

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The French Cabinet may be likened to the combination lock of the safe in which French taxpayers keep their incomes. Ministers correspond to the letters of the secret word. The quick succession of new Cabinets is therefore a real handicap on those financial interests who visit the safe o' nights to solve the "missing word competition." As soon as they are on the point of getting the safe door open some political interest goes and changes the combination. M. Caillaux came back as Finance Minister last week—a re-appointment which gains in significance by the fact that at the time he last held this office he made some outspoken references on the subject of tampering with the combination lock. An intriguing appointment otherwise is that of General Guillaumat as War Minister. These two are regarded by the French Press as the key men in the administration of a new financial policy. What the policy may be is another matter. Nobody is prepared to say. But what everyone is willing to bet on is that it will not be a practical policy unless it solves the problem of collecting taxes without requiring individuals to pay them. That sounds impossible but, in a fundamental sense it is not. While the current taxable incomes of the French people certainly cannot support current tax requirements, it is quite possible to create new taxable incomes for that purpose. It only requires a scheme of credit expansion unaccompanied by internal price inflation—a scheme which financial authority pronounces an impossibility, but which students of the Douglas Theorem know to be practical. The first step towards realising it would be for the central bank and the Government to agree on a joint policy. Is M. Caillaux consciously preparing to take that step in his decision, now reported, to call upon M. Robineau to resign his governorship of the Banque de France in favour of M. Moreau? At least this action is subversive of the principle which Anglo-American financiers are trying to apply to France—namely that of making the Banque de France completely independent of the French Government. Hitherto, it has been bankers who have dismissed Ministers; now it is a case of a Minister dismissing a

banker. It would be premature for us to indulge in any optimism merely on this gesture of M. Caillaux's; we must wait for developments. We agree with the justice of the criticism of reformist schemes which asserts that the inherent theoretical soundness of such schemes is of no value so long as certain interests have the power to render them inoperative. We must take the realities of the situation as we find them. For France, one of those realities is the power of international financiers to hammer the franc. That power will prove in the long run to be an irresistible force—unless France can mould her internal economy into an immovable body. If France attempts to resist external repression on the plane of credit manipulation alone her defeat is certain. But if France links up to her policy of internal credit expansion a policy of internal price regulation she will have a good fighting chance.

In financial warfare as in modern military warfare the final test is the morale of the combatants. Morale can be sustained for a time by exhortation, but not indefinitely. There must be at least a tolerable physical foundation on which to build up the moral courage required of the people during the struggle. Now, given an attack on the franc by external finance, the chief immediate consequence is to penalise France in her role as an importer of goods. But, precisely because of that fact, the attack is equally an attack on industries outside France which desire to send their goods to France. More than that, it tends to set up an outflow of goods from France to other countries, a consequence which leads to increasing employment in France, who, as it were, exports unemployment to her international competitors. The general point to be observed here is that the external attacking force does not get off scot free. Purely as a financial force it can, and does; but the economic interests in the countries from which that force is exerted have to suffer for it. So the struggle becomes one of endurance, and will be decided by what the militarists call attrition. It is all very well for British industrialists to applaud the action of the Bank of England in coercing France to put her finances in order; but what about it when one of the

consequences is to put their own economic interests into disorder? Total unemployment in France, 400 persons; in Britain 1,600,000 persons. It is a pretty picture—a million and a-half British men and women paid a dole for hammering the franc. Were this position to represent all the consequences, one might conclude that inflationist France could last the trouble out longer than her deflationist enemies. That would doubtless be true were the struggle between France and another single country. But where it is a single country being attacked, and a large group of countries involved in making the attack, the consequent sacrifices are concentrated on the one side and diffused on the other. The single country must then evoke in her people a proportionately greater morale. It is just here where France is at a disadvantage. She has exposed herself to external financial reprisals for having expanded her credit, but—as if this were not a sufficient problem in itself—has neglected to protect her people from a rise in the internal price level. Debt charges have gone up at least parallel with the general increase in credit; and if this is not corrected the French people will soon be in the throes of a similar disaster to that which overtook the Germans. Inflation is as bad as deflation in the long run. Deflation meant panic selling by producers; but inflation means panic buying by consumers.

The moral of this is that any country which decides to adopt an independent credit policy must decide to adopt an independent price policy. Whatever Government takes the control of credit out of the hands of the banks will instantly lose it again unless it knows how to use it. The proper use of it has been described in the writings of Major Douglas, and elaborated again and again in these columns. The French Government might begin by financially accrediting French agricultural interests as part of a national business agreement for the supply of home produced food at a drastically reduced price; and its next step might be to accredit the French Press as part of a deal whereby newspapers would publish a frank exposé of the reason for the national crisis, accompanied by a popular explanation of the principles of the price policy which the Government was inaugurating, pointing out the gravity of the issues at stake and inviting the co-operation of all classes to deal with the emergency. No doubt this would be called "bribing the Press"—but seeing that the Press is in the chronic condition of having to receive "bribes" of a sort from some interest or other, it is at any rate the least of all evils that the money should proceed from a representative Government. This process would be better described as "un-bribing" the Press. If the idea proved impracticable at once, M. Caillaux might start an emergency newspaper on behalf of the Government, just as Mr. Churchill did when the strike broke out.

The special conference of trade union executives which was to have been held on June 25, and at which there was to have been a thorough investigation into the reasons why the general strike was called off, has itself been called off. We have no hesitation in risking the assertion that the postponement of such a conference was planned when the General Council were negotiating to call off the strike. If someone raises the fatal objection that the conference had not been arranged at that time, we still have the breath to reply that the negotiators knew very well that it would be, and took measures to suppress it. The ostensible occasion for postponing the conference is, according to the General Council, "the attacks which the Government and the employers are making to reduce the standard of life of the workpeople." This is pretty cool, even on the face of it; for what was the reason for the conference but precisely that of in-

quiring why the General Council refused to lead the strike in defence of the standard of life of the workpeople? Imagine the General Staff of an army saying: "Never mind why we capitulated to the enemy; let us unite to resist their onerous peace terms." One would have thought that the General Staff would have been only too pleased to get a chance of proving (if they could) that the capitulation was necessary—that there was no hope of victory by fighting. But they were in this dilemma. Either they could not prove any such thing—in which case they would be shown up and deposed; or else they could prove it—in which case the trade unions could reply that if there is no power in direct action in the industrial field, there is even less in speech-making in the House of Commons. So they put forward the argument that past differences must be ignored "so that a united policy may be adopted to resist to the fullest possible extent the Government's action." Brothers, we are disarmed and surrounded; let us not waste our breath in recriminations, rather let us save them up for one united wail. So the enemy may pity us.

It is pretty clear what has happened. The negotiating committee of the Trades Union Congress probably had some conversation such as the following with Mr. Samuel:

"Look here: we will call off the strike, but we shall get into an awful mess afterwards unless you help us. We can't prove that we had to surrender; so you will have to create a diversion before we can be brought to book. The best thing will be for you to follow up the victory we are conceding you on the direct-action issue (which is of importance from your point of view) by attempting to win another over us on a political issue (which you don't want, and then allowing us to beat you. In that way our prestige will be restored, and the labour movement will remain united and centralised under our authority—which, of course, is what we both desire."

Accordingly the political diversion has taken place. We quote from the *Daily News* of June 24.

"The action of the Government in introducing a new Hours Bill . . . and in intimating, through Lord Birkenhead, the intention to revise the law relating to trade unions, has exercised a remarkable rallying effect on the trade union and political labour forces."

The *Daily News* treats this threat to the legal privileges of trade unionism as a typical Tory blunder. It remarks that

"If Lord Birkenhead's untimely declaration of policy was an unpremeditated accident, it was a blazing indiscretion; if it was deliberately done it was a political crime for which the Government must accept a grave responsibility. Lord Birkenhead was supposed originally to be among the peacemakers in the Cabinet. He seems now to have gone over with a rush to the militant Diehards; and it looks very much as if the militant Diehards have won the day."

