence, nor even dialogue as good as one might have expected from a country which has all the pull in England. Even in intellectual affairs English opinions are silently determined by aliens, as a Polish or a Tcheko-Slovak or Jewish discovery, London, Cambridge and Oxford would by this time have conferred all their honours on the discoverer. Mr. G. K. Chesterton once described the English as an "unknown" people. The rest of the world, he said, did not know them. But the English are better known to every nation than to their own; it is to themselves, above all, that they are really unknown. In the meanwhile, not foreigners is merely but a rare gift that is everywhere, has all the pull in England. Even in intellectual affairs English opinions are silently determined by aliens.

In this country, the country of its origin, the Douglas Scheme and the theories upon which it rests can scarcely pick up enough professional attention to keep it alive. But at the antipodes it is the antipodes, for "Economic Democracy" and "Credit-Power and Democracy" have just been adopted as the text-books of the Honours Course in Economics at Sydney University. English hatred of English ideas is notorious; and we have no doubt that most of the English professors now busily engaged in ignoring the subject of Credit have at one time or another remarked upon and complained of the fact. Yet they continue to be victims of the high probability of the matter is that had the Douglas Scheme appeared as a Polish or a Tcheko-Slovak or Jewish discovery, London, Cambridge and Oxford would by this time have conferred all their honours on the discoverer. Mr. G. K. Chesterton once described the English as an "unknown" people. The rest of the world, he said, did not know them. But the English are better known to every nation than to their own; it is to themselves, above all, that they are really unknown. In the meanwhile, not foreigners is merely but a rare gift that is everywhere, has all the pull in England. Even in intellectual affairs English opinions are silently determined by aliens.

Canon Hewlett Johnson, vicar of Altrincham, and editor of the "Instructor," recently referred sympathetically to The New Age and the Douglas Scheme in his Sermon before Cambridge University; and he has followed up this reference by a long review of "Credible Power and Democracy" (Cecil Palmer, 7s. 6d. net) in the "Challenge" (April 15). His suggestion that the "switch-over" from the present chaos would be as smooth as the change over from winter to summer time is particularly happy; and to those of us who recall the history of the latter reform, the analogy is interesting. When Willett first began his propaganda in favour of the adoption of "summer time," the reception he met with was anything but encouraging. For months nobody would pay any attention to him, but he was shrugged down as a harmless crank. He persisted, however, in his work, and after a year or two had the miserable satisfaction of seeing his proposal caricatured, misrepresented and, in general, "discussed"—as discussion goes in this country. Still later a Daylight Saving Bill was drafted and introduced into the House of Commons, only to be defeated after the usual amount of debate of a trivial character. And finally the proposal was given up for dead. But then came the war; and it in a day or two all the "arguments" against the proposal, all the chaos foreseen as a result of the change over, have been completely falsified. By the simple operation of moving a clock hand an im-
mense saving of daylight has been effected for the whole nation.

The analogy may be carried a little further. Of the millions who obediently alter their clocks twice a year how many really understand why they do it or are fully versed in the theory they practise? Neither the pundits nor the populace, in fact, natively approve of or understand the change. Yet it works for all that. Similarly we have sometimes shocked a section of our readers by affirming that it is not necessary for the masses to understand or the professors to approve the simple practical proposals embodied in the Douglas-New Age Scheme. The working of a practical scheme does not depend upon the approval of professors or upon the understanding of even the people who work it; it depends upon its being practical; that it works is its only valid demonstration and the only criterion of its real value. We have not the least doubt that if the Douglas Scheme could be put into operation by the ukase of the Cabinet its immediate effects would justify it beyond any possible cavil of the professors and the multihues. The results would be instantly visible, though the means of bringing them about might remain as mysterious as are now to most people the implications of summer-time. The history of summer-time is, indeed, an encouraging precedent for those in doubt. It is a pity that it cannot also be a warning to the present critics of the Douglas Scheme.

