THE
NEW AGE
INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On March 15 the Belgian franc fell from the rate of 107 to the £ to 116 to the £. It had been steady at the 107 level for the previous six months. Mr. Joseph Wauters, the Belgian Minister of Labour, commenting on the fall to the *Daily News* on that date, spoke of the "onslaught" on the franc by "important moneyed interests who have, during the past week, bought on the Brussels Bourse and in foreign capitals great quantities of dollars and pounds, with the result that the franc has slumped." This story presents only one aspect of the transaction, the other being that "important moneyed interests" must have bought francs with pounds and dollars. It would clarify matters a great deal if the terms "buying" and "selling" were eliminated from these descriptions of currency transactions. In the present case, what happened was that a certain quantity of dollars and pounds were *bartered* for so many francs, exactly as though two persons should mutually exchange 10 bushels of wheat for, say, 15 bushels of oats. In fact, the very term "exchanges" implies the barter principle. So Mr. Wauters' account simply comes to this: that two sets of "important moneyed interests" agreed to swop currencies at a certain rate. Now, there are no "important" moneyed interests other than banking interests, or certainly none so important as to be able to affect the exchange rate of any currency. These banking interests are members of a single international Trust and administer its policy. Therefore any exchange transactions of the above nature must be regarded as instruments for imposing a general policy. They cannot be a necessary—i.e., a legitimate precautionary—measure on the part of the Trust, for, as a Trust it holds a complete monopoly of all currencies.

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If you were to see a world Grain Trust permitting its agents to barter wheat for oats inside its organisation, you would be puzzled to account for the phenomenon on any business grounds, for it would obviously make no practical difference to the Trust's position whether a bushel of its wheat were "priced" as equal to 10 bushels of oats, or a bushel of oats to 10 bushels of wheat. But supposing that the Trust did not *own* the grain—that the grain was the property of various people outside, and that the Trust's monopoly were a monopoly of *control*—then a theory accounting for procedure would readily occur to you. You would see that, supposing the Trust wished, for any reason, to coerce the owners of wheat or the owners of oats into any course of action, the above method of altering the relative exchange values of these grains could achieve either result.

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So in regard to Belgium. There is something that the Money Trust wants to force Belgium to do, and the method of procedure is as above indicated. The *Daily News*' City Editor tells us that America requires a "drastic consolidation of the floating debt" in Belgium, together with the creation of "a separate undertaking to run the (national) railways, and also an increase in charges." As the aforesaid "consolidation" amounts to making the private citizens of Belgium repay money to defray the "floating debt" due by their Government to the Belgian banks*, and as the "separate undertaking to *run*" the railways amounts to placing those railways under a cosmopolitan banking official-receivership, just as has been the case with Germany under the Dawes Plan, it is not difficult to account for a certain lack of enthusiasm on the part of Belgian statesmen. Hence the marking down of the franc as an external means of helping them to make up their minds. The situation is causing heartsearching in quarters hitherto regarded as heartless. Thus the City article of the *Daily News* of March 19 contains this significant comment:

> "Opinion (i.e., among City bankers) is undoubtedly strengthening that American interests were over-reaching in their demands for security. And that naturally carries with it *the question of the desirability of our association with America in international loans to be simultaneously placed in both countries.*"

When Belgian bankers, as well as Belgian statesmen,

* For the principle see *The Veil of Finance*, p. 18.

show themselves resentful of some of these external "security" demands (e.g., the pledging of Congo revenues in addition to the other securities) as a set-back to Belgium's national pride, it is time for other national agents of the international financial trust to reconsider their position.

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We may appropriately call attention here to the latest action of the National Confederation of Labour in Paris. That city is simply plastered with posters in which the Confederation tells its clients, the French workers, that their best interests will be served by the "stabilisation of the franc"! Suppose it *does* mean, so the poster insinuatingly proceeds, less employment and lower money wages, what benefit is it to have good wages if a continuous rise of prices absorbs the benefit—and so on, and so on? Exactly. Pure bank propaganda countersigned by a national trade union organisation. If this is the result of the centralisation of democratic power the sooner every little union breaks free and sticks to its own little fund the better, and the more one must welcome the spectacle of a tiny knot of workers such as Messrs. Hoe's employees standing out against the mighty Amalgamated Engineering Union. There is truth in the warning, "Divided we fall," but there is more in the exhortation "United we stand," for it is obvious by now that the more united the workers become the more they have to stand. The "big union" is nothing else but a prohibition movement; therefore it cannot be surprised if some of its members repudiate Peace With Water, and prefer to sail even into a losing fight, singing "Yo-hoe-hoe, and a bottle of rum!"

* * *

Perhaps "broadcatchers" (democracy's terminological contribution to culture) are so-called because they listen in to flat-catchers. They were, no doubt properly impressed by Lord Meston's little talk the other day on the (late) League of Nations. Subscriptions to keep that body going were an insurance against war—and so on. This same Lord Meston is chairman of a committee appointed in 1922 after the Geddes economy investigation. This committee is now considering a new scheme of grants to local authorities, called the block-grant system. Instead of the percentage system, where the authority can spend what it thinks necessary (say on education and health) and claim a definite proportion from the Government, the new proposals would give them a fixed sum and no more. "The draft proposals," says a *Daily News* report, "aim at a restriction of central supervision over local expenditure, and a fuller scope for the development of local responsibility." Imagine it. The State speaks to the local council: "Look here, in the past, for every £100 you have spent we have contracted to contribute £80. As our liability under this scheme varied with the actual sums you spent, naturally we were obliged to have a say in how you spent them. Now, it pains us to lower your prestige and reduce the scope of your local responsibility in this way. In future we will give you £50 and your freedom. Good luck to you." Which reminds one of the old story of the Scotch father who gave his son a penny to buy fireworks, and *trusted him* not to buy too many! It is appropriate that Lord Meston, the sponsor of the League, should be the sponsor of a plan like this; for whatever you may do with education you can never tame war to feed on block grants. As a devourer of life it may scare human souls, but as a devourer of money it simply terrifies the credit monopoly.

Personal safety an industrial risk!

"Anything that took money from people who would make high use of it and hand it over to people who were living simply for safety was a kind of redistribution which, while it might be humanitarianism, undoubtedly held up the whole mechanism."—*Sir Josiah Stamp at Beckenham on the "National Budget."*

The League and Locarno.

And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name . . .

Therefore is the name of it called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth . . .

Internationalism is now a dead language. To the utter bewilderment of the unsophisticated, the delegates at Geneva have actually disagreed in Esperanto, and have gone home to ask why in their own tongues. Horrors! Is the blessed spirit of peace-by-renunciation now going to be confounded in complaints—"*I have no money*"—"*Je n'ai point d'argent*"—"*Ich habe kein Geld*" and so on through the endless lingual permutations of this low material discontent? Well, it would appear so. And a good thing too. A first step has been taken towards a general realisation of the truth that national renunciation and international peace are mutually incompatible objectives. For once we agree with the *Daily Mail*—"The sooner the League of Nations retires into private life the better for the Peace of the World"; for until the eyes of each nation's delegates are turned inward upon the fundamental economic disease afflicting their own fellow-citizens, the League can be nothing other than a pathological museum. "Before we can have a political Locarno we must have an economic Locarno," commented one of these delegates. He was right. The world will shake hands all right—after breakfast.

Naturally the arch-purveyors of the discredited evangel of penury are wild about it. Firstly, Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador here, has sent home a report on the European situation, in which he speaks of British foreign policy lagging well behind British opinion on foreign affairs, and declares that Europe has no place for the Locarno spirit. The consequence of this outspokenness may include, according to the *Daily News* City article, a diminution or a withdrawal of the "great investing interest America has for some time shown in Europe." Secondly, Senator Borah is reported to contemplate moving a claim against Britain for damages incurred by American nationals under the blockade up to the time of America's entry into the war. The *Morning Post's* correspondent in Washington thinks that Senator Borah is not adopting this course on his own initiative, but has been prompted to do so, and he says that the responsibility for raising the issue at this time rests not with Mr. Borah, but with the President. Both moves, it will be seen, have financial implications, and bear every appearance of a reprisal on Europe in general and Britain in particular for the recent League fiasco. In any case, that is how they are being interpreted. Even such organs as *The Times* and the *Observer* have been startled out of their Anglo-American complacency. The *Daily News*, too, in its City article, is moved to remind America that "it was more in America's interests than our own that we tried to make ourselves the bell-wether of Europe in going back to gold." The Paris *Figaro* says of Mr. Houghton's report: "We do not think a more hostile and more perfidious testimony has ever been given by an American front-rank diplomatist against French policy"; while, in the opinion of the *Nouveau Siècle* the report characterises the "mentality of the American Government which, intoxicated by the dollars of which the coffers of the New York bankers are full, imagines that the world belongs to it." The *Observer* hints that since the widespread publication of this private report is attributed in the Press to Mr. Houghton's own inspiration, an "important diplomatic incident" may follow.

