

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government's method of patching up the coal situation turned out as we expected. Needless to say, the criticisms evoked by their choice of that method have also turned out as we expected. It is, in fact, one of the petty annoyances of this mission of ours as prophets and propagandists that whenever the multicoloured fragments of controversy click into a new deadlock within the political kaleidoscope we find that we have already anticipated the pattern and commented upon it weeks—and sometimes months, even years—in advance. Our readers will bear us out that this is so. There is no journal which could so easily provide up-to-date reading matter on current problems *out of its back issues* as this one. The burden on us is that we have really nothing new to say when these events transpire; we have stated all the essentials long previously, and can only strain our ingenuity to say the old things in a new way. Nevertheless it is all worth while, for it has happened—and will happen increasingly as time goes on—that what we have said before the event is said by other directors of public opinion after the event. A recent, though quite small, illustration of this occurred in a speech by Mr. Ben Tillett last week, when he was reported to have expressed the opinion that there would have to be a re-analysis of industrial costs—or words to that effect. Whether he meant what we meant when we put forward that proposition a week or two ago, or whether he did not, his view is none the less valuable, and we hope to hear him repeat his expression of it as frequently as he has the opportunity.

Now about this subsidy. Picture John Bull as a young and growing boy. In his wanderings he has torn a piece out of the seat of his trousers. The rusty nail of the Old Accountancy has done it. The result has been to disclose an area of uncovered costs at what may be appropriately called the basic portion of his anatomy. In the cold draughts of the economic situation this is uncomfortable for him, besides being

an affront to social decency. There are three ways of mending a hole. It can be closed up by the process of drawing its edges together with needle and thread. But young John's clothes are made of such shoddy material that the slight tension behind which would be occasioned by this remedy would be sufficient to tear open a rent in front—a more uncomfortable and more indecent result than before. Another way is to darn the hole. But this is too big a hole for that. The last way is to sew a patch over it. This brings us to the Government's decision. Mr. Baldwin is going to sew a subsidy on the seat of young John's trousers. Well, why not? What is all the row about? It is all about *where the patch is to come from*. What?—no patches?—is not there a receptacle corresponding to auntie's drawer somewhere in the economic household? No, there is not—or so *they* tell us. *They* say—and everybody believes it—that there is not a scrap of material in the whole country other than that strained and frayed yard or so which tries dejectedly to keep both ends meeting round young, venturesome John's lithe and swelling body. You say it cannot be true? Surely they have a few scraps of cloth at the shop where the suit came from. But no; somebody's been there, and the rumour goes round that at the shop *they* told him, or them, that there's no cloth, nor can any be made. The person who made the inquiry cannot be identified; and much more mysterious still are the *they* who answered the inquiry. So everybody believes the answer. That is inevitable. If a *man* tells the people an improbable yarn, there may be none so mean as to give him credence. But let a *Voice* tell it, or, better, let the *Rumour of a Voice* softly diffuse it in imprecise hints . . . and it is as though God spoke. Very well, then. There being no material other than John's suit, *the patch must be cut out of the suit*. This is what all the row is about. For see; John's body is not insentient flesh and bone, it is in every part of it composed of living citizens. And John's suit; what is that? It is the economic security of these citizens—it is their credit, their wages, salaries, dividends—their means of life. John—the naked John inside the

suit—is a healthy, growing system of production. There is nothing wrong with him. Yet, just because he is splitting and tearing his financial clothes, they have told him he is ill. Poor John; he fasts daily, he breathes with half a lung, he shuffles along with tiny steps—and all because he has been warned by them that every stitch that snaps, every button that flies, is a nail in his coffin.

So now one can realise the dilemma in which the Government is placed. It cannot cover up the nakedness of the coal-mining part of the industrial system without exposing an equivalent area of nakedness in another. Yet for it to come with the scissors to cut out a patch anywhere at all will be something like trying to cut a piece out of a hornet's nest. There is a muffled buzz of incipient anger which warns the Government—"Keep us covered or you'll feel our sting." In these circumstances we may now turn to Mr. Garvin's editorial in this week's *Observer*. We take him for our text because, although his opinions are no more helpful than those of other editors, he does write with a sense of responsibility, and therefore his moods afford a fairly accurate thermal index to what is happening in the social furnace. Something indeed must be happening for him to use such language as the following:—

"The Government would be criminal if, while working for the best, it did not from this moment prepare thoroughly for the worst, and compile its detailed registers for citizen service in emergency. We write serious words, and they are needed. We look ahead. We hold that incitement to extremism by the subsidised truce is quite likely to outweigh all its practical but momentary convenience."

We can foresee this passage shortly figuring prominently on the literature of the Fascist movement in this country. If it reflects the policy of the Government all we can say is that it wears a humorous aspect. For it means that the intrepid young gentlemen who belong to that movement are to be allotted the duty of standing by where the financial patch is cut out of the hornet's nest, and putting their hand over the hole while the politicians carry off the patching material to appease hornets elsewhere. It will be dramatic enough. Perhaps that will heal the stings. Mr. Garvin seems to have been influenced in part by the fact that the Trade Union movement have "won a victory," and that the knowledge will inspire it to extend the triumph in other quarters. Possibly the depression in his mind would not have been so great if the Trade Union Congress had privately communicated its intention to support the miners to the Parliamentary Labour Party; for in this way its ultimate "victory" could have been ascribed to constitutional political bargaining, and the moral drawn that the vote and not the strike is what gets people anywhere. As it is, the Congress ignored the Parliamentary leaders. The result has been, not simply to discredit Mr. Baldwin's Government for giving way to threats of direct action, but to bring into disrepute the whole principle of settlements by political negotiation. It is a rebuff to Mr. MacDonald, and his subsequent reference to the way in which the truce had been fixed up indicated that he recognised the fact. But, however that may be, it is just as well not to get into a panic. It is not as though the trade union movement had used its strength to win, and had succeeded in winning, anything unreasonable for its members. And it is not, again, as if the workers had even taken the initiative in the present instance. The origin of the trouble was the attempt of the coal-owners to carry out that "patching" process by themselves within their own industry. They tried to cut out a patch of wages to cover a rent in revenues. This is not to blame them, but it is to exonerate the miners from the charge of wantonness. The owners could do nothing else than they did do in the circumstances. Then, again, any "victory" that has been won by

the miners has been won for their masters as well. The coal-owners, having been prevented from patching revenues out of wages, are now being allowed to patch them out of taxes—that is, out of the incomes of citizens outside the coal industry. The real situation is that the coal industry as a whole has won the "victory." Although the attitude of the miners did most to bring this about, one should not overlook the fact that the owners' previous moves were just as flagrant "direct action" as those of the trade union movement. Before the crisis arose we are told that hundreds of pits had been closed down because they could not pay. It is just as much "holding the community to ransom" for a business proprietor to close down a pit or factory and throw his hands on to the "dole" and the Guardians, as it is for a miner to throw down his pick. This again is not to blame the proprietor. Under the present financial system the first duty of any business organisation is to earn a profit; and if it cannot be made to earn a profit the duty of the proprietor is to close it down—and the financial system is so devised that it is to his interest to do so. It is a case of direct action above evoking direct action below within the coal industry. But both of these had their origin in another direct action above the coal industry—above all industry; that is the action taken by the financiers. On this point we are glad to see that the *Spectator* has something to say:—