Things are not what they seem. There has been no accident, nor any blunder: everything is proceeding according to plan. The trade union movement, as now organised, is a capitalist institution, and is in no more danger than are assurance companies.

The *Daily Mail's* correspondent in Brussels reports that 1,500 million francs of fresh taxation have been voted by the Belgian Parliament practically without discussion. The Socialists have been induced to renounce for the time all social legislation. M. Francqui is the financial witchdoctor under whose direction these attempts to stabilise the franc have been made. Yet the franc still droops. So now the State railways are to be "industrialised"—i.e., put on a paying basis. "It is known," says this correspondent, "that M. Francqui intends to dismiss thousands of railwaymen with a view to increasing profits." On the other hand, "there is no likelihood of the railwaymen agreeing to this course." We should hope not.

Finance and Politics in Queensland.

Last week Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, firmly refused to meet the State Premiers, who were conferring only a few hundred yards away, unless they accepted the principle that the Federal Government is entitled to abolish the per capita subsidies to the States. If no other suggestions are received from the States, the Federal Government will push through a Bill embodying this right of abolition. The report of this episode says that the State Premiers view the position with consternation.

Since Mr. Bruce is not proposing to use the right, but to give it constitutional force, his attitude may be looked upon as indicative of an intention to hold it as a threat over States who mismanage their finances. What action these States will take remains to be seen; but in regard to one of them, Queensland, there should be some opposition if one can take a line from its past policy. Queensland came into prominence not long ago when Mr. Theodore came over to negotiate a loan. His difficulty in doing so arose immediately from Queensland's land policy. Prior to 1915 most of the pastoral land, which belonged to the State, was leased principally to two classes of tenants. One class, the "squatters," consisted of large individual owners and limited companies owning thousands of square miles of land which they had acquired for a negligible sum. These had a 40-year lease with liability to rent revision every ten years. The other class, the "grazing farmers," consisted of small men who held leases from the squatters—the terms being twenty-one years, with rent revision every seven years. These had to live on their holdings as one of the conditions of the lease. It will be seen that the squatters had the pull over the grazing farmers. Under the Digby Denman Government of about fifteen years ago the squatters got their rents put upon a very low basis, and were successful in carrying legislation in a new Land Act which prohibited the Land Court from increasing such rents by more than 25 per cent. at any one revision. That meant that whatever happened to land values the squatters would never pay a greater average yearly increase in rent than 2½ per cent. This resulted in a situation wherein the squatters came to be paying only a quarter as much rent as their own tenants, the grazing farmers. Needless to say, this placed the squatters in possession of a security in which they could "interest" investors and investing companies all over the world.

But in 1915 Queensland returned a Labour Government (Premier, Mr. T. J. Ryan) pledged to alter this legislation. The Ryan Government brought in a Bill for the purpose. It was thrown out by the Legislative Council (Queensland's equivalent of the House of Lords). It was again introduced, and again thrown out. This continued until four times. (That was one of the main reasons for doing away with the second chamber there.) The new Land Act was eventually passed, as was also a system of taxing land values. Meanwhile, the National Bank of Queensland had been established; and the inter-Colonial banks now refused to recognise the paper money of Queensland. This attack on Queensland's currency was countered by the Government's order that the squatters were to pay all taxes and rents in gold. Thus the paper money continued to function in Queensland's internal economy, while a certain amount of gold became available for external adjustments.

When Mr. Theodore came to London to arrange his first loan, he met with a blank refusal on the part of the City to do business unless the Labour Land Act was repealed. "Perhaps," said he, bitingly,

"the best solution will be for the Government of Queensland to submit its legislative programme every year for the approval of the City." "Not at all," was the City's bland response, "but unless this little matter is attended to we cannot let you have any money." Mr. Theodore thereupon got it from America. The sum was £9,000,000. Queensland repaid it; and has since raised a fresh £12,000,000—from America again. Between these loans, namely in 1918, a General Election took place in Queensland. Twenty of the most popular Australian military officers were relieved of their duties to contest seats against the Ryan Government, while large sums of money were contributed from different parts of the Empire for the same purpose. Nevertheless, the vote of the people confirmed Ryan's drastic acts by an overwhelming majority.

This short sketch of events shows that Queensland has potentialities as an innovator. It is to be hoped that she will not be content merely to run State factories, meat shops, fish shops, bakeries, hotels, hospitals, and so forth—useful as this activity may be in a new country. The fact that Mr. Theodore's loan requirements from outside Queensland were larger on the second occasion than on the first, in spite of the dramatic advance in what may be called Socialistic enterprise within that State, is a sign that enterprise of a higher order is required; and the fact that any "consternation" should be manifested by an Australian State Premier because the Federal Government talks about cutting off a subsidy is another such sign. In the past a State has measured its status by its ability to borrow. But the New Economic analysis has shown that such status is to be measured by the ability to do without borrowing. The Queensland Government, having control of a certain amount of the machinery of banking, manufacturing, and distribution, is in a favourable position to apply the latest discoveries in regard to national accounting, costing, and pricing. Like all other developing States, Queensland is finding herself more and more preoccupied with the problem of finding export markets, not primarily for the reasonable end of getting imports in exchange, but as a means of getting a money revenue equal to her total costs. This need not be the case. Queensland's entire output could be so priced as to render the whole of it purchasable by the combined incomes of her own citizens as and when it reached the consumption stage. Whether they actually bought it all is another question: the point is that if they wanted it all they could buy it. Such a community being able to live comfortably on a part of its production, can, if it wishes to do so as a reprisal on foreign boycotters, price the surplus for export at any figure it likes down to zero, and so cause a disturbance in foreign markets far outweighing any inconvenience it might temporarily suffer through financial interference with its imports. Especially is this so in the case of States based on agriculture. For the others, the new financial policy would need a previous economic arrangement of reciprocal nature with such States.

SOCIAL CREDIT PROPAGANDA IN AUSTRALIA.

A New Journal.

The attention of Australian readers is called to the appearance of a little monthly journal entitled "Freedom," which "aims to secure the community's control over the right of credit creation." Its public policy is explicitly based on the complete acceptance of the Douglas Theorem. Its joint editors, Mr. C. A. Haythorpe and Mr. W. R. Browning, say in their work admirably: they show not only that they have thoroughly grasped the essential principles of Social Credit, but that they know how to apply them to the public affairs of Australia in an instructive and enterprising manner. The journal contains twelve pages of text, and is offered "gratis," measuring about eight inches by five. It is offered "gratis," but its readers are asked to contribute towards the expenses of its production. Copies may be obtained from Mr. C. A. Haythorpe, Elmore, Victoria, Australia.

"The New Age."

The life of THE NEW AGE, as many of its readers have known it long enough to remember, has been full of ups and downs. Perhaps the downs have been more in evidence than the ups. But THE NEW AGE survives; it lives, and it is more indispensable now than at any previous time to English journalism. In the sphere of economics and politics it has ploughed its lonely furrow for several years before its propaganda has begun to take root. From a time before the end of the war until the present THE NEW AGE has preached an unpopular gospel. To do so it has had to expound a recondite subject to a nation ignorant of its rudiments, and indisposed to be shaken in its error and presupposition. THE NEW AGE understands the difficulties which beset the first man to tell about the atmosphere.

Negatively the work and sacrifice of THE NEW AGE have already been justified. On every hand, in places as unexpected as orthodox, daily newspapers, responsibility for the economic stagnation of England and Europe is being attributed to the true cause. Many who had never considered credit before THE NEW AGE risked its reputation for common-sense and sanity on the subject by this time articulately and consciously perceive that scarcity is the fault of a *laissez faire* financial system, though varying degrees of emphasis are given to the importance of particular details. Nevertheless, the voice that cried in the wilderness is echoed from the mountains and heard in the cities.