It is worth noticing that the breakdown of a scheme for keeping the peace in Europe should coincide with a more friendly spirit between the nations which had failed to agree on it, while the only discordant note comes from across the Atlantic, far away from any risks that might be entailed in a possible European war. We see Herr Streseman calling the attention of German journalists to M. Briand's generous references to Germany; we see warm handshaking between Herr Streseman and the Polish delegate, Count Skrznski; and we see the *Echo de Paris* declaring that Germany has come out of the affair "celebrated and exalted." These cordial gestures, taken alone, would not prove anything; but viewed in the light of America's attitude they may reasonably be appraised at their visual value; for the indiscriminate character of Mr. Houghton's attack on Europe strongly supports the theory that he suspects a general connivance between the Powers to produce the abortive result of which he complains. That theory, we are inclined to believe, is substantially true. "Germany's" diplomatic defeat was an American financial rebuff—hence American financial reprisals. The New York *World* charges "Britain, France, Poland, and perhaps Italy" with having come to a secret agreement at Locarno to bring Poland in as a makeweight to Germany. Locarno was a "pious fraud," hiding a plot to "encircle Germany with an anti-German coalition." A correspondent of the *Daily News* says that he has authority to state that the breakdown was due to the intrigues of the Vatican, which, unable to get direct representation for itself in the League, used its power to block any other interest. The *Daily News* is unable to accept this as a complete explanation, although the idea derives some plausibility by reason of the fact that Poland, Spain, and Brazil were the canvassed candidates for seats. Our own answer to it is to point out that the central secretariat of the League of Nations itself is under the direction of a Catholic, Sir Eric Drummond—a post which confers more real power than any seat on the League Council can ever do. Another interpretation is suggested by a remark we noticed about a fortnight ago, when the chances of putting Germany on the Council were being speculated upon. The remark (quite an incidental one in a Continental cablegram) was to the effect that, for Germany, the alternative to her entry into the League of Nations might be her entry into a *new League of debtor nations*.* Needless to say, this passing—almost idle—hint stood, for us, head and shoulders above all the rest of the message, for here, at last, was a reference to the financial alignment of conflicting interests—a waking yawn of the fundamental issue. And now, in the light of what has since happened, we have to ask ourselves whether the above alternative was envisaged by "Britain, France, Poland, and perhaps Italy" when they came to the "secret agreement" alleged by the New York *World*. Did the Powers themselves contemplate building a debtors' league out of the debris of the League of Nations? And was Germany herself privy to the idea? There is only one country in the world which is *on balance* a creditor country, namely, America. Therefore, a league of debtor nations would be an anti-American coalition. Eliminating from it all but the most powerful debtor nations, such a league would resolve itself into a European coalition—a United States of Europe.*

But, one might object, is not the League of Nations already a league of debtors, seeing that America, the only creditor, is outside it? Yes. But, from its commencement, the eventual entry of America had always been contemplated, and this expectation has been reflected in the assembling of the League's machinery. America is not in the League, but *Americans are well sprinkled throughout the secretariats of the League.* To put it bluntly (people familiar with American politics will understand us), it would hardly do for the "Ministers of State" of a "Democratic" league to attempt to carry out their policy through "Republican" permanent officials left behind by the old régime. A European league would need judiciously selected European "civil servants."

Is there any direct evidence in support of the above theory? Not much as yet, but some. For instance, Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary for the Dominions, speaking at Newton Abbot last week on the breakdown, said:

> "The League of Nations represented the human nature of every kind of man in the world, and it was a useful thing to know what were its inherent limitations, and to take them into account in working to strengthen it. One of its limitations was the remoteness of many of the nations represented on the League from the interests and responsibility of the whole world."

That is his official point of view. Now we come to what he emphasised was his "personal" point of view.

> "The effectiveness . . . of the League of Nations may in some ways be greatly increased if *those nations of Southern and Central America worked out their own affairs in some League of their own across the Atlantic.*"

Lest the significance of this last remark be misunderstood, it will be well to remember that the nations of whom Mr. Amery was speaking include Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, who together form the A.B.C. Alliance, "a combination" as Major Douglas pointed out in his address at THE NEW AGE Dinner a year ago, which was "ostensibly to uphold a sort of Monroe Doctrine for South America, and otherwise based on an anti-United States policy." Since then the famous tour through these countries of the Prince of Wales has taken place, with social and commercial results that are familiar to everyone, and diplomatic results that events now proceeding may lay bare. Certain it is that Brazil would not have taken the risk of vetoing a project on which both Britain and the United States had set their minds, so one must assume that Britain's mind was not set on this particular project, and that Sir Austen Chamberlain's personally expressed view that the League Council should be enlarged by admitting other nations than Germany was the view of the British Cabinet. In this case the significance of Mr. Amery's remarks lies not in his telling the South American States that they should mind their own business, but in his diplomatic warning to all concerned that Europe is thinking of settling down to mind hers. If not, why has Argentina, which withdrew from the League three years ago, just been co-opted on to the committee to revise the composition of the League's Council?

There is, of course, the fact that British finance, as well as American, is interested in Germany, although not to the same extent, and one might suppose that this common interest would be strong enough to govern the Cabinet's policy. But things have been happening in British financial circles. No longer can we assume such common interest. The

* "Mr. Frank H. Simonds, a well-known American publicist, . . . writing from Paris, gives a considered explanation of the growing resentment which exists in Europe against America. It is the European view, he declares, that America remained neutral until her loans were imperilled, that she imposed a settlement upon the belligerents which favoured herself, and that she has since set herself to exploit Europe by rigid debt collection, subsidised shipping, and various commercial uses of political power. He warns his country that the time will come before long when all Europe, divided by every sort of ancient and contemporary difference, will find at least one basis of agreement in the *common hatred of the common creditor.*"—*Daily News* leading article.

* "When the Locarno treaties were signed in London in December, M. Briand spoke notable words about acting not merely as good Frenchmen and good Germans, but as *good Europeans.*"—H. Wilson Harris, in the *Daily News.*

Bank of England and the Big Five banks do not now represent one policy, but two, one of which is international, and the other is national. It is impossible to tell the exact alignment of the two groups, but we may safely take as a rough hypothesis the Bank of England with four banks as one of them, and the Midland Bank as the other. In our issue of March 25, last year, Mr. K. O. Glenn wrote:

> "A recent examination of the overseas affiliations of the 'Big Five' banks discloses the interesting position that, while four of the 'Big Five' have foreign subsidiaries and alliances, the Midland Bank has held aloof, and apart from offices on board Atlantic liners it has no branches outside the United Kingdom. . . . As a further instance of the support by the Midland Bank of a national need may be recalled the granting of an unsecured credit, amounting to a quarter of a million pounds, to Napier and Sons. This permitted that company to carry out important aero-engine work, one of the results of which was to enable this country to turn out the largest single engined aeroplane flown."

The late Lord Milner, Mr. Reginald McKenna, and Mr. J. F. Darling belong to the Midland Bank tradition, and each has in his own way stood or is standing for a national financial economy. In a recent pamphlet* Mr. Darling quotes with approval from Lord Milner's *Questions of the Hour* the following indictment of what he (Lord Milner) termed the Moneyed Interest:

> "It does not so much matter to the Moneyed Interest if home production falls off. No doubt the moneyowners would prefer to invest at home—for one thing it is safer. But they have all the world to invest in and are, for the most part, naturally quite indifferent where or in what they invest, being simply guided by the consideration of the return."

Mr. Darling adds for himself that insofar as New York wants to replace Britain as the foremost market for long-term foreign loans this country need make no demur. But, "as far as loans to the Empire are concerned, and the Bank of England's discount policy, *this financial thraldom should be broken, and . . . it is in the power of the Empire to break it.*" The power of the Empire of course includes the wider power of any alliance or entente which the British Government is able to arrange compatibly with that purpose.

Now Sir Austen Chamberlain, too, represents the Midland Bank outlook thus indicated, and must be regarded as an advocate of financial self-determination for the Empire. Similarly Mr. Baldwin, who tried hard to get Mr. McKenna as his Chancellor of the Exchequer, must be taken as favouring the same policy. How many other members of the Cabinet endorse it is a matter of guesswork. Outside the Cabinet, the fighting services would favour it as a matter of course. The Treasury and its representative, Mr. Churchill, may be assumed to be committed to the contrary view, in common with every other interest at home and abroad working for a system of internationalism based on centralised finance.

Locarno did not come to fulfil the law of the League, but to destroy it.‡ The spirit of Locarno is that of national sovereignty: the spirit of the League is that of supernational sovereignty. The political implication of Locarno is that each national Government shall retain exclusive control of its military forces: that of the League, in its ultimate aspect, is that the dominant military force in the world shall be under the exclusive control of a supernational authority.† The method of Locarno is that of trial and error—Freedom correcting her own mistakes.* The method of the League is that of "no trial in case there's an error"—Freedom slain in case she should make mistakes. Locarno stands to the League as the New Testament does to the Old.

