NOTES OF THE WEEK.

National imbecility was never more plainly indicated than in the Geddes Report and its reception. To judge by the comments on the proposals of this amateur “business” super-government of five very commonplace tradesmen, the country is going to be “saved” by an “economy” of 5 per cent. made at the expense of something like six or seven million people. The truth, indeed, is much worse than that; for the fact is that not only is the “saving” of 5 per cent. illusory, but the actual cost of the economies, in depreciation of morale, physique and organisation, will amount to perhaps five times the estimated saving; in other words, the real credit of the community will be diminished by 20 per cent. or thereabouts. As for its effect upon “trade,” either by way of reduced taxation or reduced charges on industry, we cannot for the life of us understand the mentality of “business men” who hope to prosper by ruining their customers. The lesson of Central and Eastern Europe is written in letters of famine: No purchasing-power, no trade! Yet our Five Just Business Men have no better remedy to propose than to diminish the purchasing-power distributed to the only consumers left to them, namely, the people of their own unhappy country. That the services rendered by some of those whose income is now to be cut off can be dispensed with we have no doubt. From the point of view of strict necessity to productive efficiency a good 75 per cent. of the population is superfluous; and science is always increasing the number of the unwanted. But since nobody openly proposes to kill off the “labour” saved by “economy,” the “conversion” of these people from customers to beggars can scarcely be said to make for anybody’s health. The astonishing thing, however, is that the very victims of archangels. What can be done with such a state of mind?

Mr. Frank Hodges appears to share some of our feelings, but his proposals are only a degree or two less amazing than the proposals of the Geddes Committee. Their remedy is Economy, while his is a Labour Government. Of the two pieces of orange-box quackery, there is this to be said in favour of the Geddes nostrum, that it can actually be taken. Salaries can actually be cut down, children can actually be underfed, teachers can actually be overworked, and, altogether, there is no insuperable difficulty in employing the axe on people’s necks. But the return of a Labour Government is so purely imaginative that we cannot believe that Mr. Hodges would risk a shilling on it as a probable event within the next ten years. Again we confess our inability to understand the mentality of Labour leaders who write such nonsense as Mr. Hodges contributed to the “Daily Herald” last week. “Our unemployed must disappear [“When we come into power”], our burdens of taxation must be lightened, our educational status must be retrieved, and our people must be housed.” Coming from a Labour leader with some success to his name, this sort of promissory humbug would be bad enough; we should probably remark that he was trading on his credit. But Mr. Hodges has notoriously been one of the most disastrous experiments of the Trade Union movement. His education has cost the Miners literally tens of millions of pounds—and it is scarcely begun yet. That such a failure should undertake to remove unemployment, raise education, build houses, and at the same time to reduce taxation, is rather more than can be easily swallowed. It becomes necessary to remind Mr. Hodges, and to warn his auditors, that neither he nor the Labour Party has the smallest possibility of making their promises good; and they both know it. At the most the coming General Election will see the Labour “strength” raised from 70 to 100; but Mr. Hodges will doubtless be one of the trifling increments.

Whatever the fool Press and Public may fancy themselves to be, the Government is evidently very far from happy with the policy to which it finds itself committed. The policy is one of those which are easier said than done. Some idiot throws out the word “Economy,” and it tickles the ears of the groundlings. Nearly everyone begins to whoop for it, and the suggestible electorate imagines that it is impatiently hungering and thirsting for it. And so it is, in a way—or it would be if only one could have “Economy” without economies. But every specific cut at once raises a host of opposition. The Government is at present rent in pieces, every department struggling hard to reduce to the
utmost its own sacrifices. In these circumstances "there will," as the "Times" remarks, "be a fair chance of stemming the tide of retrenchment wave by wave." Unlike the "Times," however, we are anxious that it should be stemmed. As we have said, the reduction of spending, public and private, cannot relieve a situation which essentially is summed up as "under-consumption." But further, some of the services on which it is proposed to "economise" are vital to the national well-being and should, for their own sake, have far more, instead of less, money spent on them. It is on the Army, Navy, and Education that the Geddes Committee has fastened for providing the most sweeping reductions, which will require of course important alterations of policy. We know what that means in the case of education, which is required to sacrifice nearly as much as either of the fighting services. On the latter, in view of the Washington limitations and the pronounced "check," for the time being, in the world's gallop to the next war, far less might with advantage be spent, if only, by the aid of a saner financial policy, we could afford the luxury of any expenditure whatsoever. Mr. Churchill is to be welcomed as tending to reinforce the resistance of the more constructive services. There is quite a chance that all the departments may combine to overpower the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the non-departmental leaders. The latter's primary interest is naturally in "Economy" (though the Prime Minister is understood to make a reservation on Education). Meanwhile the public has insufficient knowledge to judge of these issues, and the comments on this proposal or that display the most arbitrary eclecticism not motivated solely by purely sectional interests. Thus the "business community" object to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's design of keeping up postal rates in order to relieve income-tax. They complain that it is not an "absolute economy," but merely a transfusion of money from one pocket to another. They ignore the fact that, from the standpoint of the community, "Economy" in general is only transferring money from one pocket to another, and that education, housing, public health services would equally "pay for themselves" in a harvest of social well-being.