Everybody knows by experience the advantages brought about by the adoption of summer-time. What are the effects likely to be experienced from the adoption of the Douglas-New Age proposals? Assume that the Scheme were put into operation as an emergency measure (and we doubt whether anything less than a national emergency can provide a sufficient motive-power), how would the general ignorant public realise that anything had happened? The first effect of its general application, were it made suddenly, would be an instantaneous drop in retail prices of all descriptions. At your grocer's or draper's or bootmaker's or furnisher's prices would be found to have fallen during the night to, perhaps, a quarter of their present level. We should all continue to work, for the time being, exactly as we are. John Smith would go to the office or factory, his wife would set about the house-keeping and the children would depend upon the approval of professors or upon the understanding of even the people who work it; it de-

The revival of "Major Barbara" at the Everyman seems to have driven some of our critics crazy. One of them says: "They do Shaw superlatively well there" and: "The more critics of these players the more one is convinced that there is no better ensemble in London." As though that were not enough, another critic singles out Miss Dorothy Massingham as "a very great actress . . . . her art sweeps her along in an almost supernatural exaltation. " This is the sort of thing that makes one despair; it is the parochial spirit in criticism. When one remembers what a scramble the first performance was, with even Mr. Nicholas Hannen taking "prompts," with the players not knowing which way to turn because the furniture was so awkwardly placed, and every "exaltation" scene flattened out because the actors were not at home in their parts, one wonders whether the critics was ignorant of "ensemble" or was just lying. I have seen Mr. Felix Aylmer (who plays Cusins) in a better en-

Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

The play failed to produce its proper effect because there was no effective contrast between the ecstatic moods of the three mad people, Undershaft, Barbara, and Cusins, and the commonplaceness of the rest. That scene between Undershaft and Cusins in the Salvation Army shelter, leading up to Undershaft's question: "Are there two mad people or three in this Salvation shelter to-day?" is a crescendo of expression of forced personality by Undershaft. Mr. Nicholas Hannen's conception of Undershaft as a kindly Quaker
of about seventy misled him; this man is a power, a personality, that when active drives a sense of reality into people. Mr. Felix Aymer made a very good Osmond in the mood of "ironic humour"; it was the Dionysian ecstasy, the "drumming dithyrambs," that he did not rise to. Miss Dorothy Massingham, as Barbara, was good enough in her equanimity; but she exerted no power but pleasantness in the scenes with Bill Walker (the ineffectiveness with which she tried to touch him on the shoulder was ludicrous), nor did she become "transfigured" (as Shaw demanded) at the end when she declared: "I have got rid of the bire of bread." It is precisely in this exaltation scenario that the actors fail; they try to let Shaw's words do their own work, instead of giving them the character they imply.

The second act was by far the best, with Miss Clare Greet playing her part. She inspired Mr. Harold Scott to the best bit of acting I have seen him do; he was admirably cast as Snobly Price, was just about the right weight for it, and the conscious hypocrisy of the man made him intelligible to Mr. Scott, as the unconscious hypocrisy of Elder Daniels did not. Mr. George Hayez did not carry weight enough for Bill Walker, and seemed more cruel than brutal in consequence; but he made his scenes well, and if Miss Massingham had only exploited her personality, the attempted conversion would have seemed real. Mr. Felix Aylmer made a very good Mr. Bax's "conscience" that was at work; as it was played, Bill's "conscience" was the only effective power at work because Miss Massingham was afraid to handle him, afraid of the sex feeling that Bill would think religious. One remembers so clearly Miss Annie Russell in this scene (although it was sixteen years ago) that Miss Massingham seemed an amateur in comparison—and her tunic was a horrible misfit.