On the positive side of credit propaganda, social credit, the work is hardly begun, and no organ of any sort except THE NEW AGE can be named as likely to do it. When reform of the financial system begins—and the general temper of the people responding to the tightening pressure of its circumstances insists that it must begin—every kind of reform that changes nothing will be proposed in the hope of cheating destiny. The ruling motives of politicians may not at that time be purely social, with the effect that human interests may be in danger of subordination to interests less praiseworthy. To safeguard as far as possible that the reform of the credit system shall have regard to values and not solely to expediency and interest the experience and tradition of THE NEW AGE will be vitally necessary. If the obvious symptoms of financial disease are to be treated for cure, not merely removed for the time being by stimulants, THE NEW AGE must be firmly established in a position to continue criticism and suggestion without fear for its own financial position.

With the first issue in August the price of THE NEW AGE purchased through a newsagent will be sevenpence. The present rates for direct subscription, which average sevenpence per issue, will remain unchanged. This decision to increase the price to readers supplied by the trade has been taken reluctantly, after full thought, and in face of necessity. We have not failed to consider the possible effect on our circulation. We believe, however, that price is not the main consideration with readers of THE NEW AGE. Quantity for quantity by comparison with other weekly reviews, nobody would describe the present price as cheap. THE NEW AGE, we believe, possesses definite characteristics which endear it to its purchasers enough to withstand the shock of a penny on the price without endangering the loyalty of a single one; the unique attitude of the paper to world economic, political, and financial affairs; its isolation as the one corner where ideas are begotten—against a world background of barrenness except for anxiety to fight amid artificial scarcity caused by a pot-bound credit system; the free

intelligence exhibited in the quality and permanent value of its criticism; its affirmation of responsibility in journalism.

Letters from readers, notwithstanding the pains necessary to move anybody, indicate that THE NEW AGE has for some time, in the whole of its contents from "Notes of the Week" to "Correspondence," maintained a high standard of excellence. Where it has provoked readers to protest or to challenge they have deemed it worth while being provoked. The paper, in a word, is alive.

The ulterior motive of this lengthy avowal of our duty to live, to come to the point, is more than to announce an increase in price. It is to appeal to every regular reader to become a direct subscriber, and to every occasional reader to follow suit. None of the intellectual weeklies ever found opulence. Few which have tried to live ahead of the general standards of their time—no matter how little ahead—have been able to maintain themselves very long. Some have persisted for a while, with what help they could get from advertisers, at prices as solid as a shilling. Others totter along at sixpence. None makes its own living by being paid for out of the pockets of its beneficiaries. THE NEW AGE bids to become unique in this respect also.

The state of affairs in which subscribers are at present taxed by being required to pay more for THE NEW AGE than purchasers through newsagents was not instituted under the present editorship. Its motive was a greatly increased casual circulation, and it could have been defended only on the pragmatic ground of success. We believe that THE NEW AGE reader is, with a small proportion of exceptions, a regular reader. An eclectic journal of ideas does not appeal to multitudes, but it cannot be forgone—except with a consciousness of loss—by those to whom it does appeal. "To live," said Nietzsche, "is to live at the edge of a precipice." THE NEW AGE has never lived anywhere else, but it cares not to live too near all the time.

Every indirect purchaser is, therefore, unavoidably asked to pay the same price as the direct subscriber, for reasons immediately connected with necessity rather than with justice; and every reader is enjoined sincerely not to allow his loyalty to be strained. He is asked to respond by entering the lists of direct subscribers. Towards the maintenance of THE NEW AGE a direct subscriber contributes more than a purchaser at a newsagent's, and the difference is needed.* It is on this account entirely that the appeal is made, although the advantage of having THE NEW AGE delivered by the postman for breakfast on Wednesday, with concern only for periodically renewing the subscription, and without extra cost, is commended for consideration by the readers.

We hope that we may not need to encumber our pages with homily and exhortation such as this again.

* If all readers who now buy through a newsagent were to become direct subscribers the revenue of THE NEW AGE would be increased by about £350 a year. Many of them have, to our knowledge, hitherto deliberately refrained from subscribing directly, thinking that they were doing THE NEW AGE good in an advertising sense by letting the trade handle it. But any possible advantage arising from this policy is negligible in the face of the monetary loss now shown to be entailed. This would be true even if THE NEW AGE were prominently displayed on bookstalls so as to come under the notice of the public, for there is not one person in a thousand who would be at all likely to buy it without previous knowledge of the principles underlying its public policy. But since opportunities for display are, as a matter of fact, never afforded, the point need not be elaborated.

Anthropological Economics.

By V. A. Demant, B.Litt., B.Sc.

(Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.)

II.—WAR—AND ITS MOTIVES.

I.

The human institution of warfare raises problems upon which modern Anthropology sheds a new light. Up till now most efforts at abolishing or minimising war among civilised peoples have been based on the assumption that there are inherent in human nature certain fighting instincts which render mankind naturally pugnacious. On this view the problem of abolishing war becomes a problem of eradicating certain natural tendencies in man and of educating him so that in international matters he will act from fundamentally different motives or with different methods from those which have moved him in the past. The difficulties involved in attempting to abolish an instinct which is supposed to be an integral part of man's nature might be well nigh insuperable. Fortunately, however, the detailed study of mankind, which is the work of the last decade, has spared us the necessity of accepting the statement that man is naturally pugnacious and combative. Writers who base their theories on the Anthropology of twenty years ago, when it was still under the spell of a misapplied Darwinism, still believe in a "Fighting instinct." So we find Prof. McDougall in a work on "Social Psychology," which has become famous, devoting a whole chapter to what he calls "the Instinct of Pugnacity," and expressing the belief that "the most serious task of modern statesmanship is, perhaps, to discount and control these outbursts of collective pugnacity." Though this competent psychologist admits that the instinct of pugnacity is stronger in civilised peoples than it was and is in primitive man, it does not prevent him taking for granted that this impulse is a natural attribute to the animal, man.

A close attention, however, to the habits of primitive communities in the world establishes beyond a doubt that warfare is a habit which developed among certain peoples in a comparatively high degree of civilisation. According to M. Comont, the French Anthropologist, there is not in the archaeological records of Europe a single implement from the early Stone Age which can be regarded as a weapon. A more exhaustive enquiry lately made by Mr. W. J. Perry, and published in *The Children of the Sun and The Growth of Civilisation*, shows that what he calls "food-gathering" communities in their primordial state are entirely peaceful, not only towards the members of other family groups, or towards the members of different tribes, but in all relations inside the group itself. The conclusions reached by Perry are a most significant contribution towards a rational solution of the problem of eliminating violence from the relationships of modern states. He clearly demonstrates that warfare as a human institution had a definite historical beginning and that violent modes of behaviour "appear to be the direct result of a process of education in violence that men experienced during the development of civilisation. The process began along with the development of a class system among peoples who conceived the idea of increasing the yield of the earth by producing food—as distinguished from those who merely gathered their nourishment as it was given by Nature. This reversal of current conceptions as regards war is thus summarised by Perry:

"Instead of imagining that man has had to restrain certain innate violent tendencies that drove him on to his destruction, we have to imagine that he has, owing to a faulty development in some of the institutions that

he has elaborated, altered his conduct as the result of strains and stresses set up in him by social disharmonies."

Although there is no direct connection between the beginnings of warfare and the invention of agriculture, the two are linked together in history. One of the reasons is that probably the original motives of strife between tribes was the need for human blood, which was regarded as a means of conveying "life" to the earth or as an offering to gods who controlled the products of the land. However this may be, it is certain that the earliest form of warfare on a large scale occurred on the outskirts of the ancient civilisations, and that the practice of killing human beings became extended because the surrounding barbaric peoples found the centres of civilisation and agriculture convenient sources of wealth. In Perry's words:

"Warfare is the means whereby the members of a parasitic ruling class of alien origin endeavour, while exploiting their own subjects, to dominate those surrounding peoples who produce wealth in a tangible and desired form."

