**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

The organised hypocrisy called public discussion in this country achieved another of its masterpieces on Friday when Mr. Lloyd George met the Coalowners and Miners for the purpose of staging a brief scene in the prolonged coal revue. All the “liberating force of ideas from outside,” which the “Times” had talked of, all the invitations from the Government and Mr. Herbert Smith to those with suggestions to offer, and all the responses to the same, including our own, had apparently been dismissed unheard or unheeded, before the parties responsible for the catastrophe of the stoppage had assembled to throw still more dust in the eyes of the public. That over four million men and their dependents had been out of work and wages for eight weeks, and that their idleness had diminished the real credit of the community by hundreds of millions of pounds’ value, and increased the army of the unemployed by scores of thousands—these facts were recognised and maintained only to form a background for a discussion unworthy of a village public house. The significance of the current industrial events, their absolute meaninglessness, in contrast, of the war under these circumstances, creating an effective demand for labour and the products of industry.

This solution of the problem, moreover, has been brought definitely nearer actuality by one of the by-products of the coal stoppage. It was announced on Tuesday that the Admiralty, after full consideration, had decided to build ships to burn oil fuel only. “In a short time,” we are informed, “the Fleet would consist only of oil-burning ships.” To those with imagination the prospect thus opened up must give rise to the gravest apprehensions, for not only does the event mark a turning point in the history of the coal industry itself, but in the history of this country and of the world. A decision to transfer the basis of mechanical power from coal to oil would in any case be momentous in the policy of a highly mechanised nation such as our own. Even under the most favourable circumstances the comparatively sudden transformation of fundamental values which the change involves would give rise to a considerable number of difficult problems. But in view of the particular circumstances of the engagement of over a million men in the specialised industry of coal-getting, the foreign origin of 99 per cent. of our possible oil supplies, the consequent absolute certainty of intensive international competition in regard to the new source of power, and the notorious existence of cosmopolitan oil-rings magnificently indifferent to any consideration but profit and power, the problems created by the Admiralty’s decision can truly be said to be little less than terrifying. Of coal we have had for many years a virtual monopoly, self-contained and within our absolute disposal. But now we are to adventure the fortunes of the nation, the Commonwealth and the world, on a material of which not only have we not a monopoly, but of which we can obtain control only at the risk of encountering the fiercest opposition of our most powerful industrial world-competitor. If the decision to substitute oil for coal is not a decloration of war, it at least narrows down the issues of the contest for power.

Among the ghosts that gibber in our streets to-day, Lord Incheape, next to Lord Weir, is, perhaps, the most insubstantial. At a moment when our elementary need is the distribution of purchasing-power at home...
for the consumption of the goods already stacked at our docks and in our warehouses, this nobleman, interested in shipping, thinks it no shame to preach the gospel of increased production, more export, and reduced wages. The fact that every one of his arguments, or what must pass as arguments, has already been refuted scores of times, and that his case in general has not a leg to stand upon, apparently matters nothing to Lord Inchcape or to the propaganda he represents. Only repeat what is false often enough, and it is sure to be believed, and, above all, when it is never allowed to descend to demonstration! Lord Inchcape's case, however, has on this occasion been more plainly stated than ever before; and it runs as follows: (1) We cannot employ our population unless we manufacture: a proposition, it will be observed, that calmly assumes one of the chief points at issue, namely, that it is the object of industry, not to deliver goods, but to provide employment. (2) We cannot manufacture unless we have raw material: admitted without question. (3) We do not produce enough food ourselves to feed the population; a proposition which is only conditionally true and is dependent on our free choice. (4) We cannot pay for imported raw materials and food unless we can sell coal and manufactured goods in exchange for them: true. (5) We cannot, however, sell (and therefore buy) abroad, unless we can sell our goods more cheaply than our foreign competitors; true, but with vital qualifications immediately to be considered. Finally, (6), we must increase and cheapen our production for export.

The conclusion will be seen, is our old familiar friend, super-production, with its concomitant of reduced costs, that is to say, reduced wages; and it depends, as we have pointed out, on a chain of evidence of which several of the links are demonstrably unable to bear the slightest strain. Admittedly we are under the necessity of importing raw materials; admittedly we find it more profitable to import food than to grow it ourselves. Equally without question we are under the painful necessity of having to pay in goods and services for the raw materials and food we import; and equally it must be admitted that unless the foreign countries that supply us with raw materials and food are content to receive our goods in exchange for them we shall find it impossible to do business with them. But what a host of imaginary difficulties Lord Inchcape has conjured up in order to frighten the nation into accepting his penal conclusion! For what are the facts? Is it the fact that foreign countries are so full of good raw materials and food that our own country has scarcely a look in? On the contrary, they are even more anxious to sell to us than we are to buy from them. It is the fact that we are only with the utmost economy and after our utmost exertions able to produce enough manufactured goods to satisfy the foreign market in addition to our own? On the contrary, two or three good months' work would enable us to pay for all the raw materials and food we import in a year. Lancashire, it has been calculated, could supply the world with cotton-goods with less than three months' full-time employment of plant and labour. Is it the fact that our prices stand in the way of our command of the world's raw materials and food-supplies? The correct answer is that our prices are exactly what we choose to make them; for nothing, save stupidity, prevents us from under-selling our cheapest competitor in the world-market to our own considerable profit. We deny that imported food and raw materials are rationed, or that imported manufactured goods too cheap, to enable the most skilful industrial people in the world to make a profit on them. Without repeating an explanation already familiar to our readers, our summary reply to Lord Inchcape is that with a sensible system of credit-control at home we can force our exports of manufactured goods to increase and our imports of foods to decrease, and so effectively to bear down on the cost of living; and that under such conditions our costs of imports of raw materials and food will be lower than the costs of producing those materials and food at home.

THE NEW AGE JUNE 2, 1921

Lord Inchcape naturally labours the fact that we are an island, that we must import food and raw materials or perish. But so far is our insularity for us to be bidden for the plight in which the nation finds itself that America; the giant continent, America, the self-contained, America, that does not need to import either food or raw material, finds herself in a precisely similar plight. We should like to know that "arguments" Lord Inchcape would invent for American consumption were he called upon to prescribe for American unemployment, American wage-reductions and American Labour unrest. He could not pretend that foreign trade was a vital necessity for a continent with all the world's resources within its own borders. He would be driven to devise some other excuses for existing, as no doubt he would, at a conclusion profitable to himself. Or consider, from Lord Inchcape's standpoint, the extraordinary paradox which the payment of the German indemnity presents. On his own showing, we are to increase our production and economise our consumption for the purpose of enabling us to purchase raw materials and other goods from abroad. And yet, when we are offered millions of pounds' worth of German goods, gratis and carriage paid to any address, we have the "Daily Express" bawling its very loudest that "the German indemnity" will "ruin" our industry by giving us imports for nothing. There is something a triple want in force in an "argument" that does not apply to America, and is refuted by the facts of the German indemnity. We must have foreign trade because we are an island. America must have foreign trade because she is a self-contained continent. We must sell more and more cheaply abroad in order to buy raw materials and other necessary goods. But if we are offered the latter for nothing we shall be ruined. This is the kind of reasoning, we suppose, that makes a man a peer of the realm.