"It was a great blunder on the Government's part to allow the Bank of England and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to commit the country to the policy of deflating the wages of the whole of the earning classes of this country on an economic punctilio. . . ."

The point here is not whether deflation is bad or good, but that it was decided upon and carried out without reference to Parliament. That was direct action just as surely in principle as anything that the Trade Union Congress have threatened, and twenty times as injurious in its incidence on the general livelihood of the community than any conceivable amount which the present coal subsidy may reach. The ultimate protagonists in the present case were not the miners and their masters, not the mining industry and the community, but the miners and the money controllers. And in so far as any victory has been won it has been a successful sortie from a beleaguered industrial system—successful because for the moment it has looted the financial system of a subsidy. If the hewers of coal and their trade union relatives have headed the raid, and not the owners of coal, the responsibility rests with the owners, who ought to have taken the lead. What, for instance, has become of all their talk about the "economy of high wages"? Or do they no longer believe in the doctrine?

However, thanks to the men's insistence on their right to a living wage, both owners and men together have got at least some months ahead of them to look round and see what they will do with their temporary economic security. During those months the subsidy will be raised by fresh borrowing. It did not need Mr. Churchill's announcement of the fact; there is no other fund out of which it could come. The process of raising the money out of the rest of the community is therefore held in suspense. To return to our illustration of the patch—the *they*, who said there was no material to cover the hole, have suddenly produced a piece. That is to say, the credit controllers have discovered that they can, after all, create ten to twenty million pounds of financial credit. For this reassuring, but belated, discovery, we have to thank the Trade Union Congress and the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. In standing up for their own interests they have secured, temporarily, an addition to the total amount of circulating credit in the hands of the whole community. And now the whole trade

union movement will have to think hard about what their attitude is to be when the time comes for the borrowed subsidy to be collected from the taxpayer. To begin with, let them disabuse their minds of any sort of idea that the mere lapse of time during which the patch is left on will itself put the coal industry in even a fractionally better position to support its removal at the end. If they analyse the accounts of the industry they will quickly discover that the patch has to be a permanent one. Having done that, they must next consider that the patch is only a loaned one, and that it is the intention of the credit authorities to get it back sooner or later. That is the vital issue. Let no one delude himself that a few months of hard work will make things a whit easier. The suggestion that it will is very plausible. Its rationale can be simply illustrated. If you jag a piece out of your finger, you can stick some court plaster on and wait until the skin has grown over the wound. Thereupon you can remove the plaster. But that is because your skin grows. If your skin were made of court plaster, however, and you wrenched a piece out, you could wait till Doomsday for it to grow over the wound. The difference is that whereas your skin is natural, is dynamic, court plaster is artificial and static. So in the case of the industrial system, its financial encasement is artificial, static. Productive power increases by growth, but financial credit increases by accretion. There is no direct, automatic relation between the exercise of energy and the quantity of energy-products on the one hand, and the quantity of money on the other. To change the figure, there is no automatic relation between young John Bull's rate of growth and the size of his suit. So now as to the subsidy; it can remain over the wound as long as you like, but it will not heal it. For what is the wound? It is really an arithmetical disparity between costs on the one side and revenue on the other. Total expenditure £100 let us say; total possible revenue £80. Difference £20. Now you cannot stick a financial court plaster of £20 on a trading account and expect that account to balance itself simply as a result of the presence of the plaster. £80 will not become £100 merely by putting another £20 next to it. You cannot solve industrial bankruptcy by lending industry the deficit; you must give it. It is true that a short loan to a single firm may enable it to balance its books, but that is because there is always the chance for it to secure for itself a larger share of the total money being spent by buyers in general. When you come to deal with a whole industrial system and know that the total possible revenue is below its total costs, the cure by loan is obviously a futility.

Now, we fear we shall appear like Bolsheviks to Mr. Garvin, but we have now to declare that the duty of the coal-owners and the coal-miners is to take measures to hold what they have got—to do, in fact, exactly what Mr. Garvin fears they will do. Let us quote one or two of his remarks:—

"It (the subsidy) is an incalculable liability. . . . The cost is far more likely to exceed the worst anticipation. For eight months up to next May owners and miners will extract the maximum from the taxpayer."

This last remark is wrong. Not the taxpayer, but the banks will finance the subsidy during that time.

"Many poor pits are re-opening on the strength of the coal dole."

That is good rather than evil, so far as it goes. "Owners have not the keen incentive to strive during the contemplated subsidy period. They cannot guess what is going to happen to them afterwards."

Take particular notice of this reason. It is an important support for our proposition, for it says in effect that enterprise in the industry will be paralysed by

the knowledge that the subsidy is not permanent. Our reply to that is to insist that the subsidy need never be withdrawn, and that it can be paid in perpetuity (under conditions which need not be surveyed now) without costing any taxpayer a farthing. We ask any man of common sense if many poor coal-pits are opening on the strength of the coal-dole, and if there is a way, without taxing a soul (and there is such a way) of getting many poor coal-cellars to open on the strength of the coal-dole, would that be a strong case for continuing the subsidy? Nobody's pocket would be picked, but certain people's prerogatives would be limited. These prerogatives have nothing to do with personal income, and their limitation is even compatible with an increase in the personal income of the people we refer to. Such prerogatives can be summarised in the term, *the power of governing Government policy through the monopoly of credit*. No person now sharing in that control need be a poorer man through relinquishing it. All that would happen would be that he would become a less powerful man in the direction in which he is now powerful; and that is in his rôle as a non-elected autocrat imposing his own policy on the nation over the heads of its elected representatives. It is now pretty generally recognised that the ultimate control of policy resides in finance; and it will shortly be realised that if we are to retain any semblance of the democratic principle in our governmental system, either Parliament should be able to impose policy on the financial system or else we cease voting for Members of Parliament and insist on voting for "Members of the Bank of England." What is the use of our right to hear Parliamentary debates when the only debates which really mean something take place in bank parlours. If our six hundred odd legislators are not to be privy to the pros and cons of financial policy they may as well not emerge from private life at all.

