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

No. 1793] NEW SERIES Vol. XL. No. 12. THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1927. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	133
The L.S.D. Order, Mr. Mosley and Mr. Cook. Mr. Cook's exclusion from the Transport Committee. Evidences of a Liberal revival—Lord Reading's activities. Bankers' boycott at Hankow. Mr. Henderson and "peace in industry."	
AMERICAN IMPERIALISM (Editorial) . .	134
New Tactics in Social Conflict.	
IRELAND'S BUTTER PROBLEM (Editorial) . .	135
THE QUEST OF VALUES.—I. By Janko Lavrin	136
THE CREDIT-BELT. By Arthur Brenton . .	137
THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS—NEW STYLE. By H. L. A. Hart	138
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By R. M. . . .	139
Scottish Nationalism.	
CHURCHILL THE "BLOCKHEAD." By Alex. Werth	140
DRAMA. By Paul Banks	141
The Father of a Family.	
ART. By Ernest Collings	142
Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art.	
REVIEWS	142
Me and Bricky. A Constructive Survey of Upanishadic Philosophy. The Excavations at Ur, 1925-6. A Chatto and Windus Almanack. Hellenism Between the Millstones of East and West.	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	143
From C. H. Douglas and Hilderic Cousens.	

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Political administrators are divided into three sections: those who honestly believe that existing financial policy is dictated by irrefragable economic laws, and that political policy must be rough-hewn accordingly; those who do not so believe, but have decided, for prudential reasons, to act as though they do; those who believe there are defects in the application of financial policy and are prepared to correct them. These three sections may be considered as constituting the "L. S. D." Order—holders of the Lombard Street Diploma; for they can all be made to subserve the objectives of the Bankers' Government. The natural believers form Class 1, for their sincerity is an enormous asset. The others form Classes 2 and 3. Right outside the orbit of politics there exist a number of individuals who are convinced that existing financial policy is not simply defective in its application, but is based on concepts that involve a complete inversion of economic fact. These are denied the L. S. D. decoration—as would be generally confirmed by reference to their banking accounts. But these people may be ignored for our present purpose, which is to consider the classification of persons exercising political power.

* * *

When we say that these politicians all belong to the same Order, it does not follow that the Bankers' Government does not differentiate between the three classes. Although it is a fact that Class 3 can be used, just as are the other two, for existing financial ends, the method of superintending their activities involves more difficulty. Take the case of a member of the third class—Mr. Oswald Mosley. What he wants to do could be conceded in full by the Bankers' Government without necessarily impairing their power to impose their general policy on the economic life of the country. *Immediately*, he is no danger. The real danger lies in the educational value of public argument on his financial programme. In proving him wrong, the bankers run the risk of proving themselves wrong. If a petrol engine is fundamentally bad in design, every new idea for tinkering at its running eccentricities is a potential menace to the reputation of the designer. For the more numerous his proofs that "*this* will not make the thing go," "*that* will not do any good," the nearer he brings people to the point where they will say, "Well, then; the whole engine has been made wrong." Now bankers differ from politicians in that they do not wait for their trouble to come, they meet it half way. One may be certain that they have already taken steps to deal with the situation as it may have evolved in a year's time as a result of Mr. Mosley's election.

* * *

A hint of this appears in the news that the Government refuses to have Mr. Cook on the Standing Committee of Mineral Transport; and this, in spite of the fact that he is put forward by the unanimous decision of the Miners' Federation. Now Mr. Cook could not control the decisions of the Committee; so Press references to his subversive opinions as the reason for his rejection can be dismissed as inspired lies. It is not what Mr. Cook could do, but what he would hear, that explains the situation. A speaker at the Conference of the League for Industrial Democracy, which we dealt with last week, made the pregnant remark that: "Very often a thing is good in itself, *but appears bad when the reasons are given for it.*" Mr. Cook could not prevent the Transport Committee from doing good things, but he would hear the reasons for doing them. "Reasons," in this connection, are, of course, real reasons—candid reasons, not popular reasons. Hence it is not surprising that the Government requires the Miners' Federation to nominate alternative men to Mr. Cook—men who belong to the L. S. D. Order—Class 1 if possible.