Of the play itself, of the "methods of Major Barbarism" that it suggests should be applied to poverty, little need be said. In the form in which it is stated, it is no solution of the problem; the making of munitions will only abolish poverty for the makers of munitions, as we have seen clearly during the war. Machine guns will no more abolish poverty and slavery than they will Prussianism; you cannot shoot states of existence any more than you can states of mind. But if we accept "money and gunpowder" as a synonym for a rich, strong, and safe life," as Undershaw states it, the doctrine is a commonplace. It is implied in the first petition of the Lord's Prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread." Aristotle argued that civilisation was only possible on a basis of slavery; that is to say, that "honour, justice, truth, love, mercy" are, as Undershaw declared, "the graces and luxuries of a rich, strong, and safe life." Shaw argues in his preface that the important thing is to organise that "rich, strong, and safe life" for everybody; until it is done, civilisation can only be partial, and the class war and the Kultur-war will make the "gunpowder" a necessity of existence. Even religion can only make "rice-Christians" in India, and "bread-and-treacle Christians" in West Ham until: "Give us this day our daily bread": has been disposed of. That the religious organisations of Christendom are compelled to do their share of the work of civilisation by feeding the dog of poverty with a bit of its own tail is precisely the point that Shaw wanted to make; and if the Christian equality of the doctrine that "a revoler makes all men the same size" is not immediately apparent, that is only because Christianity has been divorced from its vital origin. That "nothing is ever done in this world until men are prepared to kill one another if it is not done": is simply Machiavelli's: "All armed prophets have conquered, and the unarmed ones have been defeated": in another guise. The doctrine is so true that only the governing classes believe it.

Recent Verse.

A. BLOK. The Twelve. Translated from the Russian by C. E. Bechhofer. With Illustrations and Cover Designs by Michael Larionov. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

"Alexander Blok's 'The Twelve,'" says Mr. Bechhofer, "is the first masterpiece of Bolshevist letters," and one must agree that in its genre it is a masterpiece, a masterpiece of Bolshevism perhaps rather than of letters. It violates literary taste with a taste and audacity which are almost unerring; it does this deliberately, with a finesse which only a literary artist like Blok could exploit, and the result is imitable, and hardly to be repeated, one would say, even by the author. This is not to say that the work is insincere, but it is to say that it cannot be typical of the Russian Revolution, cannot express truly the spirit which for good or for evil has wrought such mighty destruction in Russia. It is the Bolshevist Revolution seen neither from above nor from below, but through the eyes of one who must essentially be the most remote from it, through the eyes of an exquisite minor poet. This is what makes it unique; it is the Russian tragedy observed by a man who one notes with astonishment has survived it. But what is still more astonishing is that the tragedy has inspired this man "to establish a new form of poetry" as artificial as Paris ever hatched in days of peace. Blok's "motives, his rhythms, and his very words are taken from popular, even vulgar, use. They are combined in a manner that has never been adopted before." Anything more adroit could not be imagined: we can only guess that when he saw the Revolution coming Mr. Blok began to prepare his literary technique for the occasion. It was sublime, it was almost absurd. And the poem is therefore a literary curiosity of almost the first rank. It is so disconnected that quotation is almost an irrelevancy; moreover the language is banal, indeed, purposely banal. But as a whole it gives a unique impression, the impression that might be left on an incurable Bohemian by the Apocalypse. The level of the sentiment can be judged from this extract:

Oh, bitter woe, It's a jolly life! With a ragged greatcoat, And an Austrian rifle!

We for the woo of all bourgeoises, Will light a fire throughout the world, A fire throughout the world in blood— The blessing of the Lord be upon us! The feeling of commonplace horror is cleverly rendered throughout:

But where is Kate?—She's dead, she's dead! A bullet has gone right through her head! Well, Kate, are you happy?—Mum's the go! . . . Lie there, you carrion, on the snow! . . .

Keep a revolutionary step! The relentless enemy does not sleep! But that the Russian Revolution, whatever in its essence it may be, is reflected here, it would be blasphemous to believe. The poem is not too evil; it is too small. Mr. Bechhofer's translation is adroit and spirited. The illustrations by Mr. Larionov are vigorous, and they are not mere "literature." The last two are especially good.

CLIFFORD BAX. A House of Words. (Blackwell, Oxford. 5s. net.)