This is in accord with what we know of the actual history of warfare in the world. In Europe, to take it as an example of what happened in all parts of the world where warfare became a serious and important occupation, there is no evidence of conflict between groups of people before the Age of Bronze, that is to say before the period when the Mediterranean civilisations of Greece, Rome, Egypt, terranean civilisations of Greece, Rome, Egypt, etc., were being harassed by the surrounding barbarous races, which were little more than warlike tribes. When these people, who are known at different times and places as the Hyksos, Celts, Teutons, came in contact with early civilisation two things happened. First the Barbarians learnt something of the culture and social organisation of the advanced people they conquered, and applying the principles of organisation to war they laid the beginnings of the modern military art. This was especially the case with the Ancient Romans, who, coming originally from the North, learnt the arts of peace from their neighbours in Etruria. Their fighting habits combined with their newly acquired culture produced probably the most efficient conquering machine in history. Then as the Roman Empire expanded on its career of conquest, the barbarian Teutons, who were constantly attacking the edges of the Empire, learnt from the Romans the military art, and eventually learnt it so well that the Empire crumbled under their onslaughts. From that time onwards the practice of organised warfare has been continually intensified, as the result of the lessons learnt by less civilised peoples from their more highly developed enemies or friends, being their practice learnt from contact with Europeans threatens to become a serious menace to the white race.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

(Selected by the Economic Research Council.)

"How the nations will pay us their war debts" is the title of a table given in the *New York Times* of April 30. It summarises the settlement made with twelve countries—Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Finland, France, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, and Rumania. The totals of the original debts amount to \$9,759 millions, and the total amounts to be paid, consisting of principal plus interest reach \$22,047 millions. Great Britain, who is the chief debtor, originally incurred a debt of \$4,074 millions, and will eventually pay \$11,106 millions. France, the next debtor, borrowed \$3,340 millions and will pay \$6,847 millions. But at least she is asked to pay nearly double the original debt, while Britain has to pay nearly treble. Italy comes next with \$1,647 millions, and she has to pay \$2,408 millions. These are the "most favoured" terms. All the remainder have to pay 3 per cent. on their funded debts, thus nearly trebling the original debt in the sixty-two years.

Crucial Issues in World Politics.

The fundamental cleavage of outlook, underlying the social and political agonisings of our time, is made startlingly plain by two recent books. On the one hand Mr. Kenneth MacLennan has worthily followed up Mr. J. H. Oldham's fine book on "Christianity and the Race Problem," in a work appearing under the same auspices.* He insists that a new world, that is to be worth anything, can only be founded on a new and comprehensive synthesis of all life. And such a synthesis, he holds, is only to be found in the historic Faith of Christendom. In other words, though he does not use this expression, he desiderates a revival, in a more modern form and based on a wider purview, of the *Respublica Christiana* of the Middle Ages. He develops this theme excellently, commencing with a brief but illuminating sketch of the process by which the world has drifted into its present entanglement. On the whole, he shows a sound appreciation of the economic factors in the situation. In recording, however, that "the industrial revolution has served to meet the rapidly increasing material needs of growing populations," he might have explicitly pointed out that this phase is now over, and that we seem to have passed definitively to an era of artificial scarcity. Perhaps he is really aware of this; at any rate, he shows himself fully alive to the evils of financial power. "A cynic," he observes, "has described modern Governments as 'bank clerks.'"

Mr. MacLennan points out tellingly how the Church's missionary impulse has too largely been concentrated on mere geographical expansion, to the neglect of the intensive evangelisation of life as a whole. "The expansion of Christianity was strangely isolated in the thought and life of the Church, and the Church itself was isolated in the great stream of the world's life." "The missionary passion largely ignored the heathen heart at home." All that, he insists, must be completely changed; and indeed largely is already being changed in the new missionary movement of our day. He surveys in a large-minded and sympathetic way alike the great non-Christian religions and the nationalist movements in various parts of the world. He refuses to put his trust for the healing of the nations in any mere political device such as the League of Nations. Perhaps, indeed, he exaggerates the value of the nominal acceptance of trusteeship, on behalf of the weaker peoples, by the League's mandates. But that is a detail; his fundamental attitude is quite clear and admirably sound.

Now let us turn to Professor A. V. Lundstedt, of Uppsala University.† He is a stalwart for the "scientific" method which would seek to solve vital and human problems from purely factual and positive data. "Moral conceptions depend upon our feelings and emotions, and are therefore entirely subjective." "The scientific rejection of the old dogma of freewill" is simply taken for granted. "In reality, there is no 'right,' no 'obligation,' no 'liability,' no 'property,' in the common sense of the words." "The community is only an 'aggregate'" (this, by the way, even in the material sphere, is contrary to economic fact; witness the unearned increment arising from association in labour); the State is "a purely imaginary body." If the Professor had confined himself to protesting against false ideas of "right," "justice," and so forth, one could have heartily agreed. These and kindred concepts have often been taken in far too narrow and scholastic a sense; they need to be vitalised and humanised. Rightly understood, they in no way

* "The Cost of a New World." By Kenneth MacLennan. (London: Edinburgh House Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

† "Superstition or Rationality in Action for Peace?" By A. V. Lundstedt, LL.D. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

contradict the criterion he himself upholds, the welfare, or "common good," of the community. Many of us would hold that anything which conflicts with this is *ipso facto* unjust. But "on the basis of the subjectiveness of all values," what is "welfare," what is "good"? It is all very well to refer us to "the objects which indisputably man actually strives to attain." That must tend to throw a most disproportionate emphasis on such tangible goods as "security for life and limb . . . food, clothing, dwellings—in short, all the comforts of life." It is true Professor Lundstedt demands, too, "the care of spiritual interests"; but, if there are no objective values, what real meaning is left to "spiritual interests"?

Further, what authority can be found for the proposed criterion, however exactly the content of "welfare" be understood? What our author seems to be really hankering after is something factually inevitable, or at least psychologically inevitable, once the purely positive data are clearly understood. In fact, no such inevitability is to be discovered. He is probably moved himself by a dim idea that since "common good" means good for everyone, universal self-interest would drive intelligent people to pursue it. But continually the individual can secure the largest share of many of the lower goods of life by disregarding the general interest. And if all values are purely subjective, why should he not? Even Professor Lundstedt thus finds himself driven back in fact on ideas which theoretically he has dismissed as superstitious. Thus he puts the following question, "Ought the right of property in land to have such a purport . . . or ought it not?" without observing that (as Bentham clearly saw and acknowledged) he has wiped out from the world all "ought-ness" of every sort or kind. Again, he is forced to rely in the end on (of all things!) "an awakened social conscience." It is odd, indeed, for so severely "scientific" a thinker to introduce suddenly, without explanation or definition, such a "superstitious" idea as conscience, which can only have any meaning at all in relation to some objective value, some kind of moral law, or "Law of Nature," or what you will, lying behind all institutions and positive laws. The Professor thinks such a conscience "will arise beyond doubt after the demolition of the superstitious legal ideas." He wisely abstains from giving any reason for this judgment. It is daring even as applied to individuals in their relations to their own national community; to tell nations as such that there is no objective morality, no such thing as justice, no duty of theirs, and no rights of their neighbours; and then to expect them to come together in peace and charity to build up a civilisation—that, one would think, could occur only to a lunatic—or a don!

With this fundamental issue unsettled, the kind of view that meanwhile comes natural to the ordinary man of goodwill, and some measure of intelligence, is illuminatingly revealed by Mr. B. G. de Montgomery in his "Issues of European Statesmanship."‡ He is, on the whole, an enlightened conservative. He commits, it is true, one or two economic howlers, betraying the sort of stupidity one especially associates with Oxford Senior common rooms at their worst. Thus, "the fixing of prices [by "supply and demand"] is the method by which industry is regulated automatically in the most convenient manner, i.e., in a way that will satisfy the needs and wishes of the community in proportion to the urgency of the demand." Again, "It is impossible to deny the fact established by experience as well as by theory, that the workers ultimately benefit by the savings of the capitalists." Once more he sets down "the reduction of capitalisation among 'the gravest objections' to a more socialised form of economic life. Still, these lapses are not

‡ Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.

Towards a New Social Synthesis.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

II.