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It is a desperate task to arouse the public to a sense of the vital importance, for their dearest interests, of the questions of currency and credit. Behind the ignorance and apathy of the average citizen, the most sinister plots for the reordering of the world in the interests of high finance go silently forward. We have repeatedly implored the public to realise the meaning of the partial hints, dropped from time to time, of the grandiose designs of the cosmopolitan financiers—designs which will certainly be carried through successfully, unless there is shortly the great awakening that never comes. We are living just now in an atmosphere of conferences, an atmosphere charged with the most perilous possibilities for the future freedom of the world. When financiers or their political agents "confen" it behoves the man in the street to be on his guard. In connection with Genoa, there is discreetly talking of reviving the decisions of the Brussels Conference of 1920. With hearth of the balancing of Budgets, the stammering of the printing press, "sound currency"—all the catch-words of the static philosophy, whereby plutocracy would spell-bind the peoples to their impoverishment and enslavement. Particularly significant is a pronouncement of the United States Federal Reserve Board. "There grows and grows the hullabaloo, ... that any permanent rehabilitation of the credit and currency systems will necessitate a return to a gold basis of some sort." This is rather different indeed from the old confident talk about "the gold standard"; even Wall Street has to recognise the difficulties created by the inadequacy of the world's gold-supply to the Real Credit created. But a gold standard in any shape or form spells damnation unless the people realise that they will not have this thing at any price the future is gloomy indeed. There is an ominous ring in the Board's words (familiar whenever there is talk of any financial aid between nations), "No proposals of any sort should be entertained. It is the duty of the greatest Powers in the world. If he studied his own business with even a respectable modicum of intelligence, or showed the least interest in understanding its wider bearings, he would ipso facto become a statesman. Yet for the impenetrably closed mind, for obstinate blindness to insistent facts, for utter incapacity to think outside the rut of petrified traditions, commend us to the F.B.I. ! The latest memorandum of its executive displays the old wooden-headed determination to persist to the bitter end in methods which have repeatedly led to disaster and are now casting us further and further into the mire. It cannot think of anything more enterprising than reducing the cost of production, and it insists once more that "by far the greatest element" in this is the wage cost. Without securing a penny more wages, however hard they work, the workers must produce "a higher output per head," and further, in some cases, extend the working hours as well. Even so, they will have no guarantee that they may not have to accept actual reductions of wages on the top of all this; they may indeed have to be reduced even below the pre-war standard. It is a fairly safe surmise that some of the signatories of this monstrous document were among those who, four or five years ago, were going about saying that of course the workers would never go back to work under the old conditions. Are these people mad? Do they think that they can go on for ever screwing continually more and more work out of their employees for wages which may get less and less without limit? What do they suppose is going to be the upshot? They put forward the industry can bear," and they carefully explain that its ability to bear "must primarily be governed" by competition for the foreign markets. There is no standard whatever, however miserably low, that they are prepared to guarantee. They do indeed deign to notice the obvious return of the people wrought by the resuscitation of the old confident talk about "the gold standard."
But their answer to this is that export trade is the “primary” consideration; and their only argument for this contention is that we are dependent on foreign imports. Can they not see that, if the home market is made the primary concern, we can dispose of our overblown spate and see to the security of the foreign market? Can they not see, that, whatever amount of goods it is technically possible for us to produce, it must, in the nature of things, be somehow possible to adjust prices to purchasing power that the people can buy the whole amount? Under-consumption by our home consumers together with a clamour for more trade is a disgrace to our economic leadership.

There has been a highly characteristic scuffle between “G. B. S.” and “G. K. C.” (to give them the initials they like). It has turned, as usual, on the fascinating topic of beer. “G. B. S.” has said just what he would say; a moderate acquaintance with his mind would have enabled one to attribute to him beforehand almost his very words. “If a natural choice between drunkenness and sobriety were possible in our civilisation, he would prefer to leave it at that. But as ‘an enormous capitalist organisation’ is pressing drink on the people for its own profit and leaving the community to pay for the damage, he is pro-Pussycot. Do no Socialists really believe in the possibility of a radical social change within any measurable future? They are practically all pushing some nostrum—Prohibition, Birth Control, or what not—for making things endurable under the present régime. They do not seem to see that thereby they are making impossible any concentration on radically transforming the system. A Socialist Utopia at the Greek Kalends is for them, in fact, a mere adornment for a peroration. That the “reforms” they advocate mean servitude is of course a matter of indifference to them; if they cared a straw for liberty they would not be collectivists. “G. K. C.” slashes through this web of sophisms with the common sense that only fails him when he is momentarily bemused by one of his many crotchets. He points out that “G. B. S.” actually mentions the truth and then misses it. The evils from which people suffer spring from the fundamental evil that property, which should be normal to the ordinary citizen, has become something which a few people possess and most people don’t.” An encyclopedia of sociological wisdom in an egg-shell!

No leader in the Church of England holds a position of greater prestige and influence than the present Bishop of Manchester. Any stand which he takes on social issues is of the utmost significance. He has recently made a most remarkable pronouncement. In the course of an address he gently repudiated Mr. Tawney and his functional basis of property. He then continued, “I want, if possible, so to organise society that every man shall have just enough to live upon while he snaps his fingers at the whole human race. If he can do that, his co-operation with society becomes a freer thing than if he is a cog that must fit somewhere.” We congratulate Dr. Temple on this explicit endorsement of the principle of Dividends for All. It is a more daring utterance than any of our readers may realise. The episcopal mind is almost hopelessly Paulo-Marxian. If a bishop gets on his legs to make an impromptu speech on social matters the well-worn tag drops out of his mouth by reflex action. The organised and gradual movement led by highly intellectual men of irreproachable conduct, a movement of which the watchword is non-violence, working for the constitutional redress of certain wrongs from which their country suffers. It is the difference between spasmodic action and full consciousness. The Non-Co-operation movement has become religious in its hold upon the Indian people, and its leader has been frequently compared to Jesus Christ. I seem to see an analogy in the attitude of the Government to-day in India and that of the Roman government of Palestine in the time of Christ rather than between Mahatma Gandhi and every other Indian David who dares assail the evil in the present system. Nor can I see any real justification for the analogy, so lightly drawn, between the present state of India and the Indian Mutiny.

In the Indian Mutiny we had a sudden outbreak of racial antagonism without any other aim than the destruction of the foreign invaders. Now we have an organised and gradual movement led by highly intellectual men of irreproachable conduct, a movement of which the watchword is non-violence, working for the constitutional redress of certain wrongs from which their country suffers. It is the difference between spasmodic action and full consciousness. The Non-Co-operation movement has become religious in its hold upon the Indian people, and its leader has been frequently compared to Jesus Christ. I seem to see an analogy in the attitude of the Government to-day in India and that of the Roman government of Palestine in the time of Christ rather than between Mahatma Gandhi and a leader of revolted sepoys! The present movement is inspired by high ideals, and aims at human brotherhood. It excludes racial hatred. It does not threaten anybody’s life or property. The Non-Co-operation movement has kept till now within, or in terms of Non-Co-operation, I should rather say, without—the law, as law in India stood when it began. In order to bring its activities within the law for purposes of repression, special laws have had to be enforced. When its members come in contact with the law, they offer no resistance, no defence; they endure all things gladly, and God alone knows what they have been made to suffer at the hands of the subordinate police in quiet places. Repression has an easy way with them; the methods of repression go unquestioned in the vast majority of cases. And, of course, for purposes of repression any act of violence committed anywhere by anyone is pretty sure to be reported as the work of Non-Co-operators, and added up as evidence of the burden of responsibility for all the people and feels their sins and errors as his own, by his very rebukes of violence in every quarter, plays into his enemies’ hands, allowing them to say that the wrongdoers are his followers, and thereby destroy his reputation. We have seen the Mohish rising coolly attributed to Gandhi’s teaching, whereas, in point of fact, the area
of the rising had been carefully secluded from the gospel of non-violence by the folly of the local District Magistrate. My friend, Mr. Yakoob Hasan, of Madras, and other reputable non-co-operators were arrested at the beginning of 1921 and sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the said magistrate for the crime of trying to preach non-violence to the Moplahs! The Moplah rising, therefore, far from being a result of Gandhi's teaching, may be quoted as an example of what would have happened all over India wherever ignorant but ardent Muslims dwell, but for Gandhi's teaching, when England first appeared as the abettor of the Greek aggression against Turkey and the grabber of a large part of the Muslim Holy Land in breach of her own solemn promises to Indian Muslims, promises upon the strength of which the latter fought and died for England in the War. Yet almost every day one sees in one or other of our newspapers a message from some Anglo-Indian correspondent ascribing horrible intentions to the Non-co-operators, and clamouring for the suppression of their saintly leader. Misunderstanding and panic on the part of the English in India, including the newspaper correspondents, on whom the mass of Englishmen at home are utterly dependent for their views on matters Indian, seems to me the chief, if not the only, danger in the present situation, unless indeed all change in the existing system of government in India, even though it make for peace and progress, is to be regarded as a danger.