Mr. Bax's metrical preface is hardly gracious: Here is a house of words Built for the maker's mind. Enter: and, if you will, stay with me long. But, if you like it not, Go with good grace. The man Who builds his own house builds to please himself.
But Mr. Bax has invited us all to stay with him, and therefore we, too, have something to say about the architectural branches. They are unobtrusive and genuine; the author has been fortunate in finding again and again what he calls "the four-leaved phrase." The sentiment, if it is not great and exalted, is always on the level of dignified reflection; and that mood, though it tempers one more than any other to sentimentality, is maintained without admixture by Mr. Bax through almost the entire book. And when he is sentimental, he is sentimental with taste. But his felicity in the use of words—a felicity not facile but the result of arduous choice—is his chief virtue. It is shown perhaps most consummately in "Ave," an address to an unborn spirit:

You will be glad to see how rich a sky
Roofs the world in—whether it shows the sun
Blazoned upon a blue field, or be throng'd
With architecture conjured by the wind,
Or hung with glittering hieroglyphs of night:
And not less glad to find the huge old sea
That, having for a long kept man at bay,
Lies now subjected and—as though still sore
And hurt by memory—mourns towards the stars,
A blinded Polyphem.

The grace here does not call attention to itself; the conceits are individual but they are not strained. One would like to quote a dozen of Mr. Bax's sober felicities, but one or two must suffice. Speaking still to the unborn spirit, he says:

So many these others left, so much endures,
That we, late-coming, lack the eyes wherewith
To spend our fortune.

A graceful turn to a curious thought. And in a poem to a "Scholar" a perfectly common sentiment is lifted into distinction by one epithet—

Let us retire to an island hushed by the Hot Pacific, an unknown indolent Island, where in the fruits and foliage
Dwell but ignorant birds and butterflies.

This is Mr. Bax's peculiar gift, and in this volume he makes the most of it. Only in one poem does he seek to escape from the reflective mood, and there he is not successful:

Old and sick, she was almost dead.
Damp were the pillows behind her head.

So much these others left, so much endures,
That we, late-coming, lack the eyes wherewith
To spend our fortune.

That is very bad. It is the one failure, however, in a work of such merit. But Mr. Bax's temper and manner not imaginatively exaggerated, but faithfully copied and applied to a trivial subject. Mr. Powell's parody of Whitman is the best:

I salute them all: I ignore no genus and no species. I salute the aplomb of animals.

Others may despise this species or that genus:

I never despise any species or any genus.

Which is good.

E. M.

From a Painter's Note-Book.

Is my daily rambles about Tremenon Cove I rarely fail to see some beautiful effect of nature; I stop to look at it; I am charmed; my walk is well rewarded: but it does not so often happen that I want to paint the attraction seen in question. It is not enough to be moved by a thing of beauty, although it be a joy for ever: one also needs the stimulus of novelty. The artist is out to achieve some new thing. True, it may be as old as the hills, the thing he chooses, but it must seem to him at any rate as though he had never properly seen it before. Novelty—what is there more inspiring than that! It sets free, liberates, an impulse of creative activity.

It is a latish born mood in one perhaps, this craving for novelty, and it may easily develop into something perverse. Certainly in my early student days I knew nothing of it. My taste was extraordinarily catholic: it was perfectly commonplace, too, no doubt. With equal zest and enthusiasm I was ready to paint trees and fields and hovels, seascapes, grey skies and blue, sunsets, the human face divine, the earth in its golden and in its winter dress, pots and pans, any sort of interior, the wrinkled face of my old landlady, and—as happened during one summer holiday when I was unexpectedly detained in town—make careful studies of half the animals in the Zoo. Nothing came amiss: I had an appetite for all. Everything was good in my eyes. And this was natural: for, in my then chrysalis stage of development, everything was as new to me as I was new to the ancient world I was privileged to look at with eyes of admiring wonder. I was driven to paint from morning to night. My industry was amazing. Indeed, I used to think that the day had been unprofitably spent unless I had made three, or at least two, distinct studies from Nature. But in this ill-regulated appetency for colour and form I was in no way singular; I shared it with the rest of my fellow-students; and it would astonish anyone to see the enormous pile of sketches which we would bring back with us to town at the end of a long sketching season out of doors in the country. In those days, too, our industry had not yet degenerated into a vice. But it mattered little if it was unthinking, we were exercising our eye, growing familiar with the various face of Nature, and acquiring a certain degree of skill in the handling of paints and brushes. And at the worst, we supported the colour merchant in his trade, although it must be owned that we were far more ready to run up an account with him than to settle it.