Let us conclude with a rough experimental tabulation of the sheep and the goats:

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEBTORS.

For Locarno. Britain: The Midland Bank—Baldwin—Chamberlain—The Foreign Office—McKenna—Darling—France—Italy—Poland—the "mark" influence in Germany—Britain in Canada—France in Canada—the A.B.C. Alliance.

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR CREDITORS.

For the League. America: Wall Street and Threadneedle Street—The Treasury—Churchill—Houghton—the "dollar" influence in Germany and other countries, represented by their central banks.

We write the above before the Debate fixed for Tuesday of this week. It will be for our readers to test and modify this working hypothesis in the light of whatever sparks shall fly when the Parliamentary gladiators get to work.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

(Selected by the Economic Research Council.)

"The ratio of a New York bank's "cash," or reserves, to liabilities is defined by law. On the average, every increase of 65 cents in a bank's reserves entails an increase of $10 in deposits. Of this $10, 65 cents is balanced by the increased cash holdings, and $1 is usually drawn out in currency. Thus *the ratio between an increase in cash and the resultant increase in deposits is* 1.65 *to* 10, *or* 1 *to* 6.06. This expansion, of course, is not possible for the first bank of deposit, but only takes place as the funds pass into circulation from one bank to another. . . . The law requires that the Federal Reserve Bank shall hold a reserve in gold or lawful money of at least 35 per cent. against its deposits. . . . The effect of this is that every increase of $1 in the Federal Reserve Bank's gold holdings theoretically permits of an increase of $2.5 in their power to extend credit. If they exercise this power member banks' reserves would be increased by $2.5, and applying the factor of 6.06 arrived at above, *their power to expand their deposits would be increased by* $15.15."—"*Financial Times*," *November* 30.

"Mr. H. Coonley has been appointed chief of the First Chemical Warfare Procurement District, and will undertake the mobilisation of industrial plants in his district for the manufacture of gas masks and chemical warfare materials at short notice. There are four similar organisations having headquarters at New York, Pittsburg, Chicago, and San Francisco."—"*The Chemical Age*," *November* 21.

"Messrs. Beardmore and Co. have failed to secure the contract for the supply of locomotives and railway material to the value of £300,000 because Latvia was unable to procure the necessary credit facilities in Great Britain *as long as the city of Riga's indebtedness to Messrs. Lazard Bros. remains unsettled.* The order is, therefore, likely to go to Holland or Belgium. (Note.—In February, 1914, the City of Riga issued through Messrs. Lazard Brothers, Co. 4½ per cent. bonds to the amount of over a million and a quarter sterling. No interest has been paid on these bonds since 1917).—"*Manchester Guardian*," *November* 25.

* "Economic Unity of the Empire." By J. F. Darling. (P. S. King. 1926. 1s. net.)

‡ "Locarno, moreover, which everyone welcomed because its purpose seemed to be to lend strength to Geneva, is in danger of being forced into *rivalry with Geneva.*"—(H. Wilson Harris, in the *Daily News*.)

† "He [referring to President Roosevelt] felt that just as a city must have its policeman and a Commonwealth its soldier to preserve law and order, so the League of Nations, to make its mandates good, must have its *international police force and army:* and so do I also feel. *There is little if any peace in the world that is not commanded.*"—(Hon. William C. Bruce, speech in U.S. Senate, January 5, on the World Court and the League of Nations.)

* By the Locarno treaty Dominion Governments need not accept obligations (participation in war) under treaties made by Britain unless they "signify their acceptance thereof." Since 28 per cent. of Canada's population are French, her attitude in time of war would be largely contingent upon the nature of the obligation which arose. Under the Locarno treaty Britain might conceivably find herself committed to join (a) with Germany in war on France, or (b) with France in war on Germany. Only in the latter alternative does it seem likely that Canada's co-operation would be forthcoming.

How Blows the Wind?

By Richard Church.

I.

The official custodians of morality are alarming us a great deal by their pessimistic pictures of what they call the present generation. Since the pessimist is invariably either a fool or a pedant incapable of grappling with the serpent of reality, we shall find some profit in examining the present state of affairs for ourselves, and in ascertaining whether or not they are to be so easily categorised. It is always safer to suspect that a fact is really ten facts, and that an eventuality takes place in triplicate—in the past, present, and future. Such axioms make us careful how we generalise, and they also enable us to take for what they are worth the outcries of such men as the Bishop of London and Dean Inge—crass examples of the type which St. Paul castigates as suffering from a sort of arthritis of the soul. While these men, and their like, are busy clipping the fashion plates and rummaging in the pornography shops, it is necessary for us in our spiritual hunger and urgent need to look about for guidance.

Since 1918, when the enervating hand of "Peace" fell upon Europe, there has been in this country a steady outcry against the worldliness and the cynicism of the younger generation, and of the intransigeance of the men who returned from the battlefield. We can overlook, for the moment, the fact that their critics are invariably people holding comfortable office in Church and State. It is never the despised and rejected who say these things of them.

But the critics, with their characteristic obtuseness, are blind to the changes in sociological tempo which are taking place. A generation now—such is the effect of educational developments and the rapid advent of mechanical advantages—is no longer to be considered singly. It has very clear-cut sub-divisions within itself; and so we find that young folk of fifteen are quite different from those of twenty years of age, and the latter again are incomprehensible to those of twenty-five. Macaulay's schoolboy is now a thousand times more formidable than he was in the days when Croker and Montgomerie were pilloried. He is more formidable not because he is better informed—on matters of syntax and history he is a disgraceful little scamp—but because his imagination has been so drastically tampered with by the latter-day revolution in domestic environment. He can now look at the nape of his mother's neck, and at her calves and knees. He can go to school with a girl. By means of an intricate apparatus which he has made himself, he can listen to a Spaniard talking in Madrid. Night after night he can hear the piano properly played, so that it is no longer a sort of dumb waiter—or worse—in the sitting-room. He can see, in the dark, stuffy picture house the close-up osculations of the Savannah vamp and the Wall Street broker. He can see there, too, beautiful slow-motion pictures of athletes and animals running and leaping. Boxes of leaden soldiers, alley tors, and peg tops are poor stuff against the living wireless set, the motor bicycle, the school tours to foreign countries, and other such common things of present-day childhood. What are his silent comments on the parochial habits of his father, who still clings pathetically to the pre-war distinctions of party politics, or who looks upon Mr. Shaw as an advanced apostle of light, or on Mr. Wells as a dreamy, but daring novelist? We blush to think. What are his judgments on his big brother of twenty-two, who goes about in a state of proud misery, a member of the intellectual aristocracy of the Labour Party; a student of Bertrand Russell and the Webbs, washing down their dry wholesome fare with draughts of lightly bottled Einstein for Beginners? Are the comments on that elder brother always silent?

When the Bishop refers to the immorality of the young, or Dean Inge refers to the anarchist tendencies of the young, *which* young do they mean? Have they in mind the nerve-shattered deci-generation between thirty and thirty-five years of age, who, having had too much of the bloody facts of life between 1914 and 1918, now seek the narcotics of jazz-music and night clubs? Or do they refer to another deci-generation between twenty-five and thirty, who were at school during the war, and who are now determined to introduce a social economy founded upon the text-books of the Statistical Society, and to wipe out for ever the mess caused by emotionalism, and all the picturesque rule-of-thumb loyalties and local colours involved therein? Can it be that our critics even do not see down to other fractions of the younger generation? They might, at least, be asked to be more specific in their condemnations. Here, for their guidance, is a passage from Samuel Johnson, written while he was an obscure hack, scribbling, not for posterity, but bread.

"In moral discussions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obstruct our practice which very easily give way to theory. The speculatist is only in danger of erroneous reasoning, but the man involved in life has his own passions, and those of others, to encounter, and is embarrassed with a thousand inconveniences which confound him with variety of impulse, and either perplex or obstruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to choose before he can examine; he is surprised by sudden alterations of the state of things, and changes his measures according to superficial appearances; he is led by others, either because he is indolent or because he is timorous; he is sometimes afraid to know what is right, and sometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him." Meanwhile we may give our attention to realities, and to men who are alive to those realities.