Mr. Wheatley, speaking on the situation recently, said:—

"For the next nine months the workers must prepare on a new scale and on new lines for the greatest struggle in their history."

Mr. Garvin quotes this passage, and comments:—

"In the new circumstances that is a warning to be taken quite literally. It is as convinced, as vehement and sincere as mad. It means the direct Bolshevik attempt to overthrow the existing political and economic fabric in Britain—Mr. Cook, Mr. Wheatley and their friends having a special eye on the banks."

There are two things to be said about this. Firstly that the passage as it stands reveals no evidence of "Bolshevist" tendencies; and, secondly, that the expression "on new lines" may cover a reassuring and not a disturbing interpretation. Then, if it be that Mr. Cook and Mr. Wheatley have "a special eye on the banks" that is certainly reassuring, or should be to those who feared they might be contemplating a violent expropriation of capitalists from their factories. A "special" eye on the banks implies a less "special" eye on the producing capitalist as distinct from the pure financier; and in fact may lead up to something like a common outlook between masters and men in the mining and other threatened industries. Not even enthusiasts like Mr. Cook—and certainly not business men like Mr. Wheatley—are at all likely to conceive the idea of "violating the neutrality" of the capitalist as part of a plan of campaign against the credit monopoly. Their obvious strategy is to get the capitalist on their side—to win him from his allegiance to the Old Economic faith. And this is all the more obvious because there are increasing signs that the relations between industry and banking are already badly strained. The bankers—astute as they always were—have resolved themselves

into a two-party system, one party of which we will call, *by courtesy only*, the Tory party, representing things as they have been, and the other, which we will call, *without courtesy*, the Whig party, representing improved things as they shall be. The first sign of the move was the appearance of Mr. Darling in the rôle of anti-Gold-Standard polemicist. We said at the time that no banker becomes a pioneer on his own account, and that one could confidently count upon there being an influential financial backing behind his apparently courageous adventure. Further evidence of this influence is forthcoming now in the tremendous booming of Mr. John Maynard Keynes, who has evidently been selected as the Whig agitator-in-chief. After issuing a series of expensive works through Macmillan and Co., presumably so as to reassure the ordinary business man of his respectability, he has now issued a 1s. monograph through Leonard and Virginia Woolf, at the Hogarth Press, entitled *The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill*, which no doubt will stamp him as "advanced." Not that Mr. Keynes has nothing of value to say, or that he does not say it well; but that the effect of the "triumph" of his views will only be to put into power the *Whig Party of the banking system*. In his pamphlet just referred to there is no reference to such things as (1) the principle of issuing credit otherwise than by loan; (2) the principle that new production must not be financed out of savings, but out of new credit; (3) the concept of a "pricetreaty" between industry and the financing authority; nor is there any sign that he recognises that *individual consumption is an essential part of the process of co-operative production, and that the financing of the one should be accompanied by the financing of the other*. In a purely academic discussion, to tell part of the truth may be better than telling none; but in an agitation designed to create a demand for a practical policy to talk less than all the sense is to talk nonsense. One of the various explanations offered as to the origin of the term "Whig" is that the word is formed of the initial letters of a motto of the old Puritan Covenanters—"We hope in God." It is a good motto when you have done all you can yourself; but to half do a job and expect God to do the rest is to pray for failure. Mr. Keynes says, in effect—"Reverse the deflation policy, and all these things shall be added unto you." They will not. The only value of Mr. Keynes' activity is that in opposing the Gold Standard he is virtually standing for the freedom of British banking policy from Wall-street domination. But the danger is that that "freedom" will be readily conceded by America on the secret understanding that no other use is made of it than to apply Mr. Keynes' published reform; that is to say, that all we do here is to replace the alleged Tory chain-binders by the new Whig spell-binders. In the meantime the evils of deflation are being heaped upon the head of Mr. Churchill. But why single out Mr. Churchill? What about the "Bankers' Minister," Mr. Snowden? Everybody with any insight knows that no Chancellor of the Exchequer since the Cunliffe Commission reported could have deflected the deflation policy by a hairbreadth. The only reasonable interpretation of the attack is that Mr. Churchill is a member of Mr. Baldwin's Government, and in discrediting the man it is discrediting the Conservative Government. To what end? Perhaps Mr. Garvin supplies the clue. At the end of his article from which we have quoted, he says that the clash threatened in Mr. Wheatley's remarks can only be dealt with by the "organised majority of the nation." What he means is clear from his immediately adding the reminder that the Unionist Party represents only a minority of the nation and calling upon Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George to "remember the fact." It is a hint that the Unionist and Liberal Parties may be required by their common master to coalesce into a single administration to deal

with the coming emergency. There are indications that Mr. Baldwin is being written down in the American Press, and these are coupled with private journalistic gossip in Fleet-street, that he is done for. Is this leading to the elimination of Mr. Baldwin, and the emergence of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George as the star leaders of a new Coalition? And does Mr. MacDonald come in anywhere—or is he to be told to go to . . . the Clyde?

These political combinations all sound very imposing, but they make no difference to the balance of economic forces. On the other hand, unless Labour takes action to prevent itself being isolated by a restored alliance between the banks and the capitalists on the basis of a Whig financial policy, it will find itself powerless to exercise direct action in support of any policy which has "a special eye on the banks." The financial system will willingly finance a strike if it be only against employers and shareholders. Did not Mr. Hodges tell us of the great coal strike that he started it on an overdraft? But it is a far different matter to suppose that the banks are going to assist a strike intended to support, shall we say? the application of New Economic principles. It is years ago that we wrote on "Trade Union Finance" and showed how the Trade Unions were robbing themselves of bargaining power by their investment of their funds in shares and bonds. When once money is locked up, only the banks can unlock it. We said that it would pay them many times over to keep all their funds in liquid form—on current account, or on the very shortest-term deposit account—and to ignore all consideration of interest. To-day we are no wiser than other outsiders about the condition of the trade unionists' finances. We do not know (can anyone tell us?) what prospects they had of keeping up the strike which has just been called off. Had they got the money? If not, were they going to be "accommodated" by the bankers? And if so, is it not the bankers also who have co-operated in "holding the community to ransom"? However, that is by the way. The immediate matter of importance is for every supporter of the New Economic principles to concentrate on converting the owners and miners in the coal industry. Now they are under the cover of a subsidy every other industry will be jealous of them and will be a force working to deprive them of it. They will therefore be in a psychological condition to be instructed in their brief—which is that the only hope for British industry is an extension of the subsidy method and not its extinction. They must be made to realise that it is not simply a matter of their own interest, but their duty to all other industries, to insist, with all the power they have, on retaining the advantage they have won. They must be convinced that what they are receiving is not a "dole," but an instalment of a long overdue National Dividend.

