

THE NEW AGE

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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 the "cuts" are enthusiastic about their hangman. The popularity of the "Daily Mail" has never been greater than during these days when it has been screaming to Mr. Lloyd George to take the bread out of its readers' mouths. Messrs. Geddes and Co. are receiving compliments which would be excessive if offered to archangels. What can be done with such a state of mind?

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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 increment.

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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 hungry 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 the whole essence of which may be 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 economies. Yet Mr. Churchill's insatiability 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 transference of money from one pocket to another. They mean, of course, from one of their own pockets 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. Again, while they would justify reduction of postal charges as throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel, they cannot see that all development rests on the same principle, 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 the atmosphere of conferences, an atmosphere charged with the most perilous possibilities for the welfare and freedom of the plain citizen. When financiers or their political agents "confer" it behoves the man in the street to be on his guard. In connection with Genoa, there is disquieting talk of re-vivifying the decisions of the Brussels Conference of 1920. We hear of the balancing of Budgets, the stopping 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 is a gratifying unanimity," it declares, "... 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 peoples wake up and declare 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 until far-reaching guarantees of fiscal reform have been secured from the countries needing aid." This is the real fruit of the labours of the various associations and congresses and what not—"cycle on epicycle, orb in orb"—of sentimental Liberals and humanitarian idealists who are continually striving for the economic restoration of Europe. These well-meaning enthusiasts never challenge a single one of the orthodox financial presuppositions; their typical pundit is Professor J. A. Hobson. So they prepare the ground; and the financiers come in and do the harvesting; and the peoples are burned as stubble.

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The outstanding symbol of all that drives to despair in the situation is the Federation of British Industries. There are few more important functions in the national economy than that of a captain of industry. His technique involves the handling of vast organisations and the decision of the most far-reaching questions of policy. His operations touch the very roots of human life at every turn; they directly affect the home life of the humblest household in the land, and at the same time they reach out to the ends of the earth. He holds in his hands strings which may direct the destinies of millions of every country and language and colour. His conduct may mean the uplifting or degradation of coolies in East Africa or the Pacific, life or death to peasants on the Russian steppes, even the issue of peace or war between 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 carrying 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 as the test, "what 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 in passing the obvious retort that their policy will restrict purchasing power and so actually create more unemployment.

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 its overflow at any price that may be necessary to command the foreign market? Can they not see, too, that, whatever amount of goods it is technically possible for us to produce, it must, in the nature of things, be somehow possible so 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.

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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-Pussyfoot. 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 encyclopædia of sociological wisdom in an egg-shell!

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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 in somewhere." We congratulate Dr. Temple on this explicit endorsement of the principle of Dividends for All. It is a more daring utterance than some 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 mere reflex action. All respectable opinion too expects bishops to roll out the sacred formula with due rotundity from time to time. And they all do it, even if some of them, at the bottom of their hearts, are not exactly yearning to see the injunction fulfilled. We hope Dr. Temple will stick to his guns till he has slain this exaggerated reverence for one of the most casual obiter dicta of the New Testament.

The Situation in India.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

I.—THE REAL DANGER.

DURING the last few days we have been warned that the situation in India is extremely grave by various "authorities," in terms astonishing to me, and with recommendations as to future policy which seem to me inhuman and calculated to produce a great catastrophe. I cannot possibly accept the findings of these would-be arbiters of India's fate since I must deny the chief part of their premisses on the strength not of the talk of European and sycophantic Indian coteries where panic has been raised by the reports of a subordinate police (not altogether free from taint of sycophancy) which bitterly resents the present national movement because it flouts and seems to threaten their despotic hold on Indian life and property and honour; my judgment has been formed from intimacy with the leaders, and personal knowledge of the aims and methods, of the Non-Co-operators. On one point I agree with the "authorities" aforesaid. The folly of the British Government over the Turkish Question is responsible for the present agitation in India to a large extent; if the Treaty of Sèvres is "scrapped" in favour of a settlement satisfactory to the Muslim world, it will be half the battle. I did not have to go to India to learn that. What I disagree with is the supposition that a proper settlement of the Turkish Question in accordance with England's solemn promises to India is the whole battle, and that, this one wrong redressed, the British Government could merrily and with impunity suppress 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 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 between the attitude of the British Government to-day in India and that of the Roman government of Palestine in the time of Christ rather than between Mahatma 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 to speak 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 Gandhi, who accepts 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 since he thus rebukes them as a leader. We have seen the Moplah 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. Yakub 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 seem impossible to 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 hears of "native" movements at his club or from the report of Indian "co-operators" with the Government, who not unnaturally hold a brief against the Non-Co-operators. During my year in India as the Editor of a Nationalist newspaper I was on the Indian side of the gulf, and made to feel it precisely as the Indian feels it. I do not complain. The thing was quite inevitable in the circumstances; though the circumstances do appear to me both wrong and evitable. The experience enables me to realise the Indian point of view, and my isolation now enables me to state it frankly as an Englishman who was bound up socially with the English in India could hardly do, though he might feel as I feel.