It may be asked why people here in England that a man in Allahabad or Calcutta can be ill-informed concerning things which happen in his neighbourhood. People in England cannot realise the gulf existing between the Englishman in India and the mass of Indians. The Englishman bears no resemblance whatever to the Indian Mutiny. Gandhi would prefer a Government of India composed of Englishmen, which stood for India in the counsels of the Empire, to a Government of India, composed of Indians, which stood for England against Indian aspirations. The last thing that India as a nation desires is to see the government of India handed over to an Indian bureaucracy trained in the traditions and upon the model of the present Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, with the same mentality and in the same position with regard to England. What is wanted is a Government of India which will stand for India as the Government of Australia stands for Australia, a Government able to prevent such a betrayal of India as was involved in the Treaty of Sèvres, able to prevent the use of Indian troops against Indians considering themselves no less capable of self-government than the Englishman. It would not matter to the Non-co-operators in the least whether the personnel of such a Government were English or Indian.

But we are still far from beholding such a Government. In the meanwhile there is irritation on both sides, due, on one hand, to the growing independence of the Indian attitude which Europeans (or, as Lord Northcliffe in his famous message called them. "Whites") regard as growing immudence; on the other, to a sad decay in "European" manners due to the influx of a lower class than the correct and often erudite Anglo-Indian official, and the growth of a considerable population of Eurasians to meet them, people whose racial arrogance might fairly warrant the application of Lord Northcliffe's epithet of "mud" to them. My friend, Mr. Yakoob Hasan, of Madras, bay, which is admittedly the part of India where Indians meet with most consideration, but in my year there I have seen more cases of brutal and gratuitous rudeness offered by Europeans to Orientals than I have seen in my whole previous experience of the British islands. The abuse of alcohol in a hot climate is no doubt answerable for most cases; but making every possible allowance and admitting gladly that the majority of individual Europeans get on tolerably well with individual Indians, while a minority is much beloved, there still remains sufficient provocation to account for every outburst of anti-European feeling on the part of Indians of which we have heard lately, without the least need of imagining some dire conspiracy, of which, of course, the Non-Co-operators bear the blame. The Non-Co-operators are averse to racial animosity as to every kind of violence. They are trying to eradicate it from the hearts of Indians, or rather to replace it by a self-sufficing hope of progress; and however there have been disquieting signs of anti-European feeling among the Non-Co-operators have been active, and in many cases have been killed, in efforts to restrain them. Yet every such display has been attributed in the English Press to Gandhi's teaching—Gandhi who respects and keeps the laws of God more rigorously than any European I have ever met, Gandhi who regards violence as degradation, Gandhi who considers every God-fearing man his own compatriot!

I think that I have said enough to show that the Non-Co-operation movement, as I know it from within, bears no resemblance whatever to the Indian Mutiny. Gandhi has prevented something like that Mutiny, and has made the very notion of it hateful to all thinking Indians. His movement has provided a safe outlet for Englishmen, which stood for India in the counsels of the Empire, to a Government of India, composed of Indians, which stood for England against Indian aspirations. The last thing that India as a nation desires is to see the government of India handed over to an Indian bureaucracy trained in the traditions and upon the model of the present Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, with the same mentality and in the same position with regard to England. What is wanted is a Government of India which will stand for India as the Government of Australia stands for Australia, a Government able to prevent such a betrayal of India as was involved in the Treaty of Sèvres, able to prevent the use of Indian troops against Indians considering themselves no less capable of self-government than the Englishman. It would not matter to the Non-co-operators in the least whether the personnel of such a Government were English or Indian.
Our Generation.

Mr. J. R. Clynes is, we suppose, as good an example as one could pick of the fair, honest, public-spirited and reasonable Labour leader. He certainly has quite a load of good qualities to carry, an honourable burden, no doubt, even if it occasionally makes him appear top-heavy. It is just the kind of man who makes Mr. Clynes a good man, but that they do not appear to be of much use for any other purpose. That is such a common and disconcerting quality among "moderate" men of all parties that we cannot be accused of "personality" (whatever that may mean) in attributing it to Mr. Clynes and in talking a little at length about him. The moderate man—or rather what we call the moderate man—is the man who does every side of a problem without seeing into it. Being concerned with mere opinions, and not with the solution, he is compelled by his ubiquitous virtues to admit the equal justice of them all, so long as they are not anti-social, which means so long as they are not violent. Such a man when he is among the proletariat honestly feels that the aspirations of the proletariat are justified and even sacred; but when he is among capitalists and financiers he discovers that they, too, have justice on their side, that the world is an equal matter, that in the beginning God saw that all was good. The result is that he is liked universally as an amiable, even admirable, man; to make his beliefs convincing to them, even if in doing so he twists his beliefs a little; and in all cases to state only that side of his policy which his audience is likely to agree with. The result of this procedure is that he alienates nobody and converts nobody; all that he does (we admit that it is not his intention) is to make himself impotent in that way.

Mr. Clynes is a type of this fairly common kind of man was shown more than usually convincingly in his recent address on "Labour and Trade" to the Imperial Commercial Association. If one can believe the Press, he kept on saying all through his speech things with which an Imperial Commercial Association would agree. "It would be the purpose of the [Labour] party, he said, if it came into power, to aim at making impossible those industrial conflicts which often involved both employers and employed, to carry a heavy load of taxes, payments, and interest, and none of these could be any worse under any Labour authority. He could assure them that Labour would be as considerate as any other Government in composing the claims as they arose between public well-being and private gain. A distinctly class Government, designed to seek the interest of any one section, however large, would be impossible in Britain, and therefore the Labour Party for very many years had sought to make itself into a truly national political body so that the whole of his audience had some inkling of the fact that class Government does most certainly exist in Britain, though it is "not designed to seek the interest" of a large section, but of a very small one indeed. That, however, is not one of the things which would prevent their agreeing with Mr. Clynes, for one can be most reasonably sometimes by not taking any notice of the truth. Mr. Clynes did it, it is true, put in a plea for the support of the workman in unemployment by individual firms, but if that proposal was not acceptable to his audience, the argument he produced in favour of it must have been. "The malingerer and the waster is not so frequently discovered [now, under the Government Act] as he would be if there were upon him the jointly watchful eye of his fellow-workman and the men who are at the head of the great businesses and works throughout the country." There cannot be class Government in England though Mr. Clynes here suggests that the employing class should be given power over the lives of the men they employ, and what they are of their own class! What does the Labour Party, we wonder, exist for? What good does Mr. Clynes think he is doing in persuading the Imperial Commercial Association of the things of which they are persuaded? What use is a all this amiability, goodwill, fairness, and rationality? They accomplish nothing; and as far as Mr. Clynes is concerned they only obscure whatever creative purpose he has or had had. But perhaps to be made impotent in that way is precisely to be a good man.