FROM POET TO POSTERITY.

Let it be known through all the world,
Down many tiers of Time,
By many a poet's hand unfurled
In rippling hues of rime:
Let it be known that Baldwin gave
This England of my dream
The nobler life beyond the grave
Born of the Douglas Scheme!
Let it be known that Churchill came
With Baldwin and his band
Of earnest Englishmen aflame
For England's Holy Land!
Let it be known they overthrew
Conspiracy, Doubt, and Crime,
The vilest of the foreign crew
Of England's darkest time!
Let it be known . . . My guttering taper!
The Douglas Scheme is still on paper!
And I'm "a lazy lout of a po-it"!
I'll tighten my belt: they shall not know it!
MORGAN TUD.

Medicine for Europe.

By Frances Taylor.

Major Douglas has defined the League of Nations as "an organisation expressly designed to eliminate administration by suppressing individuality; to make the Machine finally supreme over Man. . . . This project is the greatest and probably the final attempt to enslave the world." In view of the warning contained in that statement, it may be well worth the while of the New Economists to concentrate for a few moments on what was done at the Congress recently held by the International Chamber of Commerce at Brussels, since the *Financial Times* has declared that this body "represents in the business sphere the counterpart to the League of Nations in the political sphere." It is also "the most important financial federation in the world, comprising twenty-two national banking associations and 307 banks as associated members."

It is significant that very little news appeared in the British Press concerning the proceedings of this important Assembly. The *Financial Times* contained fuller reports—though those were brief enough—than any other daily journal. In fact, the predominant financial character of the Chamber is indicated by the space given in that paper to reporting the Congress. But it is from the American Press—which was apparently less heavily censored, or, perhaps, more indiscreet—that vivid sidelights are thrown.

Lest anyone should be inclined to underrate the importance of the decisions arrived at by this International Chamber of Commerce, it may be noted that the 1923 Congress of the Chamber passed a resolution, which Dr. Walter Leaf characterised as "the parent of the Dawes plan," and it is claimed by Mr. A. C. Bedford, a vice-president of the Chamber, that it was in no small degree due to the efforts made by the Chamber that the public opinion of the world was mobilised in support of such an undertaking.

The extraordinarily efficient machinery created by the International Chamber of Commerce for getting things done is in striking contrast to the cumbrous and ineffective procedure of democratic bodies. In addition to the banking concerns enumerated above, its industrial members are drawn from 102 associations and 719 individual firms distributed over thirty-six countries. There are also represented nine national shipping associations, fifty-five shipping companies, and forty-seven railroad and other transport enterprises. Surely one would be justified in concluding that this unwieldy body, representing so many different countries and interests, would find some difficulty in getting resolutions passed unanimously, or, when passed, of getting them carried out. And one would be utterly and completely mistaken.

The secret of its success lies in previous spade work. When a subject is proposed for action by the International Chamber, it is first discussed by the Council, and then a competent committee is appointed to study it. It is thoroughly thrashed out, and objections ventilated in the hands of these experts so that when the main body of delegates meet in Congress, the resolutions put before them are matured and considered proposals. In fact, they have only to place their seal of approval on the work of the committees. But the weight of this unanimous vote of approbation (a proposal is withdrawn unless unanimity is secured) together with the subject work of the National Committees in each country exercise irresistible pressure on the respective Governments. The force of that pressure may be seen in the passage of the Dawes Report (a measure by which nations voted themselves into slavery) into legislation without opposition and almost without discussion. The peoples were informed it was "agreed upon, and dis-

cussion might imperil its acceptance." "Agreed," forsooth! And by whom? Not by the peoples of Britain, France, Belgium, or Germany. This plan to enslave Europe in the net of finance was "agreed upon" by international financiers and bankers, and the powerful forces of the Press and platform were mobilised to bring it into force without opposition.

The success obtained by the International Chamber of Commerce in pushing through the Dawes Plan two years ago may have emboldened its leading spirits to hope that this year the proceedings would be equally smooth. Their hopes, however, were not destined to be realised.

The problem of transfer of Reparations payment was the main subject before the Congress. The Chairman, Mr. Willis H. Booth, in his presidential speech, pointed out that though the Dawes scheme has provided a practical basis for the accumulation in Germany of gold marks to be applied against Reparation payments, still the essential fact remains that these transfers will have to be made by the sale of goods and services abroad. The problem was how to convert the gold marks existing in Germany into currencies outside of Germany and available for the beneficiary countries.

The delegates were not left long in doubt of what one beneficiary country thought about the problem. Belgium, in the person of M. Maurice Despret, President of the Bank of Brussels, denounced the illusions nourished by the Dawes Plan in an eloquent passage, which might almost have been taken from the pages of THE NEW AGE:—

"The Dawes Plan! . . . What hopes and also what illusions are contained in those three words which thousands repeat without having the faintest idea of their meaning.

"The greater number believe that the Dawes Plan really means the payment by Germany and the receipt by Germany's creditors of sums of money which will be devoted to the repayment of sums already spent for the reparation of damages caused by the war, and to the alleviation of the burden of taxation which weighs so heavily on the taxpayers.

"For political reasons this crude notion has been spread almost everywhere. In all interested countries it is accepted as a truth, and it is fostered by those from whom promises are demanded and who are weak enough to make them. But in our gatherings politics have no right of place. . . . Well, we know that against facts, fancies are powerless.

"Is it really possible to pay and to receive thousands of millions, without disastrous consequences for him who pays as well as for him who receives?

"And failing payment in cash, if that be impossible, how can we get paid?

"If the debtor country is to pay in goods to what extent can it do so without harming the creditor country itself, which doubtless produces the very goods it must accept in payment? Failing goods, can the debtor country pay in services, and, if so, what services can be rendered by it without causing prejudice to the creditor country or to the latter's industry, trade, or labour?"