There is no ill-feeling in the Non-Co-operation movement against the Englishman as such; nay, more, there is no opposition to an English Government as such. 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 for purposes abhorred of Indians, and responsible to India for its acts. 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 the 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 impudence; 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 cruel epithet. My experience is of Bombay, 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 other Eastern lands. 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 wherever there have been displays of anti-European feeling, 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 whatsoever 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 useful to the nation for passions which would otherwise have run to waste in violence. He has in fact kept peace and order when the Government was powerless to do so without awful bloodshed; and if, in the process, he has carried India several stages forward in national consciousness, that is not a phenomenon which can be "repressed"; it is a phenomenon to be recognised and allowed for in all future calculations. Unfortunately Anglo-India is compact of "Die-Hards," men no doubt of excellent intelligence but who refuse to use their intelligence upon certain subjects just as many men of excellent intelligence will not allow discussion of the Christian dogmas. It results from this withdrawal of complete intelligence from certain problems that India in the throes of intellectual revival is confronted with a wall of unintelligence. Any sensitive man acquainted with other Oriental countries will notice something wrong the moment he arrives in India. Unhappiness is in the air. I tried to understand the portent, and came to the conclusion that it is due to the utter lack of intelligence between the rulers and the governed. Indians assure me that it was not always so. The English of thirty, even twenty, years ago were more in sympathy. It certainly would seem as if the English of a bygone day were much more tolerant of new ideas and suggestions than they are now, when, to judge from their outpourings in the Press, the Anglo-Indians consider everyone who differs from them an extremist, and abhor the cautious, gradual, and (from their standpoint) absolutely "safe" concessions of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms as much as Mr. Gandhi's claim for full self-government. I do not suppose that the proceedings of the Ahmedabad Congress, where Gandhi had to struggle with the real extremists, has enlightened them. It has not, since they now are clamouring for the arrest of Gandhi, who seems to me to represent the better mind—or, if you please, the soul—of India pretty accurately. To seek to repress the mind or soul of a great nation newly sprung to life

—(Now that is something of which England can be justly proud; her rule has brought an Indian nation into being)—to seek to repress the mind or soul is madness in the case of a great nation. It is also un-English, inhuman and a number of other evil things. And it is dangerous.

The present crisis in India is not a political crisis, in the ordinary sense at all. It is a psychological crisis which was bound to come, and which might easily have been foreseen. It is not a case for discipline, but diagnosis, and the Pundits of the Government and Press have never tried to diagnose it accurately. It is no use crying to them; they care nothing for psychology. The only thing for one to do who has specialised in Oriental psychology for many years is to record his diagnosis in *THE NEW AGE*, as witness to the truth, as he has done before over the Turkish Question, in the hope that it may meet the eye of someone who may care to help. That is my aim in this series of articles.

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. The solitary fault which we complain of in them is that they do not seem to have an edge; that they make 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 "personalities" (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 sees 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, and he sees, perhaps most lucidly of all, the risk of tampering with their power by the traditional means. The result is that he is liked universally as an unexpectedly "reasonable" man (the "reasonable man" is still to ninety-nine people out of a hundred an achievement exciting surprise), as a man, that is, who gives everybody the feeling, "Yes, I've a certain amount of justice on my side, too." The temptation of the reasonable man is to get people to agree with him; 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 lay up a reputation for goodness and moderation, or, if he stands for Parliament, to get votes. That 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 in the greatest waste and loss, and, incidentally, inflicted upon the consuming public damage which never could be repaired." Note the typically "reasonable" conjunc-

tion of "employers and employed" and the final impartiality of bringing in even "the consuming public." Justice to right of him, justice to left of him, justice all round him. "Private enterprise had already 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." No doubt 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 reasonable sometimes by not taking any notice of the truth. Mr. Clynes did, 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 malingering 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 (Cheers)." There cannot be class Government in England though Mr. Clynes here suggests that the employing class should be given power over the lives of "malingerers and wasters" not 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 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 has 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 state that a religious vocabulary is Greek to us, and 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 accounted 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 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 philosophy endorsed 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 from the one which 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 a former time: in consequence they are curiously remote and unreal. Perhaps the present controversy is being treated with such conspicuous detachment for the same reason.

