

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Last Sunday was the date of the septcentenary of the death of St. Francis, and the rock of Assisi is being washed in a swirl of pilgrims from the farthest seas of mankind. Its spiritual lamp is being trimmed with all the solemnity that Church, State, and People can bring to the ceremony. The *Observer* asks how this enthusiasm is to be explained. "Why, after seven hundred years, are all hearts and minds drawn rather, as if we had known him in our own lives, to the lowly one and man of humility?" Partly, it replies, his "irresistible charm," partly his "gaiety in austerity and pain." But it proceeds, "there is something far beyond this"—

"St. Francis was wedded to an idea, the Lady Poverty, and with every gift for human happiness in the ordinary sense, he renounced all the material joys and possessions of this world. . . . He made his life a self-crucifixion in honour of the Crucified, but took care to make it a singing martyrdom that all other men and women should feel their troubles lighter."

The emphasis here is in the wrong place. Whatever of spontaneity is in the attitude of the multitude towards this great Saint arises, to use the *Observer's* phrase, from the "all-kindness extended by one tender spirit to all the humbler life that breathes." The correspondent of that newspaper, in his message from Rome, intuitively feels this, for he writes that—

"It is the wish of many Italians that something might be done to teach children to love and respect the birds St. Francis protected. A holocaust might also be made of all the snares and nets for the trapping of song birds in Italy as a fitting memorial to the Saint who saw his Creator in every living thing, however humble."

"Who saw his Creator in every living thing, however humble." That is the St. Francis who draws all men unto him. Not the St. Francis who is presented as prescribing a "singing martyrdom" for men, but the St. Francis who set his face against a "singing martyrdom" of "song birds." "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father" is an immortal saying; but what of those who are "of more value

than many sparrows"? If St. Francis could speak to-day, and wished for a memorial, the holocaust he would desire would be one of the snares and nets for the trapping of men. As Earl Balfour might say, "We are all Franciscans now." That is to say, the "best people" nowadays are whole-hearted believers in the doctrine of the "singing martyrdom" of men. Yes, they are more Franciscan than St. Francis. Who but super-Franciscans would have introduced legislation against cruelty to animals before they thought of legislating against cruelty to children? Who but they will fine a coal-peddler should he work a horse with a sore under its collar, the while that they are slashing at the shoulders of coal-miners with the whip of starvation? They are far too humane, if not too prudent, to say "Let them eat grass"; they invoke the Little Brother to exhort them to sing. So music stand in lieu of grub—play on. How much more fitting a hymn than five loaves and two fishes. We hope St. Francis will slumber peacefully through these celebrations. He preached cheerful endurance of what could not be cured; but what if he should hear his preaching prostituted to justify an arbitrary infliction of economic martyrdom on the humble creatures whom he once wrapped round with his infinite compassion? It is our last wish to disparage, however remotely, the voluntary assumption of poverty on the part of one who thereby fulfilled the laws of his being. At the same time, it must be remembered that for that very reason the act was not an example of martyrdom, it was the manifested impulse of an epicure. As Emerson reflected, nature exacts a price for everything. St. Francis craved for something which he could not attain except by the renunciation of material things. He gave up what he did not want so much, and got in exchange what he wanted more. The lesson of his life is that he found out what was necessary to his nature. And in so far as he leads men to be sure what it is that their natures really want, his life has its purpose in the scheme of things. That man does not live by bread alone is a profound truth, of which the rich may well be constantly reminded. That he cannot live at all without bread is a profounder truth of which the poor need no reminder.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade, estimates the direct loss, in output alone, caused by the coal stoppage, as probably not less than £200,000,000. How this figure is arrived at he does not explain. But from a national point of view the assertion needs some explanation. It suggests that if there had not been a coal lockout this country would have sold goods to this value, which, as the case is, it has not. So far as home trade is concerned, to the extent to which goods have not been sold they have not been bought: so that the potential buyers must still have their £200,000,000 in reserve, unspent. In that case there has been no "loss" to the nation as a whole. At the worst there has been a suspension of sales. If Sir Philip cared to retort that the potential buyers have not got the money, and that what he means is that if there had been no stoppage the credit system would have created £200,000,000 to enable them to make their purchases, that would be an answer of sorts; but even so it would not of itself prove more than that there had been a suspension of credit creation and issue reflecting the suspension of production, leaving it to be hoped that when production was resumed the £200,000,000 would appear. But of course Sir Philip's estimate is based upon considerations of foreign trade. While the mining industry has been idle, foreign coal producers have been supplying our overseas markets, and ourselves as well. What he means is presumably that we have not only missed orders from abroad, but have had to give orders abroad, for coal; and that the injury inflicted on us by these two consequences is represented by the above sum of £200,000,000. Before leaving this question of financial computation, let us admit at once that doubtless money has been lost—by consumers of coal. We do not know (we hope someone will elicit the information in the House) at what price coal has been imported during the lockout. Considering the size of the unsaleable dump of, we think, 13 million tons in Belgium and Germany alone before it occurred, we imagine the figure should have been reasonable. However, what we know is that in the suburb where these Notes are now being written people are being charged 4s. 3d. per hundredweight. But the point we want to make is physical rather than financial. In terms of physical reality this country has gained, and not lost, through the coal stoppage. The missing of foreign orders for coal means the conservation of our coal resources; and the importation of coal means an increase in our coal resources. Accepting Sir Philip's figure as a common measure of value, we may say that the Real Credit of this country has been relatively increased by £200,000,000. The reason why there appears to be a loss is simply the fact that the administrators of our financial system refuse to recognise Real Credit as the basis on which to issue financial credit. All foreign trade can be considered as representing so many loans of Real Credit—that is so many advances of goods and services between various countries. In the present instance, Britain possesses all the coal she would have exported, plus all the coal she has imported. She has stopped lending coal, and has been borrowing coal. Where is the "loss"? Bearing this physical aspect of the situation in mind, let us consider for a moment a speech of Earl Balfour's at Leeds last Saturday. We take our extracts from the *Observer's* report (the italics being ours)—

"We all knew that Great Britain was the leader of the modern movement of industrialism. That gave us a great advantage, but it carried with it some consequences which were not wholly advantages."

That is to say, Great Britain began the game of lending Real Credit abroad and discouraging its repayment, so as to get a "favourable balance of trade." Of course consequences "not wholly advantageous" accrued. A continuous and cumulative draining away

of Real Credit could produce no others. Listen to Earl Balfour's summary of them—

"Our difficulties mainly arose from the fact that here was a population packed close in a very small island, which was quite incapable of producing the necessities of life for the population which inhabited it. The inevitable result of that was that if the population was to live it must obtain those necessities from foreign countries. To do that it must export."

On this reasoning it would seem that if one could only discover a country which was not densely populated, and which was quite capable of producing the necessities of life for its population, that country would not be under an *actual necessity* to export at all. Well, such countries can be found. There are Canada, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand to begin with. Can Earl Balfour say of any of these that its insistence on opportunities for exporting is a whit less tense than our own? He cannot. Again, his remarks imply that these countries will insist that we pay for their exports to us in other exports of our own. But he himself testifies against that assumption.

"I observe that the things we can produce are things we do not produce without rivals. On the contrary, there are competitors for all we can make in other great producing countries."

And these competitive rivals are to be found (Earl Balfour omits to emphasise this) in the very countries from which we seek to draw our supplies of food. These countries, far from exacting industrial products from us in payment for food, are insisting on facilities for sending us industrial products *as well as the food*. They, like we, want to get rid of as large an excess of Real Credit as they can. It passes our wit to tell how it can be that experienced statesmen like Earl Balfour did not foresee years ago that this country could not continue to make a living by setting up every other country in business for itself. The idea, for instance, of our exporting cotton-weaving machinery and cotton goods side by side to India for ever and ever has only to be mentioned to be scoffed out of a court of seven-year-old schoolboys. Yet that is exactly what Earl Balfour is suggesting in principle. Then what is the real explanation? Why should the world appear to be full of philanthropic nations all intent on advancing Real Credit to each other, and none willing ever to be repaid? Nothing but this one fact, that their respective banking systems will only finance production for export: so that the exhaustion of a country's Real Credit is accompanied by monetary affluence within that country; its conservation by monetary penury. Banking policy is thus in direct conflict with economic common sense, not to speak of humanitarian considerations. And so we come back to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister and his ineffable computation of "loss" through the coal lockout. Whatever the monetary amount this country may find itself short of when the crisis is over, will be lost not as a necessary consequence of the suspension of work, it will be a bankers' fine on the country for having increased its Real Credit. But why, someone may ask, should the banks wish to stimulate these unnecessary, because unwanted, exports of physical resources which could otherwise be worked up into forms suitable for the use of home populations? Because the absence of economic scarcity in the community would weaken its dependence on loan-finance, and to that extent impede the grandiose scheme of world government which the international money controllers have set before themselves. The intoxication of power.