From this all-embracing love of nature I have not wholly declined, now at this day, having arrived at the years of artistic discretion; and I trust that in this happy and loyal mood I may continue until the end. But I have no fears in this respect. I do not see why our wondrous world of colour and form should not appear as lovely in the weary eyes of fourscore as when it is first looked upon. The blue raiment of heaven wears exceedingly well, as well as anything one knows, and I can fancy that if a man lived to the age of Methuselah it would still find favour in his sight. But

The tears that lie about this plightful scene
Of mortal need and ministry frustrate
Plead yet anew the wryness of the times,
The fatal hazard of a Meatless Day,

which is Mr. Hardy's temper and manner not imaginatively exaggerated, but faithfully copied and applied to a trivial subject. Mr. Powell's parody of Whitman is the best:

I salute them all: I ignore no genus and no species. I salute the aplomb of animals.

Others may despise this species or that genus:

I never despise any species or any genus.

Which is good.

E. M.
when it comes to a question of art, it is another matter. Here one grows fastidious; one asks for something new; one picks and chooses; one turns away from what has been before. Novelty, strangeness, the promise of a joy as yet untasted, unexplored—that is what one seeks after.

That way leads to folly, I know. How safeguard oneself from it? How preserve oneself from silly aberrations of taste, from the spell of mere fashion? There is the protecting love of Nature—yes, that helps in part. There is also the steadying example of the Old Masters. The Old Masters stand for Achievement. We perceive that they in their day had no less than ourselves prompted by yearnings after things new and unimagined, and endeavoured to enlarge the familiar boundaries of art; but we also perceive—and that is the vital thing—that they did not rest satisfied with bold innovations, however laudable, but sought at utmost perfection and truth of form, never forgetting that in the sphere of art Achievement is to be placed on a level with Aspiration, however fine and noble that part must also make it our aim to produce something interesting, etc., etc., etc. "The audience was enthusiastic." "His programme was varied, and his choice of songs which he uses with perfect skill, refinement and taste." "Oh, a singing wind swept the negro nation. 'Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new creation. We were glad to read Mr. Hayes' note on the programme, that spirituals "were never associated with comic or minstrel entertainments, and those who insist on a level with Aspiration, however fine and noble that part must also make it our aim to produce something interesting, etc., etc., etc. "The audience was enthusiastic." —so enthusiastic, in fact, that at one point a section of it applauded Mr. Hayes while he was still singing. This proves that if Mr. Hayes should ever tire of being an artist, the way is open to him to become a "star," and of a faith running like a gold thread through the gloomy web of wrongs. And again Mr. Vachell Lindsay can be quoted:

"Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new creation. Oh, a singing wind swept the negro nation.

Mr. Moseivitch. Queen's Hall, April 23. Mr. Moseivitch has travelled far, has seen divers men and places, and has returned to England untouched and unchanged. His technique is as flawless as ever, his outlook as cool and detached. It would be a relief to hear him play a few wrong notes. It would sound like a possible crack in the ice. Mr. Edward Clark's orchestral will be noticed later. H. R.

**Views and Reviews.**

**RELATIVITY AND RELIGION.**

In this essay, Prof. Carr has done little more than state his conviction that the general principle of relativity will have profound effects in religion and philosophy; but I write I see that Mr. Murray is to publish a volume by Viscount Haldane on "The Reign of Relativity" which will develop the argument. But Prof. Carr indicates that "the new world-view must take the form of, and find the imagery for, a new concept of the nature of the continuity and infinity of the universe. In the world-view, as it has found expression in religion and philosophy hitherto, the concept of infinity has been inseparably associated with the ideas of space and time. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end," is the liturgical expression of this idea. It depends on the notion of the absoluteness of the spatio-temporal order. The mathematical definition of continuity and infinity is, as we have seen, simply a precise form of expression for the spatial and temporal concepts, depends upon them for its applicability, and appeals exclusively to the pragmatic test. It is justified because it works, but it only works in so far as we accept in advance the postulate of an external world in space and time. The new principle of relativity goes behind and beneath the mathematical definition of infinity, for it rejects the postulate on which it is based. So far as the mathematical principle rests on the Euclidean postulates and so far as infinity means, when applied to Euclidean space and its imagery, boundlessness and absence of limits, we have seen that the new