Reality, however, is a dangerous state to meddle with. It is so often an intangible, fine-spun condition of things and atmospheres that the "realist"—who more properly should be called the materialist, or the sleeper—poohpoohs and dismisses as mere vision or ideality. He forgets that reality is that moving power which is so fundamental in things as frequently to be out of touch with our intellectual machinery. Reason—what is reason? It is something we keep in our spectacle cases, something we *fit on* to our person when we want to convince ourselves or other people of our sagacity. It tells us that two and two are four, or that our bank balance is overdrawn, or that France is manipulating the League of Nations. It does not tell us why, how, or what these phenomena are. All it can do is to lead us, down the path of analysis, to first principles

But when we reach them we discover that we are still confronted by the high wall of fact and actuality. Beyond it is surmise, hope, doubt, faith, the reservoir of life and death—reality. There awaits the final prize of human aspiration; wisdom, that faculty of the archangels, vouchsafed to so few mortals. That faculty alone makes a man stand out above his fellows, the well-informed, the clever, and charming. We cannot define it. We give it a moral name, and call it character. Or we domesticate it, and call it *nous*, or simply "a gift." How often do we hear it said of some labourer's wife, a woman distinguished by her command of a devastating environment—an insanitary hovel of a cottage, a drunkard husband, a number of drink-begotten, ailing children—how often do we hear of her that she has "a gift." It means that amidst all the squalor and wretchedness she keeps her heart clean, her mind clear and full of inquiry, and finally goes down to the grave, a queen. Such a person is the true realist. That quality of unquenchable joy, divinely informed, is what the uplifters and leaders of all generations of men must possess.

An Editor's Progress.*

By A. R. Orage.

PART I.—THE NEW AGE.

II.

It was not, however, plain sailing. To begin with, the guild idea had been revived by Morris and resurrected by another genius, Mr. Arthur Penty, for the express purpose of recapturing what they little realised was not the first fine rapture of the middle-ages. Lovers of the crafts, they, and Penty more explicitly than Morris, hoped to decentralise industry and to restore small workshops and hand production. Trade-unions to them were only a concomitant symptom of the fall from the middle-ages, justifiable as proletarian defences, but superfluous in a guild community. What a time we had with Mr. Penty on this question! And it was the more difficult because I had some years before 1907 sponsored his earliest book on the Restoration of the Guild System, and been the first secretary of a Guild Restoration league. However, I could not agree to dissolve the trade-unions in mediaevalism; nor could I convince myself that they had no possible function in a reformed community. Guilds and trade-unions had somehow to be reconciled; and, in the end, Mr. Penty unwillingly but handsomely consented to their possible union.

The next storm to be weathered—be it understood that the storms were mostly in a tea-cup little larger than a very small office, since nobody outside the circle of our few readers paid as yet much attention to our contemptuous backs—was the dispute between syndicalism and nationalism. There was not much proletarian class-consciousness in England in those days; and, indeed, it is my judgment that the English working classes will never turn red until they see red. They think too well of the upper classes, including their own, to attribute to them any deliberate or obdurate injustice (in which, perhaps, they are not mistaken). But on account of the propaganda of the Independent Labour party, there was enough articulation of class-consciousness to make the association of trade-unions with the nation a matter of suspicion among the babes.

Parliament was declared to be nationally non-representative, a plutocratic class-instrument; its functions, at their ideal, were purely political to the exclusion of economics; the trade-unions were capable of undertaking the control of the whole of industry without any other authority's "by our leave." "Trade-unions unite" took the place of "workers unite," and the proper object of the unions was independent sovereignty over industry. The great war, of course, later on knocked all the nonsense out of syndicalism. As the trade-unions scrambled to offer their services to the political sovereigns, the few remaining stalwarts of syndicalism turned their eyes away, their dream perishing before them. But long before the war, THE NEW AGE had disposed, for mere intelligence, of the theories of syndicalism. Upon no ground had it a defensible leg to stand on. The proletarian element in any community and, still more emphatically, the active working section of it, is in any conceivable event only a part of the community. There are hosts of perfectly legitimate and essential communal functions altogether outside the possible purview of trade-unions; and the dispossession of the national sovereignty by a class of a class sovereignty, was likely to prove as impossible in practice as in theory. In the end, we won on that issue, too; and before many months had gone by, after our retreat from the official schools, we began to publish the first series of articles under the title of National Guilds, in which the political sovereignty of the nation was preserved, while the trade-unions were given the task of organising industry on behalf of Parliament.

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It is true that as yet THE NEW AGE had not cut much ice with our old friends of the older groups. But from Ishmaelites we had become Adullamites; and there began not exactly to flock to our new standard an assortment of independent thinkers, chiefly the younger men. Mr. S. G. Hobson was the actual writer of the series of articles referred to, and the author, under my editorship, of the first and still standard work on National Guilds. But we were soon joined by energetic young men like Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Mr. Maurice Reckitt, Mr. William Mellor and others, who immediately formed a society called the National Guilds League. Mr. Will Dyson, the foremost cartoonist in England, did our designs for us. I may say at once that I never was a member of the league myself. To tell the truth, I had begun already to have doubts! Undoubtedly, however, the adhesion of these men, their admirable methods of propaganda, and the publication outside the almost private pages of THE NEW AGE of the text of National Guilds, put the subject on the public map of discussion. A vast polemical literature began to appear, references to our existence began gingerly to occur in the speeches and articles of the old gangs. Above all the older organisations began to cease to enlist the pick of the new recruits; their prestige was waning to the size and sickle-shape of an interrogation-mark.

But they need not have disturbed themselves! Our worst storm or, rather, difficulty—since there was nothing positively active about it—was still before us; and, frankly, national guilds would certainly have foundered in it even if the war had not anticipated the sinking. The dispute with the mediaevalists had been successfully compromised; the dispute with the syndicalists had been translated into uncongenial and harmless French; the existing Socialist and political Labour groups had had their young men and brains drained away. But we had still to count with the trade-unions, and to persuade them of their own good. This was the job!

In the first place, there was no getting at them directly. All the branch as well as the general and congress meetings are held under the careful auspices of the officials; and the latter, being by this time usually hell-bent for a place in the parliamentary sun, had no temptation to assist our counter-propaganda amongst their chief financial supporters. Never upon a single occasion in my recollection was any accredited spokesman on behalf of national guilds invited or permitted to address an officially convened trade-union gathering. The alternative was practically useless—meetings at which the general public was predominantly present. We got their approval, but the famous "rank and file" of the trade-unions we never had a chance of speaking with. And needless to say, a reader of THE NEW AGE or anything else among them was in the proportion of spirit in near-beer.

What they allowed to be said on their behalf without any protest was, moreover, quite as discouraging. They had no ambition to control or even to manage their own industries. They had no hatred of their status as wage-slaves (as we provocatively named them) nor any contempt for their employers. They knew enough of their own officials to doubt if their class could be trusted with power, even over themselves. They wanted just more wages and less work. In strike after strike we intervened to beg for an issue to be made of control instead of only wages. A few of the employers were prepared for it. In fact, there were a number of employers among the members of the National Guilds League. Except upon one or two occasions, the wages issue remained unaffected even to the extent of words. And in the exceptional case of a builders' strike, where a group of strikers actually undertook and were empowered to work as a guild, the immediate result was a local mediaeval guild and in no practical sense any approximation to the national guild of our imagination. My experiences during that period (1907-14) have made me doubt even the apparent evidence of my senses that a movement of ideas is possible among the proletariat. Belly-movements are possible, of course; and even then they are slow; but proletarian movements directed by and composed of heads accessible to ideas—they belong for me to the mythology called history and "propaganda."

To clinch a matter that needed no clinching, the Parliamentary Labour party was by this time making good in its own eyes and in the eyes of the ambitious trade-union leaders. As habitually with them until recently, the English governing classes knew how to stage a defeat to make a triumph out of it. No sooner had the Labour party actually forced its way into Parliament than all the old stagers began at once to prepare it for their better digestion. Public honours were poured upon them. Absurd and really insulting compliments were addressed to them. Privately and personally they were treated with the condescending courtesy meted out to ex-butlers who have come into a moderate fortune. Above all, and artfullest stroke, their wives were patronised and begged by dowagers, in the name of their common class, to dissuade their husbands from ruining the old country. Many and patriotic were the comedies of which I was myself the eye-witness. Many and foolishly bitter were the jibes at the cunning of the one side, and the sycophancy of the other, published by THE NEW AGE. We had enemies enough before; but during this campaign against the ultimate roots of English conservatism we made many more.

But for the fact that THE NEW AGE was undeniably "brilliant," brazenly incorruptible and independent, and could always count on the support of the young of all ages, including Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, cheerfully; Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, grudgingly; and many greater and lesser powers, for worse or better reasons; it would surely have died of lack of circulation. Strange to say, however, the more enemies we made, the higher in prestige THE NEW AGE became, until at last it was our just boast that we were a classic, everywhere spoken of, but seldom read. I can never be sufficiently grateful for the colleagues of those days. They only missed making history for the simple reason that history is never made by ideas, but only by facts.