The forthcoming Imperial Conference will have before it the situation created by the Pact of Locarno. Under this Pact Great Britain is under contingent obligation to go to war. But the British Empire as such is not, for Article IX. provides that

"The present treaty shall impose no obligation upon

any of the British Dominions, or upon India, unless the Government of such Dominion, or of India, signifies its acceptance thereof."

Now the British Commonwealth, under international law, is a single international entity. If Great Britain went to war, the rest of the Empire would be at war. Moreover, if, under the advice of any Dominion Government, the King went to war, Great Britain and the rest of the Empire would be at war. This means that Great Britain or any one of the Dominions can involve her partners in hostilities without their consent. This is inconsistent with the doctrine of responsibility. What to do about it is one of the problems the Dominion Premiers will have to tackle. And it is not an easy one to resolve. For instance, unless Canada has a grievance worth her fighting for against America, she will not commit herself to the risk of being invaded by American forces as a result of an American breach with Britain or some other Dominion. The *Round Table* for September discusses the situation at length. It quotes a suggestion that the dilemma could be avoided by arranging that any Dominion should have the right to declare itself a non-combatant in a war involving its partners, but proceeds—

"On examination, however, this solution proved to be no solution, because it was seen to involve the dissolution of the Commonwealth itself" . . . for such a Dominion would have to make a declaration of neutrality, which means that it "would have to intern any British soldiers or officials who happened to be within its borders, it would have to refuse its harbours and ports to British vessels of war, it would have to give trade facilities to the enemy and allow it to use its territory for legitimate purposes of espionage, propaganda, and so on. Inasmuch as it is obviously impossible for the Crown to be both at war and at peace or neutral at the same time, a declaration of neutrality would in fact be a declaration of secession, with all the consequences, constitutional and otherwise, that that would entail. British citizenship, with all that it means for travel and business in all parts of the world, would disappear. It is obvious that under existing circumstances there is no way out along this line, for the sentiment of Imperial unity is strong enough to forbid it."

However, as the writer of the article goes on to say, the fact that there is no general formula which will adequately avoid this dilemma, need not prevent the Conference acting upon the practical conclusions of the above facts, even if the outcome be illogical and anomalous, for that is no novelty in the British Commonwealth, "nor has want of logic or theory destroyed its working utility in the past." This commonsense remark, with all its implications, is happily summarised by another writer on the same subject elsewhere in the same Review, in a heading to his article—

"Do you know your part?" asked the producer of the play.

"No," said the actor; "and I don't even know what part I'm going to play: but it will be all right on the night."

John Bull's traditional method of "blundering through" has this distinct advantage, that in its very nature it is beyond previous definition. It saves him from self and partners from messing about with verbal futilities, while at the same time it leaves his potential enemies guessing at what he will actually do "on the night." "Cut the cackle," is his attitude, "and wait till the Four Horsemen come out." Thus the writer to whom we refer is able cheerfully to prophesy that Locarno will remain unratified by the Dominions. The ultimate security for mutual military offence and defence is blood. Kinship is mightier than penmanship. But let us change our mood. It is a scandal that reflections like these should find a place in discussions of international relationships to-day. What risks of war there are—and they are many and grave—are risks arising directly from a financial policy which not one of the rival nations who grapple with them is responsible. What the Dominions are in effect saying

to Great Britain—that they will not be committed to war without their previous participation as responsible members of the Commonwealth—could be said many times as appropriately by all the Great Powers to the few hundred individuals who are making war inevitable and yet will themselves take no part in it otherwise than by enslaving the combatants with fresh debts. We have indicated how they are doing it in our previous Note, and thereby indicated the direction in which political Governments must move to assure the Peace they aspire to. Whether the Locarno Pact is designed as a constructive basis for some concerted move on the part at least of some European Powers, or whether, failing that, Mr. J. F. Darling's proposals for the economic unity of the Empire based on Empire credit are in the minds of those responsible for the Imperial Conference arrangements, we do not know. But what is certain is that no political agreement of whatever magnitude will be worth the parchment it is written on if the signatories ignore the implications of the credit policy that is now being imposed upon them. Every European Government that refrains from controlling the policy of its central bank is itself governed by Wall Street. If they think that under Dollar domination there is room for them all in the economic world they are profoundly mistaken. Armageddon will be a logical necessity, if only to decide who must be pitched out.

Press reports say that the Guardians in the areas of the coal lockout have borrowed in all no less than £10,000,000. Divide this amount by the time the dispute has lasted, and it will be found that the rate at which this money has been advanced is approximately equal to that at which the coal subsidy was issued. We recommend this fact to the attention of the Church leaders who have been maligned as ignorant busybodies for suggesting financial assistance based on a resumption of work. At first blush it may occur to them to deride the Government for actually continuing the subsidy while formally refusing it. But there is method in the madness of the financial authorities who hire the Government. The original subsidy was debited against the Government as representing the taxpayers. The new subsidy is being debited against the Guardians as representing the ratepayers. But whereas the taxpayers were immediately responsible for the repayment of the subsidy proper, the ratepayers are only contingently responsible for the repayment of the pseudo-subsidy. The explanation was given by us on September 9 when we described how Poor Law Relief was now largely recoverable as a loan to the recipients. That is to say that the upheaval in the coal industry is the direct outcome of the mere transference of the burden of the subsidy from the shoulders of the taxpayer to those of the miners. We leave the Church leaders to make the necessary comments on this piece of strategy for themselves. They need not be financial experts to do it the justice it deserves.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"It must be remembered that M. Caillaux is publicly committed to two sweeping reforms, the first of which is the subjection of the Bank of France to the State, and the second the abolition of all limitations on the note issue."—*The Statist*, June 26.

"Instalment selling . . . is a much more elaborate machinery of individual credit-giving than has ever been known before."

"The Government is out to compel the nation (Belgium) to spend less and work more, once and for all to banish the evil habits and root out the mushroom growths to which we are living like rich people and they are the words which the writer found ringing in his ears as perhaps the surest indication of an intention to solve the financial problem at all costs."—*The Statist*, August 21, 1926.

Heterodoxy in Propaganda.

II.