The Press, being itself involved in the matter, has discovered that the new postal charges constitute a fresh "tax on trade," and are not designed to facilitate our industrial recovery. They are, we may say, either ignorantly or deliberately designed to do the reverse, and to add to the difficulties under which the creation of real credit is already labouring. The transport and transmission of news is nowadays an essential factor in national production; and the postal service, in its various branches, is a great contributor to the real credit of the community as coal or oil or any of the material factors. The curtailment of the postal services, either directly by limitation or indirectly by increased charges, is therefore exactly equivalent to the restriction to the use of machinery in general. It is precisely as if all the industrial plants of the country were "rationed" in the matter of power. On the other hand, it is manifestly unfair to charge Mr. Kellaway, the Minister deputed to announce the increases, with either "characteristically bureaucratic" notions (as the "Times" does), or with the obligation to find an alternative which ordinary business would not accept. Following the example set by every industrial organisation, Mr. Kellaway justifies his increased charges on the ground that they are "imposed solely to meet the present exceptional cost of our own works"; and if we are to suggest, as we have often suggested, that the remedy for high costs is low prices, and that it should be applied in the case of the postal services by reducing charges rather than by increasing charges, we should be met by the objection that we are advocating a State "subsidy," when in fact, we should be insisting only a State "credit." An "unremunerative" postal service, in Mr. Kellaway's use of the word, is, however, an absurd anomaly if it be confined to the
return in fees on the service rendered; for the real profit on the postal services is not the increase directly derived by the State, but the increment of national values brought about by the employment of the postal mechanism. Supposing this increment, due to postal facilities, to be as great as we believe it to be, the actual returns to the legal reserves in a central bank of two per cent. post means the reduction of this increment by at least one half. Our proposal would be to reduce the postal charges and to raise the credit-increment proportionately. Out of that increment the nation could pay the cost of the postal services a hundred times over.

The report that a Russian Soviet Bank is to be opened in London and that trade missions have already been sent to Russia for the purpose of finding a basis for Russian credit, may be taken as marking the end of the "revolutionary" period. In the view of its ultimate authors—needless to say, we do not mean its agents—the "revolution" has served its purpose, which was, if we have correctly guessed the plan, to reduce Russia to bankruptcy as a preliminary to buying up its gold at their scrap value. The audacious magnitude of a scheme that proposed to deal with a nation as if it were merely a business will, no doubt, provoke the usual amount of incredulity in regard to the possible "wickedness" of men. Nevertheless, we are convinced that this is the only explanation of a series of events beginning with the "revolution," passing through the phase of "communism," and winding up with the financial control, by a bank in London, of practically the whole of Russia's real resources. Moreover, while with incredible speed we may as well say that in our view the grandiose conspiracy to ruin Russia in order afterwards to buy her up by securing absolute control of her credit is not the only conspiracy of the kind afoot. There is a similar conspiracy afoot to "ruin" various countries on the Continent for the same ultimate object; and even, we dare to suggest, a similar conspiracy to "ruin" the British Commonwealth. Not one man in a million is aware, in fact, of the power resident in the control of Credit, or has the faintest idea of the scale upon which the world's Credit-controllers are engaged in working.

It is obvious that one of the conditions precedent of the centralised control of a community's credit is the centralisation of its banking system. Only a highly centralised country, such as Russia was and is, can be made the subject of "revolution," for de-centralised countries are immune to revolutions. It therefore follows that if the aforesaid conspiracy is to succeed, in the case of the British Commonwealth, each and all of the Dominions must first be persuadad to create a "central banking" system and that afterwards the whole series of systems shall be again centralised in a single bank situated no matter where, but under the control of the world-conspirators, consciously or subconsciously. Steps towards Dominion control are, in fact, now being taken; and we draw particular attention to the propaganda of "central banking" now rampant in the commercial Press. That "central banking" possesses certain advantages over distributed and de-centralised credit-control we do not deny. By means of central banking, one dollar of legal tender can be made to do the work of ten. Or, as Sir Henry Strakosch naively observes, "The central banker does in a central bank will support a larger credit structure than these than can possibly do if divided up among a number of individual banks." But the advantages are all in favour of the financial controllers; there are nothing but disadvantages to the public. The new system, if it is centralised and remembered that the control of Credit is the control of Life, the concentration of this control in a few hands, whatever its apparent advantages, cannot possibly fail to appear as the greatest menace to liberty that can be conceived.

An extraordinarily interesting address was recently delivered before the American Convention of Chambers of Commerce by Mr. John McHugh, and it has now been published in pamphlet form and given a world-circulation. In view of the preceding remarks on the question of the world's credit-control, it is not without significance that Mr. McHugh almost goes out of his way to claim the title for America; nor does he mince or mince matters in enunciating its consequences. "As the world's chief creditor nation," he said, "the control of the credit destinies of the world is definitely in American hands to-day." "The United States occupies a position that literally has never been occupied by any other single nation or group of nations." It is the world's banker." And when we ask what America proposes to do with the world in virtue of her control of the world's credit, the answer is given that America must naturally protect her outstanding credits, i.e., the world's debts to her, and will do so by requiring of the debtor nations that they "balance their budgets, readjust their taxation, establish political order, and, above all, get back to work." Such claims to control, if based upon any other power than that of finance, would, we can safely say, instantly provoke resistance on a scale proportionate to their monstrousness; for the "interfering" calmly offered at once the exercise of a natural right is plainly unlimited. But such, once more, is the subtlety, the incredulity, of the power wielded by finance that the major part of the claims enumerated by Mr. McHugh will not only be exercised, but exercised without the knowledge of the vast majority of those whom they will most prejudicially affect. We may be sure, however, that the substantial claim itself "to control the credit destinies of the world," though it may pass unnoticed by the masses, will not escape the observation and challenge of the financial groups now engaged in a similar mission.

The "Daily Mail" of the 16th inst. published a dispatch from its New York correspondent stating that Bound Brook, New Jersey, a village of about 5,000 inhabitants, has been treated to a wave of phosgene, known to soldiers and others during the late war as "mustard gas." The gas appears to have escaped from a tank through the opening of a valve, and to have been in sufficient quantity to reach the house of the chief chemist, who lived about a mile away, and to "gas" his wife. Twelve others, of whom four died, were overcome by the wave. Phosgene is one of the more solid advances in the art of war which we owe to the late conflict, and we may confidently expect that either it or an improvement of it will be an outstanding feature of the new war to which we move so rapidly. There is a sort of automatic devilry about it which is peculiarly suitable to the situation. The victim gets one good lung-full and may then be allowed to retire with the sure and certain knowledge that he has about thirty-six hours in which to make his earthly dispositions. Nothing can be done for him; at the end of this time universal suppuration of the lungs sets in and he dies in the most awful agony, of slow suffocation. In view of the preceding remarks on the concentration of the world's Credit is the control of Life, the concentration of this control in a few hands, whatever its apparent advantages, cannot
World Affairs.

Consciousness, freedom and responsibility are what constitute Europe as an organ of the world. Initiative, therefore, lies with Europe. We mean by Europe, and by Europa, Great Britain and Russia equally with continental Europe and the Balkans; Europe, then, we choose to call the consciousness and responsibility of the world. Because of our pan-human consciousness and conscience we have to maintain that Europe, with her Teutonic or Nordic racial kernel, is the focus and the synthetic function of humanity. With Europe rests the initiative of pan-human organisation. The empire of the British essence, it has been conceptualised to define as the principal bridge between Europe and the world, between Aryandom and non-Aryan kind. It is unavailing for our inquiry to delineate the empire of the British essence in a materialistic and imperialistic sense. Albion is only the power-body, the awful necessity and earthliness of England and of the British function in humanity. The People England and the Empire Albion are one being and one function, one and the same mystic and physical entity; two polar aspects of the same world-element. England or Great Britain is the intrinsic Imperium; the world-giant, the dragon of the oceans, is its instrumental value. The Imperium as a whole, however, is only a pan-human and a European power-body and instrument. It is impossible to understand both the world's organic unity and the secret of the British race without some such assumption. Russia and her Asiatic empire, whatever be the meaning of her present crisis, and however long her eclipse may last, must belong to Greater Europe as Europe's continental power-body. The Imperium of Rufik and Peter is the continental world-function of the British mankind. Russia and her Asiatic empire, we shall have to prove when we come to consider the problem of Slavdom, is, as much as England herself, an epigenesis and a transcendence of the Nordic race, a bridge between the national past of Aryandom and the supra-natural future of the world. Russia and Slavdom is the reverse and the correlativity of Great Britain and Anglo-Saxon humanity. Europe cannot exist, cannot be Europe, without these two immense collateral members, England and Slavdom; and, links as they are between the centre of the world and its periphery, these two racial blocks do include and transcend Europe proper in their essence. The problem of the British function is thus related to the central and universal problem of Greater Europe. Europa is the Over-Soul even of the British and of the Russian imperial bodies.