M. Despret was followed by M. Janssen, Belgian Minister of Finance, who continued in the same strain.

These speeches were described by the *New York Herald* correspondent as a bombshell among the American delegation, which numbered some 260 out of 750 delegates. Sir Josiah Stamp's speech the next day followed up the attack. It has been reported at length in THE NEW AGE. His contention was that with in THE NEW AGE. His contention was that reparations could be transferred only in German goods, and that all nations of the world, including the United States, must reduce tariffs and curtail industrial production if they hoped to collect reparations. The *New York Herald-Tribune* representative reported that "Stamp's speech was characterised by many delegates as violently pro-German," while *Commerce and Finance* gives the following comment: "That most of the American delegates to the Convention were exceedingly annoyed, not to say

shocked, by these speeches, is not to be wondered at." "So-called experts" according to the New York *Evening Post* should not be allowed to make the United States "jumpy" since "they are always playing with the fourth dimensions or unknown quantity, and later are always being let down and confounded by the arrival of subsequent facts." The New York correspondent of the *Statist* says that no secret was made at Washington that the Treasury felt much vexed over the discussion, and the Secretary of the Treasury immediately issued a declaration that the Dawes Plan is working very well, and the observations of Sir Josiah Stamp about the Reparation problem being a German-American problem are quite beside the point. The correspondent further notes that the Paris and other correspondents of several important journals then began to train their guns on "alleged experts," and adds, "The lesson is . . . that the Administration does not wish that this challenge to the inspired character of plan should gain currency. The Treasury . . . is completing debt-funding negotiations. . . . In any of the plans of settlement growing out of such negotiations may be involved features calculated to operate as one of the features of the Experts' Plan operate; hence the dismay at any discussion whatever of the latter just at this time." The New York *Herald* remarked that Sir Josiah Stamp's speech found little favour with the President, who believed this was essentially nothing but a proposal that the United States herself foot the reparation bill by permitting the country to be flooded by foreign goods.

(To be continued.)

Remarkable Observations.

[We shall be glad if our readers send us any striking commonplaces or ineptitudes they may come across in the daily and weekly press or in new publications. A survey of the world's folly would be very valuable: but it calls for a multitude of surveyors.]

How to save our industries:—

"It must be with a feeling of great outrage that every right-thinking Englishman learned of the dastardly attempt by a set of caddish Durham miners to throw into the River Wear the Dean, Bishop Wellton, for his attack, in the London Press, on their own rapacity and un-Christian greed in demanding a higher wage when the mines are not paying, and so aggravating the present coal-crisis. . . . The only way this wicked behaviour can be prevented is to seek out the ringleaders and to sentence them to long terms of penal servitude."—F. H. Amphlett *Micklewright in the Outlook.*

The time-old American culture:—

"We were under the impression that Europe had reached a stage of civilisation similar to that of this country, but we have learned that Europe is not simply one century but two centuries behind our civilisation."—Darwin P. Kingsley, M.A., LL.D., president of the New York Life Insurance Company.

The unanimity of politicians:—

"The British Empire is universally popular among Members of Parliament with the possible exception of Mr. Saklatvala."—*Saturday Review.*

A prophecy of the future Anglican creed:—

"I was present, some years ago, at a diocesan conference of clergy and laity at which a clerical speaker had urged that Christian principles should be openly recognised and avowed in the conduct of business. The Bishop asked a well-known and highly-esteemed business man in the audience whether he had ever, in any business meeting, heard it remarked that some proposed line of action would or would not be Christian. He thought for a few moments, and then replied: 'No; but I have more than once heard it said that it would scarcely be "cricket." And that,' he added, 'always settled the matter.' Is not that religion?"—Canon of Worcester on "The Religious Effect of the Idea of Evolution."

The Arts in Utopia.

By Haydn Mackey.

X.

"A technique for Inspiration is desired." This phrase involves two understandings. That is, (1) a technique is desired to *express* Inspiration, concept; and (2) a technique is desired to *obtain* Inspiration, conception. In the last article I attempted a sketchy idea for number one. In connection with number two, these articles would have to extend to a number and length beyond the scope, in these pages, of their doubtfully useful purpose, if anything were attempted much more than the following few brief and necessarily too compressed remarks.

As a sentient being, the artist is continuously, consciously and unconsciously, taking in evolved shapes, ideas, impressions, and giving out involved forms, thoughts, expressions. From time to time forms and thoughts, or groups of forms and thoughts, find some analogy in nature giving an extra (or beyond) experience, when some such technique for expression as that referred to in the last article may achieve a work of art in conformity with the physical conditions of production. Too close and consciously reasoning an insistence on the extra analogous stimulant, overlays original concept and produces a "photography" of that "stimulant." Too loose a conscious grasp of that "stimulant" produces incoherence and incomprehensibility between artist and audience. The fashionable modern fallacy attempts at the isolation of the work of art as something entirely unrelated in space; an attempted ignoring of the paradoxical "selfish-benevolent" love or desire fundamental; and insistences on conceptions as of a solely geometric nature. Experience of form, texture, light, may offer an analogy to a form, textural or luminous (colour) concept; but textural or luminous concepts are inconceivable as images without form, and form is inconceivable as image without them. Yet, the human ego does not *imagine* the entire universe as comprised in a strict geometry of three dimensions; while any incomprehensible *fourth* ill serves for definition any purpose in such a practical spiritual affair as human emotional expression. To be comprehensible in a work of art, the originating concept must be sufficiently allied to an evoking analogy that is knowledgeable to the human experience of the artist's public, and not merely to the individual conceiving artist. It becomes more evident in itself to the artist by an intuitive technique of expression. The difficulty here of explanation is due to *Time*. Whilst conception must precede expression, it only becomes complete conception as expression proceeds, by intuitive method. As I have said earlier—"The artist is frequently surprised at unforeseen results." Original concept hovers *only on the extreme edge of consciousness*, and it is because of this, that an *unpremeditated intuitive manner of expression is required*.

A technique for the obtaining of usable Inspiration seems to be found in a self-hypnotic or faith system, whereby, after a period of conscious intellectual exhaustion and the lulling of desire, an element of surprise or novel awareness may be acquired or induced, to become the analogous stimulant necessary to the bringing of concept into motive demanding expression.*

*Austin O. Spare, in his *Book of Pleasure*, and in other of his somewhat incomprehensible "automatic" writings, adumbrates various "magical" means and methods in connection with a reincarnation theory. The power of talismans is doubtless as much a reality, *when believed in*, as other forms of belief; and it has been said: *faith will move mountains*. However, Spare himself is by far the best draughtsman who has worked in sympathy with any aspect of the "Decadent legacy."