In the last article it was shown that popular Social Credit propaganda should be directed to the end of securing students and not of making converts on the spot. Its governing rules can be summed up in the phrase: Reticence in what concerns the technique, but outspokenness in what concerns the outlook, of the New Economics. Really, a fulfilment of the injunction, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." What you want to do for the people—that is for the people to approve: how you're going to do it is not for the people to approve. This is a complete inversion of present-day propagandism. Take the outstanding example of mass propaganda—the Election Campaign. The professional politicians are as outspoken as you like in regard to the techniques of their several conflicting methods, but as obscure as possible in regard to the outcome of these methods. Promises they make in plenty, but no precise commitments as to time, place, or form of fulfilment. The propagandist of Social Credit, on the other hand, can promise a high standard of living, *now, here*, and through the emission of *gratuitous new credit* for consumption; and will thus supply the studied omissions of the orthodox politician. In so doing he will be not so much persuading his hearers to approve of his object as bringing up out of their sub-consciousness into their consciousness the fact that *they do already* approve it. There is hardly an individual to be found anywhere who would not say yes to the question: "Would you like to be better off in this world's goods if this can be done without depriving anyone else of the same benefit?" Therefore, the whole weight of Social Credit propaganda should be directed to the end of (a) making everybody put that question to himself, (b) assuring him that there is a sound economic technique for accomplishing his desire, and (c) insisting that its accomplishment is a moral necessity. For example, a public speech devoted to the economic and moral justification of spending, and the damnation of saving, while it will raise immediate superficial resistances in the minds of the audience, is bound to strike a responsive chord in their hearts. "It can't be true," they may think. "But I wish it was," they will feel. Similarly with the other antithetical concepts enumerated in the previous article. Is it not antecedently certain that everyone will *want* to believe in a doctrine which says that the nation's prosperity must begin with his own? On the other hand, is it conceivable that anyone *wants* to believe in the present doctrine that the nation's prosperity can only come about at the expense of his own? Nevertheless, so ingrained is the habit of people to distrust the morality of what they really desire that no half-hearted submissions of the contrary idea will counteract it. Not only must the propagandist of Social Credit use arguments, but he must contrive to invest them with such corrosive conviction as to etch out all these inhibitions. The Apostle Paul affords an example. For all his ability in controversy, it is doubtful if it had a tinge of the effect of that declaration of his— "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Notice that this character of propaganda does not require the speaker to be an adept in arguing the Social Credit analysis and technique. If he happens to be one, so much the better—for he never knows but what some Nicodemus may come tapping at his door after nightfall. Nevertheless, even he must reserve something which appears worth calling for, and must school himself against his impulse prematurely to open up the complex money question in public. He must, of course, repeatedly state

that the key to emancipation is the money key; but that is an entirely different proposition from attempting to describe its pattern. (Let anybody try to paint a word picture of an ordinary key, and he will find this out: it is almost as difficult as Mr. Belloc's suggested experiment of describing the method of tying a knot.) Equally important it is that he insists that this key is different in a vital respect from every other money key, namely, that it is the only key so constructed as to engage *all* the wards of the economic deadlock. (The reference here being to the fact that the New Economics alone deal with the problem from the bank-credit end and the retail-price end *simultaneously*.) The psychological efficacy of reticence—of holding back something—is recognised in practical affairs every day. Nine-tenths of the victims of share swindles are caught on this hook—the swindler pretending that it will be very difficult to let them participate in the imaginary fortune to come, but he will "see what he can do." This principle is no less efficacious in the case of an honest proposition. Social Credit is a lady in the market of courtship: she makes herself desired, but cloaks her own desire with modesty: she is not sure she wants to sell, but she doesn't mind considering offers. Moreover, in observing such a principle a public speaker is countering in advance a very prevalent piece of heckling. Thus:

VOICE: "Well, if this new scheme you refer to is so certain, how is it that nobody has thought of it before?"

SPEAKER: "I have already given one explanation in my address. Because of the difficulty of understanding it. I'll add another. It has been thought of before; but by people who took good care not to announce it, people in the innermost circles of authority. What has happened has been a recent *independent re-discovery* of this hidden secret by someone who realises the importance of its being revealed to everybody capable of appreciating the evidence.

"Let me illustrate. Supposing the monopolists of the diamond mines found out how to make large diamonds out of carbon at the cost of a penny each. They would not use the process; for, if they did, and closed the mines, and everybody would know that there was such a process and would try to find it out. So the monopolists would lock away the formula and go on pretending that there was no way to get diamonds but by the expensive method of mining them. That is precisely the position of the financial monopolists. They know, not how diamonds could be made and sold for a fraction of their present price, but something of much more importance to you, how food, clothes, houses, and everything else necessary to your comfort in this life can be sold at a fraction of current prices without reducing wages. But, like the diamond monopolists, they do not think it good for you to have those benefits. Very well: now someone comes along and finds out the secret; but he holds the contrary view, namely, that it is good for you to have them—and further, that the prosperity of the State depends on your having them. That is why you have had to wait so long for the announcement which I am making here to-day. Anyone competent to do so may study the method and prove the principles on which it is based; but, as I have said, it requires systematic study, patience, perseverance. What I have said to you is not to make converts of you all, but to enrol students from among you."

Thus as regards propaganda in the market place. The process of instructing students follows orthodox lines and lies outside the scope of this article. But as and when they are converted, they are bound to bring forward difficulties of their own concerning what should be done, not to extend the teaching of the theory of Social Credit, but to get it adopted. They will perceive that if the teaching is selective and not general there cannot result a body of public opinion massive enough to exert effective pressure on any Government. If they are told that such pressure is not relied on to effect the change, they will ask on what alternative reliance is placed. This difficulty will be discussed in a concluding article.

ARTHUR BRENTON.

The Dean of St. Paul's.

In the reply written by Dean Inge to the critics of his recent work there is a great deal both well-founded and accurately stated. One may even add the virtue of courage to this blunt expression of his views. He has no illusion, for example, about the friendliness of America, whatever may be the sentiments of a minority of half-Europeanised Americans. He is alive to the fact that this tiny island of England is the centre of an empire which may not endure for ever. He perceives the necessity for a foresighted revision of British national policy. In a paragraph to itself, not, as it happens, burned into his readers' minds by bigger type, he goes so far as to say that "there is a racial as well as a political imperialism, and, in my opinion the prospects of the former are more favourable than those of the latter." If the Dean meant by this what might conceivably be meant, there would be hope of a useful and Christian future for him. Unfortunately, I fear he means something far more exclusive.

For one thing, the Dean excludes from the race the mass of the working-people, especially the trade unionists. One of his lasting aversions is the tyranny exercised by the miners over the "educated back-bone of England." "There can be no doubt," he writes, "that the general strike was a revolutionary plot hatched at a time when the working-classes, except for unemployment, were fairly prosperous." Such a collection of mis-statements, such a qualification of "prosperous," could be uttered only by an advocate speaking to a brief before a packed jury. The general strike, so far from beginning because it was revolutionary, came to an ignominious end the instant its leaders feared that it might be revolutionary. The rest of the statement is not reasoning, but rationalisation; it is merely a symptom betraying the hatred that lies deeper. That is why it does not need a reply.

I recollect that some time ago Dean Inge quoted Professor Jacks to the effect that "producers of good articles respect one another, producers of bad despise one another and hate their work." There is sufficient truth in this to require something to be done about it, and the Dean, I recollect, had his remedy. "It may be necessary for those who recognise the right of the labourer to preserve his self-resistance to the trade unions." It is a fine example of Christian reasoning to conclude that the quality of the trade unionist has deliberately made his work hateful, so that he might despise his fellows. There are occasions when even facts matter, and this appears to be such an occasion. The trade unionist has defended the standard of quality throughout his history, not always in the best strategic manner, but certainly against the Dean's chosen people. Quality has deteriorated because manufacturers have cared solely for cheapness, speed, and quantity, with little regard for the trade unionist's desperate struggle to keep his craft a skilled one. To extract and to make the recalcitrant labourer more easily replaceable, whether ultimately right or wrong, has been the conscious policy for some time, not only of the manufacturers that Dean Inge might now regard as the upper classes, but of their salaried servants; and the removal of skill has tended to destroy both quality and character, in the product and in the producer respectively.

The working-classes are not the only people Dean Inge does not love. He has a frank absence of love for all social-wreckers, including the middle-class anti-Protestants. In addition, there are nations besides America which come under his censure and

dislike, wronged nations whose efforts to pull themselves together and follow their own fate constitutes a possible threat to the existing order of national supremacy. Indeed, one can only marvel as to why the Dean is donned in a priest's habit. His prejudices are out of keeping with his cloth. He is really no priest, but a politician, partisan and narrow. It is his living self-contradiction which acquires him his fame. Expressed by a politician or a lawyer dressed in their proper habit, the sentiments of Dean Inge would excite no notice whatever except, perhaps, a brief commendation for the absence of hypocrisy.