Socialism is still the rallying cry of what we may call the Economic Opposition. But it is a cry which has lost much of its power to inspire, even as the Socialist programme has lost most of its capacity to illuminate. The reasons for this are largely familiar to readers of THE NEW AGE, though perhaps it will not be waste of time to glance at them in what follows. Yet I believe that any true movement for economic democracy will inherit from Socialism two things of no small importance. In the first place, I suggest that it will inherit that part of the Socialist philosophy which is constituted by its conscious and determined opposition to plutocracy. The term may appear to some as suspiciously rhetorical; I believe, on the other hand, that it is minutely accurate. By it, I, at any rate, mean the rule of those—a relative few—economically powerful, in virtue of their being so, and for purposes consonant with such a rule; initiative—in economic affairs certainly, in others very largely—in the hands of the few, and a mass with little wealth and no power. It is obvious to the discerning that the essential character of plutocracy is not really affected either by democratic forms in politics or the existence of a share-holding middle-class. To me it seems clear that the vicious and servile character of such a social order cannot be eliminated—though admittedly it can in certain respects be modified—merely by fresh injections of purchasing power, however equitably those injections are spread over the whole community. It seems to me equally clear also that such a society can never be satisfactorily and sufficiently reformed from above. In some measure—I should say in large measure—democracy must be the guarantee and the engine of emancipation, not merely its fruit.

Secondly, I believe that we need to inherit from Socialism the insistence upon the necessity of what H. G. Wells has called "a collective will and a collective mind." Individualism in economics has its rights and its achievements, of some of which I shall speak in what follows. But there are limits to its value, socially no less than spiritually. The economic evolution of the last 150 years does not encourage us to believe that the social order of "enlightened self-interest" is indeed rather to suspect interests. It inclines us indeed rather to suspect that self-interest never is enlightened so long as it is deliberately such. "Self-love and social" may be consistent with each other, but we cannot agree with Pope that Nature bade them to be "the same." If to hold these two points of view is to stamp ourselves as Socialist, we must be patient of the label. None the less, the authentic programme of economic democracy cannot accurately be so described. It differs from Socialism in four vital respects at least: it displays nothing of what we may call the "work-complex"; it has no hostility to the principle of individual property, but rather seeks to build upon it; it does not propose to cure the vices of private monopoly by the creation of public ones; it prefers, and it is able, to rely upon inducement rather than compulsion. In some circles it would be essential to explain these points at length, but it should not be necessary in THE NEW AGE. In regard to the first point, while there is much that might usefully be said on the future of work—and the subject may possibly be discussed later in these articles—"the eternal law of eternal toil," *pace* Lord Birkenhead, has already been repealed by science and invention. Nor is it the purpose of industry, as our generation seems to assume, to "provide employment." The continual tendency of Socialism to topple over into tyranny is largely due to its acceptance of that fundamentally capitalist conception—from which capitalists are by a kind of economic "natural right" excluded—that

"The proposed International Economic Conference provides another opportunity for extending the League's influence in the economic sphere. While the actual conference will not take place till some time in 1927, the real spade work of the Conference will be performed by a preparatory committee for the International Economic Conference which is expected to meet at Geneva on April 26. This committee will consist of thirty-two recognised experts in the world of finance, and economies and of four representatives of labour. None of the delegates will in any sense be representatives of their respective countries, and thus not only will strictest impartiality be maintained in the decisions of a preparatory conference, but these decisions will have also permanent value for the economic life of the world owing to the presence of such well-known economists as Arthur W. Gilbert, Massachusetts Commissioner of Agriculture, and W. T. Layton, editor of *The Economist*."—*Christian Science Monitor*, March 15.

§ "India." By Sir Valentine Chirol [*"The Modern World" Series*]. (Ernest Benn. 15s. net.)
|| "The Lordship of the World." By C. J. O'Donnell. (Cecil Palmer 5s. net.)

an income can only be the reward of socially recognised work. But whoever defines that, arrogates to himself a dictatorship for which there no longer exists any economic or psychological justification.

As to individual property, it may suffice if I associate myself with what Mr. Egerton Swann has recently written on the subject in these pages. Without it the inhabitant, whether of a capitalist, a collectivist, or a communist State, is a "passive citizen," with no guarantee of freedom, no opportunity of responsibility, and small outlet for that exercise of the will which is choice. It is not property in any valid sense, but predatory rights masquerading in its name, whose claws must be cut by the social regulation of credit and price. Again, with regard to monopolies, these do not cease to be dangerous merely by the process of becoming public. Necessary and valuable as they may be for exceptional purposes (e.g., the Post Office), they are fatal when they become the characteristic feature of a society. Nor is the only alternative to the Trust or the nationalised industry a cut-throat competition or a self-sufficient individualism. Competition as to quality and variety of products, and freedom to experiment in method are wholly compatible with a guild organisation of a loose character which would furnish a code of minimum standard and conditions for the whole industry concerned, and provide for co-operation in many matters in which the units can combine to help and strengthen each other, e.g., purchase of materials, marketing the product, insurance. The success of capitalism in the early years of the nineteenth century was not wholly inspired (though undoubtedly it was so very largely) by avarice and lust for power; it was also the fruit of genuine initiative and experiment on the part of quite humble people, such as has become quite impossible to the vast majority to-day, and the opportunity for which in a more social form we should consciously seek to restore. To do so, indeed, would be a part of our whole policy of seeking to find our social motive in initiative and inducement rather than in regulation and compulsion. I am convinced that this latter method is really inspired by the whole category of ideas which derives from the doctrine of economic scarcity, and to which Socialists are almost as much enslaved as their capitalist opponents.

Our "Socialism," then, is so much a Socialism-with-a-difference that it will amount when it is fully formulated to a new social synthesis. That synthesis will be, moreover, substantially of the present century, not only in its clear appreciation of the factors of the moment which require to be taken into account, but in its reliance upon contributions to social criticism which have been made, and perhaps could only have been made, in the last dozen years. Of these, three seem to me of especial significance, and to have vital inter-actions which have never been properly explored. Two of them may have been said to have made their formal debut in 1912. In that year appeared Hilaire Belloc's book "The Servile State," the influence and importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate, and of which one reader at least can say that after reading it his entire social perspective was altered, and permanently so. Along with this analysis there was vaguely shadowed forth a social alternative, Distributism, based on the contention that an economic resource for every citizen in the form of tangible assets was essential to the demands both of social freedom and individual happiness. That outline has never been satisfactorily filled in, but efforts in this direction have been instructive by reason of their very inadequacy. Meanwhile the same year which showed the poor man to be as a citizen in peril of passing into a status definitely servile, revealed him, in a notable series of NEW AGE articles, to be as a worker fatally dominated as to his industrial and political

outlook by the "permanent hypothesis" of the wage-system. Here again analysis was but a prelude to the preaching of a social alternative, in this instance far more completely worked out. The Guild Idea was not only a "way out" of the wage-system, but a considered attempt to find a free and responsible future for Trade Unionism. The worker, it was contended, while he is employed as a tool, has a "producer grievance" for which you cannot compensate him by arranging that he shall have a good time in his leisure; liberty and citizenship are not something which can be picked up in a man's spare time—or forgotten in the workshop. It is significant, though it was not well realised, that the Guild Idea was as much a protest against Socialism as it was against capitalism—in the name of vocation against external control of industry; in the name of liberty (interpreted as diffusion of power) against centralisation; in the name of economic reality against political illusions. This is not the place either to estimate the value of this body of thought, or to account for its seeming failure after half-a-dozen years of intensive thought and agitation. 1920 brought not only the slump which knocked the Guild programme out of practical politics, but those "new economics" which can alone render any hopeful change practicable. The Distributist had sought a remedy for the failure of political democracy; the Guildsman a means to the achievement of industrial democracy. Douglas pointed to the still more radical need of economic democracy, and laid down the technique for achieving it. The programme of Social Credit involves such large implications that it is not to be easily summarised. But it opens up four notable possibilities: finance withdrawn from private discretion, based on economic realities, and enabled to become automatic; an opportunity and a motive for society to realise its huge economic potentialities; a scientific basis for distributed property in the "social dividend"; reconciliation of the varied interests of the many and isolation of the tyrannical few. Here at last is the basis on which our new synthesis can be built.