Production of values, not creation of essences, is human dignity and duty. Realisation and actualisation is the human calling, not conception and invention. Races and empires no less than individual humanities, epochs and elementary Over-Souls no less than great men and leaders, have only to translate and to incarnate the immanent and necessary needs and laws of Humanity Universal and of Providence into actuality. Human virtue is, at its greatest, heroism of obedience. Nature is the creator. The immanent laws and needs of God command the obedience of Over-Souls and of every spirit. To produce or not to produce values—this is the worth and merit of humanity; to produce or not to produce, not what, where and when to produce. To realise and fulfil the needs and plans of Man and of Providence; not what to realise, where to realise, when to realise them, is the glory and Pleroma of collective humanities and also of the individual. Modality alone, the perfection of the modality, belongs to human worth proper. How and whether or not the divine plan is executed belongs to human worth. In the ineffable difficulty of such obedience and heroism consists the glory of human achievement, and in the essence of all difficulties consists human superhuman-ness and self-transcendence. How to realise the needs of the Creator is the work of Man; and this work is History itself and the aeonial life of humanities. What ought to be realised on earth is pan-human and providential. Universal Humanity ought to be realised. In Pleroma, however, in Humanity Universal every humanity, every person finds self-fulfilment. Pleroma, moreover, self-fulfilment is world-function at the same time. The cosmic function of humanity is the construction and self-actualisation of the world. To-day it seems that the time has arrived when the racial and self-realisation of nations need no longer be suppressed and mutilated for the sake of the world. This very moment may be the time when racial individualities will be considered as necessary as elements of Man and of the world. The Russian supra-nationalism and universality, however, is chiefly spiritual and historical. The British pan-humanism is evolutionary, as we have stated often enough. It is evolutionary. By this we mean that the anti-nationalist and a-national Imperium of the British race is the primary internationalising agency in the world, the most chastening, most sobering, elevating influence in history. The physical effect upon mankind of this evolutionary tempering influence is infinitely lasting and of anthropogenetic importance. For America, no matter how prodigal and orgiastic, how anti-human and titanic, is conceived in Reformation and Protestantism, in sobriety and Evangelicalism; and the health and the potential of the Caucasian, Anglo-Saxon race is one of the hopes and consolations of the world. The great sanity and solidity of the British character is literally the foundation of the foundations of the future strength and health of the Kingdom. Literally it is true to say that the physical and constitutional re-source of the Anglo-Saxon stock is the foundation of the super-Aryan evolution of mankind. From the moral and mental discipline and harmony of the English man this glory of the world is a result. On the other hand the application of the English Empire to somatic anthropology and to earth has resulted in a feminine and effeminated sense of racial nationality and meaninglessness. Man creates racial anthropology. Woman creates somatic anthropology. Man leads races and nations. Woman leads humanity. The Englishman has lost the sense of his Aryan and Nordic descent. He has gained his immense sense of evolution and everlastingness, of human essentiality and of the identity of all humanesses—he has gained all this at the expense of tragic loss. He has lost the virile and historic sense of articulation, of nationalism. He has lost the consciousness of Personality and Freedom. And it is for this reason that Antichrist and Israel have fastened upon his will and his unconscious—because of this that Judaism was able to convert England into Albion and the Oceanic Imperium of Europe into the foundation of the world's Chaos, into the corner-stone of the League of Nations and of internationalism.
Our Generation.

My criticism of Dr. Orchard a fortnight ago evoked almost immediately two very courteous letters of protest from a pair of his admirers. The temper of these has convinced me that there must be a virtue in Dr. Orchard; but I am not by any means convinced that it is a virtue adequate to the times, a virtue in season. And that is what I meant specifically when I denied to Dr. Orchard a sense of spiritual realities. "Dr. Orchard's happens to be one of the few voices," says one of my correspondents, "that matter in the Church of to-day." But all I can reply to that is that the Church is not to-day a spiritual force but merely a sect, and that whoever desires seriously to "matter"—almost a supernatural hope in any case in this country—must labour outside the Church and in the realm of real potencies, of real good and real evil. The other correspondent thinks that Dr. Orchard must have been misunderstood by the reporter, and that he could not have said precisely what the Press took him to say. "I happened to attend five out of the six lectures on psycho-analysis," he says, "which Dr. Orchard delivered at Kingsway House in the beginning of this year. The point of view he then consistently took was so courageous and penetrating, so utterly in contrast with the pall story in art, that I was amazed when I read it. Far from keeping the lid on the dustbin he searched it out. Naturally I took the newspaper report to be as accurate as such things usually are. If it was inaccurate a part of my criticism of Dr. Orchard must be gratuitous, and I willingly express my regret for having uttered it. But a part is still valid. A living force does not remain in a dead church. And it is not a sign of vitality in a priest to give "a series of lectures" upon whatever intellectual or political questions may arise from week to week. It is on the contrary a sign of spiritual poverty; a sign that the truth of religion, which works from within outwards, setting its mark upon, and in doing that transforming, every aspect of life in a single, living intuitional act, is so feeble that its votaries have to go outside it, have to choose undigested "subjects" from the purely secular world, to add, finally, a little "religion" in their mere criticism of them. This does not mean that psycho-analysis should be ignored by the clergy; it means that it should be revealed in its living essence in an exposition of Christianity—and not in the reverse way. I take up different "questions" to discuss them from the point of view of religion is simply to lose the concrete, indivisible actuality of religion, and to turn it into an abstraction set up against another abstraction. That is my objection to Dr. Orchard and to the other enlightened preachers of our time. His qualities might have been tolerated in the more comfortable and less critical world which we knew before the war. But in our present desperate pass only fire or light is seasonable.

The cinema industry has had a good year. In spite of trade depression, unemployment, anxiety at home and abroad, the advent of other forms of amusement, its usual public, with the trilling defection of a 6 per cent., have remained faithful to it. There have actually been complaints, it is said, about the poorness of the films; people have been demanding "better" films. But they have continued to go so strong that the mere assurance of seeing this film move—it does not matter in the least what they are—being apparently sufficient. What the cinema has achieved culturally is something unique; it has succeeded in becoming the most empty form of amusement not only of its time but that can be conceived. Any serial was at one time the chef d'ouvre of vacuity that this country could produce; but at any rate it was written, and had there-fore to be read, and in reading one had to take some account of the way in which things were said, of style and expression. Well, the "cinema" gives us the "Answers" serial, and does not even oblige us to read it; in it, style, personality, idiosyncrasy, everything but the "story," has vanished. The astonishing thing is that, having found the emptiest entertainment there is, the entertainment which has least character and the minimum of human elements in it, the public should immediately choose it, and having chosen should, more inexplicably still, remain faithful to it. Perhaps the perpetual movement on the screen produces a hypnotic effect? What one never gets on the "movies" is a production of a free movement, a spontaneous gesture: for everything is spoiled by the assured determinism of the mechanism which puts the picture before our eyes, and which subconsciously we cannot forget. Half a century of the cinema and people will be either idiots or determinists.