EDWARD MOORE.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

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 "Wat 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 white negro with the public-schoolboy manner that Mr. Godfrey Tearle foisted on us; this Othello was black, even "sooty," as Brabantio declared, but not very fearsome to look upon.

Mr. Wilfrid Walter does not lack power; his chief difficulty lies in the adequate expression of it. He began very quietly indeed; too quietly, for Othello was proud of the fact that he drew his life and being from "men of royal siege"; and any soldier used to command would rap out such phrases as "Hold your hands, both you of my inclining and the rest" with authority.

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd the noise

With one still greater, as is yet the mode

On earth besides.

It was not only in his first scene that Mr. Walter forgot to shout down the tumult; in the Cyprus fight, he was not more threatening or overbearing. Certainly, the Old Vic threatened in "noises"; the "barbarous brawl" was less exciting than a dog-fight; but it should therefore have been easier for Othello to express his ascendancy. In the later scenes with Iago, the same defect was obvious; the incident did not call forth the powerful response. His epileptic fit, too, was not true epilepsy, grand mal, but hystero-epilepsy; Mr. Walter looked round for the soft place to fall on, and chose the couch. It was clear that Mr. Walter was moved by the part, but his feeling choked him; he tried to suppress it when he should have let it out to move us. He has the voice, the physique, and, I think, the stamina for the part; and when he has overcome his fear of making a noise, and commanding the stage, he will be able to show us the Othello he obviously has in him.

It was not an incompetent performance; it was an average one that tantalised me with its suggestion of possibilities of more than average merit. Othello is really an ecstatic in emotion; like most epileptics, he swings between Heaven and Hell, he thrills even with the sense of smell, while contact chokes him.

I cannot speak enough of this content,

It stops me here; it is too much of joy.

It is impossible to overplay Othello; and when Mr. Walter discovers that he will let out the power that he now tries to suppress.

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 about him when 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 stockishness, his perpetual assumption that this is the most ordinary person of everyday life in the twentieth century, 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 this first 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 Cæsar'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, deserves 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 tragedy is, after all, actor-proof; but I missed the tremendous surge and swell of passion in this production, the sublimity that apparently everyone feels in Shakespeare except those who act him, and without it no performance can be called 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 rollicking amongst the stars, down rhythmic paths too wide to let them slip. Turmoil there would be, but an exultant turmoil and a most joyful clamour. Or so might Titan adolescents understand and perform Beethoven during some filibustering expedition to the stars—with 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 disport 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 dishonoured 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 is gained by the magic of consummate technique. There is exquisite rhythm, extraordinary variety of steps, pose, and composition, and a penetrative vitality which binds these into harmonious action. The music is lovely ballet music, written round a fairy-tale, and consequently without any dramatic effects. It is a pity that Mr. Dhiagileff, by being extremely silly about Beethoven, put Mr. Newman into a temper which he cannot get out of again; but a whole group of green enthusiasts would do well to remember that what was said of Shakespeare applies also to Beethoven: "Others abide our question. Thou art free." Mr. Newman would be doing a kindness to everybody if he would apply "Coué's Practices" to his own attitude towards the Russian Ballet.

H. ROTHAM.

The Note-Books of T. E. Hulme.

(Edited by Herbert Read.)

IV—CINDERS (continued).

Action.

Teachers, university lecturers on science, emancipated women, and other spectacled ænemics attending the plays at the Court Theatre remind 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* and without action but a child's anger. 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 lover or a dead friend has an impossible task. He 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 changes 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 admiration, whether it be the offering of a sacrifice or merely saying amen to a set prayer. Ritual tends to be constant; even that seeming exception, the impromptu prayers of a Non-conformist minister, are merely the stringing together in accidental order of set and well-known phrases and tags. The burning of candles to the Virgin if only one can escape from some danger. The giving of a dinner, or getting drunk in company as a celebration—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 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 the new gospel. With this preface 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 world.