A Vagabond in Denmark.

By Leopold Spero.

SUNLIT SOUND.—II.

XIV.

You came out to St. Jorgen's because neither St. Nicholas nor Our Lady could help you in the town in the search for a record of some obscure ancestor whose origins here you have been commissioned to discover. The bearded Pastor Schiöde, in his drowsy study in the rectory of Vor Fruenkirke, doing his best to meet your bad German with his worse, reached down fat volume after volume of the records, but could not help you. And then, since the Established Church of Scandinavia is the registrar of life's beginning and fulfilment and departure, whatever the religion of the subject, you left him to visit his brother, Pastor Hoege, at Sankt Nikolay, over the road and up across the slanting square. And he took off his spectacles, wiped them and replaced them on his nose, and peering round the humble sitting-room of his flat, took down more grand-paternal registers to find your friend's errand, mysterious for-bear. But he had no success, though he racked his brains to know the reason why, feeling that his pride was touched in the matter; and finally bethought himself that St. Jorgen's, out beyond the town, was also a part of Svendborg's municipal territory.

So you hastily hide the paper of cherrystones, crumpling it daintily in your pocket, and walk up with an air of unconvincing respectability, and say "Good day!" in your best Danish, only to be answered with an English "Good morning."

For it is their hallmark of good style, these comfortable middle-class townswomen, that they can

speaking English, not patchily, or with pathetic effort, but boldly, unashamed of a fault here and there, and eager to catch from conversation with the native vagabond the correction of their own mistakes. Yes, they tell you, this is the house of the pastor of St. Jorgen. He is not here, but his wife, his good, bustling wife, who makes the winter months in the little parsonage so comfortable by her thrifty hospitality of the summer, will come out in a moment if you will sit down. And through the half-opened door you see her rise from the floor, which she has been polishing so that it hurls back its spotless independence at the eye of the paying guest, and she comes bustling up, all smiles and courtesies, but flustered when she hears your errand. How concerned she is that the good pastor, who seldom gets so romantic a visit of enquiry, is not there to put things right. But she calls her daughter, a fresh and pleasant young woman with a generous supply of high-school English, and in a moment or two you are all so friendly over the faded registers that you feel as if all your clothes were already neatly packed away in some chest-of-drawers of one of the spotless rooms upstairs, under the sloping roof, in sight of the blue water, and in hand's reach, almost, of the fruit that hangs with such gay temptation from the gnarled and leafy arms of the orchard. But you cannot find your quest even here, and must give it up and talk of other things. And first of all your kindly hostess enquires where you are staying, and why not with her? And for two pins you would fling your arms around her ample shoulders and salute her cheek with a filial kiss.

But it cannot be; this taste of freshness and delight will linger after you are gone, as you must go now, under a shower of friendly greetings that wave down again through the orchard to the cottages by the shore, where you pay your pence and buy your towel, and after incredible blundering, which ends amid a peal of laughter, demonstrate, by search in the recesses of the good wife's anteroom, the bathing dress which you have sought in vain to translate into Danish. And soon you are swimming out through the gateway of the little sheds to the raft where tall young men help you from the limp, soft water, in which you still kick an idle toe as you brush back your hair and breathe the delightful wind which comes sighing so gently from the west. A friendly dog shakes himself beside you and barks at the little yacht which sweeps past conceitedly towards the town. The hillsides are as gas across the water as if they had been splashed upon a palette by some jolly painter on his holiday. There is life and laughter in every little prouetting wave, and joy in the caress of the warm, Baltic stream, so much lighter and sweeter than the great seas beyond the mainland, and you swim back with idle music in the movement of your limbs, and climb slowly and sedately up the steps to sun yourself at full length into dryness on the wooden boards.

Anon the distant hooter from the town warns you in your laziness, and the busy workers in field and factory, that it is noon-time, and you rise to dress with languid care, and stroll back with your towel and costume over your shoulder along the boarded jetty to the roadway by the shore, while a dainty little maiden turns to you as you pat her head, and lisps her news of the day.

"Jeg har været i Vanden."
Her tall and lovely Diana of a mother turns back to explain in faultless English.
"She has been in the water."

And the little maid leaves you to run and fling her arms round her mother's waist, and the two of them go singing to the shore, while some tall, good-looking, lucky fellow in a Copenhagen office holds his pen poised in mid-air while he wonders what his two beloved girls are doing on this delightful summer's day.

Notes of a Madman.

(A fragment by Leo Tolstoy.)

III.

We arrived. I entered a little room. The heavy smell of the corridor was in my nostrils. The porter brought in my portmanteau, the maid lit the candle. The candle flared up, then the flame drooped, as always happens. In the next room someone gave a cough, probably an old man. The maid went out, and the porter remained, asking whether he should unpack my portmanteau. The flame revived and lit up a wall paper, blue with yellow stripes, a screen, a worn table, a little sofa, a window, and the narrow size of the whole room. And suddenly the Arzamas terror stirred in me. "My God! How shall I spend the night here?" I thought.

"Please unpack it, dear fellow," I said to the porter in order to detain him. "I'll dress at once and go to the theatre," I thought.

The porter unpacked.
"Do, my dear fellow, tell the gentleman in number eight—he came with me—that I shall be ready directly and call on him."

The porter went out; I began to hasten to dress, afraid to glance at the walls. "What nonsense," I thought, "what am I afraid of, I'm not a child. I'm not afraid of ghosts. Of ghosts? I had rather be afraid of ghosts than of what I am afraid. Of what? Of nothing. Of myself. Oh, nonsense!"

However, I put on a stiff, cool starched shirt, pushed the studs through, put on an evening jacket, new shoes, and called on the Kharkov landowner. He was ready. We drove to the theatre, to hear "Faust." On the way there he stopped to have his hair trimmed. I had my hair cut at the French barber's, I chatted with the Frenchman, and bought a pair of gloves. Everything was right. I had quite forgotten my oblong room and the screen. In the theatre, too, it was pleasant. After the performance the Kharkov landowner suggested we should go and have supper. This was opposed to my habits, but when we came out of the theatre and he made the suggestion, I remembered the screen, and agreed.

It was after one o'clock when we returned to the hotel. I had had two glasses of wine, an unusual thing for me, but I felt cheerful. But no sooner had we entered the corridor with the shaded lamp, and the smell of the hotel had caught me, than a shiver of terror ran down my spine. But there was nothing to be done. I shook my companion's hand, and entered my room.

I spent an awful night, worse than that at Arzamas. Only in the morning, when in the next room the old man began coughing, I fell asleep, and not on the sofa. All night long I suffered times to lie down, but on the sofa. All night long I suffered unbearably; again, my soul was tormentingly rending itself from my body. I am alive, I lived, I must live, and all of a sudden—death, the destruction of everything. What is life for then? To die? . . . To kill myself right away? I am afraid. To wait until death comes? I am afraid still more. To live, then. What for? In order to die? I could not get out of that circle. I took a book, read it, forgot myself for a minute, and again the same question and terror arose. I lay down on the bed, shut my eyes—worse still.

God has done it. Wherefore? They say, don't ask, but pray. Right. I prayed; I prayed again now, just as I did in Arzamas. But there and afterwards I simply prayed like a child. But now my prayer had the meaning: "If Thou art, reveal to me: wherefore I exist and what am I?" I knelt, repeated all the prayers I knew, I composed my own, adding: "Do reveal then to me." And I fell into a silence and waited for an answer. But no answer came, as though there was no one who could answer. And I remained alone, with myself. And I kept on giving myself answers, instead of Him who did not wish to answer. "In order to live in a future life," I answered myself. But why then that uncertainty, that torment?