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*"The General Principle of Relativity in its Philosophical and Historical Aspects." By H. Wildon Carr, D.Litt. (Macmillan.)
principle definitely rejects the concept of infinity. It gives us in fact what to common sense is a new paradox—a world which is finite and yet not circumscribed. So far, however, we have to do only with the negative aspect of the principle. What has it to offer on the positive side?

"The answer to me seems clear and manifest. We are offered in place of the contradictory pseudo-concepts of endless extension and limitless duration the concept of a truly infinite universe. The infinity of the universe is based on the nature of life and consciousness. The principle of relativity declares that there is no absolute magnitude, that there exists nothing whatever which can claim to be great or small in its own nature; also there is no absolute duration, nothing whatever in its own nature is short or long. I co-ordinate my universe from my own standpoint of rest in a system of reference in relation to which all else is moving. That system may change, and there is no limit to the change it may undergo; but however great the change, measured by its relation to other systems, its dimensions remain constant. I, the observer, am not a point at an instant. Space and time dimensions do not apply to mind. A monad has no dimensions, so that one mind or monad is not a relation of magnitude to another; one monad does not occupy more or less space than another. Space and time are not containers, nor are they contents, they are variants. Consequently, whatever my system of reference, as I pass into it or out of it, that is, as it changes, so my spatial points and temporal instants change; my units of measurement vary, so keeping the dimensions of my universe constant."

The reference to the monads in this passage is elucidated by Prof. Carr's historical treatment of the subject. He has shown that, in effect, the general principle of relativity seems to be an abandonment of Newton's philosophy and an adoption of that of Leibniz. Leibniz was a relativist; "space for me," he said, "is purely relative as also time is. Space is an order of co-existences as time is an order of successions. Space marks in terms of possibility an order of things which exist in the same time so that they exist together. The manner of their existing is not in question." His controversy with Newton was simply a statement of the fundamental conflict between idealism and materialism; and as the principle of relativity has introduced (or rather accepted) the subjectivism of all observations of the universe, the transition to Leibniz seems easy. But it may be asked whether we can return to Leibniz. The theological problem that obsessed both Leibniz and Newton is meaningless to us, or, at least, has changed its meaning that we cannot understand it. "Both Newton and Leibniz believed in God, believed not only that a supreme and infinite being exists, but that the necessity of such an existence can be deduced from the fact of the universe. But while Newton argued from what the universe is to what God's attributes must be, Leibniz argued from what God is to what the universe must be. Newton was convinced that there is a living God; but no more than Laplace, who a hundred years later carried out and developed his principles, had he any notion of what to suppose. Leibniz on the contrary could not move one step without it."

But it seems to me that modern philosophy cannot move one step with the hypothesis of God. "All that we have discarded," says Prof. Carr, "is the anthropological concept; but in the issue between idealism and naturalism we have kept all that was essential in the old theistic problem. But the concept is the very idea of God, at least for religion; no one worships the supreme, or uncreated, monad, any more than, in McGuffat's old phrase, we love the General Post Office. Nor can one deduce a creation of the universe from an uncreated mind contains the universe, as Leibniz taught, then the supreme monad, which alone had adequate ideas, contained the universe not in succession but in co-existence. "For Newton," says Prof. Carr, "space is an infinite, absolute immensity, that can only be present to the perception of an infinite God. For Leibniz, God alone of intelligent beings is wholly without the perception of space, because God is conceived as intelligence with adequate ideas and with no obscure perceptions." But if God was the 'standard observer' of absolute space and time, the demonstration that space and time are not absolute destroys the 'sufficient reason' for His existence. We cannot get on with Leibniz's God any better than we can with Newton's; it is the concept of God that is useless to us, and which seems to me is not derivable from the principle of relativity.