The absence of any great figure among religious bodies at present is not so striking as the character of what figures there are. Men of natural force, of great will or great distinction, such as Cardinal Newman or Cardinal Manning, there are none at all; there are no "personalities"—to use the slang of contemporary journalism. The figures there are are in the churches, either officials or "characters." The Archbishop of Canterbury is a good example of the former class: no one thinks of him at all, but if one did, we should not think of him as a human being. Of the latter class there are more than one. There is the Bishop of London, for instance, the journalist of the Cross, an honest man with a sure instinct for hitting upon popular issues, or rather upon those popular issues which are altogether null and unreal, and the solution of which is an exercise in serious nonsense. There is the Rev. Dimsdale T. Young, the Samuel Smiles of the other world, the most popularly inspiring attribute of whom is his confidence that he will "go to Heaven." Then there is Father Vaughan—but we are at a loss here: only the "Daily Mail" could describe Father Vaughan. These, such as they are, are the most prominent ecclesiastical figures of our time. Their incapacity for thinking is universally acknowledged by everyone except their immediate followers; their specifically religious qualities are never mentioned, for a good reason; it remains that they are publicly enjoyed, simply as "characters." They are the vicar of St. Paul's who have strayed into the pulpit. It is not their religion that gives them influence: it is their popularity.

Empire Day has been less observed than usual this year; but then so many important events have happened—the visit of the Australians to this country, the advent of the American golfers—that the public have had no time to think of it. Nevertheless, a few "pronouncements" have been made which at any other time no one would think of making, seeing that the truth they contain must be mystical. We quote one. Mr. C. F. Higham, M.P., in an address to some school-children in Islington, said: "Tell your daddy that there is work for every one at good wages for the next ten years—if every one will get busy and do what he can." Had the misguided men who have been committing suicide every week in despair of getting work but known that! The Mayor of Camberwell is to be congratulated on refusing to fly the national flag on a day of such blatant and yet feeble vanity. Popular imperialism in this country has never had one single attribute of greatness; it has never risen above a childish sense of possession, the more childish for—being illusory: not a glimmer of responsibility in it, but sheer, unintelligent, grotesque vanity. It is a relief to find that Empire Day has passed with a smaller expenditure of vulgarity than might have been expected.

Edward Moore.
The Stage Society recently produced "The Race with the Shadow," by Wilhelm von Scholtz, a play that the critics agree in calling "mad." "The Times," even quoted Browning's regretful line: "How sad and bad fat was" which is sufficiently indicative of the fact that it was an unusual play. It is true that it used the eternal triangle of two men and a woman (they were, with the exception of a maidservant, the whole cast), but it used the triangle as an illustration rather than as subject-matter. Its real theme was the nature of artistic inspiration; and psychological as the play is, it owes nothing to the psycho-analytic school. Far more terrible than the suppressed complex is the fact of inter-communication that it postulates; it is worse than spiritualism, for the medium only professes to record of facts unknown to him. He is slow to perceive what happens about him; reality, to him, is not what he sees but what he invents. He understands even his wife better when she stands behind him; the sight of her distracts him, confuses him, blurs the clear mental image of her. He is at work on a novel of which he has read a few chapters to a group of people; and a visitor calls and explains that the novel is the story of his life in every detail. He wants to know how the novelist got his information; and the fact that the novelist had no informant puzzles, but does not satisfy, him. There must be a link somewhere; coincidence is no explanation of identity, and both are agreed that, physically, he is the man described, although, at that moment, only the stranger knows the psychological identity. But as the link is not apparent, he demands to be told at least how the story proceeds; it is a matter of life and death to him, the premiss might enable him to pitfalls lie before him. But the novelist is not disposed to admit the fatal implications of a causal connection between his inventions and his visitor's life; he will continue his novel and it will be interesting to see whether the coincidence of his story with the man's life continues. The stranger declares that he will make an end of the coincidence; he will live his own life, he will refuse to be the "double" of the novelist's imagination. So they part; and the rage of creation flares up in the novelist, and he departs to the country to work it out.

Some days later, the visitor calls again; and, of course, the wife was the woman who had been his mistress. She was the link; the novelist was in telepathic contact with her, by mental contact with her, not by verbal communication from her. Even this visit was in the portion of the novel that he had written while the stranger first called and again, at that moment, the novelist was full writing and telephoning from the country. The lover has come to shoot her for having ruined his life by her inidelity; and when he discovers that also is in the novel, he refrain. It is not quite clear to me whether she becomes his mistress again; she offers herself, and he seems to accept, but they are both so shaken by the thought that perhaps the novelist is, at that moment, recording the scene that I am not sure what really happened.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope

The third act brings the novelist back; his novel is finished, he has only to see now whether it agrees with facts. He tells his wife how, writing, the woman of his imagination gradually changed into her, how the sense of imaginary reality changed into that of material reality, how he seemed to be present in that very room. To convince her, he begins to reconstruct the scene of the second act, and the recite detail by detail until, when he crosses to the drawer into which the woman of his imagination had put the revolver she had taken from the lover, he sees the real revolver, and knows that his vision was true. Then he, too, is convinced of the reality of imagination; and he tells her how the story ends. So far as she is concerned, he will love her always; and if her love can endure the madness, perhaps the brutality, of jealousy, the raging hatred and aversion that he knows he will feel when his body begins to express what his mind already knows, they will come together at last purged as by fire of their memories, in a communion of spirit. The man will die in a duel; as he also tells the man when he calls. But the man commits suicide in a vain hope of triumphantly vindicating his separate existence—but that also is in the novel, and with his hand and wife calling each other "Harlot" and "Murderer," the curtain falls.

It is obvious that the play calls for acting, and Theodore Komisarjevsky got a perfect performance of it. The critics, not being particularly interested in acting, have dismissed it with a few complimentary words. But this was an artist's play, produced by an artist, and played by artists; only once was my illusion shattered, and that was when Mr. George Relph, in an exclamation, reminded me of Mr. Basil Rathbone. It is not that I dislike Mr. Rathbone, but my memory of him was not consonant with the mood induced by the play; this unfortunate intonation reminded me of theatres instead of keeping me interested in the play. The incident indicated how perfectly the thing was played; Mr. Franklin Dyall is a very uncertain actor, but the incident indicated how perfectly the thing was played; Mr. Franklin Dyall is a very uncertain actor, but if the coincidence of his story with the man's life were the interval; the novelist was in telepathic contact with his lover, by mental contact with her, not by verbal communication from her. Even this visit was in the portion of the novel that he had written while the stranger first called and again, at that moment, the novelist was full writing and telephoning from the country. The lover has come to shoot her for having ruined his life by her inidelity; and when he discovers that also is in the novel, he refrain. It is not quite clear to me whether she becomes his mistress again; she offers herself, and he seems to accept, but they are both so shaken by the thought that perhaps the novelist is, at that moment, recording the scene that I am not sure what really happened.

The third act brings the novelist back; his novel is finished, he has only to see now whether it agrees with facts. He tells his wife how, writing, the woman of his imagination gradually changed into her, how the sense of imaginary reality changed into that of material reality, how he seemed to be present in that very room. To convince her, he begins to reconstruct the scene of the second act, and the recite detail by detail until, when he crosses to the drawer into which the woman of his imagination had put the revolver she had taken from the lover, he sees the real revolver, and knows that his vision was true. Then he, too, is convinced of the reality of imagination; and he tells her how the story ends. So far as she is concerned, he will love her always; and if her love can endure the madness, perhaps the brutality, of jealousy, the raging hatred and aversion that he knows he will feel when his body begins to express what his mind already knows, they will come together at last purged as by fire of their memories, in a communion of spirit. The man will die in a duel; as he also tells the man when he calls. But the man commits suicide in a vain hope of triumphantly vindicating his separate existence—but that also is in the novel, and with his hand and wife calling each other "Harlot" and "Murderer," the curtain falls.