The recent controversy between the Rev. C. E. Douglas and the Rev. Principal Mayor of Ripon Hall serves to show how little really is the general occupation with religious questions. We have receded so far from the religious man that his religious vocabulary is Greek to us, even to those among us who are intellectuals. Accordingly there has been no interest whatever in the Rev. C. E. Douglas's indictment of his opponent as a heretic, although the indictment and the point of heresy would four centuries ago have been of immense interest, at least to everybody who was acquainted intelligent. The apathy of everybody is the more remarkable by the fact that the Rev. C. E. Douglas states his case so clearly and so graphically. "The Church taught that the spiritual expressed itself normally—perhaps only—by means of the physical or material, that in the beginning God saw that all was very good, and that in the New Creation all things would be summed up in Christ and transfigured with the Divine Life. The Eastern mystic taught that the matter was evil, or at least negative, a hindrance from, which the spiritual was working free into the fairer world to which it rightly belonged." The reverend gentleman accuses his opponent of substituting "the Eastern hypothesis concerning the relation of the spiritual to the physical" for "the physical hypothesis held by the Bible and the Church." Now if the Church existed what a question would there be for it there! The Rev. C. E. Douglas says that "the difference between these two opinions is no mere academic trifling, but a matter of vital principle to learned and unlearned alike;" but, using his vocabulary and terms, it is almost certain that he will not convince many that this is so. The truth is, for good or for evil, that we no longer
think in this vocabulary; our pre-occupations may be the same as they were in theological times, but even this is doubtful; at any rate, when we see a truth nowadays we use a different word for it. To call this what we would have used a few centuries ago. What impression does theology in general leave upon any intellectual to-day who has a slight acquaintance with it? It strikes him as being a little archaic; all the words used belong to this vocabulary; our pre-occupations may be the same as they were in theological times, but even this is doubtful; at any rate, when we see a truth nowadays we use a different word for it. To call this what we would have used a few centuries ago.

The revival of “Othello” at the Old Vic (the last performance will be given on Friday evening, February 17) had the special interest of introducing in the title-part an actor who has received practically the whole of his training at that theatre. Mr. Wilfrid Walter is a man of parts; he has designed and executed most of the scenery used at the Old Vic, he has played some important parts, and his Jack Straw in “War Tyler” attracted considerable attention and praise from the Press. His Diggory in “She Stoops to Conquer,” his Morocco in “The Merchant of Venice,” the King in “All’s Well That Ends Well,” Leonato in “Much Ado About Nothing,” to put down the performances that recur to my memory, these alone would represent a very creditable season’s work; and to attempt to play Othello in addition is at least to merit the description, “indefatigable.” If “to the persevering mortal, the blessed gods are swift,” he should soon reap the reward of much labour; and Othello is a part that will reward an actor in proportion to his efforts—it made Mr. Matheson Lang sweat on a cold day in February. It is a part that requires power and stamina, and an actor must be willing to spend himself if he is to produce the full effect of this tragic figure. Mr. Wilfrid Walter attempted no new reading, did not offer us the ordinary person of everyday life in the twentieth

It is impossible to overplay Othello; and when Mr. Walter discovers that he will let out the power that he now tries to suppress, it stops me here; it is too much of joy.

Mr. Rupert Harvey’s curiously prosaic temperament made Iago a dull dog. His peculiar method of delivery suggests, by its persistent inflections, a dialect intonation from which he is unable to free himself. That Iago is a delicate and profound psychologist, mentally the superior of everybody in the play, that his is as tragic a case as Othello’s, a mind with great powers with nothing worthy on which to exercise them, and therefore turning to mischief—we got nothing of this from Mr. Harvey. He is so literal, so pedestrian, in delivery that Iago’s intellectual arrogance and contempt were not even suggested; he never lifted the part to the level of tragedy because he has no apparent sense of emotional values. The only man who is real to Mr. Harvey seems to be Mr. Harvey; and unfortunately, Shakespeare did not write him the part he created Iago. He looked the part, certainly, and if he had been playing for the cinematograph his performance would have been satisfactory; but his stockiness, his perpetual assumption that this is the most ordinary person of everyday life in the world, disqualifies him as a Shakespearean actor. He has sense, but no sensibility; and therefore plays like a “stone-waller.” The Cassio of Mr. Austen Trevor needs to be developed; his gallantry and courtesy of manner particularly need to be emphasised. Desdemona was, to him, “the divine Desdemona”: but it was not his fault that when he cried: “Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees”: there were no men of Cyprus, and nobody kneeled to her. It is chiefly lack of stage presence that he suffers from; Mr. Austen Trevor does not “take the stage” for his scenes, and Miss Jane Bacon, as Desdemona, seemed to be apologising for her very existence. They do not get their values rightly; Desdemona was the Governor’s wife, Cassio was second in command; and in that scene in Cyprus must be played for all its social qualities if we are ever to understand why Othello could so readily suspect the divine Desdemona. It is absurd for Cassio and Desdemona to play so that nothing in their behaviour could be suspected; it was precisely on the interpretation of their behaviour that Iago based his plot. Desdemona was not Caesar’s wife.

There was a delightful bit of clowning by Mr. Andrew Leigh; we had the full text, and the clown was therefore restored to the cast. But the acting honours go to Emilia and Bianca. Miss Florence Buckton has power, which in her last scene rather ran away with her; but her Emilia was a forthright, powerful piece of acting that, unfortunately, was not adequately supported. She, at least, got the emotional values of the character she was playing; and it was good to hear a Shakespearean passion expressed even if, for the moment, the gestures became spasmodic and meaningless. The Bianca of Miss Esther Whitehouse, too, deserved mention; it was a good, shrewish piece of work which only needed a little softening in the sentimental passages to be quite convincing. She did love Cassio, even if it was only pro tem.; and Miss Whitehouse might well show a more coming-on disposition in these passages. But the chief interest of the revival is the full text, and the tragic proof of Iago’s vengeful malice. I missed the tremendous surge and swell of passion in this production, the subtlety that apparently everyone feels in Shakespeare except those who act him, and without it no performance can be great.
Music.