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 fallacy; 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 moonlit 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 geist 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 all 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 space, 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 real cinder 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 synthesize what before was perhaps unknown.

Art Notes.

MARK GERTLER.

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, F. Porter, Wyndham Lewis, Keith Baines, E. Seabrooke, B. Adeney, Vienesse Bell, and Nina Hammet. 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 it 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 those who look only to Paris for good art are as narrowminded 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 cosy 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 cosy 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-

portant to Gertler are the relations between objects than the objects themselves. The placing of the shapes and colouring are dominated by this idea so that his composition 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 Gertler 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. 10), "The Hunter" (No. 11). 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 manner 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, so 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 solidity 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 picture.

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 value as the paintings of the heads. They are a trifle too dry and the volumes are not suggested sufficiently. For example, in "Winter Afternoon, 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 rendered 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 Gertler is going to be a successful landscape painter.

Where Gertler really shows his abilities this time is in the still-lives. 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 illustrate 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 Gertler 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 Gertler in the future.

I wonder if the editor of the "Burlington Magazine"

will find space to reproduce at least one of these excellent 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 proposals enable us to offer to the mass of the people not 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 satisfaction of feeling that no artificial checks exist to restrain the enormous potentialities of nature and invention to benefit to the fullest extent every member of society. The opportunities afforded by property—sundered from the blighting influence of monopoly—become 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. 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 technician, to the professional worker, to the whole middle class as consumers, and to the multitude of small employers—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 essentially conformable to the aspirations and desires 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 fundamental happening "in our time." Socialists have moved forward the horizon of their ambitions from generation to generation, as political reformers have moved theirs from election to election. Even Communism in its latest phase does the same thing. The Russian Bolsheviks cling to that dictatorship which—we were told—was to be sanctioned by the revolutionary measures it could alone secure, even while abandoning those measures till scarcely one remains. Their ultimate aims, so they assure us, continue unchanged, and so they may; but all that dictatorship now furnishes to them is the ability to draw post-dated cheques on "world revolution." It is hardly surprising then that after such an unparalleled effort to upset permanently the social system having resulted in little but a gradual and desperate reconstruction of the same system, men should reject the possibility of anything big "coming off" in their own time.

If this lack of faith is explicable, it is none the less disastrous. We can only hope to overcome it by driving home the truth that previous efforts at social change on a radical scale have ended in disillusion because they have driven against the grain of man's reasonable motives 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 resource 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 make clear is that while our scheme does not particularly trouble itself about the prospect of the fat man at the social table remaining fat, it establishes the lean and hungry man at his side, so that, no longer compelled to remain dependent on the scraps left over from the feast, he is enabled rapidly to make up the leeway between his enfeebled physical condition and that of the well-fed habitué at the board. Reformers have been so exercised with the endeavour to find a means of sticking a table-knife into the glutton that they have overlooked the danger of upsetting the table in the process. Once the hungry fellow obtains his right to a seat at the social meal, the glutton's chances of overeating himself will vanish. But there is fully enough for all healthy appetites.

It is this final point, of course, on which so many reformers go astray. They tend always to measure society's resources by the restricted amount of ultimate commodities which the huge and elaborate sabotage involved in plutocracy permits to pass through the industrial sieve. They think in terms of product rather than development, of present achievement rather than potentiality. No wonder they study rather how to restrain appetites than how to satisfy them. The Communist, for all his "revolutionary outlook," does not seem far-sighted enough to perceive the error involved

here. Perhaps, indeed, he is least able to perceive it, since he depends so peculiarly on force rather than persuasion to secure his results. It is something of a tragedy that the very school of social thinkers who seem best able to realise the chaos into which world-capitalism is falling should be the worst equipped intellectually to deal fruitfully with the problem which that deepening chaos creates. As the peril widens and the gulf of social disaster yawns broader, the world-policy of Communism seems only to contract. Though on their own showing "capitalism" in its culmination is ruining even capitalists, the stern fanatics of the Left Wing forbid us to take any advantage of this intensely significant fact. They will not move a step to rally and unite every element in society against the tiny financial gang that menaces the whole of it. They urge us ever more feverishly to unloose the bloodhounds of class-war at the moment when the very idea of a conflict of class interests has become a glaring anachronism. It is as if on the discovery that half a dozen wealthy passengers were busily sinking the ship we were to cope with the peril, not by seeking to stop the leak, but by murdering all the ship's officers and every occupant of the first-class saloon.