It is obvious that the play calls for acting, and Theodore Komisarjevsky got a perfect performance of it. The critics, not being particularly interested in acting, have dismissed it with a few complimentary words. But this was an artist's play, produced by an artist, and played by artists; only once was my illusion shattered, and that was when Mr. George Relph, in an exclamation, reminded me of Mr. Basil Rathbone. It is not that I dislike Mr. Rathbone, but my memory of him was not consonant with the mood induced by the play; this unfortunate intonation reminded me of theatres instead of keeping me interested in the play. The incident indicated how perfectly the thing was played; Mr. Franklin Dyall is a very uncertain actor, but the incident indicated how perfectly the thing was played; Mr. Franklin Dyall is a very uncertain actor, but if the coincidence of his story with the man's life were the interval; the novelist was in telepathic contact with his lover, by mental contact with her, not by verbal communication from her. Even this visit was in the portion of the novel that he had written while the stranger first called and again, at that moment, the novelist was full writing and telephoning from the country. The lover has come to shoot her for having ruined his life by her inidelity; and when he discovers that also is in the novel, he refrain. It is not quite clear to me whether she becomes his mistress again; she offers herself, and he seems to accept, but they are both so shaken by the thought that perhaps the novelist is, at that moment, recording the scene that I am not sure what really happened.
Towards National Guilds.

It is understood, of course, that we are making no pretence of writing in these Notes the "Douglas without Tears" of our dreams. This confession allows us cheerfully to admit that even our exposition of the first theorem of the Douglas-New Age Scheme, namely, "that the sum of Wages, Salaries and Dividends distributed on account of Production will buy an ever decreasing fraction of it"—an exposition which was not so bad as far as it went—was incomplete. The factor of Time was only partially considered; the difference between Capital and Ultimate Production was barely suggested; and the question of the disposal of the purchasing surplus was not so much as mentioned. It is difficult, however, to deal with all the parts of even a simple piece of mechanism simultaneously. We invite those of our readers who continue to complain of our obscurity to try the experiment of explaining a bicycle to people to whom have never seen one and know no technical terms of mechanics. Even when all the parts had been enumerated and their functions explained, it would be found difficult to get the notion bicycle as an integral conception to run in the head of the cyclist. The purchase of a bicycle would be so much more effective!

However, in order to reach the theorem, and in response to your invitations to clear up the remaining mysteries, and first to consider a little more closely the factor of Time. One correspondent urges that it is all very well to say that the payments made for Raw Materials are additions to Price which are not distributed as Wages, Salaries and Dividends, but that, in fact, such payments are immediately so distributed, since the raw material producers, having disposed of their existing stock, proceed to pay out Wages, Salaries and Dividends on account of fresh stock; and the sums thus distributed thereby become available as purchasing power against the product in which the recent stock has been absorbed. Our reply, in brief, is that you cannot have your cake and eat it. At greater length, the argument turns upon the factor of Time. Note that the theorem refers to the Wages, Salaries and Dividends distributed on account of a particular Production; and hence that the distribution of purchasing-power on account of a future production has no relevance to the theorem we are discussing. It is perfectly true that the sums distributed by the Raw Material producer on account of his next stock are purchasing-power, and that they may be employed in purchasing part of the product into which the first stock has entered; but this borrowing from the future to pay for the product of the present and previous period, is purchasing-power distributed in respect of a particular production is unable to buy the whole of that production.

Our correspondent will see that the subsequent issue of purchasing-power for a new and fresh stock of raw material is not issued on account of the previous product. As a matter of fact, it is only by fresh issues of purchasing-power on account of fresh production that old production is bought in more than a fractional degree; the purchasing-power issued on account of the first production being totally inadequate without the help of purchasing-power issued on account of subsequent production.

As regards the distinction between Capital and Ultimate Production, it is clear that much depends upon the kind of Production brought into the market. Capital Production consists of means for further production, i.e., the implement in the widest sense; in another word, Development. Ultimate Production, on the other hand, consists of consumable, usually perishable, commodities, commodities actually produced for individual use; we sometimes call it "labour". Now, to recall our Wages, Salaries and Dividends. Wages, Salaries and Dividends are not, as a rule, "spent" on Capital goods, but on Ultimate goods. The wage-earners, salariat and rentiers do not, in our experience, buy ships and factories and power-stations and railways; they buy shoes and clothes and food and furniture and a thousand and one Ultimate commodities. The distinction, therefore, between Capital and Ultimate Production is a matter of overwhelming importance to the recipients of Wages, Salaries and Dividends since on the relative amounts of the two forms of Production the actual purchasing-power of Wages, Salaries and Dividends depends.

Let us take the case of the production of a ship, and assume that it occupies a year in building. Of the million pounds spent on it, let us suppose that three quarters of a million is distributed in the course of the year as Wages, Salaries and Dividends. In the final production, as we have seen in our earlier exposition, not all of this three-quarters of a million is available at the end of the year as a purchasing-power to be set against the value of the ship. There is, of course, only, in fact, £1,000,000 minus (a) £250,000 paid in credit for old raw materials, etc.; and minus again (b) the cost of living of the recipients of Wages, Salaries and Dividends for a whole year. But even this is not all, for, in the second place, it is obvious that the ship as a whole is not in the market of Ultimate goods. The cash distributed as Wages, Salaries and Dividends has, as we say, no use for ships: the demands of the purchasing part of the product into which the first stock was issued; and his commercial object in conducting his affairs will be to keep apples in short supply, so that his employees cannot buy apples to begin with. He issues a purchasing-power (we conclude) on a title to the apples contained in his store; and, in return for the issue of the tickets, he demands the "labour" of their recipients. It is clearly to the advantage of the wage-earner on our island to increase the store of apples; but it is not so clearly to the advantage of the proprietor of the orchard! His advantage (speaking commercially) is in adding to the potentiality of his orchard; and his commercial object in conducting his affairs will be to keep apples in short supply, so as to ensure for himself the maximum service of his employees and a constant appreciation of the credit value of his orchard. Suppose him to have a million apples to begin with. He issues a purchasing-power sufficient to induce people to work under his direction; and he employs the purchasing power obtained by his employees to increase or maintaining his orchard. As his employees cannot buy the orchard (since they must spend their "money" on apples), their "money" is set against the store of apples; and since, again, the store of apples is not supplied, the effect of his purchasing power on the orchard, the effect of an issue of "money" to them is simply to increase the demand for apples; a demand which, on the current Price-formula, raises the price of apples. The more "money" issued (we conclude) on
account of Capital Production, the more "money" is available against Ultimate Production; and since Capital Production does not in itself simultaneously increase Ultimate Production, while undoubtedly it does increase the amount of Money necessarily spent on Ultimate products, the effect of Capital Production is to raise the price of Ultimate Production. Because ships are built, our shoes and sealing-wax cost us more!

From a Painter's Note-Book.

Nov. 1.—Nearly all the men I know who are good at painting are hearty, well set-up sort of men. There is nothing but what is just and fitting in this. Painting is an extremely arduous occupation and makes a great physical demand upon one. I know of nothing, for instance, quite so exhausting as to stand up before an easel for three or four hours at a stretch while working away in a sort of paroxysm of ardour and attention in the effort to get on to canvas some passing effect of light that winked at the end of those three vital hours. One is not, it is true, conscious of any particular strain while working; time passes swiftly; an hour is as ten minutes; it is only when one at last lays down one's brushes upon the termination of one's sketch or picture that one realise how exhausted one is. It takes an hour or so to cool down. And after that one begins to ache, to ache all over, and to ache for the rest of the day; and possibly for a good part of the day after. Is a peasant or a mechanic more completely tired out, I wonder, at the end of a long day's toil? I very much doubt it. But it is not the fact of being dead-tired at the end of the day which I resent, it is the ignoble and disgusting state of suppur one has sunk into. A mere lump of conscious fatigue. One is too tired to feel, one is unfit for society, incapable of talk. I turn to 'patience' on these occasions. What a godsend that pastime is, to be sure. A man of letters, it seems to me, knows nothing of this brutal fatigue. He may be tied to his desk, say, for five or six hours and even longer, forgetful, in his absorption in his task, of time, and place, and the dinner-hour, and yet at the end of his prolonged session he may rise up from his chair, very tired no doubt and worn, excédé, but nevertheless with all his faculties about him and with no actual bodily ache to complain of. He can find, if he so wishes, relaxation for body and mind, and the only apparent evil he suffers from is an inability to stop his mind from still working. He is too over-worked, feverish. 'A turn or two I'll take to still my beating mind,' says Prospero. But the poor painter is in a condition in which there is palpably no longer any mind subsisting either to quiet or to rouse.