THE BOHEMIAN STRING QUARTET. Wigmore Hall, Monday, February 6. "To the devil with all these theories, if they only serve to push a bolt in front of the development of the art." So spoke Arnold Schönberg, and, if we may judge them by their playing on February 6, so think also the Bohemian String Quartet. There is scarcely any accusation which could not be brought against them if they were measured by the ordinary standards of quartet playing; and one could, if one wished, inveigh at length against the ugliness of their tone, and the bear-like roughness of their performance. But having done that, one would have left the heart of the matter untouched, for the one great reality about their playing, especially in the Beethoven Quartet in B flat, with the Grand Fugue, was that it was inspired. In this Quartet their roughness was as the roughness of the Great Bear and the Little Bear, should they go rolling amongst the stars, down rhythmic paths too wide to let them slip. Turmoil there would be, but an exultant turmoil and a most joyous camouflage. Or so might Titan adolescents understand and perform Beethoven during some filibustering expedition to the stars—without reckless joviality, a mighty breadth of phrasing, and a sublime assurance that they can use the stars for a platform if they will. The Grand Fugue was grand; vast chunks of music flung from player to player, caught, and flung back unerringly. Never did Titans have a greater playground, and never did Titans desport themselves more greatly. Disaster would have overtaken them if they had been one whit less sure but a really noble inspiration carried them high above their own very obvious faults. Dr. Ethel Smyth’s Quartet was magnificently played, and received a well-deserved ovation. Miss Fanny Davies played the piano part in the Dvorak Piano Quartet in A major.

The Russian Ballet. After the first performance of “The Sleeping Princess” there appeared in the “Sunday Times” an obituary notice of the Russian Ballet. Mr. Ernest Newman had been present at the death (by suicide) of the defunct, and with a more obvious satisfaction than is usually shown at funerals, placed the dis-honoured corpse in a hole, rammed a stake through its breast, and sped its spirit to hell. That was the impression left by the obituary notice. Everybody knows that Mr. Dhiagileff once sent a very foolish and ill-advised letter to a Sunday paper, but that does not seem a fair or sufficient reason for damning the Russian Ballet every night of the week since. That “Chout” was a poor ballet does not prove that Mr. Dhiagileff never produces a good one, nor does it prove that the Russian dancers cannot dance. “The Sleeping Princess” was presented as an example of the classic ballet, and was a triumph of dancing. There is practically no miming, and nearly every effect produces a good one, nor does it prove that the Russian dancers cannot dance. “The Sleeping Princess” was presented as an example of the classic ballet, and was a triumph of dancing.

The Note-Books of T. E. Hulme.

(Red by Herbert Read.)

IV—CINDERS (continued).

Action.

Teachers, university lecturers on science, emancipated women, and other sectateurs anemecs attending the plays at the Court Theatre found me of disembodied spirits, having no body to rest in. They have all the intellect and imagination required for high passion, but no material to work on. They feel all the emotions of jealousy and desire, but these leading to no action remain as nothing but petty motives. Passion is action. Teachers and other sectateurs anemecs fall in love. They lack the bodies and the daggers. Tragedy never sits steadily on a chair, except in certain vague romantic pictures, which are thus much affected (as real tragedy) by the moderns and the sedentary. Just as sentiment and religion require expression in ritual, so tragedy requires action.

Ritual and Sentiment.

Sentiment cannot easily retire into itself in pure thought; it cannot live and feed on itself for very long. In wandering, thought is easily displaced by other matters. So that the man who deliberately sets himself the task of thinking continuously of a living or a dead friend has an impossible task. It is inevitably drawn to some form of ritual for the expression and outflow of the sentiment. Some act which requires less concentration, and which at an easy level fulfils his obligations to sentiment, which makes a morbid feeling into a grateful task and employment. Such as pilgrimages to graves, standing bareheaded, and similar freaks of a lover’s fancy. The same phenomena can be observed in religion. A man cannot deliberately make up his mind to think of the goodness of God for an hour, but he can perform some ritual act of adoration, and in so doing receive a relief from concentrated thinking.

Body.

In the Tube lift, hearing the phrase “fed up,” and realising that all our analogies, spiritual and intellectual, are derived from purely physical acts. Nay more, all attributes of the absolute and the abstract are really nothing more (in so far as they mean anything) but elaborations of simple passions. All poetry is an affair of the body—that is, to be real it must affect the body.

For the Preface.

The history of philosophers we know, but who will write the history of the philosophic amateurs and readers? Who will tell us of the circulation of Descartes, who read the book and who understood it? Or do philosophers, like the mythical people on the island, take in each other’s washing? For I take it, a man who understands philosophy is inevitably irritated into writing it. The few who have learnt the jargon must repay themselves by employing it. A new philosophy is not like a new religion—a thing to be merely thankful for and accepted mutely by the faithful. It is more of the nature of food thrown to the lions; the pleasure lies in the fact that it can be devoured. It is food for the critics, and all readers of philosophy, I take it, are critics, and not faithful ones waiting for thinking continuously of a lover’s fancy. For I take it, I offer my new kind of food to tickle the palate of the connoisseurs.

Rules.

The prediction of the stars is no more wonderful,
and no more accurate, than the prediction of another's conduct. There is no last refuge here for the logical structure of
The phenomena we study is not the immense world in our hand, but certain little observations we make about it. We put these on a table and look at them.
We study little chalk marks on a table (chalk because that shows the cindery nature of the division we make) and create rules near enough for them.
If we look at a collection of cinders from all directions, in the end we are bound to find a shadow that looks regular.

Mind and Matter.

Realise that to take one or the other as absolute is to perpetrate the same old counter fable; both are mixed up in a cindery way and we extract them as counters.

Mathematics takes one group of counters, abstracts them and makes them absolute, down to Matter and Motion.

That fringe of cinders which bounds any ecstasy.
The tall lanky fellow, with a rose, in a white moonlight field. But where does he sleep?
All heroes, great men, go to the outside, away from the Room, and wrestle with cinders.
And cinders become the Azores, the Magic Isles.
A house built is then a symbol, a Roman Viaduct; but the walk there and the dirt—this must jump right into the mind also.

Aphra's Finger.

There are moments when the tip of one's finger seems raw. In the contact of it and the world there seems a strange difference. The spirit lives on that tip and is thrown on the rough cinders of the world. All philosophy depends on that—the state of the tip of the finger.

When Aphra had touched, even lightly, the rough wood, this wood seemed to cling to his finger, to draw itself backward and forward along it. The spirit returned again and again, as though fascinated, to the luxurious torture of the finger.

The Dancer.

Dancing to express the organisation of cinders, finally emancipated (cf. bird).
I sat before a stage and saw a little girl with her head thrown back, and a smile. I knew her, for she was the daughter of John of Elton.
But she smiled, and her feet were not like feet, but . . . . . . [sic].