Only a word or two deserves to be said concerning the second plank in our platform. (It will be remembered that I said there were two.) While the rest of the Socialists had abandoned even the pretence of political nationalism in favour of a class politics, based on the wage-earning section, THE NEW AGE acquired a degree of non- and anti-Socialist credit by criticism impartially distributed among all the political groups, including—perhaps first and foremost—the Labour group. It must be admitted, however, that with nothing solid at the back of us, we realised that we were engaging a tide with a broom. The failure, in fact, to secure a constituency to support our proposals in any section or in any leader of trade-unionism was fatal to our representative character. We could only speak for ourselves; and ourselves, in point of power, were negligible. Thus we more or less wearily dragged along until the war suddenly put fresh blood into the nation and drained more out. But with that episode I hope never to be concerned again. There followed the hideous peace—and then the new ideas for which national guilds and all the rest had been, as it appears, preparatory—the ideas of Major C. H. Douglas, author of Economic Democracy, and Credit-Power and Democracy.

A Vagabond in Denmark.

By Leopold Spero.

II.—DANDELION.

You must be careful what you say about the North Sea or German Ocean, for you never know when you may want its friendship. But once in sight of land again, the critical spirit reasserts itself. And the first impression of Denmark, coming into Esbjerg, is a great deal more sand than there was in Essex, and far less use for it. First of all the long, sprawling island of Fano, with her tussocked dunes and great expanses of yellow motor-track spreading into the sea. She guards the approach to Esbjerg, the only port on the west coast of Denmark, now a thriving port in spite of all the unladylike things jealous Copenhagen has said about the town which may one day rival the metropolitan magnificence of the storied Sound. And in the fading evening light, as the boat nestles closer to the shining, timbered jetty, you say to yourself that this little watchful place, which would be a twopenny-ha'penny affair on the other side of the water, has an importance not easy to define. Perhaps it is self-importance. It is impossible to be the only seaport on a coastline of two hundred miles, without feeling the better for it. And Esbjerg has a good enough idea of herself. The lady is a trifle suburban, gauche, even pretentious, in a Folkestoney sort of way. But we must defer to her position, and as we pass through the customs-house and look for a way out of the hopeless expanse of goods-yard and railway-shed, we say to ourselves that we shall now see some wild life, as every sailor does on landing from a long voyage.

But Esbjerg is not wild. First comes the half-lit dining-room of a painfully clean and plastered caravanserai, and a dull meal eaten in silence. For these Danes, who were wild foreigners not many hours since, are now tame natives, and although they are anxious to be polite, we are afraid of their tameness. We have lost that high confidence with which we set forth on our adventure. To be sure, the waiter speaks a kind of English, but not sufficient to dispense with the necessity for mastering a few words of this extraordinary, granite-rock language, with its projecting consonants and ungainly vowels, with its passive inflection, and its alarming challenge from the huddled shop-fronts, half discerned in the darkness.

It is difficult to imagine how certain languages ever came to be invented. At a short distance the conversation of Dane with Dane, save for the different movement of the mouth, appears to be very much like English. You think you know what they are talking about. But come a little closer and you find the sentence you thought you heard in English is something quite different in Danish, though nobody worries about this baffling transmutation. Your Danish companion looks at you sideways with a sorrowful, not unkindly expression, as one might regard Humpty-Dumpty dropped on the floor, never to be put together again. Linguistically speaking, you sprawl in a mess, and he cannot help you, unless he is one of those annoying Danes who speak your own language as well as you do; in which case you resent his talents, and fare forth yourselves into the night along the cobbled streets, peering here and there to see how absurd these foreigners can be.

In any company of Englishmen landed in a foreign country, it always falls upon the shoulders of one to be linguist and unpaid guide. He is expected to lead the way, and dare not for his credit's sake disclaim entirely his responsibilities. So it is you, the brightest intelligence, who decide that these lighted doors are the equivalent of a pub, and lead the party in, only to be confronted by some stout fellow, who harangues you about the local regulations and argues until your companions feel that pleasant thrill down

the spine which the medical student knows so well, when it is time for the commissionaire to throw him out. But unexpectedly, the air clears. You are admitted. You sit down, on hard chairs, at a little table, and give an order for beer, which is translated into coffee. Young men with pink and brown faces, carved apparently out of pinewood, stop chasing tow-haired waitresses, to turn and stare at you, much as you would stare at them in England, but of course more rudely. You make witty remarks to the waitress, and she giggles, thereby re-establishing your reputation with your companions.

But you can't keep this up for long. Somebody stimulates an automatic organ. Rugged specimens of the local anthropology come in and out, saying something which obviously means "good night." And having rapidly committed so much of the Danish language to memory, you rise, pay your bill, and say it yourself as you leave, thereby definitely establishing your position as a linguist. At once your companions express their desire that you will alter your route and come with them, as you can make things so much easier. But you resist the temptation and the compliment, and when you wake up in the morning in the hotel, you are relieved to know that they have vanished into the bright and sparkling air, and you will probably never see or hear of them again.

The Divine Mystery.

There is a pragmatic justification for the belief in God in that without it one cannot believe in one's self; and, equally important, that one cannot be free of what one does not believe in. Hence the existence of psycho-analysis, not to mention a dozen other pathological modernities, which were rendered necessary by loss of faith in ourselves. Ever since it was discovered that the literal interpretation of the Bible, or, rather, the interpretation of it given to children by superficial instructors, was not textually in accord with the undeniable inferences of astronomers, biologists, and doctors, youth has been sent into the wilderness of temptation with divided counsel. The frankest and best-informed adults have ranged themselves on the side of the infidel. Life has appeared purposeless infamy accidentally manufactured by a mechanical fate that could neither be stopped nor stop itself.

During the youth of the present adult generation the voice of Christ bidding men to come and be made whole was drowned by a great unison tempting Christ to be analysed to atoms. Books demonstrating that Christianity was "nothing but" pagan sunmyth, or cultivation rite, or scapegoat sacrifice, or at the best a yokel's tale spun round a mad socialist reformer, went into uncounted editions and reprints, while the replies were so incompetent that the few who struggled to read them were filled with contrary views. Mr. Grant Allen popularised the analysis of religion into primitive elements, and hypnotised the mind of youth into watching the temple, stone by stone, razed to a tumulus, and the blood of Christ reduced to a totem-sacrifice. The tree of crucifixion was pulled to bits of wood fibre, and, pointing to the resultant heap, the sadists said, behold Christianity. And such, of course, was then all that was left of Christianity.

The task of taking these bits of wood, planting them, and watering them until they sprouted again, was attempted by Allen Upward. It was a task that none but a poet dare have undertaken; and only the inspired sub-title of "The Divine Mystery" could have helped him through it. "A History," he called his book, "of Christianity from the earliest times to the birth of Christ." Instead of working backward to see all that has been deemed holy during the Christian era vanish in barbaric rites and magic, Allen Upward found in barbaric rites and magic a groping promise of Christianity. Each new achievement of struggling mankind arose from the martyrdom of some man, who, though he manifest not the whole of man's potential divinity, was a promise and a step towards it. The Divine Mystery revealed the cross of crucifixion in the bursting seed, in the shrub, and in the light-yearning sapling, in preparation for the matured tree.

The primitive men who observed that vegetation grew more strongly on the turned grave than on the hard soil about, and who reasoned that what fertilised the soil was the corpse, has been rendered familiar by mythologists. That another or the same man was chosen by his tribe, for his vitality, beauty, and goodness, since his effect on the crops would be analogous with his nature, and, after ceremonies and purifications, torn to pieces with which to placate the earth, did not, in Allen Upward's vision degrade Jesus Christ; it exalted the unknown sacrifice. Redemption from wandering, through which men might till the soil and attain to culture, rather than barously hunt beasts in the forests, or follow herds over the plains, was opened to the world by that earlier saviour.

Not only did Mr. Upward accept Osiris among the forerunners of Christ, myth, art, and science, from their earliest rudiments, were worked into the pre-history of Christianity, and by the use of what science repudiated, namely, imagination; and Mr. Upward ranged over the lore of Finland to India in the undertaking. The result is one of the few healing books that contribute to justify everything that has been. He traced the clear stream of divinity in mankind through the travail which has brought it to its present altitude; and by reviving our love for our despised savage ancestors, he restored our faith in the human family, and in the central mystery of its Divine Redemption.

A. NEWSOME.

Art.

Swedish Art at Whitechapel.

The Whitechapel Art Gallery has an enviable reputation. It is conducted in a spirit of broad-minded enthusiasm and, although handicapped as regards funds, it gives its own public and other students of art educational and stimulating exhibitions free of bias towards any particular clique or group of artists.

The trustees, the exhibitors, and visitors may well congratulate the secretary, Mr. J. N. Duddington, on his arrangement of the present exhibition of Swedish art (open until April 24), which is a worthy successor to those devoted to Russian and Dutch art in 1921.