These articles originally arose out of a protest in these pages concerning certain views expressed here on a Renaissance masterpiece. They merely grew, much too hurriedly, as each publication time came too quickly round, and consequently they lack a good deal of coherency. I am also gravely conscious of many other defects; but anything more than a few guesses in such a subject is, of course, quite impossible, and nothing more was ever imagined possible. A quite unavoidable haste was the cause of many of their blemishes, and must be my poor excuse. Some such ideas as seem to have got themselves sketchily outlined may be gathered together in this following summary conclusion.

Whilst a reliance on the handicrafts for production inevitably means scarcity, an age of leisured plenty means power, machine, and mass production, and can lead to a "classic" aristocracy of talent; for talent not only claims but gives aristocracy. Its leisure would encourage some revival of handicraft, but the great "*Renaissance*" cannot be ignored. The Age of Plenty must be its lineal descendant. In the craft of building, an intellectual conscious science (apart altogether from a fitness of structural consideration, and a rightness of material on a principle of "fitness to purpose") would have such visual art as informed it of a "sight-faculty" type; as exemplified in the spacings, proportions, inflections, adjustments, etc., of the Greek work. It would lack the handmade touch as the printed book lacks the author's characteristic handwriting. It would be trabeated or moulded, or both, and static in principle; not arcuated or dynamic in principle—as a matter not only of technical and physical requirements, but also as a matter of the "culture" to be surmised as prevalent in an age of leisure.

In view of a consideration of the fashions, variety, and mentality of our times, regarded in relation to an art technique, there is evidence of a fundamental bias towards, and genuine attempt at, a direct and spontaneous expression characterised by signs which may be read as certain of the primeval unchanging outlines of the technique which appears to be accountable for past expressions of genius in all ages, and consequently (together with certain signs of the shedding of much dross acquired in recent centuries) as the beginnings of the technique of the future. A technique which will be wider spread in proportion to the population amongst a leisured people, than was craftsmanship before the coming of the machines. This means that a fruitful soil, a "tradition," will become available for the production of the great artist or epoch of art.

A statement of some bald outlines of some such technique (of the past and the presumed future) in the graphic arts, is attempted, both for the expression of inspiration and the obtaining of inspiration. These techniques, difficult to state at length, when compressed into a sentence, cannot be very clear or adequate (but summaries must, of their very nature, be inadequate). They may be "potted" thus:—

The *expression* of an inspiration (induced by an analogous idea or experience, past or present) finds its allegory by an intuitive dealing with the physical circumstances in the achieving of a conscious purpose.

The *obtaining* of an inspiration is by an inducing of the conjunction of a faith with a novel awareness after some conscious exhaustion.

The following remarks by way of a review of one or two of the implications contained in these articles may provide some directions for thought regarding the art creed I suggested New Economists must devise, which, whilst it must be very different, is nevertheless as necessary and desirable as was that of the Victorian Socialists to Socialists. Our Socialists still place emphasis on, and claim excessive admiration for, physical labour in an age unsuited to it. They aim at a "work state"; we aim

at a "leisure state," that a "creative state" may ensue. The civilisation in an age of leisured plenty will be more concerned with concepts than with tricks of thumb or glorification of manual skill. Art will be an expression of a faith-magic and meaning, not aiming at utility or prestidigitation. New Economists must think that (as Mr. Ezra Pound once expressed himself in these pages), "the only thing one can give an artist is leisure in which to work. . . . It is a question of making freemen. . . . Civilisation has got to restart." (We have *now*, at least, got to a good starting post, for a civilisation *surpassing* any known.)

In a time when thought will not, for the many, be so exclusively and continuously fixed on the methods of obtaining the barest needs of sustenance, a general cultured leisure will grow and tend to form for its artists a thought-tradition out of which great art may spring, just as in the past great art sprang out of the widespread craft traditions. The curse of the Industrial era is that, though it achieved enormous savings in labour, it effected a curtailment of leisure for the many and stunted thought, not only by the denial of a handicraft training, but also by an insistence on the people's *attention being held by a harassing insecurity of existence*. It has not only attacked the handicrafts by underselling them, but by a wholesale robbing of the potential craftsmen of their opportunity for thought and leisure.

An existence of a vast liberty for all; leisured, cultured; conducive to self-rule; made possible by an exercise of a *credit* that is but a *faith in faith*, instead of the faith in the falsehood, tyranny and oppression of the faith and enforced by the present usurers' monopony and juggling of counterfeit money; a just faith; *must* cause a spreading of faith in all its true forms and expressions, and an elimination of the false; and so the achievement, by creation and through creation, of a universal faith inspired of Truth. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

(Concluded.)

Objective Standards of Criticism.

"A critic's duty," said a prolific modern writer, "is to erect his personal opinions into literary canons." But we are sick of personal opinions. All about us, in every literary paper in the country, we see the watery espouse of impressionism. Reviewers think they are to be praised if they read a book casually, react naively, like a child, and spin out a few hundred words of comment, easily and without self-adjustment. Indeed, they are rather proud of their little idiosyncrasies and obsessions. "At least," they will tell you, "we are honest. We put down what we felt as we read. It is one man's testimony, and we do not pretend to how far a man Honest? They have no conception of how far a man must dig into himself before he can lay claim to honesty. And is it any better to convince readers that pompous words, to attempt to convince readers that a personal opinion is an absolute judgment, as that prolific modern writer thought good? No; that is both charlatanism and disrespectfulness. The critic, before he sets down a word, must beat himself on the head and ask a hundred times, each time more bitterly and searchingly, "And is it true? Is it true?" He must analyse his judgment and make sure that it is nowhere stained or tinted with the blood of his heart. And he must search out a table of values from which he can be certain that he has left nothing unconsidered. If, after all these precautions and torments, he is unable to deliver a true judgment, then fate has been too strong for him; he was never meant to be a critic.

One of the first moral necessities in Buddhism is Right Opinion, and it is a mark of the peculiar

sweetness and sanity of that religion, its health and grace of *tone*, that intellect is as much demanded as instinct. For Right Opinion is almost the opposite of Right Knowledge. A man may assert his possession of Right Knowledge, and mysticise himself into a large soul without a body, and feel spasms of glory and divinity, yet be ineffective and hopeless in the detail of life; in the manipulation of circumstance. He may have all-true sensation and nonsensical, innocent judgments. But Right Opinion is wholesomeness and versatility in actual contacts; and, if it is Spiritually the smaller virtue, it is none the less the more athletic and Aryan. And Right Opinion does not come from instinct; it comes definitely from a thorough purification of the intellect. To the lowest detail it is good to be right in opinion:—There is even an eternal judgment between brown shoes and black, *The Times* and the *Telegraph*, but it needs in these matters as much austerity before Right Opinion is reached as in those very grandiose, soul-buffeting problems.