I was indignant. I asked Him to reveal to me the truth, to reveal Himself to me; I did everything which all are to do, yet He did not reveal Himself. "Ask and it shall be given unto you," I remembered, and I asked, and in that asking I found not comfort, but a respite. Perhaps I did not ask, but renounced Him. "Walk away a foot from Him, and he will walk away a yard from you." I did not believe in Him, but I asked, and yet He did not reveal anything to me. I called Him to account and condemned Him. I simply did not believe.

Next day I did my best to finish all my usual business in town so as to be spared another night in the hotel room.

I did not finish everything, and went home for the night. I felt no anguish. That Moscow night has still more changed my life, which had begun to change ever since that night at Arzamas. I began to concern myself still less with affairs, and an apathy came over me. I began also to grow weak in health. My wife demanded that I should take medical advice. She said that my talks about faith, about God, were due to ill-health. But I knew that my weakness and ill-health came from the unsolved question within me. I tried not to give way to that question, and endeavored by adhering to my habitual ways of living to fill life up. I went to church on Sundays and on feast days, I prepared myself for the sacrament, I even fasted, as I had begun doing since my journey to Penza, and I prayed, but rather by way of habit. I did not expect anything from it; it was as though I refused to tear up a bill of exchange and to protest it, despite the fact that I knew that the bill would not be met.

Once in the winter a neighbour—a hunter—called with hounds for a wolf hunt. I went with him. When we arrived at the place we put on our snow-shoes and went to the meet. The hunt was unsuccessful; the wolves broke through the beat. I heard it from a distance and began walking in the forest, following a recent hare trace. The trace led me away far into a meadow. In the meadow I found him. He jumped up and disappeared. I returned. I returned through a forest of big trees. The snow was deep, my snow-shoes stuck, the branches entangled me. It became more and more deserted. I began asking myself: Where am I? The snow has changed everything.

And I suddenly realised that I had lost my way. I am a long way from the house, and from the hunters, nothing can be heard. I was tired, all in a sweat. If I stopped, I should get frozen; if I walked on—my strength would give out. I called out. All was still. No one answered my call. I turned back. Wrong again. I looked round—only forest, no finding where is east or where west. I went back again. My feet were tired. I felt frightened, I stopped, and there came over me all the Arzamas and Moscow terror, but a hundred times increased. My heart thumped, my arms and legs trembled. Was death here? Death? I don't want him. Wherefore death? What is death? I wanted as before to question, to reproach God, but I suddenly felt then that I dared not, must not, that one can't call Him to account, that He has said what is needed, that I alone am at fault. And I began praying for His forgiveness, and became loathsome to myself.

The terror did not last long. I stood there, recovered, and made for one particular direction, and soon came out. I was not far from the fringe of the forest. I came out into the fringe and on to the road. My arms and legs kept on trembling as before and my heart thumping. But I felt joyous. I came up to the hunters, and we returned home. I was cheerful, but knew that I had been granted some happiness, that I should think it out when I was left to myself. And so it happened. I was left alone in my little study and began to pray, asking for forgiveness and recalling my sins. They seemed few to me. But I recalled them, and they became loathsome to me.

From that time I began to read the Holy Scriptures. The Bible was incomprehensible to me, fascinating; the Gospels elated me. But above all I read the Lives of the Saints, and that reading comforted me, presenting examples which seemed more and more possible of imitation. From that time on my farming and my family affairs occupied me less and less. They even repelled me. It all seemed to me not it. How and what it was I did not know, but what used to be my life ceased to be it. Once again I realised this when I thought of buying an estate.

An estate was for sale on very advantageous terms, not very far from us. I went there. Everything was excellent, a bargain. Particularly advantageous was the fact that the peasants' lands consisted only of vegetable gardens. I perceived that they were bound for a mere trifle, for mere pasture, to work on the landlord's lands. And so it turned out. I appreciated all this, and I liked it all through old habit. But I went home, and on my way I met an old woman; asking her the way, I had a talk with her. She told me of her poverty. I arrived home, and when I began telling my wife of the advantages of the estate, I felt ashamed. I was disgusted. I said I could not buy the estate, because our advantage was founded on the poverty and sorrow of the people. I said it, and suddenly I was illuminated by the truth of what I said—mainly, the truth of this, that the peasants are as eager to live as we are, that they are men, brothers, sons of the Father, as it says in the Gospel. Suddenly what had been tearing at me for a long time was torn away, as though born. My wife was angry, and reproached me. But I felt happy.

That was the beginning of my madness. But my complete madness began later still; a month after that.

It started with this. I went to church, stood through the mass, and prayed fervently, and listened, and was elated. And suddenly I was given the wafer; then the people went to kiss the cross, and began pushing one another; then, on coming out of church I saw beggars waiting. And suddenly it became clear to me that all this must not be. Not only must it not be, but that it was not; and if that was not, then there was no death and no fear, and there was no longer the former rending within me, and I was no longer afraid of anything.

And then the light fully illuminated me, and I became what I am. If all this was not, then first of all it is not in me. There and then, at the porch, I distributed among the poor all I had on me, thirty-five roubles, and walked home, talking to the people. . . .

Art.

The Form of Sculpture.

"Sculptural energy is the mountain. Sculptural feeling is the appreciation of masses in relation. Sculptural ability is the defining of these masses by planes."—"Vortex," by H. Gaudier-Brzeska, "Blast," No. 1, June 20, 1914.

Man, experiencing the shapes of his world, re-groups, re-forms them to express and communicate his wonder at their original creation. He simulates the energy of the mountain, known also in the growing tree, by setting up stones to which he gives his own image.

Intense appreciation of energy, stability, and emotional significance is found in the touchstone of sculptural art, the simple carved granites of Egypt. In these stones man has given to man spiritual food. He may be at rest, his tumult stilled by contact with the hard, cold mass; but in that moment when he seems physically annihilated by concentrated force his spirit may be set free. The form of man, so rooted and so shaped in earth, becomes a god, the majesty of whose image has not been attained by any subsequent fashioners of the human body.

Man has elsewhere fashioned, however, non-human bodies that reach a majesty of their own. Compared with Egypt, China seems to smile and find serenity in those stone monsters which guard her ancient tombs. The form of beast, so rooted and so shaped in earth, becomes a god also.

In ancient Indian and ancient American sculpture, human and non-human bodies move together and both seem to surrender their godhead to that power which gives and takes their ecstatic life, which controls in equilibrium the universe of which they are a part.

Whilst man remains in his present state upon the earth which bears him, so will his body be the supreme symbol for sculptural art; but that it is to-day, comparatively speaking, so rarely significantly enhanced, associated with, or related to, other forms, reveals one aspect of the poorness of spirit which pervades so much modern art. Apart from the largely traditional work of such masters as Rodin, Maillol, and Mestrovic, there has been experiment, and the names, Archipenko, Atkinson, Boccioni, Brancusi, Dobson, Epstein, Gaudier-Brzeska, Lipchitz, and Modigliani, will suggest some of its directions. Thankful as one may be to the pioneer, has he not sometimes led only into a cul-de-sac? Boccioni, for instance, in his studies of movement, seems as sculpturally impotent as does the academician who gracefully carves a bevy of nymphs emerging from cloudland, and "The Rock Drill," by Epstein, no less than "The Artillery Memorial," by Jagger, must bear, to a great extent, the reproach of being reproduced rather than recreated shape.

Consider the infinite structural forms of animal, vegetable, and mineral produced by Nature and the infinite structural forms evolved by man in this scientific and mechanical age; and then think of the modern sculptor's vision. No economic handicap wholly accounts for the want of enterprise, for the lack of attentiveness to the forces about him, to the forces which will master him unless he learns to master them. For the purposes of his art these forces must be apprehended for the significance of their shapes whose masses he has to define by planes and unless he can maintain something of that primeval sense of wonder before the function of created form the sculptor's art will die.

The student should question carefully whether there is any modern continental sculptor who has shown in his art that he possesses so deep an imaginative insight as that inherent in the "Capek play," "R.U.R.," or any modern British sculptor who has shown the imaginative alertness of that short piece of prose, "A Platonic Marriage," by T. Sturge Moore, or, to take yet another art, has exhibited the form-sensitiveness of those flame-like drawings, by Austin Osman Spare, in which the birth of pictorial expression seems to be mirrored.