For whether we regard God as the origin, or the substance, the container or the content, of the universe, the fact remains that all we can know is the universe. Relativity insists that we must accept the results of observation, that "natural geometry is the study of extensional relations of natural objects"; and as the relation of God to the universe is not an object of experience, and is certainly not an extensional relation, the fact that Leibniz was a relativist compels no relativist to accept Leibniz's philosophy. The monad is a postulate, not an observation; and like most other postulates, it tends to become less and less important as observations are multiplied. Take, for example, the ether, which Newton postulated as an explanation of action at a distance. Prof. Eddington says: The ether has hitherto been used to take any very active part in physical theory, and has, as it were, gone into reserve. A modern writer on electromagnetic theory will generally start with the postulate of an ether pervading all space; he will then explain that at any point in it there is an electro-magnetic vector whose intensity can be measured; henceforth his sole dealings are with this vector, and probably nothing more will be heard of the ether itself. In a vague way, it is supposed that this vector represents some condition of the ether, and we need not dispute that without some such background the vector would scarcely be intelligible—but the ether is now only a background and not an active participant in the theory. In the same manner, the postulate of God is at best a background to, and not an active participant in, the universe. If the monad is a self-conscious mind, what it is aware of seems to be self-existent powers which need no supreme being to explain them.

A. E. R.

Review.

The Women of Cedar Grove. By Constance Wynne. (Daniel, 78. net.)

Faithfully observed, literally rendered, these studies of the working poor make us long for the "undeserving poor" of "Pygmalion"; but a study of women by a woman usually lacks humour. It may be possible to make literature of gossip about the "prices" of things, but Miss Wynne has not done so. We all know the difficulties that we all were unable to combat under the rationing system instituted during the war—but Miss Wynne will not let us forget them. If anyone wants descriptive accounts of women's trade unionism in a munition factory, of a session of a Munition Court, of the working girl's search for lodgings, of night work, and so on, this is the book to write. We have several pathetic incidents, an old couple refused the almshouse they had hoped for for years because of a quibble about poor-relief, the born mother having to work in a factory to keep her home together while the man was in the Army, and, logical concepts controlled to continue—but the pathos is so unrevealed, the incidents so unfocussed, that one after another the chapters fade into a dingy murk of remembrance, and fail because they do not make us care. These studies may be as true as statistics, but they must illuminate something else to be of interest. These only make us despair of life.
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—I shall be glad to hear from any persons in this district interested in the American Press Free League of Credit, etc.

The committee had the pleasure and advantage of an interview at two meetings, held on September 2, with Major Douglas, a copy of whose scheme will be found in the appendix. Briefly put, Major Douglas's views are as follows:

The credits required for financing industry are created by inflating the volume of credit and so diluting the value of everybody's money. And as these credits are created at the instance of, and are advanced as loans to, manufacturers and merchants to enable them to pay wages and buy raw materials, etc., they necessarily appear in costs; and every addition to costs raises the level of selling prices. Moreover, the new credits created for fresh production are distributed as wages, salaries and profits before the fresh production is ready for sale. The money thus liberated comes into the market and competes with previously existing money for the goods that are for sale. This raises prices—or keeps them from falling when improved methods of production would have brought about a fall—and uses up most of the money that should have been available for the purchase of fresh production: so that if the fresh production is to be sold it can only be done by means of fresh borrowing from the banks.

Every credit created has thus a twofold effect: it raises the level of prices and the value of consumer purchasing power simultaneously. There is, consequently, always a gap between the level of selling prices and the level of the community's free purchasing power (by free is meant 'not offset by bankers' loans'); and this gap widens with every creation of credit. Because of this widening gap the community's demand for its own products is increasingly effective.