To call Dean Inge a Kipling in the dumps would be to render injustice to Mr. Kipling, who, notwithstanding his barbaric fervour where patriotism is at stake, neither hates the lower orders nor finds virtue unsullied among their slightly betters. Mr. Kipling's paganism is more universal than the class protestantism which the Dean is for ever flinging in the faces of the oppressed. The guilt for England's present inertia must be distributed from top to bottom of society in proportion to responsibility, and the people whose conversation ranges only over the independence of domestic servants, the idleness of bricklayers, and small cars, are not by any divine decree exonerated. Only a small fraction of the middle-classes have any hereditary stability. The greater part have been of the lower classes within the last generation or two. When they abandoned the lower order many of them renounced loyalty to any order whatsoever.

That the Dean confesses himself almost a Quaker will ensure his appreciation of the foregoing. It also offers a key to his whole outlook. His philosophy is Bishop Blougram's chessboard, and the Dean sees it neither as black nor as white; he sees it as almost all black and almost all white at the same time. His self-contradiction does not depend on temporary mood, it is a permanent condition. Sovereignty is equally with God and with the State, so that the Dean is neither priest nor statesman. His exhortation to the educated to form small sackcloth and ashes communities against the philistine trade unions, combined with his distaste for metropolitan culture, stamp him, at the same time as he is almost a pan-Englander, as also a little-Englander. He can accept the limitation of families alongside a policy of imperial supremacy. He is consciously almost a simple bourgeois and at the same time almost a simple-lifer. He is almost a post-modern, and he is almost a medievalist. One can only wonder if his environment has been too much for him; if half his contradictory philosophy results from spending so much of his life in a cathedral to Christianity whose bellicose statuary has so often caused it to be mistaken for a temple to Mars.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

RHYMES FROM THE SPANISH OF BECQUER.

Rima XL.

"I am ardent, I am dark,
Symbol of passion, ecstacy,
Seek'st thou me?"
"Nay, not thee."

"Forehead pale, in my hands,
Endless gifts, a treasury,
Call'st thou me?"
"Nay, not thee."

"I am dreams of light and cloud,
Intangible, a phantasy,
I cannot love thee!"
"Come to me!"

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE.

High Finance Below Stairs.

With a Divagation on Dukes.

By A. B. C.

Speakers:

Drywood, the old butler to financial magnate, one of the Big Five.

Green, footman to ditto.

GREEN: So you really mean to say, Mr. Drywood, that that factory over there would have to close down at once, but for you and your finance?

DRYWOOD: Well, they come to us when they want money, and you know what'd happen to them if we called in all they owe us.

GREEN: Then it's you that really settle what shall be made in the factories, and which factory shall make it?

DRYWOOD: Pretty much. Of course, we can't make 'em make things, but we can offer inducements, and as a rule we don't need to offer twice. And as for settling what *shan't* be made, it's us for that! No money, no make!

GREEN: But you don't hold *all* the money, surely?

DRYWOOD: No; and the tap don't hold all the water. But it holds it *in*.

GREEN: O-o-oh! So no matter how big the reservoirs, all —?

DRYWOOD: If the taps say stop they all stop.

GREEN: And it's a fairly easy job turning taps. Not like a navy *building* a reservoir, or an engineer pumping the water up into it. A paying job, too, I reckon?

DRYWOOD: You may say that. Your turnkey will get more in tips alone than your navy does in wages. And reason good! Look at the tips he can give about the way the water's going to flow.

GREEN: But what about a man who owns a big reservoir? He can afford to run his own lines of pipes, and tap them himself.

DRYWOOD: *Afford's* good. A Ford has been the only one to work that game since we really got going. And up to now he's got away with it. But we're watching him.

Anyhow, it's not many have quite such a big reservoir as he had.

And the few that have, they're generally glad to be taken into our little turnkey business—and to pay well for the chance, too.

GREEN: Yes; I can see you don't need to starve at your job. But what about the rest of us? That's what I want to get at. Why can't we all make a living turning taps? Only to-day I saw in the paper that wood-gas was being used instead of petrol for heavy motors—saving 700 per cent. Now, that sort of thing's going on every day, everywhere, and it's been going on for donkey's years. By this time we ought all to be able to get all we want by turning taps and switching on the water, or the electricity, or the heat. Yes; and p'r'aps the grub as well. Instead of that, if we stop work for a day, the pay stops, too. And them that do keep working have to work as hard as ever. Where do we come in?

DRYWOOD: There's the war to pay for, young man. Look at the thousands of millions that cost. It's all got to be paid back, you know.

GREEN: Then why don't you let us pay it back, Mr. Drywood?

DRYWOOD: How do you mean—let you pay it?

GREEN: Well, in the war we learned mass production; and now—I read this in the paper, too—the whole world could be supplied with every sort of manufacture by the Continent alone, even if this

country was wiped out to-morrow. Yet the Continent had far more factories and plant destroyed in the war than we did.

DRYWOOD: *Could* be supplied! Yes; but the paper doesn't say *can*. Wot's the good of goods to us if they can't be sold? And how can all these goods be supplied if there's no demand for 'em?

GREEN: What! No demand when there's millions wanting houses, and clothing, and even food?

DRYWOOD: Want isn't demand. You must learn your A B C me lad, and the A B C of *our* job is that the only demand that counts is what we call *reel* demand—demand with money at the back of it.

GREEN: But these poor devils, and there's millions of 'em, don't forget, if they can't give money, are willing to give their work in exchange for what they need.

DRYWOOD: What! go back to barter? One pair of boots for two days' work—and the worker perhaps a barber. Even if he was willing to spend two days shaving me, it would hardly pay me to sit two days in his barber's chair while he earned his boots.

GREEN: Look here, Mr. Drywood. How is it . . . [Telephone rings, Green goes to 'phone.]

DRYWOOD: Mind, He's not in unless it's someone very special.

GREEN: Hallo. . . Yes, sir . . . One moment, my lord.

(To Drywood): Well, it is someone special. It's a duke.

DRYWOOD: Yes, yes, but what dook. There's dooks and dooks.

GREEN: Duke o' Loamshire, Mr. Drywood.

DRYWOOD (through 'phone): Very sorry, your Grace, but He's not in . . . I really can't say, your Grace. Not till this afternoon, I'm afraid. . . . It is indeed *most* unfortunate, I'm sure, sir. Any message I could give. . . . Certainly, your Grace.

Now, Green, if these dooks 'll give us a few minutes' peace, we can finish our little talk. But, by the way, you've got no call to treat *every* dook like that. I've got nothing to say against dooks, mind you. Some of 'em's quite all right, tho' o' course they're not like *us*, you know. Some of 'em again are no more account than a channel-swimmer or a K.B.E.—I mean, no more account to *us* you know.

GREEN: You can tell that by the way the Chief turns 'em down.

DRYWOOD: But, mind you, some of 'em can do things; Northumberland, for instance.

GREEN: Spend money, you mean?

DRYWOOD: When I say they can *do* things, I mean, of course, they can *talk*. And that's the way things get done, nowadays.

GREEN: Um. *People*, too!

DRYWOOD: I don't care what you say, it's talk that tells. That's why they say "money talks." [Phone rings. (at 'phone): Yes. . . . I'm afraid I'll not, sir, but if you'll kindly hold on a moment, I'll just see. (At private 'phone) Mr. Stanley Baldwin's Secretary wants to know if you're in, Sir. If so, Mr. Baldwin will come over. Very good, Sir. . . . (At other 'phone): Sorry, Sir, but he's just gone out and won't be in till this afternoon.]

Now, Green. Thank God there's only one Prime Minister, or they'd be more noonsance than the Dooks.

Private 'phone rings. Yes, Sir. . . . The usual Four, yes, Sir. Green, if Mr. McKenna calls, or any of the other Three, the Chief wants 'em shown up at once. And now it's time for you to be getting the lunch. We'll finish our talk later.

GREEN (going): And if they all come, Mr. Drywood?

DRYWOOD: Show 'em all up together.

GREEN: Show 'em up altogether! Very good, Mr. Drywood. (*Aside*.) Strike me pink! Wouldn't I just like to!

In the Field of Sunflowers.

By Black Raven.

When the whole darkness of night had hidden itself in its cellars before the eyes of the sun, Black Raven paused on his way and looked round him upon the field of sunflowers. And Raven mingled his soul with the soul of the sunflowers so that he, too, became a sunflower, and only his body stood upon the road like a bronze pillar, while his soul took up its abode in and flowed through the giant flowers that had the impolite habit of not turning their heads upon their necks.