Modern Swedish achievement in painting and sculpture is not well known in this country, but, with the help of such good displays as those at Brighton in 1911 and Burlington House in 1924, the student has been able to realise, to some extent, its character. Looking beneath the surface, he may feel that the dexterity of the cosmopolitan Anders Zorn obscured rather than revealed that emotional intensity shown in his small sculptures in bronze and in wood; that a mastery of line revealed itself more in Carl Larsson's etchings than in his deservedly popular paintings. He can, however, understand how these two deceased artists have come to represent abroad that Swedish spirit of health which is also typically revealed in the sculptures of Carl Milles and Carl Eldh. But the range of Swedish art is wider; the works of Ernst Josephson, Nils Kreuger, Olof Sager-Nelson, Albert Engström, and Ivar Arosenius among painters, and David Edström among sculptors, indicate some of its differing expressions.

The present exhibition is chiefly of younger art than that seen in Piccadilly in 1924, and it attracts at once because it is full of spring-like energy. A portrait ("Madame Jeanne de Tramcourt") by Carl Larsson has, in this company, the air of a mellowed old master, and its technical distinction alone is an example to impetuous youth. In its clarity of colour, so expressive of a sense of healthy life, it is supported by most of the other paintings, and that this is national is proved by the selection of weavings and embroideries by Miss Clary Hahr and her countrywomen in the Small Gallery. The fabrics of traditional design denote a very sturdy growth of peasant handicraft in which simple patterning is in complete harmony with clean colour, snow-cold or sun-warmed.

Purity of colour is not a characteristic of those modern French painters whose influence is clearly seen in many of the pictures on the ground floor; but it is this quality which makes more than usually interesting the interpretation of those formulæ which these Swedish artists have studied so keenly. If in "Interior," by C. Carlson-Percy, Monsieur Matisse is beaten at its own game, and in "Still-Life," by Carl Ryd, the solidity of fruit is expressed without muddy tones, so large a composition as the mock-heroic "Imperia," by Isaac Grunewald, falls short of complete success because the colour mosaic lacks structural cohesion. The best work by a student of modern France is seen in the two paintings "Courtesan" and "Sun Bath," by the late John Steen. The influence here seems undoubtedly that of Monsieur Dufresne, but both works surpass anything by the Frenchman hitherto shown in London. "Sun Bath" is masterly in its statement of three-dimensional structure suffused with light.

Among the landscapes that called "Landscape, Majorca" (No. 128), by Helmi Sjöstrand, is the best. It is a direct painting without any sign of another's influence, and in it the spirit of a southern land is convincingly re-expressed through a very sensitive northern temperament. A sense of structure, absent in many of the works by those who have studied in France, is found in the vigorous paintings by Acke Sjöstrand, who has little technical grace, but much feeling for character. His canvases give backbone to the exhibition. His portraits, "Martinez Ferrando—Spanish Writer" and "Spanish Gentleman" support that by Larsson, and are flanked by Steen's compositions. The combination attests the vital forces of modern Swedish painting.

ERNEST COLLINGS.

Drama.

THE WIDOW'S CRUISE.

The Ambassador's Theatre is such a delightfully restful place to sit in that it requires first-class drama to make one give attention. The Widow's Cruise is not first-class drama, but it contains one scene and several moments of dramatic situation which justify its production in the restrained refinement of the Ambassadors. It is not first-class drama because it is already dated; it could not happen outside 1919. It is a long way even from first-class craftsmanship, because the plot limps on coincidences which would be startling in real life, and are unpardonable in orderly creation; and it contains a superfluous character whose presence nearly spoils the whole show. As is the case with other male characters created by women play writers, the men in the Widow's Cruise belong neither to this nor to any possible world—unless, terrible thought, dominant woman has begun to dream men as she has decided to make them. Even Shakespeare was liable to provide real men with dream women, and now that women have begun to rule the world and produce plays, they will, no doubt, provide real women with dream men. The pragmatic superiority of the male up to the present seems to be maintained, for men have at least known what sort of dream women they wanted, and have been willing to sacrifice more than Lady Frome was to get them.

Colonel Sir Theodore Frome, Bart., D.S.O., and his bride of three months, enjoying a hum-drum existence at their villa on the island of Capri in Spring, 1919, passed their time telling themselves how happy they were. The only thing in their world to remind them of the devil was the Colonel's ward, Jill, easily the most insufferably loquacious modern I have met. Lady Frome had been married before—to a poet—and she was basking in the change to wedded comfort. Her previous husband had been reported missing, presumed dead, on the Italian front. As he was also half Italian by birth, poetically beginning where he ended, everybody suspected trouble when Colonel Frome informed his lady that an Italian captain of unknown origin, who had lost his memory in the war, was coming to stay with them.

If Captain Ignoto—he had, of course, forgotten his name—had not been Lady Frome's first husband, ready to have his memory completely restored by the shock of meeting the wife he had run away from, he would nevertheless have pretended he was to save himself from the aggressive and silly love-making of the modern girl. Colonel Frome had conveniently a prior appointment for a night's fishing, so the coast was clear for complications; and as his fishing-partner didn't turn up he came back unexpectedly to find himself in the middle of them. Both wife and ward were in the guest's bedroom, both perfectly innocent except in their hearts. But the identity of the first husband has to be disclosed to Colonel Frome, who maintains his reputation for stupidity in that, although suddenly rendered back his bachelor freedom, he doesn't like losing his bigamist wife.

When the ward proposes—this appears the only excuse for her presence—that the gallant and handsome young poet should compete with the blundering, middle-aged baronet for the former's cast-off wife by making love to her in turns, the baronet accepts because he wants her, and the capitano because he enjoys a tournament. The baronet, instead of reading his beloved some of his competitor's poems, with emphasis on the author's name, foolishly adopts the ward's impertinent suggestion to talk about babies. The lady, although repeatedly derided for Victorian sentimentality by the modern young thing, was herself sufficiently modern not to be converted by babies. The wit and sangfroid of her old flame dazzle her, until she makes up her mind to elope with him. So far the dream-man leads her.

Disregarding the lesson of Scripture, however, she turned back to get a hat. Her explanation for suddenly changing her mind, and deciding to stay with her unwedded husband was that she had caught sight of his old coat. Either the scandal, one suspects, attached to running away with one's legal husband, or her realisation that it's the little things after all that count, made her prefer stodgy wealth to adventure. It is by no means clear to please what and whom the author, Joan Temple, tacked on that old coat—and a happy ending synonymous with the victory of bourgeois desires. Possibly the author, being a woman like the character, deemed the second cogitations best.

All that need be said of the ward is that she was as intolerable as she could be without being made worse. Captain Ignoto, played by Nicholas Hannen, was a thoroughly gallant purveyor of love-making and epigrams, and Aubrey Smith's Colonel Frome was as reminiscent of a happy home in the country as all Aubrey Smith's creations of such characters. The real Colonel Frome would have envied him. Laurie Cowie, who had all the real acting to do, showed herself capable of doing it, and in the second scene of Act II. kept the theatre in a stillness that comes over it too rarely. At that time nobody could have prophesied what devastation of sentiment an old coat would provoke.

PAUL BANKS.

New Verse.

By Hugh McDiarmid.

Messrs. Benn's "Augustan Books of Poetry" (6d. each), edited by Edward Thompson, have met the response they deserve, and the series is lengthening. The latest additions to hand are Robert Graves, Andrew Marvell, Omar Khayyam (Edward Fitzgerald), W. H. Davies, William Canton, John Drinkwater, A Christmas Anthology, Robert Louis Stevenson, Walt Whitman, Siegfried Sassoon, Sir Edmund Gosse, A Religious Anthology, F. W. Harvey, and Andrew Lang—a very mixed lot! Both the Christmas and religious anthologies are interesting and suggestive little compilations; and it is to be hoped that the series may yet come to comprise many more of their kind. The compiler is certainly justified when, in the foreword to the first of these, he says that he considers "that the public owe him thanks for giving them at least one first-rate poem which will be new to everyone but a few Lakelanders." This is "A Christmas Masque," supposed to be written by an early seventeenth-century parson, and acted by his parishioners, to the light of candles, the drone of bagpipes, and the rustle of reeds underfoot; and is taken from William Gershom Collingwood's story, "Dutch Agnes Her Valentine." It is a find. There is less to be said for the inclusion, in company with the other items selected, of the editor's own "Twelfth Night." Most of the other items are inevitable—Southwell's "Burning Babe," the anonymous "Saint Stephen was a Clerk," Vaughan's "Nativity," Milton's Christmas hymn, and Crawshaw's, Bridges' "Noel," and Hardy's "Oxen." But another compilation of equal size and equally good could easily be made; and perhaps will. The religious anthology is much more idiosyncratic and quite unrepresentative of the best elements in British religious poetry.