Though I knew her body.
All these sudden insights (e.g., the great analogy of a woman compared to the world in Brussels)—all of these start a line, which seems about to unite the whole world logically. But the line stops. There is no unity. All logic and life is made up of tangled ends like that.
Always think of the fringe and of the cold walks, of the lines that lead nowhere.

Philosophy.

No ghost without ghost.
This is the only truth in the subject.

The strange quality, shade of feeling, one gets when with a few people alone in a position a little separated from the world—a ship's cabin, the last "bus.
If all the world were destroyed and only these left.
That are the gods, all the winged words—love, etc.—exist in them, on that fluid basis.
To frankly take that fluid basis and elaborate it into a solidity: That the gods do not exist horizontally in the world, but somehow vertically in the isolated fragment of the tribe. There is another form of space where gods, etc., do exist concretely.

Extended clay.
Looking at the Persian Gulf on a map and imagining

the mud shore at night. Pictures of low coasts of any country. We are all just above the sea.

Delight in perceiving the realisation of construction in a port. Upon mud as distinct from the clear-cut harbour on the map.
Travel is education in cinders—the merchants in Hakluyt, and the difference in song.
The road leading over the prairie at dusk, with the half-breed. Travel helps one to discover the undiscovered portions of one's own mind. Scenes like the red dance leap to the centre of the mind there to synthesise what before was perhaps unknown.

Art Notes.

It is an interesting fact that whatever is worth mentioning in English modern art—I am not referring to fashionable portrait painters—is the work of artists who were or still are members of the London Group. To prove this statement it is enough to mention a few prominent names, e.g., Epstein and Dobson as sculptors, and as painters Sickert, Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, Meninsky Gertler, E. Porter, Wyndham Lewis, Keith guns, E. Sea Brook, B. Adeney, Vienesse Bell and Nina Hamnet. The London Group is now actually the only artists' society in this island which reminds us of the age in which we live. I would not go so far as to call it the nest of genius, but it is only fair to say that is the only group here which has entirely opposite tendencies to the official art and directly affects the development of modern painting in England, either through its own exhibitions or through the independent work of its former and present members. Elsewhere equal attention is paid to the two rival movements in art—of course both are hardly ever approved—here the London Group passes almost unnoticed by the Press in spite of (or because of) its being the only exhibition of modern art.

Some good work by one of the best members of the group can be seen now at the Goupil Gallery, i.e., paintings by Mark Gertler. It is worth while seeing this exhibition if only to realise that these who look only to Paris for good art are as narrow minded as those who are blinded by their extreme devotion to official art. Writing on one of the previous exhibitions of Gertler's work at the same gallery, I reproached him with not getting at the real meaning of the objects and of being too much interested in their actual appearance. This time, I am glad to say, that remark cannot be repeated. Not that Gertler has given up his interest in the actual appearance of the objects he paints, but because through careful rendering of them he gets at their essential pictorial meaning and by emphasising their differences in material, shape and colour he reveals an unexpected charm in objects quite common in our life and still more so in painting. There is something overwhelming in the relation of a china teapot to its cozy which Gertler discovered in one of his paintings (No. 18). He has in such a masterly way rendered the difference of material and made the forms so interesting that it is difficult to believe that one has ever really seen a china teapot and cozy before seeing this picture.
A similar effect is obtained by the same means in the "Sailor and His Lass" (No. 9) and "The Hunter" (No. 11). There is the "Sailor and His Lass" in cheap china ware just as they can often be seen on the mantelpiece of a pub surrounded by a multitude of other ornaments and framed testimonials of prizes won for different country sports. A great many people of refined taste from London laughed at them, but here they are again. Taken out of the crowd of ornaments and contrasted with different fabrics the "Sailor and His Lass" are revealed to us in a new light and undoubtedly what struck one as vulgar in daily life appears noble in this picture. It is from similar pictures that one realises most easily how much more im-
important to prepare the relations between object and
the objects themselves. The placing of the shapes and
colouring are dominated by this idea so that his com-
position appears as a balance of different forms,
colours and values in which attention is not paid to the
general shape of the design.

His colour is very good and forcible and I shall not
make a great mistake if I say that there are not many
painters who could obtain the same richness with the
same means. It seems to me that Gerlter does not use
more than four or five colours (including black and
white) and if I am right, the variety he obtains is
admirable. To see how well he handles the colour have
a look at "Teapot and Cosy" (No. 18), "Portrait of
Mr. S. K." (No. 15), "Apples" (No. 20), "Roses" (No. 4), "Daffodils" (No. 19), "The Hunter" (No. 1). In
short, as far as colour is concerned, every one of
the exhibits is excellent.

The texture is uniform, but as the surfaces are small
it does not seem dull and does not hamper
the general effect at all. Sometimes—not often
the smaller surfaces appear to be over-worked,
but that impression simply comes from the man-
ner in which the colour is put on the canvas. The
only case in which the uniformity of texture matters a
little is in the landscape "The Silver Birches" (No. 2),
where stress could not be laid on the difference of
material, and that it was necessary to get the effect only
by shapes and colour. In such a case some variety in
texture would have been very handy.

The heads shown at this exhibition are excellently
constructed and well painted. Every detail is treated
with firmness and so well worked in that the impression
of solility and volume of the whole is perfect. Very
good examples of this are (No. 3) "Portrait of Mr.
S. W.", (No. 1) "Head," and (No. 21) "Portrait of
the Artist." "Portrait of Mr. S. K." (No. 15),
although very good in other respects, is somewhat
unsatisfactory in arrangement. The two square cushions
behind the head, obviously needed there for the sake
of colour and to support the sitter's head, are shapes
that do not fit well that particular place. They are too
sharp and big in comparison with the rest of the pic-
ture.

The nude "Meditation" (No. 5) is not nearly as
successful as many of the other exhibits. It is a little
mixed with literature and is not very convincing either
in composition or execution.

The landscapes are very interesting but have not got
quite the same vigour as the paintings of the heads.
They are a trifle too dry and the volumes are not sug-
gested sufficiently. For example, in "Winter After-
noon, Bonchary, N.B.," the shapes look as if they
were cut out of cardboard. The exception is "The
Manor House" (No. 13), where the volumes are ren-
dered very well. In general, one might say that all the
landscapes shown are quite pleasing but they do not
seem yet convincing enough to make me believe that
Gerlter is going to be a successful landscape painter.

Where Gerlter really shows his abilities this time is in
the still-life; the volume, colour, and that peculiar
warmth I believe are unrivalled. "Apples" (No. 20)
is an excellent example of his sense for volume and
colour, and almost any other still-life shown would illus-
trate it. The only one which one could object to in any
way is "The Tokey" (No. 7), which seems overcrowded
with small figures.

The two flower paintings, "Roses" (No. 4), and
"Daffodils" (No. 20), are very good, in fact, excellent
for their simplicity.