At this there came certain men of the crowd with tops on their necks instead of heads, and they marvelled when they saw a soulless body on the road, upright and staring. And these were they who always defame the crowd, but who have courage only in a crowd.

And they began to vote as to whether their discovery on the road was a living or not a living thing. And they took out their rules and measured, saying:—

"To see whether this body is alive or dead we must make use of geometry. For see, our planet is of a predominantly geometrical sort. Hence our geometrical logic."

They measured, added, subtracted, deducted a root, and another root, and declared that they had found a dead object.

But the sunflowers smiled and said to their guest:—

"Thus, Raven, men judge, and condemn us sunflowers also to death as they have now judged thee."

But Raven returned to his body, which the men had thought to load on to a cart and take to the museum, and he bowed to the earth to them and said:—

"Thank you for your geometrical services; they have led you into error. But I will now requite you with a psychological service."

And Raven talked to them from morning to noon, but they did not understand. And they acknowledged to the speaker that they did not understand, and prayed him to speak to them in the language of the kitchen, which they could digest.

Raven comprehended the wish and complaint of the men of the crowd, and he changed his discourse and said:—

"I tell you truly, the sunflowers please me better than you, for they are true to the East. Unlike you, behold! the sunflowers have turned their necks and fixed their eyes in the direction of a divinity, and do not trouble about the West."

"Your toying with all gods and winking behind their backs is indeed ungodly."

"But however you may be, you are to be reckoned with, therefore the gods in their wisdom reckon with you, yes, they reckon on you."

"And the gods wait with divine or maternal patience for you to become capable, like the sunflowers, of not turning about but of looking at good."

"But I give you my word, that the gods do not call you good till you are accustomed to do good with the same ease as a cow gives milk to her calf, and from the same necessity as when the sunflower looks at the sun."

"The world suffers most from good deeds which do not arise from good souls. I give you a saying, tinguish him from you, but a good man does good to teach you to identify him with you."

"If good is not in your interest, do it in the interest of the universe. For the universe is the common home of the gods and yourselves. Of what good is it to the swallow to fix her nest in the chimney if the house is threatened by fire? Why do not you also cement, not only your own room, but take thought for the whole house? For truly it

is in vain for you to line your room with lead if the roof and foundation of the house are rotten.

"A hot or cold breath comes out of the same lips: all depends on how the lips are placed for the breath. Either God or Lucifer may be breathed out of the same soul: all depends on how the soul disposes itself."

"But your souls turn like your heads, ceaselessly racing round from boiling point to freezing point. Truly your souls are like the atmosphere, which at one instant feeds the thirsty toad with rain and the next kills it with the same frozen rain."

"I honour the sunflower because it has succeeded in making the head king. See, your heads, also, are designed to be kings over your bodies, of your bodily palaces, but you have made them into court fools."

"I honour the sunflower because it at least holds its head regally and with dignity."

"But what is there to honour in you, if I deduct your top-like whirling heads, which are nothing to honour?"

"Every gland from shoulder to knee, up the spine and down the spine, bends your heads and teaches it which way it shall go."

"You need not repeat your argument to me, I know it. When the heavy parts of your bodies outweigh your heads and begin to order it, your scientists console you, with words which they dictate to you like mathematics and which you receive like mathematics, namely: 'It is the natural gravitation of the lighter object towards the heavier.' Your scientists have made your head and your stomach objects, and all the stomach sees from a height—they have made all objective and democratic. Therefore, your head is outvoted and its monarchism destroyed, and exchanged for the principle of weight and the principle of size."

"But the head alone, even if it is king, will not lead you to the All-Man unless it understands the All-Man—unless it shall have seen him, and heard him, and smelt him, and eaten of him, as the sunflower sees, hearkens, and eats the sun."

"Say to your heads that the super-man is a heresy, and kinsman of the mammoth. Perchance it will understand, even though it is yours."

"Tell your head to embrace him whom none but his mother will embrace."

"Tell it that in reality it loves only itself, though its lips are also to be found on the ass's muzzle."

"That is to suffer! you will say, you seconders of your fathers."

"But I tell you that suffering is a medicine which makes a sweet-blooded melancholy."

"See, when death closes the eyes of a despised man it opens ours to his value!"

"The universe honours both satellites and planets. See, men are careless like the satellites; yet in their desire to be still more secure they load themselves with the insupportable care of the suns."

"One morning my raven flew in at the window. Said I to him:—

"'Friend, news!' He croaked back:—

"'I repeat old news to you.'

"'Friends call forth in you self-loathing, but enemies, self-love.'

"Oh, sunflowers, how I embrace you!

"Oh, if one of you might grow on every human head that men might all go the same way!

"Truly the All-Man is one-sided like the sunflower. For Satan does not see his face, but only scratches his back. Let him scratch till his nails are ground down against the back-bone."

"My soul is indeed uplifted when she beholds a sunflower, and laments:—

"'Wretch, he will trample on it!'

"But my soul reposes in the field of sunflowers, because it is curved."

Farewell to Europe.

[Mr. John Gould Fletcher's final article, before returning to America, represents his apology for declining to review at the request of THE NEW AGE the work referred to at the foot of the column.]

Another book has appeared of the species that holds up America to ridicule, as a country which, at best, is providing only an amusing subject for endless joke in the affairs of this world. It only differs from other books of the same sort in that it introduces the Platonic Socrates to comment on American life. Under the circumstances, I cannot review it except in the following words:—

"It is true, O Europeans, that we are barbarians; that our culture is nothing but glorified women's clubs, our good fellowship nothing but a device for doing business, our ethics nothing but a desire to prohibit the friendly warmth of wine, beer, and whisky. All these things are true; it is also true that we are by nature a race of wandering nomads, and that since some European has invented the internal combustion-engine, which makes wandering cheap and easy, we have chosen to wander by motor-car. It is also true that we were once poor, and are now wealthy and prosperous. But look you, O Europeans, to whom are we to attribute the causes of these things? Surely only to yourselves. If we are uncultured, it was because you drove us forth into a boundless wilderness to tame it; surely a man in such a position has more need of axe, rifle, and mother-wit than Plato or Shakespeare; if our good fellowship is false it was because our hard training there taught us to stand on our own feet and to depend on neither Gor nor man, but only upon ourselves, in every emergency; if we prohibit the drinking of wines and spirits, and then evade the law, it is because we were given no great cause to respect any law, either new or old. For who, of all people, induced us to do all these things if not yourselves, O Europeans, and you Englishmen first of all? In your countries there was much talk about right but little right; the priest and the squire had right to rule, and the rest to suffer. Why, therefore, did you talk about right if you did not expect us to seek it? In your countries there was much talk about law, but little law except the law protecting property from theft. The peasant's child might starve in a bad harvest, but if the peasant stole but a loaf of bread, he was hanged or transported. In your countries there was much culture, but little opportunity. The colonists who settled Massachusetts were Puritans and regicides; but they were free men. The colonists who settled Virginia were broken aristocrats and rebellious Jacobites; but they, too, were free men. The Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, Poles, Hungarians, Jews, who followed, took their lives in their hands, exiled themselves from thousands of years of racial memory, and dared walk out into the unknown because they desired to be free men. And if they are now prosperous, it is because Providence has rewarded their self-sacrifice, has given them abundantly the opportunity they prayed for, to create a state of affairs better than their forefathers had known.