Fortunately we painters are mostly fools, and so it doesn't matter if our calling makes us at times inordinately dull and stupid. We own simple primitive minds; at least such is the case, I think, with the generality of landscape, and a week's of animal painters. No, the painter is not an intellectual. But would it not be a pity if he were? For the first prerequisite for the habit of reasoning is an assured power, on our part, of shutting our eyes to the outward world, so various and distracting; of descending into our mind; of forgetting our surroundings; and that is not only particularly hard for the painter to accomplish—for he is nothing if not an eye—but it would be manifestly a suicidal action if he could. For naturally we do not ask for ideas from the painter, we ask for pictures; the colours and forms of things; and therefore it is his clear duty to keep his eyes widely open, or, in other words, to think as little as possible.

Many years ago I spent a few winters at St. Maze, an artist's colony on the east coast of Cornwall. We numbered about a score of painters; of these a few were women. We used to meet of an evening in a large disused sail-loft, and here, with the aid of a few chairs and tables and a lamp or so, we had the semblance of a club used to chew tobacco and play cards. Three or four of the men had a great deal of talent; they had already achieved a certain success both in Paris and in London. But, except in regard to their superior artistic talent, they did not differ from the rest of us in any notable way. Like the rest of us they had neither religion nor politics, were supremely indifferent to the burning social questions of the day, had little or no care or feeling for letters; nor had they any social gifts or personal charm or grace of manner to speak of. They were just plain simple honest workmen moderately versed in the mysteries of their craft. Utterly devoid of serious thought they were not; but, as a rule, whatever serious thought they had in their mind was such as was given to the consideration of purely technical questions relating to the practice of their art—questions of colour, tone, values, pigments, scumblings, glazes, and the like; although I dare say, they may have had their private domestic worries, and were not without their sentimental entanglements. We rarely opened a book. The newspapers we did read, but it cannot be said that our comments on public events were marked by bright intelligence. Briefly, there was not a cultivated mind amongst us: a few were gentlemen; but the gentlemen were apt to be bores and the livelier and choicer spirits were apt to be boasters.

Do I exaggerate? I dare say I do. There are, I am well aware, a few great painters who do not answer to the above description—painters distinguished for their versatile gifts and accomplishments, well read, good talkers, perhaps skilled in the use of a pen, or graceful and polished men of the world. Ordinarily, however, these arresting decorative sort of figures are to be found not so much among the race of painters as among the race of connoisseurs and aesthetes. After all, one does not need to be a brilliant person in order to handle a brush with skill and sensibility. I confess I am suspicious of the work of cultured artists. One knows pretty well beforehand what it will be like. Good work of a kind no doubt, learned, accomplished, full of careful guile, but, in the main, derivative; it will inspire respect no doubt, but it will hardly move one to ecstasy. After all, one does not need to be a brilliant aesthete. After all, one does not need to be a brilliant artist to paint a good picture. As the poet says, "What is a man without his art?"—that is what we ask for. We get it in Sargent's at his best, we do not get it in Watts at his best. Nearly all the great practitioners have it. You can see it in the line. By ecstasy I mean that passion of delight, that rapture of wonder and admiration. It will not look as though it were naturally and spontaneously evolved. Probably it will have a marked literary bias; the interest of the picture will lie in its sentiment rather than in its pictorial feeling, and what the artist has set forth in it will have been equally well, if not indeed far more fittingly, expressed through the medium of words—perhaps in a poem. The art of Burne-Jones is fine as it is, may be, I said, I think, to labour under this defect. It is somewhat ghostly and attenuated. Of course, at bottom, it is a question of little moment whether a painter is steeped in culture or extremely ignorant, a fine gentleman or a boor, so long as he shows himself a master of his craft and is able to infuse the inert material under his hand into the living fire of his spirit—Ecstasy! That is what we ask for. We get it in Sargent at his best, we do not get it in Watts at his best. Nearly all the great practitioners have it. You can see it in the line. By ecstasy I mean that passion of delight, past burning ardour, which the painter is susceptible to and knows how to transfer to his hand and canvas as he looks into the external world and contemplates now this and now that—perhaps, like Chardin, merely the lustrous surface of some purely objective object of household use. I should not mind being fagged out and a dull sort of person if I could get something of this living quality into my work occasionally.

Henry Bishop
Recent Verse.

CLAUSE MCKAY. Spring in New Hampshire, and other poems. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

The author, we are told in a preface, "is a pure-blooded Negro" and his poems "may, in the opinion of not a few who have seen them in periodical form, claim a place beside that of the work that the present generation is producing in this country." When we say that they cannot we are doing injustice to neither Mr. McKay nor his sponsor. For they have neither Mr. McKay nor his sponsor. For they have none of the marks of poetry; they are entirely uninspired; there is not an original image or line in them; and why Mr. J. A. Richards, the writer of the preface, should embarrass us by compelling us to contradict him on an obvious matter we cannot guess. He does no service to Mr. McKay by overpraising him so ridiculously; for in raising our hopes unjustifiably he only makes more bitter our disappointment. Not with any desire to communicate our chagrin to our readers, but merely to justify our opinion, we quote we say that they cannot.

For me to linger here, alas, while happy winds go laughing by, wasting the golden hours indoors, washing windows and scrubbing floors.

Too wonderful the April night, too faintly sweet, or, worst of all, that the stars—too gloriously bright, as if we or Mr. McKay nor his sponsor. For they have none of the marks of poetry; they are entirely uninspired; there is not an original image or line in them; and why Mr. J. A. Richards, the writer of the preface, should embarrass us by compelling us to contradict him on an obvious matter we cannot guess. He does no service to Mr. McKay by overpraising him so ridiculously; for in raising our hopes unjustifiably he only makes more bitter our disappointment. Not with any desire to communicate our chagrin to our readers, but merely to justify our opinion, we quote.

Washing windows and scrubbing floors.

Well, as everyone can see, there is literally nothing in that. Nothing is uttered, formed, created: nothing is even characterised. To tell us that an April night is "too wonderful," or that the first May flowers are "too faintly sweet," or, worst of all, that the stars—too gloriously bright, as if we or Mr. McKay nor his sponsor. For they have none of the marks of poetry; they are entirely uninspired; there is not an original image or line in them; and why Mr. J. A. Richards, the writer of the preface, should embarrass us by compelling us to contradict him on an obvious matter we cannot guess. He does no service to Mr. McKay by overpraising him so ridiculously; for in raising our hopes unjustifiably he only makes more bitter our disappointment. Not with any desire to communicate our chagrin to our readers, but merely to justify our opinion, we quote.

The sacred brown feet of my fallen race!

Rumors of poverty, dishonour and disgrace,

Plymouth Brethren. E. M. Oates. 10s. net.)