I do not want to convey that this is the last word Gerlter
has to say. He has shown by this exhibition that one may expect still more from him. In fact it
makes him a very prominent painter, and my readers
should not only go to this show, but keep a careful
eye on Gerlter in the future.

I wonder if the editor of the "Burlington Magazine"
will find space to reproduce at least one of these excel-
ent paintings and so make up for forcing on us in the
last number four very weak contemporary drawings
accompanied by an article in which is suggested that
they are even causing a commotion among the spirits
by their great value.

R. A. STEPHENS.

Credit and Society.

I was suggesting in my previous notes that we should
do well to emphasise as strongly as possible the social
implications of our economic proposals. For those pro-
posals enable us to offer to the mass of the people
simply what we think they ought to have, nor a state
of things which it is necessary for them to endure in
the general interest, but precisely what the great
majority do in fact—and very reasonably—desire: the
freedom of choice and the sense of security represented
by the receipt of an adequate "dividend": opportunity
to share in the control of a large scale industry if they
so desire, or, alternatively, to find expression for their
natural energy in independent activity; and the satis-
faction of feeling that no artificial checks exist to re-
strain the enormous potentialities of nature and inven-
tion to benefit to the fullest extent every member of
society. The opportunities afforded are still further
ordered from the blighting influence of monopoly—be-
come for the first time in an industrial civilisation
the normal experience of mankind—part of the vocation
of every individual. And this without any attack on
the existing rights of anybody, save so far as these
rights are embodied in the fatal forms of privilege
represented by the private monopolies of communal
credit and price regulation.

Our attack, then, is an attack upon financial privilege
and upon nothing else—not upon property, not upon
liberty, nor even upon riches as such. The assault on
feudal privilege, which the 18th and 19th centuries
successfully achieved, put mankind in full possession
of their theoretical rights; it remains only for us to
secure the individual the practical enjoyment of them.
It is financial privilege and nothing else which stands
in the way; and that privilege society can withdraw
without inflicting hardship, impoverishment or any
unfair or harsh restriction of opportunity upon anyone.
No necessity for a "class struggle," or indeed for a
social struggle of any sort, remains. This is not to
say that no prospect of one looms before us. For
Stupidity; tenacity of power, however illegitimate;
unappeasable avarice—such motives and others similar
to them may incline our "privileged orders" to mobilise
all their resources to resist change. But what I would
seek to urge is that if the Social Credit Movement goes
about its business on the right lines, there should very
soon be no resources for the financier and the trust
magnate to mobilise. For we are all able to make an
appeal to forces far wider than—though of course they include—the proletariat. We can appeal to the tech-
nician, to the professional worker, to the whole middle
class as consumers, and to the multitude of small em-
ployers—and on three grounds. That none of their
existing rights and opportunities will be impaired by
the change we propose, but on the other hand that all
of these will be enlarged. That the existing system
"carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction" in
a sense far more immediate and fatal than that well-
worn phrase is commonly employed to convey. And,
finally, that the type of society which we forecast as
arising naturally from the proposals we advocate is one
especially conformable to the aspirations and de-
ishes of the great majority.

I am fully aware that propaganda based on such an
appeal is not without its own peculiar difficulties. It
will encounter at the outset two psychological obstacles
by no means negligible. One of these has, indeed,
been lately referred to by another contributor to these
pages. Reform of a radical character, he pointed out, has been so often postponed in the past that by this time it is a positive handicap to any propaganda that it should urge the possibility of doing anything drastic immediately. People at the present day are for the most part completely incredulous of anything in the nature of revolutionary happening "in our time." Socialists have moved forward the horizon of their ambitions from generation to generation, as political reformers have permanently the social system having resulted in little disastrous. We can only hope to overcome it by immediately. People at the present day are for the moved forward the horizon of their ambitions altogether from the proposed limitation on profiteering which an irrevocable share in the social dividend would give them. This check would operate powerfully to restrain appetites than how to satisfy them. The motive and natural desires, and have thus swiftly come to depend, even when they have not begun by depending, on force rather than inducement. But in the very process of seeking to establish this we are likely to encounter the second of the two psychological obstacles to which I have referred. This is, indeed, even stranger and more subtle than the first: it arises from that rooted antipathy—so common in the Labour movement—to the very prospect of benefiting the poor without at the same time explicitly striking at the rich. It is, of course, perfectly true—and we might do well to make this clearer than perhaps has been done—that a section of the wealthy would be stripped of their powers of "exploitation" and caste tyranny almost automatically in proportion as the mass of the population gained the independence and the economic resources which an irrevocable share in the social dividend would give them. This check would operate powerfully to restrict the illegitimate operations of the wealthy, apart altogether from the proposed limitation on profiteering by "the fixed return of, say, six per cent." on capital already invested. But the important point to remember is that while our scheme does not particularly exercise with the endeavour to find a means of overcoming himself will vanish. But there is fully enough from the conventionalities and traditions of the age discovers he is not the true one.

The pretended creation and mystical body of Christ, the Church, cannot be exempted from the same anachronism. It is as if on the discovery that half a down payment had been required, the/assets of class-war at the moment when the very idea of that passivity which now condemns them to warder overeating himself will vanish. But there is fully enough from the conventionalities and traditions of the age discovers he is not the true one.

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now is? He should be modernised to do things in the far more common than we think at certain stages of evolution because the peculiar conviction reinforces in the depths of our own soul the rapport with the submerged soul of the race, which slowly, without haste and without rest, by laws we are only just beginning to grasp, wrought out its supreme masterpieces. Whether we regard Jesus as myth or history, we all need Him alike. If I built Him a better and purer psychological being than any other, although made warp and woof of human wishes, and needs, and ideals, I insist that on this basis I ought to be called an orthodox Christian, because thus He remains the highest, the best, and most helpful of all who ever lived, whether that life be in Judea or in the soul of man."

I am not so concerned with orthodoxy as Professor Hall is; indeed, it seems to me that orthodoxy, "right opinion," is incompatible with the creative Christology he himself advocates. If Jesus had wasted His time in asserting His orthodox Judaism, as Tyrrell wasted his time in asserting his orthodox Catholicism, Christianity would never have been born. Orthodoxy and the creative activity have nothing in common; for there can be no right, no better, no more helpful of all who ever lived, than his who even the most great of experiences to that weakness, children, and the commonality would be dangerous, but in them are signs of life superabounding"; he has shown us the impossibility of an orthodox creative Christian.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Kingdom Round the Corner. By Coningsby Dawson. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Coningsby Dawson writes of mixed marriage as a different and more manifold incarnation of what each of us has been. Unlike Shaw's Don Juan, Mr. Dawson does not ask Jesus to be again incarnated in every quality our soul the supreme masterpieces. Whether we regard Jesus as myth or history, we all need Him alike. If I built Him a better and purer psychological being than any other, although made warp and woof of human wishes, and needs, and ideals, I insist that on this basis I ought to be called an orthodox Christian, because thus He remains the highest, the best, and most helpful of all who ever lived, whether that life be in Judea or in the soul of man."