* * *

It must be remembered that it is the Mr. Cooks who are the fathers of the Mr. Mosleys. Politicians like to be let alone: they will not tinker with power-

institutions until somebody kicks them. Mr. Cook's great merit, so far, is that he has stuck to his last and wields a heavy boot. He is the nexus between two events—the locking out of the miners and the letting in of Mr. Mosley. It has been his loyal and insistent concentration on the economic grievances of his clients that is forcing, and will continue to force, political mechanics to fetch out their tools and tinker with the financial mechanism. Even though he has indicated his sympathies with certain forms of Government, he has as yet shown no desire to take part in the institution or administration of any political Government. His attitude may easily become the same as one that was expressed at the Conference to which we have just referred. We hope it will. It was as follows:—

"I don't believe we are fit to take over industry until we can demonstrate that we will be able to do better with it than the ones who now control it have done. And until that time comes, we had better let that crowd have it. I would sooner cuss that bunch than cuss my own bunch."

One Labour leader who stands out in the economic field demanding delivery of the goods is of more value than a thousand inside the political system, learning from the Conservatives and Liberals the art of proving the impossibility of making delivery. This episode of Mr. Cook's rejection is significant. If Authority will reach down that distance to perfect its defences, can anyone doubt what happens about such things as Labour Cabinets? Cabinets are always drawn from a nominated panel of politicians. Who nominates them is problematical. But who make the final selection from the panel is not in doubt. A General Election is always preceded by the selection of three Party Cabinets, each comprising a judicious blending of Class 2 (old hands), and Class 1 (candidates for Class 2) with possibly (in future) an odd place for a member of Class 3—in which case it will be someone considered, "open to reasonable argument."

* * *

Evidences of a Liberal revival multiply. Lord Reading is chairman of a company formed to acquire Mr. Lloyd George's interest in the *Daily Chronicle*. On the board will sit Sir David Yule, a director of the Midland Bank and of the Mercantile Bank of India; and Sir Thomas Catto, who is a director of a company with Indian connections, and who was also a member of the Inchcape Committee which examined the Indian Government finances in 1922-3. Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby has vacated the Captaincy of Deal Castle in favour of Lord Reading. Lord Oxford and his entourage have cleared out from the directorship of the Liberal Party in favour of Lord Reading and Mr. Lloyd George. Sir Basil Zaharoff is reported to have had a conversation recently with Mr. Lloyd George. Lord Reading has, in the language of *G.K.'s Weekly*, attained to the "Lordship of Broadcasting," which recalls the time of the "Marconi scandal" in connection with which the Isaacs family were given a free advertisement. Then there is the Palestine Exploration Company with Lord Reading at the top, and Mr. Rutenberg sitting on electricity concessions at his right hand. Which immediately reminds us that the late Governor of Palestine, Sir Herbert Samuel, is a good old Liberal. Whatever all these facts portend we leave it to others to work out. At least it may be taken for granted that Liberalism is soon going to be on the move—quite irrespective of whether the voter takes it into his head to vote Liberal or not. We admire the strategy which sets Lord Reading at Deal Castle—the *Lord Walden Hotel* for cosmopolitan financiers—and the happy thought which led to the selection of a castle so named.

* * *

We learn from the *Observer* that the crisis in China is now "dominated by the fact that the Cantonese Government is short of money," and is anxious for the re-opening of the British bank at Hankow, "the closing of which is badly hampering trade." At the top of this report are the headlines: "Hankow's Real Crisis"—"No Money for Government"—"Bank's Effective Boycott." We do not know how bankers at home here will regard this candour. It is one thing for them to reflect in private—"When we spit, the Deluge," but to have newspapers saying so is surely inconvenient. There are still some busybodies left among the ruins of Democracy who will want to know why they cannot elect the expectorators.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Henderson wants to see peace in industry. It is hardly a new idea, but none the worse for that. What is faulty is his plan. Mr. Henderson advocates an Industrial Parliament—presumably one where Labour will forget its troubles in listening to Capital's candid explanation of its own difficulties. That would be reasonable if Capital knew what its *underlying* difficulty was. But all it knows is the day-to-day consequences that arise from it. It is not of the slightest use holding a Parliament in which there is only Labour to say, "Look; I am short of money," and Capital to reply, "But look; so am I," and there is nobody present to remove their mutual suspicions by explaining why they are poor. Mr. Henderson is sincere; nevertheless the suggestion he adopts was framed in cunning. It seeks to place upon the employer and employee the responsibility of statesmen.