"It is rather for you, O Europeans, to look to your own hypocrisy than to reproach us for our foolishness. For two centuries you have permitted anyone who wished to stand up among you and preach liberty and equality, without in the least intending to carry out the programme to which you gave lip-service. From Burns to Blake, from Blake to William Morris, from William Morris to the Fabians of yesterday, all the prophets amongst you have said that Europe would die unless it shook itself free from the power of capital; and lo! there is no one amongst you to-day of such power as the banker, none to

"Plato's American Republic." By Douglas Woodruff. (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.)

whose religion of gain and greed you are more subject. That we are now equally subject to the power of finance is true; but there are those amongst us still so free that they are determined to break the laws which the bankers and their bought congresses pass. Are there any amongst you able to do this? Are you not one and all pretending to be carrying on the bright torch of culture, when in reality you are merely enduring the dead cross of defeat? Are you not to-day one and all hypocrites, liars, and, what is more, slaves? Are you not one and all a stinking sore and an offence? You sent us forth naked out of your own house, to walk in ways of peril, in order to find liberty. We have found instead prosperity only. But you have not even had the courage to obtain liberty for yourselves—and yet you envy what we have found. We will make you eat your words yet, O Europe—or live up to them.

"If you are superior to us, you go a strange way to show it. Twelve years ago—have you forgotten?—you let ten million men be slaughtered in a war, because of your own cowardice, baseness, rottenness, and stupidity. A whole generation slaughtered. Europe! Perhaps you will never again see such a generation. And why did you fight this war? Not to end war, as your statesmen said; not to save Christianity, as your preachers declared; not to make a better world, or to unify Europe, or even make an end of autocracy. For you but substituted for the autocracy of the crown the autocracy of the banking-vault. And the one man in the Peace Conference who bore witness against you in words you had taught him was an American. You slew him; you, by refusing to listen; we, his own people, by being unable to understand. You did well for yourself that day, O Europe!

"It is perhaps true that we never will be able to build that earthly Paradise, that happy realm of Virginia, that stern and simple commonwealth of the saints which your forefathers gave us as a mission to create. We have sheltered all your outlaws and outcasts, and still it is not enough. We have thrown away lives and treasure uncountable, and accepted the machines you gave us, and improved them, and accepted the people you sent and improved them—and fought against your materialist science, and kept our faith, and yet you find us lacking—a joke and a sore shame—barbarians, not supermen. Be it so, O Europe! But do not forget this. If we cannot make the world better or happier or finer, or more flourishing, we will at least make it different. The day we turned our backs to you for the first time, decided for ever our destiny. You do well to mock us, O Europe, for daring to desire what you lacked the courage to create! Mock you and mock well! But we have not yet done with our task. It is a heroic task—perhaps also a criminal one. If we cannot fulfil the Utopian dream that created us, we will at least leave the world different; and we have barely begun that task. Farewell, and be on your guard, O Europe!"

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

THE BUILDERS.

Jim Crow, we make for common end,
You crazily with twisted sticks,
I with my heap of ordered bricks,
Who build to house our dream, old friend!

We share the same stupendous plan,
And the same pride who stake a claim,
And make perpetual our name
In the long count of bird and man.

Our architecting may be crude,
But we lack nothing so there be
In my small house, in your tall tree,
Brave Light delivered to the brood.

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

My Naked Life.

By Grant Madison Hervey.

II.—ON GOD.

"God," I said once at the camp-fire, when all the brilliant stars of the southern hemisphere were flashing overhead—"God is only a damned electron, with a lot of silly little atomic particles buzzing around Him. That's the scientific view. Therefore, I don't believe in God—not in the God, anyway, that these raw, half-baked preachers from Oxford tell us about. Repent! Repent! That's all they have got to say to us. And some of our original ape-ancestors preached so hard and long to the tribe that some of the monkeys, at last, got ashamed of themselves. They repented having a tail."

There was a doctor seated among the prisoners at the fire. He was boiling some rice in a little tin. A tall, thin, melancholy man he was, with large protruding eyes. "That's right, Hercules," he said. "That's how we began—dropping our bundle. And that's how civilisation is going to finish. By the way, since you have come to jail out of sheer cussedness, in order to start a new religion, are you sure that you are not dropping yours?"

"No, Pills"—that was his nickname—"you are wrong," I said. "I came back to jail in order to develop a tail, not to lose one. I have come here to pick up my bundle, not to drop it. Then what is my bundle? Why, you are my bundle—everyone of you seated here is a kind of joint in my tail. That's where the real power and force of Jacarandah, the new religion, begins. It is the return of the intellectual man to a direct recognition of the fact that he is nobody unless he resumes his tail: becomes the truly burdened representative ape. That's why I am here and not in Sydney. I am growing a new tail. When I walked into the Police Department's head office in Sydney and asked to be arrested they thought that I was mad. They would not do it. So I said, 'Very well. If I go and forge a cheque and cash it, will you arrest me?' And they said yes. So I did it. I bought my ticket to prison, so to speak, in half an hour. I got my sentence by asking for it; backing up the request, under compulsion, by a so-called criminal act. And all the newspapers in Sydney said, of course, that I was insane. But am I? Is it an act of insanity upon my part to exercise to the limit the powers of my intelligence? To observe that man, nowadays, is a sort of paralysed gorilla? He is weak and useless to himself and all the universe because he has indulged in a thousand years' debauch of repentance. To become strong again he must go back to the beginning. He must recover, psychologically at all events, if not in actuality, his tail."

The Three Gohannas were sitting among the prisoners around the fire. They were bored with their discussions together all day. And so they sat with us to be refreshed, recharged with discussive material for the morrow, at night.

"Wehl, den, Hercules," said Molloy, the Irishman. "Dhat's all very fine neow for jail. But deu preachin' a gospel like dhat?"

"In Australia, maybe not," I said. "In England, yes. In England any man can get a respectful hearing who is thoroughly in earnest. It is the one great land of freedom left. Once America was a place where there was a certain amount of liberty of discussion. But not now. The gang that hounded Ralph Waldo Emerson out of the Unitarian Church are in full swing again in Boston now. So I shall not go there. It's London and Lancashire for me."

Pills was listening. He had finished cooking his rice. "Well, then," he said, standing with the tin held by a piece of wire, "supposing that you get

away with it, what then? Won't you, in that case, be a damned silly electron yourself? Won't your audience or congregation or whatever you may call it simply consist of a lot of idiotic particles? Won't they all be buzzing around you, exactly the same as you say that the electrified universe buzzes around God?"

The men began to laugh. Molloy thrust in his oar. "Dhere, neow! Dhat's de proper sockdollar-ger, Pills," he commented. "Neow, Hercules, what you got teu say teu dhat?"

I nodded. "There's a lot in it," I answered, "if it be taken as what it really is—to wit, an exact portrait of almost every existing branch of the Christian Church. But Jacarandah is not a Christian religion at all. Jacarandah teaches every man that he is himself a positive electron—that the whole universe will respond, will obey him, if only he gives over this tom-fool repentance business, accepts his own tail, and begins to climb. Jacarandah, when all is said and done, is merely the name of a beautiful flowering tree that grows in Queensland. Well, that's what we want: a new, spontaneous, flowering religion—a faith with its strong roots in the earth and its gloriously attractive mauve blossoms raised to the sun: instead of all the strident mechanical buzz-religions that we have now. To-day, in Australia, at all events, what is religion? Why, it is simply a sort of cheap, run-down Yankee gramophone. Something that some cheapjack Yankee evangelist must periodically wind."

Tom Gardiner, the quietest and the least talkative of the Three Gohannas, handed me his tobacco-tin after he had filled his pipe. "Seems to be something in that, Jack," he said to Molloy. "They are gramophones, and no mistake. Hervey's religion goes beyond mechanism—that's the idea. He's sick of a mechanical world. I bet that he'd be willing to pile all the motor-cars on earth in one big heap, set fire to them, and let the lot go up in a single blaze?"

All the men looked up. Out of the clear, starlit sky there was wafted down to us the strange, musical cry of a flying cohort of black swans. They were flying northward in their own utterly distinctive javelin formation—one straight row of birds flying in single column, with a short barb of six or seven birds flying low, yet joined to the leader at a certain fixed angle. We could see them quite plainly by the light of the stars. Indeed, they were friends of ours in the wilderness. We were accustomed to see them every night.

"I would," I said, as the black swans went honking on. "And why not? America is poisoning the whole world with Ford's petrol-fumes. And what is the typical American? He is simply an ape who poses to the rest of the world as a super-civilised, care-religious being, but who is most scrupulously careful to wear his tail in private. The Ku Klux Klan and all that—isn't that America's tail? What makes me laugh more than anything is the utter incapacity of Australians to see through these Americans. Englishmen can, I think. But we—why, as a people, we are absolutely stone-blind where all these philanthropic apes in New York are concerned."