When the home market fails (not because demand is satisfied, but because purchasing power is deficient) the foreign market must be tried. If it also fails, bankruptcy and unemployment must, since trade is conducted on a credit basis; and since every industrial country, having multiplied its capacity to produce, has the same pressing need to sell and inability to buy, it is clear that wages, but must look for the alternative being the loss of the foreign market with consequent wholesale starvation.

If this view of the credit system is sound the remedy obviously is for the community to pay all the costs of production as they arise—it has to pay the in the long run—and then it will be free to fix selling prices at such a level below cost as will cancel out all inflation of credit and so reduce the level of selling prices to the level of the community's purchasing power. This would restore to the community the value taken from it when credits are created, and would ensure that whatever goods it produces it will be able to buy.

Some of us are not prepared as yet to endorse all Major Douglas's views; but we are convinced that bank credits are one of the main components—not indeed the main constituent—of selling prices; and that no final solution of the problem is possible that does not bring the issue of credit and the fixing of selling prices under the community's control.

We recommend that the Executive of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain be asked to investigate Major Douglas's scheme of changing credit reform for the mining industry.—Forward.

Is it possible to check unemployment? It is certainly not because everybody is supplied with all the goods and service they actually need that the demand for labour is ceasing. The legitimate wants of the Canadian people from food, fuel and housing, to pictures, books, music and social amenities—could keep every willing worker employed. Is the community so utterly helpless that thousands of workers in every city must be drafted into the involuntary reserve, of unemployment, of which they might be kept busy profitably? Surely in this age of advanced industrial development, when man's capacity for producing more than abundance for all has never been more equitably shared in history, it is not beyond the realm of godliness to overcome the book-keeping obstacles to distribution.

Seeming obstacles occur on paper. There is no lack of potential resources. Canada is richly endowed by nature. There is skill, energy, capacity, and organizing ability in this country. There are legitimate needs to be supplied. But financial credit is needed to carry on production and distribution—to deliver the goods where and when required. Purchasing power is needed by the whole people, as consumers, to purchase the goods when they are available for delivery.

Major C. H. Douglas's new book (published by Cecil Palmer, London, at 7s. 6d.), "Credit-Power and Democracy," with a commentary by A. R. Orage, editor of The New Age, could supply a plan that has much to commend it. It gives general acceptance to the capitalist directors of industry, to business interests, as well as to other workers, wage-earners, and the public as consumers. It is based fundamentally upon a modified credit system. It does not indirectly make for competitive industry, or to substitute any branch of socialism for individual effort. It does not advocate any form of nationalisation of capital levy or increased taxation is favoured. It is a proposal to build up on existing experience and industrial development, without curtailing private enterprise.

The community could control financial issues. Prices would be regulated—not arbitrarily, but by an economic ratio between production and consumption. The ratio between total production and total consumption in a given country must make no reference to the capitalist system, in which both extends and safeguards personal liberty, while at the same time co-operation would be free to develop without the risk of creating a bureaucracy, or anti-social trusts, the foreword says that "the citizen as consumer is guaranteed the fullest possible share in progress by means of the establishment of the just Price. It continues as follows:

Moreover these results are brought about under the scheme with the minimum transitional disturbance of existing social arrangements yet with immediate social relief. No attack is made upon property as such, or upon the rights of property. No confiscation is implied, nor any violent supersession of existing industrial control. No sudden or difficult transformation on the part of the State is presupposed. Nor are men expected, as a condition of the practicability of the scheme, to be better than they are. The scheme, in short, presupposes only what is.

Employment in the place of unemployment, prosperity in the place of industrial depression, economic security instead of financial stress in trade and industry, abundance as a status instead of poverty, and the voluntary reserve of unemployment, of which they might be kept busy profitably, are promised in the modified credit scheme, as outlined in Major Douglas's books, "Economic Democracy" and "Credit-Power and Democracy."

Readers of the "Citizen" who feel inclined to investigate the Douglas scheme may be interested to know that Major C. H. Douglas gained valuable experience of Canada as an engineer. He earned his position in the Royal Air Force, and then held a responsible administrative position in the national aircraft industry.

"Ottawa Citizen."