The task of statesmanship, however, is to achieve the cure of disease and not the staging of theatrical suicides. We may be as melodramatic about the disease as we think necessary to awaken the patient to his plight, but we have to be business-like about the remedy. The first step to the restoration of health is to establish in the public mind the conviction of the primacy of finance in the social structure; but once this proposition is admitted, we must proceed immediately to demand that some conclusion be drawn from it. And we have further to point out that the moral is *not* that finance, being the biggest problem of all, must be "left till last," but the very opposite—namely, that until finance is rendered fool-proof (and "knave-proof"), i.e., automatic, every social programme of any consequence is suspended. Moreover, once it is made so, most of them will appear either superfluous or objectionable. The attack upon financial privilege is the vital struggle of our time and all depends on it. Victory will rob society of nothing good which its "active citizens" exhibit or enjoy: it will strip the rest of that passivity which now condemns them to wander as "supers" on the democratic stage.

M. B. R.

Views and Reviews.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"—II.

It would be easy to dismiss the thesis of this book* as a mere enlargement and adaptation of Tennyson's cry: "Ring in the Christ that is to be": but the fact remains that we are all like Byron.

I want a hero; an uncommon want,

When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,

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 criticism; as Professor Stanley Hall puts it: "The current mental imagery of Jesus is not such as to make Him the hero of youth to-day. If the psychic humus in which the old religions grew so rank has become too thin and poor for the modern folk-soul to evolve a superman that fits our age, cannot art or literature create a Christ image that shall be at least manly and have in it some vital appeal to the ideals and inspirations of the rising generation? Cannot art free itself enough from the conventionalities and traditions of the past to give us a variety of types as diverse as youth

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

now is? He should be modernised to do things in the higher life of Mansoul that represent its few sum-mital moments, that bode forth the phenomena of moral, mental, and emotional altitude, and that are far more common than we think at certain stages of the development of every truly ambitious youth and now go to waste unutilised and unrecognised. Surely we should study these ideals, unconscious though they be, and delineate a Jesus that truly embodies them. We should bring out in him every quality our age admires, so that he is no longer an anachronism, a ghost of the past."

No artist, or artist-philosopher, can deny the validity of the appeal. When Nietzsche declared that "life is only justifiable as an æsthetic phenomenon," and created his superman out of the very qualities that the folk-soul really wishes to sublimate he was confessing the same necessity that Professor Stanley Hall here asserts. Wilde more consciously and more cleverly declared that Nature followed Art, that the pictures of one generation became incarnate (or "sarcous," to use one of Professor Hall's words) in the women of the next; and from this point of view we might regard the "winking Virgin" of the Catholics as the creatrix of the modern flapper. It is certain that art languishes for lack of a culture-hero, or the will to create him; and painting lapses into geometrical delirium, and drama and literature having lost the belief in greatness seem dominated by the ideal of historicity, and gives us elaborately detailed studies of the lives of insignificant people. When modern art turns to the Christ mythos, it is to produce a trick painting in which the closed eyes seem to open, or to glorify the curate type in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The appeal is to the pious, not to the prescient or passionate youth; and the pious dwindle and die of self-satisfaction within the fold, while art outside the fold becomes exotic and insignificant because unrepresentative, and youth, looking for its superman, is confronted with Sir Eric Geddes.

Professor Hall continues: "As Zeus or Jove took many diverse forms, each expressing some chief trait or attribute, so let Jesus be again incarnated in every domain of life where superlative excellence is possible, even though the old incidents of the Gospel record be used as mere symbols by which to identify Him in His new and more manifold incarnations. Let him become a polymorphic category of the ideal. Though corporeal, Jesus has not even yet fully come to art or literature, and in these domains He needs a rehabilitation. Even His history should be written anew for every age. His soul is not in the old Gospels, nor is His life as given in the ancient records of prime psychological moment for us to-day. Only so far as He is a living force in contemporary men and women does He really exist, or is He truly Divine, whatever happened or did not happen in ancient Palestine, and whether He did or did not live in the flesh two thousand years ago in Western Asia. If the primitive Church made Him, instead of His making the Church, the Church was then a mighty creative power. If He be conceived as the greatest projection that the folk-soul ever made, His figure and story are the most precious of all things, perhaps more potent as an ideal than as an antique reality. The Jesus of the Gospels died, but the idea of Jesus lives more truly now perhaps than He did then, and this is the true resurrection. The Jesus of history is crassly real. The Jesus of genetic psychology is the most precious and real thing ever made out of mind-stuff. If unconscious man-soul evolved Him in the travail of ages, He becomes thus in a new sense the 'Son of Man,' a Doppelgänger of our inner, deeper, better nature. The believer's insight and conviction are small and faint representatives of the same power that created this masterpiece of the race-soul, and faith in Him is a flaming up in us of the age-long and many-voiced col-