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Drama.

Rosmersholm: Kingsway.

The Kingsway Theatre is one of the few places in which the object of the theatre is recognised as drama, not popular entertainment; where the minds of the audience are awakened to thought, not lulled to dream. That is why the present revival of "Rosmersholm" is for three weeks only, and, incidentally, why those who care for drama as an art must not indulge in procrastination about when they will see it. All of the six characters are well acted; three of them, one by Edith Evans and the others by Muriel Aked and Rupert Harvey, magnificently. The adoption of modern costume struck me at first as incongruous. Although the play is not nearly so much a play of ideas as it was considered twenty years ago, it is certainly a play of ideas to some extent. Its ideas are certainly not those of the present day, and people in present-day garments appeared rather peculiar expressing them. Before long, however, I had forgotten all about the costumes. Their very familiarity served to release my attention from them, to let the drama absorb me.

So far as the play of ideas is concerned, Ibsen not only at lead under the scales, he fastened lead to the feet of his emancipated characters. The late wife of John Rosmer, on whom the verdict had been suicide while insane, had spent the months before her death in advising non-conformist schoolmasters and local editors of her husband's going on. Nobody could have much weight as a reformer in the nineteenth century unless his morals would bear microscopic examination. Indeed, the first line of attack on any heretic, political or religious, was to search out his adolescent peccadilloes and magnify them in the course of publication. Ibsen delivered John Rosmer into the hands of his enemies. He found the way of the emancipator so hard that even the emancipated fought shy of his support unless he would continue outwardly to subscribe to the hideous conformity called non-conformity.

The case of Rebecca West is similar. The peeping non-conformist discovered—or fancied that he had discovered—that she was illegitimate. In an epoch whose judgments are wholly moral it is an argument for the existing state of affairs to discover that all the emancipated are also Ishmaels. Even the editor of the local Socialist paper, the "Searchlight," had had a baby by a woman who had deserted her. No wonder the first performance of Ibsen in this country provoked nearly 500 Press notices, nearly all denunciatory. Ibsen's capacity for making the thoughts and affairs of these three ordinary people of vital consequence to the universe was materially helped by the fact that people of his time took themselves in such earnest. But the way he finished this play was diabolically skilful. To-day John Rosmer and Rebecca going out to commit suicide in the same millstream that the wife had used looks like the funk of the battle-weary. A score of years—rather more—ago, it looked like the emancipated revenging themselves on the tyrants by hanging themselves to the latter's doorpost, the most cruel form of revenge imaginable.

Muriel Aked's performance as Martha, Rosmer's housekeeper, recalls to me what seems almost a Christian compulsion under which dramatists must labour. The conflict of ideas proceeds between members of the upper and middle classes, who work themselves into spiritual maelstroms of misery and repression. Life to them is an insoluble problem. The background of truth which is eternal, against which the froth of ephemeral ideas and attitudes is manifested, appears, in minor plays as in major plays, to be provided by a member of the lower classes; a charwoman, a housekeeper, a waiter, anyone who can be dragged in without breaking the general convention of the play. Without the suspicion of carping at the beauty of Muriel Aked's performance, I sometimes wonder whether the simple Christian truths these characters are called on to express contribute to the observation that they are often acted so well.

The Cherry Orchard: Barnes.

Tchekov's plays have been admitted to the sacred nest of the classics. Like Shakespeare's plays and the institution of monarchy, they must not be criticised. This revival of the "Cherry Orchard," accordingly, instead of furnishing critics with an opportunity for further considering their judgment, simply excuses them, with the help of the size of the cast, for riding off on a list of the actors. M. Komisarjevsky's production appealed to me. He did not strive for poignancy by reducing the drama to domestic tragedy, but kept it on the wider plane of the conflict within a race; the exhaustion of the old master-class, and the vitalisation of the old serf class. Notwithstanding that grace I cannot subscribe to the verdict of masterpiece, though denial may be of no avail.

In spite of a deeply moving picture of the returning family at the opening of the play, the first two acts take too long to generate the atmosphere. Much that is in them has little to

do with the last two acts. The dominant theme during the first two is that human nature is self-centred and inconsequent. I will not believe that the inmates of Colney Hatch are as wrapped up in themselves as the people in this play, certainly not the inmates of Russia. This ice-bound separateness of human individuals is not true, and if it is true, I do not believe it. There is enough truth in the conception to make a farce of it, but not an introduction to a drama involving the soul of a race. When our friend confesses his hopes and fears and loves to us, our minds do not resume the instant he has finished at the point they were at before he began.

The third act, in which the triumphant grandson of the emancipated serf celebrates his victory over the effete aristocratic family after purchasing their bankrupt estate to build villas, his fanatic energy against their lackadaisical helplessness, is magnificent; and the fourth act portrays the natural, fatal, consequences. But that second act at the bottom of the orchard by the river is wretched. I wondered whether its forced humour sounded as cheap to the cultured Russian as it must have done to the cultured Englishman; and whether the former would have simulated interest with equal politeness. For I know that the audience, whatever ecstatic declarations it made afterwards, was bored in that act. When the pretentious clerk, affecting learning, made humour by self-exposure, the quality of the matter to be uttered would have excited the derision of a provincial music-hall audience. When he said, pompously and affectedly, "Have you read Byron's 'Seven Lamps of Architecture'?" this audience laughed intemperately. What a low condition of desire to be interested at all costs it must have reached. It was not Charles Laughton's performance of the part. He made everything that could be made of it, and was to be sympathised with. The nickname found for him by the other servants in the play, "two and twenty misfortunes," was apposite. The task of getting such humour over entitled its victim to multiply his misfortunes by the most powerful figure in the numerologist's repertoire.

But the "Cherry Orchard" again is art before entertainment, and entertaining nevertheless. Produced by M. Komisarjevsky, it delights over and again, the stage arrangements arousing a thrill of pleasure repeatedly. It is not a play written for stars or actor managers, and only Dorothy Dix as Madame Ranevsky can be said to stand out. She did not aim at sympathy for the lately returned exile who was so soon to be exiled again, but emphasised her shiftlessness, the manner in which she simply allowed Fate to have its way with her. Douglas Burbidge gave a fool-blooded display as Lopahin, while Gabrielle Casartelli and Martita Hunt effectively portrayed Madame Ranevsky's daughter and her governess. Leonard Calvert's tramp was excellent, although his stay was so brief.

PAUL BANKS.

Review.

Indo-Aryan Polity. By Praphullachandra Basu, M.A. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Basu has set himself the life-task of writing the economic history of India: and has here produced a second and enlarged edition of *Indo-Aryan Polity*; a book which is designed but as the entrance into his greater labours—to judge by its preface. In the present work Dr. Basu extracts and evaluates every passage or phrase in the Vedas which has a bearing upon the economic or social conditions in which those scriptures were produced. The work is done with a scholarship and capability that seem to touch the limits of its possibilities. Already it has become of great use to the sociologist, for, however unsuitable for such a work of historical reconstruction, the Rig Veda is practically the only literary material of the period which exists. There are three ways chiefly in which the Vedas throw light upon their contemporary society; they preserve certain obsolete or obsolescent ideas, they contain ideas which were moulding the life of their time, and they reflect many pictures and illustrations of typical social events and economic usages. One cannot yet know, and possibly it rests chiefly with Dr. Basu himself, how much value for human economics his work is destined to have. With the greatest possible respect and appreciation for careful learning, such a work as this, to a European mind, awakens strange forebodings, and a vision as of the Parthenon or some equally holy building beginning to be used as a stone-quarry. Suppose that a time should come when the Vedas are read in India only to throw light upon the manners and customs of the Indo-Aryans, while Europe already begins to study them for the solution to the riddle of existence. For things, like men, may return to base uses; Horatio, and the works which were once a strong wind winnowing the thoughts of men, might become only a dust settling dismally in academic coteries.

Art.