The authoress will alienate her secular readers by a very pointless piece of arrogance in the preface. After dividing people into four classes: those who do foolish things badly, those who do foolish things well, those who do wise things badly, and those who do wise things well, she proceeds to say: "Most Catholics (it is on the whole a comfort to reflect) belong to the third class. . . . However, so long as we have a virtual monopoly of the last class (which is worth all the rest put together) we can afford to be hopeful, if not complacent." Later on she reiterates: "Only in the Catholic Church are the milk and meat [of religion] to be found in all their purity and strength: the rest of the world has to put up withmockeries and makeshifts." Obviously, then, this volume is not for us, although it occasionally appears to us to be a mockery and therefore, if we are to believe the author, our allotted spiritual food. It is nothing more or less than rhymed Catholic theology for the young; one is relieved by the absence of sentimentalism in the treatment of the subject, and not surprised by the absence of the religious spirit. The author is forthright:

Or again: Marriage is good, though, as we know, unwedded life is best. Truth for infants, indeed! Turning to the notes at the end we find adduced in support of the latter passages: "Bede, H., De orig. H., post Epiph., P.L. xciv., p. 68; and I Cor. vii." An odd volume: proof of the unconquerable spirit of provinciality in the Roman Catholic Church. And the narrow pride, certainty and stupidity are so much more thorough, so much better organised, than they are among the Plymouth Brethren. E. M.

unconvincing simply because it is unnecessary; and this vitiates a dramatic study which is otherwise skilfully worked out. The author's method is the elliptical; she has learnt much from Browning and Meredith; she is fortunate in that she has not learnt too much. The common remark, thrown into significant light, is her favourite means of revealing present states. It is shown best of all in the last lines of a sonnet entitled "Anne Boleyn on the Eve of Her Execution":

Oh, my God, I pray for strength! My neck is small, a little, little neck, Surely the pain will end, must end, at length! Oh, Henry! It is well a child is born Of thee and me! There will be one to mourn. That is highly dramatic, yet only the simplest means are used. If Mrs. Cranmer remained at that level she would accomplish notable things. But a style which is sentimental and jaded betrays her at every turn. She begins "Long Visions" in this manner:

In the depths of my soul there is hidden
The sound of a song.
All day it lingers and murmurs around my heart,
As the sound of the sea murmurs in the shells
That lie upon the shore.
In the depths of my heart there is hidden
The sound of a song.

No exactitude, no definition, nothing but general impressions, and art has no use for general impressions: their only home is the Press. "Depths of my soul:"—

banal: "sound of a song"—weakly redundant: "ingers and murmurs"—well, what can one call it? These are all guesses at expression; the author should read nothing but Stendhal for a term. Her words have no concreteness and therefore no power.

HELEN PARRY EDEN. A String of Sapphires; being Mysteries of the Life and Death of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: put into English rhyme for the Young and Simple. (Burns and

The authoress will alienate her secular readers by a very pointless piece of arrogance in the preface. After dividing people into four classes: those who do foolish things badly, those who do foolish things well, those who do wise things badly, and those who do wise things well, she proceeds to say: "Most Catholics (it is on the whole a comfort to reflect) belong to the third class. . . . However, so long as we have a virtual monopoly of the last class (which is worth all the rest put together) we can afford to be hopeful, if not complacent." Later on she reiterates: "Only in the Catholic Church are the milk and meat [of religion] to be found in all their purity and strength: the rest of the world has to put up with mockeries and makeshifts." Obviously, then, this volume is not for us, although it occasionally appears to us to be a mockery and therefore, if we are to believe the author, our allotted spiritual food. It is nothing more or less than rhymed Catholic theology for the young; one is relieved by the absence of sentimentalism in the treatment of the subject, and not surprised by the absence of the religious spirit. The author is forthright: Now listen how our Blessed Lord His public life began.

Or again:

Marriage is good, though, as we know, unwedded life is best.
Views and Reviews.

ON MARRIAGE.

The hardy annual, "Is Marriage A Failure?" has been again revived by the "Daily News" in the form:

"What is wrong with modern marriage?" An editorial writer professes to believe that the problem itself is not really much more serious than it was in the Garden of Eden; which may be true of the general problem of marriage, but does not seem to be relevant to the particular form in which the question has been raised. The modern problem of marriage has very little to do with the "hunter" husband, and the "home-making wife"; quite recently, we have read of a woman delegate to a trade conference demanding "industrial freedom" for women, and declaring that a married man ought to cook his own dinner. That woman's conception of "home" is obviously not the traditional one; and if we may judge from a number of stray expressions of opinion, that conception is one of the fundamental problems of modern marriage.

Concurrently with the discussion in the "Daily News" appeared a report of a meeting of a section of the National Federation of Brotherhoods at which a married woman declared that "young women had cast off to a large extent the responsibility of home. They were out to have a good time, and were not fit for the responsibility of citizenship." In the same week, Lady Askwith deplored the "snobbishness" of modern people, and declared that "girls would not marry nowadays and would not have babies because they did not know how to take care of them." She deplored the fact that "a subject so important and vital to the nation as the art of cooking and the things that made life comfortable" should be practically unknown to the modern girl. At the same time, the Committee on Adoption issued a White Paper declaring that the decline of "the mother's sense" is partly responsible for the increasing frequency of adoption of children. To crown it all, the Registrar-General issued a report showing big decreases in both the marriage and birth rates during the first quarter of the year; and on the other hand, the Divorce Court, in spite of working overtime and obtaining judicial assistance from other Courts (thereby piling up arrears in the other Courts), has not been able to keep pace with the demand for divorce. In these circumstances, it is not very consoling to be referred to Adam and Eve; the antiquity of a problem is not a solution of it.

But the difficulty is to determine what is the problem. The dissatisfaction with marriage is obvious; but the variety of responses only serves to remind us that marriage establishes a larger number of contacts between human beings than any other relation, and therefore is inherently liable to failure from a larger number of causes. The confusion of "love" with "marriage" does not make discussion any easier, for there are so many definitions of love; and once the primary goodwill has lapsed, the parties are in a legal relation of peculiar character. When a woman can apply for, and obtain an order for the committal of her husband to prison for arrears under a maintenance order accruing while he was already serving a sentence of imprisonment, it is really nonsense to talk about "love." The man has obviously entered into a contract to maintain a woman who, for whatever reason, does nothing for him but keep him in gaul. Or take another case, reported in the "Daily News" of May 21. A young woman charged her husband with desertion. She was eighteen, he was twenty, at the time of marriage. The marriage had never been consummated, and they had never lived together. He could not, at the time, provide a home for her, and she refused to live with his parents. She wrote saying that she had no love for him and did not want to have anything to do with him. Two months later, she demanded that he should provide a home for her. She admitted that when he returned from the Army she did not meet him, but went to a music-hall with her sister; and so forth. The magistrate refused to make an order; but (and this is the point), he said, "I think that if I am wrong in law (I daresay I am), you can take the matter to the High Court:" and the husband, I may add, would have to pay her costs. Certainly, the husband can sue for a decree of nullity, but it will cost him much more than the marriage. Presumably, she received separation allowance while he was in the Army; and in that case, the country has paid her handsomely for going through the ceremony of marriage.

The case is typical of a growing class; girls of eighteen follow, they do not create, fashions; and the Buddhist doctrine of "non-attachment to the fruits of action" finds in this aspect of the marriage problem an unexpected development. Why did she marry? The only conceivable answer is that she wanted to have legal rights to maintenance without any counter-vailing duties; she wanted something for nothing, and if the marriage consummation could not be obtained, she was content to get it. It cannot be too often said that the marriage contract is a contract of implied terms which the woman is under no legal compulsion to fulfil. "A husband has no property in the body of his wife. He cannot imprison her; he cannot chastise her. If she refuses to live with him, he cannot, nor can the Court, compel her to do so. She is mistress of her own physical destiny." So said the judge in the Malcolm case; and statements such as those made in an article in the "Star" of May 21, that "the women prefer a bungalow to a worm, that all truly happily married men have complete control over their wives; are beside the mark. Wife-beating is a crime; and a woman who will not cook a man's dinner will not hesitate to put her husband in gaol if he resents it to. Happy marriages, indeed, might be defined as those in which the women do not exercise their legal rights—and the growing number of separation orders (with maintenance) suggests that the number of such women is decreasing.

The disparity in the legal position of the sexes begins before marriage. It is true that a man can sue for breach of promise of marriage; but if he afterwards applies for a "fetter" to the man, he is assumed that he is better off without the woman, and if the case is not laughed out of court, he gets no damages. I should never be surprised to hear that, in such a case, a man had been compelled to reward a woman for releasing him; there seems to be no end to the legal reasons for establishing the economic independence of women at the expense of men. When it is remembered that, in England, a woman usually brings nothing to marriage but herself, and herself more and more refuses to perform the implied terms of the contract, it would seem that what is wrong with modern marriage is modern woman. She has "vindicated her rights" more successfully than Mary Wollstonecraft could ever have hoped; she has not merely obtained her "freedom," but she has transferred her "letters" to the man. Whether wonder whether, as Nietzsche asked, she is one who ought to be free, but the fact remains, whether we like it or not, that she is; and the only real problem of marriage is whether it is worth a man's while to contract it. So long as men believe that they obtain legal rights in marriage, so long will they think marriage worth while; and there is no obvious reason why they should think otherwise—until they are married. But until marriage is reformed by making the married woman's privileges dependent upon the performance of the implied terms of the contract, there is not much hope of solving the problem.