An objective standard, or a right opinion, is one which holds true for every man, *if he but knew*. We must be careful, however, not to expect an objective standard to be unobjectionable. There is the school which would confine literary criticism to mere history and comparison. One could have hoped that Tolstoy had once for all shamed these triflers; but because Tolstoy seems to them to make art subservient to morality (and, indeed, he was in some degree to blame; his discussion of the interpenetration of art and morality is coarse and unperceptive), they count themselves at liberty to neglect all that he said with reason and force. Yet Tolstoy is almost alone among aestheticians in having seen to the full that art is only one limitation of human activity and that it must be judged as a human activity, not as self-sufficing and perfect abstraction, divorced from science and religion, and all other expressions of life. Art is a rival to science and religion; the artist is typically non-religious and non-scientific, he would steal their virtues and truths, and apply them to the creation of beauty, he tries to make art the whole world and the only world, and to deny the need of anything other than art. But the last word is not with the artist. The stuff which he turns into art is the same as the stuff of science and religion; and since life itself, and his own human nature, are infinitely plastic and unlimited, he is really occupied only in perverting to a peculiar end, and limiting in a conscienceless fashion, the same stuff of life which the religious creator and the scientist equally call their own, and equally limit and pervert.

It is for this reason—because the springs of art are deeper than the expression of art—that the artist must be judged by the same principles as any creator in another vein. Art must live in each of the principles which make up this category, Man. A work of art that is whole and typical must possess, *in its own way*, all the qualities of Man. We will first explain the bearing of the phrase, "in its own way." This implies only that a critic must be thoroughly sophisticated in the literatures of all countries; he must know pragmatically what is the essence of art, the differentia, the peculiar aims of art, and he must know in the most laborious detail the actual works of great artists. This is merely for decency, and to prevent enthusiasm. Much more important than these, he must know what are the qualities of Man, and what new face they put on when they are constricted into artistic creation.

Here I will append an orthodox list of qualities. A work of art must be judged by the degree in which it displays *Form, Continuity, Passion, Uniqueness, Idea, Tone, and Reality*. The words are mere signposts, and I will try to make the qualities themselves clearer. But I give a diagram for those who are

skilled in drawing analogies: it shows the same qualities in other bearings.

No.	STANDARDS OF CRITICISM	HINDU ANALYSIS	SWEDENBORG'S PLANES	NATURAL CORRESPONDENCE
7	REALITY	ATMAN	DIVINE-HUMAN	UNIVERSE
6	TONE	BUDDHI	CELESTIAL	GALAXY
5	IDEA	MANAS	SPIRITUAL	SOLAR SYSTEM
4	UNIQUENESS	KAMA MANAS OR JIVATMAN	LIMBUS	MAN
3	PASSION	LINGA SHARIRA	NATURAL-SENSUOUS	ANIMAL
2	CONTINUITY	PRANA	NATURAL-VITAL	VEGETABLE
1	FORM	KAMA RUPA OR STHULA SHARIRA	NATURAL-CORPOREAL	MINERAL

(1) FORM.—This is the consciousness of limit, and the selection of a vehicle. Style would be a better word for it; but style has come to mean small, uneasy pranks with vowels and consonants, verbal felicities, and general giggling. It is from this quality that Shakespeare wins his greatness—from this quality ever new in details, for Shakespeare is not notable for congruence of parts. The placing of too great an emphasis on Form alone results in the school of criticism which holds that poetry is rhetoric—T. S. Eliot and the Tin Latinists.

(2) CONTINUITY.—Again a difficult term. When we read "War and Peace" or "The Brothers Karamazov" we find ourselves exploring a country which widens all around us. We feel the characters and places as so substantial that they could go on without our presence, that the book need never end. At each moment in the book the characters are there, and are satisfactory and actual; yet they are in motion and we shall see them change and develop and add themselves to new circumstance. If "Humours" are from the quality of Form, then Types are from the quality of Continuity. And it is Continuity which is the being and beauty of the epic. Perhaps Expansion, or Potential of Life, will help to explain this quality. The theory of the Unities is basely derived from it.

(3) PASSION.—This should be easier. It is hot blood and ecstasy and dream: at best imagination, at worst fancifulness—"Vathek, the School of Terror," W. B. Yeats. The lyric comes most under this quality. It is the supreme greatness of Nietzsche, and the disaster of Romanticism.

(4) UNIQUENESS: On Originality. There are many good servants of literature whom we could well dispense with. Even Ben Jonson and Dryden can be allowed to fade from human cognisance. (I say this with especial steadiness; they are poets dearer to me than many of their betters, and they suit my stomach; but they have no uniqueness. But some writers have so fastened themselves upon consciousness that they remain rather as obsessions and voraces in thought than as men. It is they who, having found their places, challenge other men to be as

great; they are thus the fountain of originality in others. Goethe, whom I cordially dislike, here comes pushing himself among men of the highest and most astonishing genius.

(5) IDEA.—This is not the ordinary exercise of reason, which comes rather under Form. It is pure awareness. The world is stripped and seen naked. We know what is said, not for this man's truth—as in the previous category, as in *Faust*, as in *Zarathustra*—but for mere truth, as in Dostoevsky, the Gospels, and Leonardo.

(6) TONE.—Pure loveliness and grace of spiritual play, *The Divine Comedy*, and Plato. There is an especial cleanliness in this quality; it does not touch upon the emotions or set before itself an end. Tolstoy and Whitman and Shakespeare all smell rank from this plane. Of course, the typical art of this quality is music.

(7) REALITY.—This is a mystery; it is commonly called inspiration, but that term, again, is sentimentalise. The final aim of the artist is to imitate the process of Nature, and in competition with Nature to create something real and foursquare and hard and indestructible. If a book is as wholly present in the world as a tree or a rock, then it has Reality.

The great man is he who is notable in all these qualities; but nevertheless we must confess with amazement the power of any man who is notable in one quality.

ALAN PORTER.

The Theatre.

By H. R. Barbor.

A STUDY IN AROMATICS.