There was little need to resurrect poor old Canton. The fact that Huxley praised his "Through the Ages" in 1873 as the first attempt to use the new material of science for poetry means nothing. If he should be included in such a series there would be no difficulty in giving a list of at least a hundred poets with a prior claim. He has written nothing (at all events in verse) that lives or deserves to, or for the matter of that ever did. This is the trouble with the whole series—the order in which they are appearing supplies no clue to the entire scheme in mind. If some of the inclusions are to be justified it will eventually run into many scores of issues. Otherwise better poets will have been unintelligibly

passed over. Andrew Lang is another versifier who could well have been omitted, at any rate until a much further advanced stage of the programme (especially in view of the recent four-volume edition of his poetical works, which did nothing to rehabilitate his reputation)—and so is Sir Edmund Gosse. He simply *won't do*—at this time of day at any rate, or any subsequent one. His "Cruise of the 'Rover'" is a pure scream, with its

"All manned with Indian bravos and whiskered dogs of Spain"

and again:—

"The Spanish rats held off awhile . . . ."

But there is more than Sir Edmund's zoology mixed in this extraordinary concatenation of the meretricious and absurd; and he only just misses supplying a masterpiece to the anthology of the Best Bad Poetry in English.

Our contemporaries make a poor show. Davies requires to be taken in homeopathic doses. He always sings the same song. Graves has surprisingly little that is unquestionably good in his lengthening tale of books, and in toto it does not run to a 30-page selection that will stand comparison even with John Davidson; but at his best he is rather better than Davidson at his. I am much more favourably impressed by the selection from Siegfried Sassoon than I had expected to be; but he, too, is extremely slight. So is Drinkwater. F. W. Harvey is well at the bottom of the form so far. He is on a lower plane than any of the rest except Gosse, Lang, and Canton; but all three of these are better even on that lower plane than he is. His "Gloucestershire Lad" is a poor creature alongside "The Shropshire Lad." Nothing surely that *can* be included will be less Augustan.

The inclusion of Walt Whitman suggests that the publishers and their editor have decided to go beyond Britain and draw upon poetry in English in the widest sense.

I remain in grave doubts as to certain inclusions already which seem to make nonsense of all but an almost inconceivably comprehensive scheme (which the embracement of America further complicates); and even within the selections from poets whose title to inclusion cannot be gainsaid there is room for dispute as to the respective merits of poems taken and omitted; but, these things apart, and taking the pamphlets simply as they are, they are wonderful value at the price, and should command a very large circulation, while the obligations of the reader are greatly increased by the fact that every one of the copyright volumes contains poetry previously only in manuscript or periodicals, and that others consist of poems largely inaccessible because long out of print.

Music.

I was attracted to Westminster Chapel on the evening of the 17th of last month to hear the rarely played (in its entirety) organ work of Liszt, *Ad Nos ad Salutarem Undam*. This stupendous work, with the great Bach fugues and the big Reger works, is one of the peaks not merely of organ music, but of all music of whatsoever kind. It is the Liszt whom they that only know the rhapsodies—generally his worst and poorest works—have no notion of, the Liszt whose place, as Mr. Emlyn Davies most rightly said in some excellent introductory remarks, is among the great geniuses of music. The performance was a splendid one, worthy of the great work itself. Mr. Emlyn Davies is a thorough master of his instrument and a gifted and accomplished artist. He should be engaged to play this work at one of the next season's "Proms."

* * *

I have recently been able to hear the result of some remarkable improvements in the pianola devised by Mr. Frederick Evans—the substance of which is as follows: The bellows and roll-winding mechanism, instead of being actuated by the tread-pedals, are now entirely separated therefrom and driven by an independent electric motor, which is started and stopped by a switch. Control of speed, etc., is, as before, immediately under the operator's hands. The pedal bellows are used for expression solely, and the results are, I must confess, astonishing. The striker keys, too, instead of falling, now descend upon the keys—I am speaking of an exterior cabinet player—with an action that nearly approximates to the action of the human fingers. There is now with Mr. Evans's instrument a control, a range of nuance, a flexibility of tone and phrasing, that hitherto have been entirely and hopelessly beyond the range of the pianola, even when controlled by such an accomplished manipulator as Mr. Reginald Reynolds, of the Aeolian Hall. Mr. Frederick Evans's improvements enormously enlarge the artistic possibilities of the pianola, and anyone interested would do well to make himself acquainted with them. There is little reason to hope that any of the recognised manufacturers will adopt Mr. Evans's improvements—the attitude of these people to any new ideas or discoveries by people outside the "recognised" circles being like that of the medical profession to any new ideas or discoveries in medicine from outside their profession. The cost of converting any existing instrument is, I understand, not prohibitive. The reason for my observation regarding the attitude of the manufacturers is based both on Mr. Evans's statement that one big company that had been invited to hear the improved pianola declined even to do so; and also on my knowledge of the fact that certain improvements in gramophone manufacture suggested some years ago from outside the trade, i.e., by a private individual, after having been declined by the manufacturers to whom they were submitted as being of no value (having been tried by them and discarded it was said), were subsequently adopted by the very same people!

* * *

That admirable body, the Philharmonic Choir—the only choral organisation in London that is capable of and does give us adequate performances of big modern choral works—had a most interesting programme on March 11 consisting of Bax's *St. Patrick's Breastplate*, the *Song of the High Hills* of Delius, and the Mozart *Requiem*. The Bax work has plenty of what I believe the critics of *The Times* and the *Telegraph* would call "impressive moments"—but, as in so many of the larger works of Bax, one feels a musical personality struggling to attain a spaciousness of style and massive breadth of expression that is rather painfully beyond it—giving one the feeling that one has on hearing a *Soprano Leggiero* attempt *Come raggio di Sol*. It was unfortunate for the work that it served, so to speak, as a curtain-raiser for one of the supreme and transcendent masterpieces of music, *The Song of the High Hills* of Delius, the greatest and purest Nature-poet that music has ever known. It is difficult to speak or write about this music without emotion—the intense purity and rarefaction of the vast airy spaces of which it is so marvellous an expression can be given no counterpart in words. How anyone listening to the absolute and consummate fusion of thought and expression—the supreme mark of mastery—can have the courage to declare (like a certain musician well-known in London musical circles) that "one bar of Ravel puts Delius to shame" passes my understanding. The performance was indifferent. As I have observed on other occasions, Mr. Kennedy Scott is an excellent trainer and driller of a choir, but he makes a mistake in attempting to conduct performances of great works. One wonders why Sir Thomas Beecham never conducts the Philharmonic Choir in the larger works of Delius's.

The Mozart *Requiem* contains for me—an idolator of Bach—too many of those genteel and petty trivialities that have always seemed to me to form so large a part of Mozart's work, and which make more than half an hour of his music at a stretch reach almost the limit of the bearable as far as I am concerned. I prefer the blossom of the Mozartian triviality when it has fructified later in the delightful impertinences of Rossini, whose *Stabat Mater* I should dearly love to hear done by a good choir like the Philharmonic—for I freely confess to finding his incorrigible jauntiness one of the few joys in our dreary musical world.

* * *

I take this opportunity of drawing what attention I can to the fact that the Philharmonic Choir is appealing for support for a guarantee fund of £1,000 in order to provide itself with the measure of financial security which it so well deserves, being practically the only large choral organisation in London whose performances have any artistic value, or that gives us a chance of hearing important choral works adequately performed. May I once more commend to the notice of this body the Reger 100th Psalm and the 2nd and 8th Symphonies of Mahler?

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

STARS.

Strange fruits are on the apple-bough;
Strangely blooms the lilac tree;
For a concourse of bright stars
Hang glowing there, hang blowing there
For hearts to wonder at, eyes to see.

Your thirsty mouth shall never burst
That glowing fruit; no hand shall shake
Those ardent petals to the earth.
They feed the lips of other worlds,
And minister to hearts that ache
Not here, but have their hungry life
Where never pain of mortals trod,
Regions where other love makes strife
To taste the husbandry of God.

RICHARD CHURCH.

Reviews.

Nursery Verseries and Drawings. By Emile Jacot. (Noel Douglas. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Jacot's drawings are delightful, especially "Lullaby," "Clouds," "The Sailor," "The Scholar," and "The Winds." Many of his lines also are charming:

Here's a dream all made of stars
Woven by no mortal hand,

and

The Oaks grow apples on
Oak apple day.
And apple trees acorns,
So they say.

but the rest of this is disappointing. However, the maid who asks:

Jack Tar, sailor man,
Can you tell me
How much water
Is in the sea?

gets a very neat answer, and I like Benjamin who would stay in bed, but why wouldn't Mr. Jacot carry his lettering consecutively round the pictures?

Woman. An Inquiry by Willa Muir. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.)