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I am not so concerned with orthodoxy as Professor Hall is; indeed, it seems to me that orthodoxy, "right opinion," is incompatible with the creative Christology he himself advocates. If Jesus had wasted His time in asserting His orthodox Judaism, as Tyrrell wasted his time in asserting his orthodox Catholicism, Christianity would never have been born. Orthodoxy and the creative activity have nothing in common; for there can be no right, no better, no more helpful of all who ever lived, than his who even the most great of experiences to that weakness, children, and the commonality would be dangerous, but in them are signs of life superabounding"; he has shown us the impossibility of an orthodox creative Christian.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

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Brigadier-Generals. Incidentally, the Brigadier had forgotten or ignored a previous engagement to Lord Taborley's parlour-maid—an omission that was rectified when he discovered that tempey, rank did not confer the guinea stamp, and much of the aristocrat of the trenches, who never lost a foot of trench, could not maintain his footing in the entrenched aristocracy of which Terry was a member. Lord Taborley, being at a loose end with Terry, and to save her brother-in-law from Maisie, and to tell her sister how her husband died, fell in love with her. So they married; the Brigadier married the parlour-maid; Maisie got her first husband back again (not dead, as erroneously reported, but "muzzy" and a prisoner in Germany), while Terry was left out in the cold, or in "the Kingdom of Youth," as Lord Taborley told her. Probably she will let her hair grow, and lengthen her skirts, and do her best to forget the freedom that women had during the war, as she had lost both a peer and a Brigadier by it. Mr. Dawson's acquaintance with life does not seem to be too profound.


M. André Simon has written a book that should go far towards the re-establishment of wine in the affections of the people. Much of its statistics of production and consumption, and its technical advice on the choice and care of wine, is of interest chiefly to wine-sellers, who, at least during the War, have been none too scrupulous in their dealings with the public. But his book affords the plain man the opportunity of developing some discrimination in his choice, and thus helps to protect him against the colossal error of buying what the wine-seller offers, instead of what he would like to drink.

I often wonder what the vintner buys.

One half so precious as the goods he sells was written before the scramble for profits began, and any man, named of the "character" or "flavour" of a well-known wine, was offered, with shameless effrontery, for sale. Truthfulness and fair-dealing are required to restore the wine trade in this country to freedom, and we are glad to see M. Simon emphasising the point throughout his very interesting book.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CREDIT AND IMPORTS.

Sir,—England, according to Mr. Belloc, cannot get from the producers of food and raw materials anything like what she requires, and no reformed Credit System will enable her to do so. Mr. Belloc has not considered the evidence for and against such a statement, for in every particular which he mentions he is utterly wrong. Whether he referred to wheat, meat, tea, coffee petrol, wool, hides and timber for casual illustration or as delusive examples, is irrelevant, for he cannot produce any evidence that a single one of the important raw materials of the world is in any other condition than that of good supply, with their producers compassing Heaven and Earth in order to sell them at a reasonable price. He should at least know that the prices of wholesale goods of this description have on the whole fallen steadily since this time two years ago.

For, in general, the great suppliers, the Americas, Africa, Australasia, and parts of Asia depend as much on the manufacturing areas as these do on them. Whatever may ultimately happen under the present dispensation in which Lancashire bewails her falling export of textiles and simultaneously rejoices in the growing export of textile machinery which may increase that fall, is not the question. The problem is of the present. The socialisation of credit is a programme for the present. All these areas cannot sell their goods to us, nor can we sell our goods to them in quantities that would satisfy both parties. They actually suffer from the same financial vices as we do. The warehouses in Argentine and on the Pacific coast were filled with depreciating goods, which, shipped thither to pay for Europe's imports, had to stay undistributed until the people sold a sufficient consignment of Lust and the Cash-Credit to distribute what they had already "bought" and badly needed. It is also a notorious fact that in many of these areas England has been making them loans, partly because they were supposed to pay for them with goods, partly because they were supposed to pay for the goods out of the proceeds of the loans. It is also notorious that the populations producing the goods are in a chronic state of receiving inadequate return in consumable goods. A reformed Finance would enable us to make such loans on terms favourable to the borrowers and necessary over the heads of the middlemen, direct to producers' organisations.

Let us survey some of the particulars. Canada, for example, had an inferior harvest last year; nevertheless the farmers cannot get a fair price for their wheat and oats. The United States farmers have been trying to organise export of wheat on credit to Europe; some have been burning it in place of the too expensive coal: it is reported that one of them calculated that to pay in kind for a tractor he needed to sell 18,000 bushels. Both Canadian and American farmers cannot get enough for their hides to pay the cost of carriage to the tanneries: the former are busing theirs; the latter have to pay half a score of shillings for a pair of boots.

The matter with the meat supply is that Australia and New Zealand, in competition with the Argentine, can get in England such wheat as they have, but not without difficulty in paying off what is due on their debts to us. The Canadian farmers and the New Zealand farmers are both agitating for centralising forced sales in Europe.

Mr. Belloc is especially unfortunate in mentioning tea, for last year the market and supply of tea in this country was excellent. He is equally unfortunate with coffee. Most of this comes from Brazil, which is faced with a perpetual problem of securing a market for it. If England would only double or treble her coffee consumption Brazil would move towards prosperity again. Petrol, again, is in no danger. Despite the trufistification in the oil industry prices have been falling, and there has been no shortage of supply, even though for some years consumption has risen faster than production.

The gloomy prospects of the wool clip in Australia have been canvassed for a long time: South Africa last year suffered from a poor market for wool, and was only consoled by the reflection that the market for its minerals was even worse. If we want wool we can order from China, for one of the complaints of China is that its inferior population can export so little. But the Government wool clip would suffice for all we need.

The timber supply is no more in danger. The Swedish ring tried to keep up its prices last year, with as much success as is compatible with selling only half its production even after the prices crashed.

The same need for a market oppresses the East Indies, the West Indies and Cuba, Chile and Ecuador, besides the countries mentioned, to say nothing of Europe. Here, to take two examples, northern Spain is suffering because last year she sold only a quarter of the normal production of pyrites, while Denmark is struggling to maintain her sales in the face of the South African pyrites trade now descending from Canada, New Zealand and Australia.

Mr. Belloc's argument is devoid of foundation. If we need more stuff, we have only to order it, but the ordering requires the mobilisation of Real Credit, and the distribution of purchasing-power at home.

PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—Will any readers of The New Age next Reading and Newton who are interested in the Credit Proposals kindly communicate with me, with a view to forming study groups.

Leslie Forrest.

"The Elms," Thatcham, Berks.