ERNEST COLLINGS.

Drama.

What Might Happen: Savoy.

"What Might Happen" dispenses with a note of interrogation because its author, Mr. H. F. Maltby, is answering, not asking. Disclaiming any pretence to Art, he confesses extravagance only to excuse it on the ground that, having no other aim than to amuse, he has a right to take the means where he can get them. He accordingly takes refuge in the axiom that anything might happen, and asserts that, if he succeeds in amusing, he succeeds. Criticism is not so easily disarmed. While not denying that Mr. Maltby has provided a comedy containing more and deeper chuckles than any revue extant, and not denying even his right to compose with his tongue in his cheek, it does deny—I do not shrink from the unæsthetic metaphor—his right to put it out. "What Might Happen" is only the nearest thing to a great domestic comedy since the "White Headed Boy." Mr. Maltby ought, and he knows he ought, to have created that great comedy, for which the ideas and the material had been delivered into his hand. Forsaking the goal within reach of it cannot be kept from discovering a censure by the plea that there was never any intention but philandering. Thus that there was never any intention but philandering does Mr. Maltby's refuge in the office of mere entertainer does not vouchsafe him any sanctuary from criticism—even in his own mind.

So much for art. For the rest, the colony of deposed aristocrats driven as a result of the complete victory of the profiteers to dwell, like some of the more resourceful of the present unemployed, in old buses and railway coaches on the South Downs, and to subsist on poultry, odd jobs, and the dole, while preserving at the same time such dignity and formality as they could in memory of their more illustrious days; all [this was cheerful nonsense. And the cast extracted every ounce from it. Fred Kerr and Lilian Braithwaite as Lord and Lady Tottenham—though Lady Tottenham had more leisure in the play than she ought to have had—presented an enchanting picture as supernumerary aristocrats looking for any sort of unskilled work. When they got the job of pulling daisies out of the profiteer's lawn, so far from aristocratically doubting whether the indignity were not a shade worse than pushing them out, they experienced the relief of the unemployed labourer suddenly offered a standing wage by a model employer. They were in clover.

Dressed—it hardly seems the word—in corduroys tied up at the knees, Fred Kerr was unmistakably a lord still, so that there was no wonder he could go on living on the commons. To hear him sympathise with Countess Strong i' th' Arm as she fondly re-read her old copy of Debreit with "These upstarts read only 'Who's Who,'" was like bumping into the archetype of baronial disdain. His exposition of the housing problem, his mind never again to live in a Southern Railway coach if he could help it, apart from showing his fine aristocratic temper, is a hint worth remembering by other house-hunters. Obviously, the Great Western is the line, though one only wants to stop at home and pluck daisies.

This is an occasion for applauding a whole cast. George Elton's broker's man, taking an inventory of the aristocrat's apple-barrel furniture, demonstrated the ease with which one who knows how can get half a gallon of good liquor out of a small pint-pot. Elizabeth Arkell as Lady Ursula, daughter of Lady Strong i' th' Arm, played the utterly impossible board-school servant-girl in a jolly, lively style, and although she behaved as though she were thirteen when she was supposed to be eighteen, the responsibility for that is Mr. Maltby's. She recalls, however, an especially enjoyable experience in Mr. Maltby's people. Board-school girl, broker, profiteer, got their vernacular right. Mr. Maltby carries conviction that he really knows what his characters are saying. The board-school girl replies to the advances of the profiteer's son: "I expect you take me for a pie-can," and throughout her vernacular is neither too little nor too much, neither impression nor caricature.

Lady Strong i' th' Arm, whatever her surroundings, could never have been mistaken for anything but an aristocrat, not when she went out to milk the goat, and came empty away because, at six of the morning, an illustrious neighbour had already been poaching. It was obvious, of course, that Mrs. Patrick Campbell could not have been reduced to such straits, for if her Lady Strong i' th' Arm had not been provided with a mansion in Mayfair and the post of tutor in speech and deportment to the profiteers she would surely have been thus treated by the young actresses of the time. To hear her deal with the newly rich when his boy had been caught kissing her daughter was a classic not only of lordly superiority, but of the delivery of common speech. "Sons of wealthy landlords do not marry the daughters of village peers." I wondered if the author

meant all that he implied, by the way, when my lady of Debreit, as a final fling of contempt, called the profiteer an "aborigine." What show Lilian Braithwaite got was in the consolatory heart to heart chat with Lady Strong i' th' Arm in the middle of a moonlight flit, which gradually became a dispute on the pride of ancestry. It was like the unemployed debating football and philosophy in the queue.

It was all very improbable, and sometimes incredible. People came in and out, when Mr. Maltby had something for them to do, as incontinently as at a pantomime. When the countess consented to marry the profiteer, and her daughter was affianced to the profiteer's son, I wanted to amend the Prayer Book in the interest of the common people to prevent such an unholy alliance. Another good reason would be that it would compel Mr. Maltby to turn this sixty per cent. comedy and forty per cent. farce into a hundred per cent. comedy, the comedy it ought to have been.

PAUL BANKS.

Reviews.

"Artwork": No. 7: Summer: 1926. (27 Eastcastle Street, W.1.)

Amid the usual varied fare two articles stand out. That by Mr. Clive Bell, "A Re-formation of the English School," is opportune because the members of the London Artists' Association—Adeny, Keith Baynes, Vanessa Bell, Dobson, Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, and Porter—in view of the holding of the first exhibition, at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Bell is unintentionally funny, for in his anxiety to assert that in this Association there is the nucleus of a modern British school he mentions the name of Cézanne ten times. However useful may be attention to the lessons of the French painter, a disregard of them does not necessarily prevent artists from being heirs to a native tradition. The older masters of the British school named by Mr. Bell are linked to the painters of to-day by other no less national artists, such as Madox Brown and Frith. The heirs to a true British tradition include to-day in addition, for instance, to Duncan Grant (the outstanding figure of the six painters in the Association), painters as different as William Nicholson, James Pryde, William Roberts, and Bertram Nicholls, whose "Swange Tower," reproduced in "Artwork," owes nothing to Cézanne and provides a useful contrast to the six reproductions of paintings by members of the Association which should not need to be insulated in order to develop to the satisfaction of its enthusiastic originators. "Form in Pottery," by W. A. Thorpe, gives for the illustration of its argument, reproductions of sixteen pieces, ranging from an ancient Greek krater to a pot by Bernard Leach, who, to the delight of lovers of the art, has proved once more, at his recent exhibition at the Paterson Gallery, his mastery of honest craftsmanship.

E. C.

The Man Nobody Knows. By Bruce Barton. With an Introduction by the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley, M.A. (Constable. 2s. 6d.)

Here is the let-us-be-joyful of Mr. Babbitt, who discovers that Christ had a human side, and proceeds to tell the world about it, as if the Fathers had not spent fifteen centuries of earnest labour in seeing that the world should never know, or quickly forget. An English business man into whose hands it came from this reviewer remarked that it was a change to get a clear line of ethics instead of Christian mysticism, and a day or two in the company of a great teacher instead of the fear of God. Featuring the Miracles and Acts as front-page stories, Mr. Barton manages to divert us and gain a certain respect for his sincerity. And even if he sets our old-fashioned teeth on edge, it does not follow that his strident harmonies jar upon transatlantic nerves.

The Nine Days. By A. J. Cook. (Labour Research Department, 162, Buckingham Palace-road, S.W.1. 6d. net.)

"The Story of the General Strike told by the Miners' Secretary." This 24-pp. pamphlet gives a clear summary of the events leading to the strike, and to the "crawl off"—the Communist writer has described it. It contains all the essential facts so far as Mr. Cook knows them, and should be useful to speakers and writers who will have occasion to refresh their memory of them. "But J. H. Thomas said to me personally, when I asked him whether the Government would accept the Samuel proposals and what were his guarantees: 'You may not trust my word, but will you not accept the word of a British gentleman who has been Governor of Palestine?'"

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