Of Mrs. Muir's forty pages many are taken up with diffuse and wearying argument to the effect that "woman seeks to express the infinite in terms of individual life, man the individual in terms of the infinite." This, of course, is true, and is expressed in plain language by even the most ignorant. The Man-about-the-house is a rarity, and no case is known of one having produced young. To such assertions as "Men are born of women and of women only," the answer is How True, but when this axiom is followed by the contention that "*only* a woman can create human beings," Mrs. Muir should be invited to try it alone; the best known instance reported no longer having the authority it once obtained. Motherhood is declared to be "a greater tax on vital energy than fatherhood, even as a physical function," but this is just what *suis papa* in law and in our state of civilisation is not; it may involve the maintenance of an extravagant or lecherous woman for a lifetime, whereas her maternal experiences may be confined, if indulged in at all, to a single adventure in Twilight. It is not all as bad as this, however:—

"The danger for men lies in that very quality of detachment which gives their work its value. Left to themselves they substitute for the fluctuations of life a stable and systematic perfection of theory, which is rigidly imposed on individual members of society. Religion becomes a creed, morality a code of law, government a party machine; even art, which is of all their activities the most accessible to the vitality of unconscious life, is intellectualised, and engenders theories of esthetics instead of works of art. The productive machine in our own day is an excellent example of masculine activity pushed to extremes; it has been successfully detached from human values, so that it exists for the production of money and not of goods and services to humanity."

If these essays are to be considered worth preserving they should be bound limp, if not they should be published at 1s. or less.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SOCIAL CREDIT AND WAR.

Sir,—Just so. I did not like to assume that your claim was so extensive. But now we know!

Not only the economic pressure towards war, but the contrary effect of science in making war more revolting (with deductions for scientific alleviation of some of war's results); further, the effect of art in making humanity more sensitive (again with deductions, because war, too, provides scope for art): all this you have quantitatively estimated.

"Not only the causes acting, but that whereon they act, the abysmal depths of personality," you have surveyed; and as the sum of all you state that under the present economic system refusal to fight can never be sufficiently widespread to stop fighting. In fact, before announcing your conclusion that "*nothing* can prevent war while that system persists," you must have weighed up *everything*.

This is no longer pure economics; it is no longer science; it is omniscience.

Now, when in order to prove a statement it is necessary to claim omniscience, we may not say that the statement is false, but we must say that it is unprovable.

Well, anyhow, you have not the dullness of omniscience, for we all enjoyed the brilliant figures of speech with which you enlivened your advance to the throne of the Most High.

But, come! May we not, after all, find common ground for the Credit Reformer and the Pacifist? For thus: when a certain time has elapsed after a war, every year (or, at any rate, every decade) of peace makes life harder, not only for the individual, but for the economic system; even its votaries will then become more and more susceptible to conversion.

Once war breaks out Social Credit, if preached at all, will be preached to the deaf, to the mad. But every year that war can be postponed Social Credit will have a better chance of a hearing. Let, then, Credit Reformers work to postpone war, and Pacifists work for the acceptance of the doctrine that may postpone war indefinitely.—Yours, etc.,

ARNOLD EILOART.

[We did not announce any conclusion. We began by advancing a proposition. Mr. Eiloart accepted the proposition and then tried to harmonise it with the theory that concerted action by Pacifists could prevent war. We replied by reminding him that our proposition amounted to the assertion that "*nothing* can prevent war while that system persists." We did not do this to prove that we were right and he was wrong, but that he could not accept our proposition and his own at the same time. If *nothing* can prevent war under prevailing conditions, Pacifists cannot prevent it. Mr. Eiloart may contradict the proposition (we claim no omniscience), but he cannot weave it into an argument for Pacifist direct action. For the rest, we are not interested. Mr. Eiloart may have the case and welcome. Only, as soon as he begins to think out a practical application of his policy he will find himself up against a stone wall. As Major Douglas has often said of theories of this kind—"Yes; this is very nice—*but what do I do with it?*"—ED.]

THE SEA AND THE SERPENT.

Sir,—Filioque has achieved a marvel of interpretation. He deduces what Coleridge meant from the direct opposite of what Coleridge said. The sea in "Kubla Khan" is not "sunlit" but "sunless." Later it is described as "lifeless," which does not sound very "blissful."

As penalty I suggest that Filioque really tackle this poem, and tell us in his own charming language what it is all about.

"What! and rob the poem of its fascination, its mystery!"

Nay, on the contrary, we shall then have two fascinating mysteries instead of one!

B. C.

The writer of the article replies: I thank B. C. for his correction, and apologise to the readers for a misquotation. The "sea," which is one of the basic images of the poem, can be seen in many moods. Some of the highest states of ecstacy are connected with this image of the sea as the place of lifelessness, cessation, the yearning for the sea is the yearning for death. Cf. the closing lines of Swinburne's "Tristram and Iseult," and much that is in Shelley.

SYMPOSIUM ON THE BANK RATE.

Sir,—I am preparing a Symposium on the following subjects, and would be most grateful for any contributions your readers may send me:—

The Bank Rate is the Unemployment Rate.
The Bank Rate is the Crime Rate.
The Bank Rate is the Famine Rate.
The Bank Rate is the Life Rate.
The Bank Rate is the Death Rate.

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL, Editor, *Humanity First*,
Canton, Pennsylvania.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. v. L.—We regret that you think your recent letters ought to have been published. Your mere assertion that we are "neglecting the cultural aspect of the economic problem" is directly contradicted by other people's assertions; and nothing is gained by publishing of plus and minus general complaints, even if we could afford space for them. The fundamental policy of THE NEW AGE is economic. Its job is to prepare the playground of society. The "cultural aspect" of this job has to do with what sort of games can or will be played *when it is finished*. You may feel impatient with us for being engrossed with economic turfing to the neglect of cultural cricket: but what is your alternative? There is none, unless you propose that we start the game straight away. But though *you* may not mind keeping wicket to a fast bowler on a pitch of brickbats, remember that there are less heroic souls who want to play without getting black eyes.

FORTHCOMING MEETING.

Saturday, March 27.—Liverpool Group of the Social Credit movement. Open discussion on "The Land Question and Social Credit." Room 13, at 49, Whitechapel, Liverpool. Time not stated.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for "The New Age," to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 30s. for 12 months; 15s. for 6 months; 7s. 6d. for 3 months.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed and made payable to "THE NEW AGE PRESS."

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"Letters to the Editor" should arrive not later than the first post on Saturday morning if intended for publication in the following week's issue.

The Social Credit Movement.

Supporters of the Social Credit Movement contend that under present conditions the purchasing power in the hands of the community is chronically insufficient to buy the whole product of industry. This is because the money required to finance capital production, and created by the banks for that purpose, is regarded as borrowed from them, and, therefore, in order that it may be repaid, is charged into the price of consumers' goods. It is a vital fallacy to treat new money thus created by the banks as a repayable loan, without crediting the community, on the strength of whose resources the money was created, with the value of the resulting new capital resources. This has given rise to a defective system of national loan accountancy, resulting in the reduction of the community to a condition of perpetual scarcity, and bringing them face to face with the alternatives of widespread unemployment of men and machines, as at present, or of international complications arising from the struggle for foreign markets.

The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to provide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books mentioned below.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unprecedented improvement in the standard of living of the population by the absorption at home of the present unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

Attention is directed particularly to the following amongst the considerable literature on the subject:—

"Through Consumption to Prosperity," by Arthur Brenton, 2d.
"The Community's Credit," by C. Marshall Hattersley, 5s.
"Social Credit," by C. H. Douglas, 7s. 6d.
"Real Wealth and Financial Poverty," by Capt. W. Adams, 7s. 6d.
"Cartesian Economics," by Professor F. Soddy, 6d.
"The Flaw in the Price System," by P. W. Martin, 4s. 6d.
"The Deadlock in Finance," by A. E. Powell, 5s.
"Economic Democracy," by C. H. Douglas, 6s.
"Credit Power and Democracy," by C. H. Douglas, 7s. 6d.
"These Present Discontents: The Labour Party and Social Credit," by C. H. Douglas, 1s.
"The Solution of Unemployment," by W. H. Wakinshaw, 10s.

A preliminary set of five pamphlets, together with a complete catalogue of the literature, will be sent post free for 6d. on application to the Credit Research Library, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1, from whom the above-mentioned books may be obtained.

The undermentioned are willing to correspond with persons interested:—

Bournemouth: W. V. Cornish, 77, Maxwell Road.
Dublin: T. Kennedy, 43, Dawson Street.
London: H. Cousens, 1 Holly Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3; Major C. H. Douglas, 8, Fig Tree Court, Temple, E.C.4; E. A. Dowson, 14, Dulwich Road, S.E.24; D. Wemyss Lewis, 176, Camden Road, N.W.1; E. Wright, 38, Bromar Road, S.E.5.
Manchester: F. Gardner, 24, Mansfield Avenue, near Blackley.
Middlesbrough: Mrs. E. M. Dunn, Linden Grove, Linthorpe.
Newcastle-on-Tyne: W. H. Wakinshaw, 12, Lovaine Crescent.
Rotherham R. J. Dalkin, Wickersley.

Hon. Secretary, W. A. Willox, 70, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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