A. E. R.
Reviews.

By the power due to the reflex action of the believer’s mind... No one can deny that a man with a firm conviction that such a success will be achieved by him, or such a danger avoided, will be far more likely to gain his desire, other conditions being equal, than one of a pessimistic turn of mind.” The truth of this is now acknowledged; but it has not been adequately shown how the latter especially he is just and illuminating. To the Greeks, he says, it meant “the steady control and direction of the power, believed to reside in the talisman itself, is via the beliefs of bygone times, well and good, but much modern art and the Barbarians live for us in order to show us the difference between them. His style is supple, plastic, not energized, ample, but filled with delicate and, indeed, in the whole book, few will disagree with him—as Eleutheria and Suphrosony, attributes which have been imperfectly translated as freedom and balance. Upon the latter especially he is just and illuminating. To the Greeks, he says, it meant “the steady control and direction of the total energy of man,” and, as he complains later, it is translated as “moderation”! On this point, and, indeed, the whole book, he might have insinuated a little more on the Dionysian aspect of Greek life. In Greek art, and in Greek life at its highest, Dionysus, as well as Apollo, was present; just as in so much modern art Dionysus is banished, and in compensation Apollo has taken to the front stage. On the classical and the romantic, however, the author has a theory at once simple and suggestive, to which he devotes his last three chapters. His theory is that “classical art is an expression of Hellenism and romantic art of Barbarism, so far as Barbarism is capable of expression.” It is certainly a more tenable theory than Arnold’s one of “natural magic,” of which the author easily disposes. The Greek poets, as he shows, did not lack “natural magic.” But their attitude to the enthralling loveliness of natural things was different from that of the Celts. “The Celt,” says the author, “hears the Sirens and follows them; the Greek hears them and unwillingly sails past. You may say: the Celtic gift is vision, the Hellenic gift is light.” The aphorism deserves to stand as an Hellenic gift.

Bygone Beliefs: being a Series of Excursions in the Byways of Thought. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc.(London), F.C.S. (Rider. London. 10s. 6d. net.)

“There is a reason for every belief, even the most fantastic,” says the author, “and it should be our object to discover this reason.” It is a question; if the shortest road to the discovery of the truth about things is via the beliefs of bygone times, well and good, but we doubt with reason nowadays whether this is so, and in any case we demand that our truths should have the greatest rationality and precision, a thing which the author easily disposes. The Greek poets, as he shows, did not lack “natural magic.” But their attitude to the enthralling loveliness of natural things was different from that of the Celts. “The Celt,” says the author, “hears the Sirens and follows them; the Greek hears them and unwillingly sails past. You may say: the Celtic gift is vision, the Hellenic gift is light.” The aphorism deserves to stand as an Hellenic gift.

The Origin and Problem of Life: A Psycho-Philosophical Study. By A. E. Baines. (Routledge. 35. 6d. net.)

This little book will do its author positive harm if it induces readers to ignore his valuable “Studies in Electro-Physiology” and “Germination.” Mr. Baines’ demonstration that the human body is a highly complicated electrical mechanism is either electricity or a force akin to it, that life itself is electrical in origin and nature, is too valuable both in theory and practice to suffer eclipse. But when Mr. Baines departs from demonstrable discovery, and drags in all the old theological misconceptions of Nature, posing a God as “the Great Electrician,” and supposing that because things happen in a certain way, they must have been designed to happen in that way, he has invaded the province of ontogeny and epistemology where his opinion counts for nothing. It is simply absurd to argue: “That we are not present able to say exactly when the soul enters the brain, nor to specify the precise moment when, after or at death, it leaves it, does not negative its existence as a separate entity”; when we do not even know what is meant by “soul,” and the electrical theory itself makes the assumption unnecessary. All this gratuitous assumption obscures the really valuable discoveries of Mr. Baines, not the least valuable being his discovery that specially treated carbon can, by merely being held in the hand, convey a charge of force to the body which persists for several hours, and is of marked benefit in cases of neuralgia. Whether or not the “rods” in the hands of Egyptian statues were symbolic of such prepared carbons, does not matter much; the fact remains that the electrical theory expounded by Mr. Baines and some medical colleagues provides an answer to much questioning, and indicates most fruitful lines of research. His friend, Dr. A. White Robertson, in “Studies in Electro-Pathology” has already indicated some of the benefits that may be derived from Mr. Baines’ researches.

Educating Peter. By W. P. Lipscomb. Illustrated by H. M. Bateman. (Constable. 9s. net.)

This story would really be better presented as a farcical comedy. It has the usual ingredients: a young man, piously brought up (his father, a clergyman, “stood over him with a mallet and watched longingly for any signs of originality or unorthodox opinions in his son”), is left alone in the world at twenty-one “with his small fortune and his ruinous disposition.” He enters the story with a harlequin’s leap from the quayside on to a departing ship, escaping, for the moment, from one of his experiences of feminine life. Being a guileless youth, he returns to London and plays poker, robbing banks and getting high. While still inebriated, he enters into a three-cornered compact of death with two other men who want to die but have conscientious, or other, objections to suicide; each will murder the other at some unexpected moment. At this point, he is left a larger fortune, and the story deals with his adventures in trying to evade or circumvent the consequences of the compact.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EINSTEIN.

Sir,—I came across the following passages in Sextus Empiricus (circ. 200 A.D.). They seem to me to be full of special interest at the present time, when we are looking forward to Professor Einstein's forthcoming lecture at King's College.

It is interesting to note how the theory of Relativity was anticipated in the principles which suggested to the Sceptics their ten "Tropes", by which they understood a manner of thought, a form of argument, or standpoint of judgment.

Sextus Empiricus says: "The fifth Trop is that based upon position, distance and place, for, according to each of these, the same things appear different, as for example, the same ship appears small and motionless from afar, and large in motion near by, etc. . . . . Since then all phenomena are seen in relation to place, distance and position, each of which relation makes a great difference with the idea, as we have mentioned, we shall be obliged by this Tropo also to come to the suspension of judgment."

"The eighth Trop is the one based upon relation, from which we conclude to suspend our judgment as to what things are absolutely, in their nature, since everything is in relation to something else. . . . everything is in relation to the things considered together with it, as the relation of the proposal which has so aroused your ire. I will try to squeeze the matter into a nutshell.

My proposal is one not for the reduction but for the redistribution of wages. But I choose the present time treating them as at present as though they were an "natural" desire to beat Labour with its own stick. There is, however, a trifling difference between the proposal to re-distribute the total national income and the proposal to redistribute merely that portion of it which we call Wages. When Miss Rathbone and her friends have done the first, no doubt "Labour" will be prepared to consider the second.—Editor, N.A.J.

ELEANOR F. MUGGE.
JUDGE.

Sir,—Fair play, let us hope, will be one of the features of The New Age, so on the principle of "Give the Devil its due" will you allow me, although a Fury and all the rest of it, to give your readers an opportunity of judging for themselves of the proposal which has so aroused your ire. I will try to squeeze the matter into a nutshell.

My proposal is one not for the reduction but for the redistribution of wages. But I choose the present time treating them as at present as though they were an "natural" desire to beat Labour with its own stick. There is, however, a trifling difference between the proposal to re-distribute the total national income and the proposal to redistribute merely that portion of it which we call Wages. When Miss Rathbone and her friends have done the first, no doubt "Labour" will be prepared to consider the second.—Editor, N.A.J.