lectivity and concensus that made it all. We stand in awe before this product of creative evolution because plenary conviction reinforces in the depths of our own soul the *rapprochement* with the submerged soul of the race, which slowly, without haste and without rest, by laws we are only just beginning to glimpse, wrought out its supreme masterpieces. Whether we regard Jesus as myth or history, we all need Him alike. If I hold 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 opinion of that which is to be, but is not yet. Moral judgments of right and wrong can no more apply to the future than legislation can apply to the past; legal penalties cannot be retrospective, because at the time that the action was performed it was not an offence, and moral judgments cannot be prospective, there can be no orthodoxy of the future, because it would deny the very essence of the creative activity, which is to bring into being some new thing. When Professor Hall later declares: "We know very little of the norms of sanity for superior souls, and they often seem to need and to use with great advantage experiences that to weaklings, children, and the commonalty 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 in a different sense from that expressed in Mr. St. John Ervine's play. One of his chief characters had three husbands during the war, was, at the opening of the story, keeping another woman's husband dangling after her, and with the entry of the chief male character began angling for him. Unlike Shaw's Don Juan, Mr. Dawson does not ask us to believe that "marriage is the most licentious of human institutions; that is the secret of its popularity"; on the contrary, his Maisie Pollock-Gervis-Lockwood argues: "Do you think I don't know what's said about my marriages! I know too well. But it isn't vanity that makes me want to be loved. It's so right to be loved. It isn't wickedness. It's the terror of not being loved—the same terror that makes you cling to Terry though she doesn't want you in return—we all want to believe that we're wanted. It's human. Without that life's a blank." And then tears. We remember that, to the Magdalen, much was forgiven, for she loved much; but Maisie only loved her first husband, the others just hung their hats up in her hall, as she said, and we do not quite see why Mr. Dawson considers her as an admirable character. Perhaps, like Jack Tanner, he cowers before the wedding ring; but there was a time when Maisie would have been called a light woman. But everybody in the book is more concerned with love than anything else—not profligacy, for the marriage ceremony is never forgotten. Lord Taborley, after being engaged to Terry for years, returns from the war to find her infatuated with the man who had been his valet, and had become the most brilliant of

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 tempy. rank did not confer the guinea stamp, and 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 P. Lockwood, squired that lady until he went to tell her sister how her husband died, and 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.

The Blood of the Grape: The Wine-Trade Text book. By André L. Simon. (Duckworth. 10s. 6d. net.)

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 statistical information, 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 muck, 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 favour, 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 deliberate 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 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 South Pacific coast were clogged with depreciating goods, which, shipped thither to pay for Europe's imports, had to stay undistributed until the people sold another consignment of exports and had 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 too poor to pay for imports in other ways. 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 most favourable offers to them, if necessary over the heads of the middlemen, direct to producers' organisations.

Let us survey some of the particulars. Canada, for example, had an inferior grain 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 he must surrender 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 burying theirs: the latter have to pay half a score of hides 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 wretched prices that they have 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 its coffee consumption Brazil would move towards prosperity again. Petrol, again, is in no danger. Despite the trustification 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. In coal England has, so it happens, a permanent rival to oil, and it is ironical to read that the Coal Strike last year saved the oil industry from an inevitable slump.

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 interior population can export so little. But the Government wool dumps would suffice for a little time.

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 this country against the avalanche of produce 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.

HILDERIC COUSENS.

PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—Will any readers of THE NEW AGE near Reading and Newbury who are interested in the Credit Proposals kindly communicate with me, with a view to forming study groups.

LESLIE FORREST.

"The Elms," Thatcham, Berks.