Paintings by A. D. Peppercorn (1847-1924) at the Leicester Galleries.

Of Peppercorn—there is honesty in the sounding of the name—the anonymous writer of the foreword to the catalogue says: "He was a man rich in the feyness of his wants, absolutely honest in thought and deed, and, though sensitive and retiring, courageous to a degree when occasion arose." These qualities are reflected in the artist's pictures represented on this occasion by over fifty oil-paintings which will remain on view until the end of the month.

Faustian art (to employ the term used by Spengler) is justified by work such as Peppercorn's. He was a lover of natural scenes, and of these he gave his impressions humbly and with feeling which was never merely sentimental.

He used a restricted palette, mostly browns, cream-yellows, and dull-greens. Forms were enveloped in atmosphere, being thus suggested rather than defined, and the fluent and loosely brushed paint was used with increasing significance as the years passed. Among the smaller paintings, when green predominates as in No. 1 (Calves in an Orchard), No. 3 (The Pool, Horsley), and No. 19 (Late Summer) the work is less sure than when brown is all pervading as in No. 4 (The Creek), and No. 11 (The Beech Wood), a very successful rendering of the mood of the subject.

The large No. 36 (The Solent) gives a useful grey note to the inner room, but in this painting Peppercorn seems lost because he has no anchorage on earth.

Sometimes the scale is unhappily chosen; the content of No. 30 (Hengistbury Head) and No. 43 (A Quiet Spot) does not seem sufficiently concentrated for its size. No. 13 (The Sandbanks, Poole) is a triumphant vindication of a large design. It is summary, but it has solidity and distance, and it does not expose its bones; neither does the sonorous No. 49 (The End of the Lane).

Four pictures show the individual talent of the painter most persuasively: No. 10 (Parr Sands) in brown and yellow-grey, sand and sky only divided by a tongue of jutting land; No. 8 (Low Tide) in green-brown and yellow-grey, with a sense of wind; No. 39 (Autumn), in which green surrenders to brown in massive tree shapes which evoke a sense of heavy weariness; and No. 33 (The Downs at Littlehampton), with the easy movement of its wing-like forms of cloud.

ERNEST COLLINGS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE EUGENIC MYTH."

Sir,—Mr. Scott's argument against Eugenics is so unscientific in spirit that he can hardly escape suspicion of contemplating a romantic misalliance! I will pass over his statement that "every child, upon emergence from the womb, is a brainless animal" as a rhetorical slip, however surprising in a zoologist. But when he goes on—"possessed of nothing in the way of hereditary factors beyond the sum of autonomic physiological, anatomical, and neural correlations which ensure its development into a human being of a distinct type"—he has admitted the whole case for Eugenics. Every human capacity depends for its expression upon those inherited factors. It is a natural and necessary assumption for a scientist that the moral and mental capacities of a man depend upon his physiology. If Mr. Scott thinks otherwise; if, for instance, he thinks that of Charles the Second, it is only a pseudo-mystical opinion, quite unverifiable by scientific method or human experience. But I will improve Mr. Scott's case for him. I think he meant to say that it is useless to think of perfecting a human race by breeding, when we do not know what types we want to breed—moral, mental, and aesthetic—nor how subtleties of type, and upon so many unknown or unverified factors, that we had better give up the idea and concentrate upon raising the general standard of culture. That is a healthy view, in the present state of knowledge, for practical politics, but not for science. Science is to find out the truth about these things, not to give them up as eternal mysteries. And with regard to purely physical qualities, we know much already. There is nothing against breeding for the best physical types, except the emotional reactions of the romantic individualists. So far Eugenists have been too often negative, advocating State-control and castration, with their thoughts more upon the "elimination of the unfit" than upon the positive ideal of producing a higher

type. They ought to have formed practical Generative Societies for the production of well-bred human beings. But that would involve the separation of child-production from the individual's own (usually mistaken) pursuit of private happiness. Eugenics will require devotion for its realisation. But the future will be to the race that first finds devotion to realise it. At present it is certainly not a myth, it is only an idea, but an idea which must be true and capable of realisation: the true method of science is experiment, but man dislikes experiment upon himself.

PHILIPPE MAIRET.

Sir,—Mr. G. R. Scott smites the Eugenists hip and thigh. They are, in fact, routed, and ignominiously, for whoever heard of a more arrogant set of "scientists"? Mendelism (now on the way to limbo, I understand) started the rout, for no one could ever say what constituted a "unit mental characteristic," even though, with all sorts of qualifications, some sort of "unit physical characteristic" could be isolated. Permutations and combinations of chromosomes in the germ cells have finished them off (*vide* the works of H. S. Jennings), so that all they can cling to, and that precariously, is some observations on mental deficiencies (if the endocrine glands permit even that). But Mr. Scott on children's environment is weak. He seems to divorce intellect from emotion. A child at birth is scarcely brainless. It makes sound judgments on food. Some psychoanalysts claim to have revived memories of the act of birth. Parental example is not so restricted as Mr. Scott supposes, and even though the eugenists are discredited, the potentialities of children at birth are certainly highly variable. Take the case of twin boys, one of whom was no good at all at reading and writing, but first-class at mathematics, and the other was imbecile at mathematics, and highly talented at the other things. Read A. S. Neill's "Problem Child," or have dealings with a dozen children under five. You will soon see that their whole attitude to the external world is influenced now and in future by the relations subsisting between their parents, the other children in the family, their parent's views (e.g., of religious belief) and the practice based on them, and the parents' treatment of themselves. In a group of "under sevens" you can already pick out who in the future will be "leaders" and who "led." M. T.

DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE.

Sir,—Your statements in "Notes of the Week" that "France is the nearest approach to an ideal democracy that exists. In France, decentralisation of control is as yet the keynote of administration. . . . The French citizen" with a grievance, "likes to feel that the official responsible for it . . . has a body to be kicked," appear to me to be as near a reversal of the facts as can be.

I would refer you to two recognised authorities on France. R. Dell, "My Second Country," 1920, pp. 76 *seq.*, and Sisley R. Huddleston, "France and the French," 1925, p. 191, are explicit on the administration. The former says the system descends from Napoleon I. and is designed to concentrate all real power in the hands of the National Executive. Local Government, he says, is really in the hands of the prefects, who are appointed by and represent the Government, "although the Third Republic (the 'Bankers' Republic,' please mark!) has somewhat extended the power of the local elected authorities." The communal council can do little, even to marking out a new road or changing the name of an old one, without the central administration's consent. The prefect can suspend a mayor, the Government can dismiss a council. The second writer says that "The prefect is supreme." He is believed to control the whole political activities of his district; he prepares its budgets and decides what the council of the Department shall be allowed to discuss. He mentions a French statesman as saying that most general elections, whatever the ostensible issues, are really attempts to get the Government to change its pre-facts.

On the privilege of the Frenchman to go for his officials, I am not so sure. But my memories of Prof. Duguit's "Law in the Modern State" (1913, Eng., trans. 1920) are that his rights in this matter boiled down to that of addressing a letter to the Council of State, which roughly corresponds to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It may have changed since then, but the still continuing scandals about French military law and administration do not suggest any great change.

As far as "Democracy" in general goes, I fancy that any inhabitant of this country would hardly exchange French law and practice in matrimonial, property, judicial, police, or educational affairs for our own, bad though these may be.

HILDERIC COUSENS

Finance Enquiry Petition Committee

This Committee has been formed to organise the collection of signatures to a Petition for an Enquiry into Finance.

It is not connected with any particular scheme of financial reform, and its object can therefore be consistently supported by everyone who believes that the fundamental cause of the economic deadlock is financial.

Among eminent signatories are the following :

The Rev. Lewis Donaldson, Canon of Westminster.
 The Right Rev. Bishop Gore, D.D.
 The Rev. P. T. R. Kirk, M.A. (Secretary, Industrial Christian Fellowship).
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Copies of the Petition, together with leaflets and sets of instructions, are immediately available from

THE JOINT SECRETARIES, Finance Enquiry Petition Committee, 303, Abbey House, Westminster, S.W.1

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.

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 un-saleable 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.

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