Miss Daisy Fisher's play "Lavender Ladies" is, as the American lady in the vestibule said, "Just too sweet." A lively wit recently assured us that "drama is the art of preparation," thereby preparing for us the choice task of elucidating the meaning of this obfuscating definition. Preparation for what? For drama? For ennui? For surprise perhaps. Perhaps for Beauty, of which Hegelionised university lecturers are so fond. (Was it not Father Noah, if we accept the dubious testimony of rapscaillion Villon, who planted the vine, and Walter Pater who reconstructed Greek æsthetics out of a vine-stock?) At any rate, a good deal of the drama of Shaftesbury Avenue and the Strand latterly has proved a more than adequate preparation for bed.

But leaving definitions, Miss Fisher has a nice sense of characterisation and constructive skill beyond the ordinary. All the seams are turned as neatly as Miss Rose's ordered thought-processes—as Miss Fisher's ethics even. It was so neat, indeed, that we were positively enchanted to glimpse a possible seamy side in the person of the erring father in the last act. But even his erring was almost divine, since his errors had shaped his daughter to a week-end with the right sort of young man—*i.e.*, the marrying sort. For a moment when Herbert Marshall appeared as the sex-novelist father it might have been imagined that a disturbing factor had arrived, and that the "preparation" of the preceding acts was to produce a dramatic situation. But Mr. Marshall conveniently swallowed the flaming sword of his mission, and showed us that really it was only a "property" sword, in other words, a weapon by which he had carved out a tidy bit of property to dower his daughter withal.

Having preoccupied so much of the plot, it is only fair to disclose the rest. The Misses Lavender reside in simple affluence and a country village, their lives as bland as the epitaphs in the neighbouring churchyard. Anne is silver. Rose, the younger, golden. Both carry parasols when they peregrinate their garden—a rather blobby, Alpine rock-planted sort of garden of aniline red and green.

Years ago Rose had been jilted by Mr. Marshall's novelist, who had thus provided Anne with a mission in life—the task of assisting her sister to insist on how the nursing of a broken heart, or, alternatively, of a right and proper pride, becomes a real lady. The even tenour of aromatic domesticity is disturbed by the visit of the novelist's daughter, April—eighteen, enceinte, and unmarried. This she discloses to the housekeeper, Tabitha, in the bedroom scene (Act. II.). "Tabby-cat," like everyone else in the play, says and does exactly the right thing, leaves April to receive a nocturnal visit from her lad who, having the code of a sort of moral

Fascist, declares he will not "love" April any more unless she throws over father's free-love theories, marries her Peter, and legitimises the unborn babe. Departure of Peter owing to refusal of April to do as bidden is followed by discovery of his visit by aunts, and escape of April from the lavender atmosphere to neighbouring cottage.

Last act, enter Dad, bringing convenient acknowledgement that sex-novels boil the pot. Disillusionment of daughter, who rebounds from false father to true Peter. Floods of lavender engulf audience as

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Naturally, Mary Jerrold has been cast for Rose, which is to say that an absolutely perfect embodiment of this delicately conceived character is to be found at the Comedy Theatre. Miss Jerrold's amazing penetration into the inner chambers of character and her distinct pointing of every inflection and movement are always a delight, and the author is most fortunate in having this superb artist, whose wit and technical equipment lift the piece charmingly over any quicksands of sentiment. Only one adjective suffices for her art—it is delicious.

Louise Hampton as Anne was equally well cast, and her method and personality orchestrated admirably with Miss Jerrold's. To see these two sustain a scene, to watch their resource in the manufacture of countless imponderabilia of apposite "business" is to realise what a wealth of observation and application goes to the total of a skilled actress's craft.

Elissa Landi, the beautiful young actress of April, must thank her stars that have set her amid this constellation, and perhaps her development in craftsmanship, noticeable in this part, owes something to her association with these two actresses and with Miss Cadell, whose performance as the housekeeper adds another portrait, clear and vivid as a mark, and learn the lessons of her craft from the practice of these past-mistresses is an opportunity for which this young artist should be thankful. Miss Landi has the beginning of a great actress, but, harsh truth to tell, her turnings of a great actress, but, harsh truth to tell, her turnings would be better served by hard graft in the rough-and-tumble of the profession at present than by "leading business." She has superabundance of physical suitability for the profession—a head to exalt Browning, a lithe, swift-moving figure, and a rich-toned, plentiful voice. She has temperament, too, and a natural flair for acting which mark her out for an enviable position in her vocation. But she has not the skill to maintain the sense or mood which her nascent technique half-creates. This problem of *maintenance* is one which many of our younger players overlook or brush aside to their lifelong hindrance, but it is clear, from her recent improvement, that Miss Landi has envisaged it. It will be a thousand pities if she is spoilt, as many of her colleagues have been spoilt, by irresponsible managerial indulgence. I beg her to take the hard way, and couple with that prayer the suggestion that Miss Baylis should seize upon the potential Juliet of a generation for the Old Vic.

Reviews.

Anatole France Himself. A Boswellian Record. By Jean Jacques Brousson. Translated by John Pollock. (Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.)

Only in regard to its disconnected form can this collection of the talk and stories of Anatole France be termed—by the translator—Boswellian, for, though the master is well depicted, M. Brousson, unlike Boswell, shows little of himself. The beginning is gossip; France deals with his correspondence, letters into the fire, books, pamphlets, and papers into the bath, whence dealers remove them in bulk at fr. 50 a go. He is ruled by Josephine, whose bullying he tolerates, but is incensed at being called "distracted"—"Oh, that I were!"—when the maid should have said "abstracted." There is no ink in the pots, and the bottle contains coffee, the innumerable pens all scratch, but presumably M. Brousson inaugurated some order. He composes with scissors rather than a pen, and perfection emerges out of eight proofs. He was fond of debasing the epithet of Masterpiece—"Sylvestre Bonnard: A Masterpiece?—of Banality." Of the stage: "It is an inferior art, that is why it meets the popular taste." At school: "Through having too many ideas I seemed to have none." Gordon Bennett would not publish "Gallio" in the *N.Y. Herald*. "Make fun of the other Apostles if you like, St. Joseph, the Virgin Mary, and the Popes, but not a word against St. Paul; we should lose readers." France recommended Huysmans, who became pious and sent him a homily, to have his water analysed; and he told how Lafitte, the positivist, showed a young lady where the Revolution began: On the wall an



A design in "Victorian" (financial) "Gothic!"

Dedicated to all sections of the Mining Industry by Haydn Mackey.