* * *

"Silence in the Sanatorium," cry these economic medicos. "How shall we prescribe for you all when you're coughing?" Above which there sounds the cynical overtone: "And why should we when you're not?" Is there any profession outside politics of which its most prominent experts plead that symptoms impede their diagnoses?

American Imperialism.

Some illuminating facts are published in the book *New Tactics in Social Conflict*,* which formed the subject of an article in our last issue. During a recent controversy on the Mexican land decrees, certain local business interests communicated through their (branch) bank with the headquarters bank in America. A representative of this bank "got Washington on the wire" and talked to someone in the State Department. A Note was written and sent by Mr. Kellog to Ambassador Sheffield in Mexico City. The next morning the New York papers reported that Ambassador Sheffield had handed a stern note to the Calles Government. "It embodied the *very wording dictated over the phone from the banking office in New York*." This incident is one of many narrated by Dr. M. M. Knight, to the Conference of the (American) League for Industrial Democracy last June in his speech, which was chiefly on Santo Domingo. It appears that America's chief interest in that State is military and naval: it is a "key," vaguely suggestive of Gibraltar. Private investments have had little to do with policy there: it is public finance and international loans which have dominated it, on account of its strategic position. In 1903-4 the State Department got scared about the troubles of the "Santo Domingo Improvement Company" which had taken over a lot of European claims and marketed half its bonds with small holders in Europe. When this company looked like becoming bankrupt an American commission was sent to Santo Domingo and arranged with the Domini-

* The Vanguard Press Inc., 80, Fifth Avenue, New York.

cans that they were to pay to the group of financiers running the company, $4,500,000. Dr. Knight continues—

"The Agent of the United States in these arbitration proceedings made it clear in the documents of the case, and afterwards in a report to President Roosevelt, that the Commission *knew perfectly well in making this award that the Dominicans would never pay it without some kind of financial intervention*." (Our italics.)

But the arrangement led to the French and Italians threatening intervention with the object of securing repayment of their claims. So—

"The State Department sent a telegram to the American Minister, asking him to fish up a request for us to come to the rescue of Santo Domingo."

As a result an American receivership was set up there to collect not only the $4,500,000, but the European claims as well. This act was disowned by the U.S. Senate; so a little later the U.S. President and the President of Santo Domingo installed a customs receivership without the consent of either Congress. This alternative also might have been squashed by Congress, but, in the speaker's phrase, it "*grew so elaborate that it practically forced its own continuance*."*

Dr. Knight refers to one factor in the process.

"For one thing, there was a moratorium of all debts. One result of that was that so much money accumulated in New York during the two years that the Americans were terrified at the idea of turning it over to the Dominicans in a lump."

In 1907 a new convention was made. In it were two provisions which were subsequently made the excuses for the military intervention of 1916.

"One was that Santo Domingo wasn't to increase her public debt without asking the President of the United States and getting his consent; the other that the customs rates must not be modified without similar permission."

Resulting from the allocation of about half this little State's revenues to the payment of bondholders the Government got unpopular; and in 1911 there was a revolution.

"The Taft administration sent a commission which placed the gentle and genial old Archbishop in the Presidency. His life was made so miserable that he resigned in four months and went to Europe to recover his health. A loan of $1,500,000 had been authorised by the United States to clear off the expenses of the revolution. The payments to the National City Bank which it involved were one more drain on Santo Domingo's share of the revenues; and, besides, the loan proved too small, leaving a floating debt which grew larger and larger. . . . This was what the Wilson administration found on its doorstep in the spring of 1913."

The Wilson administration wanted "more control." It tried to plant a "financial adviser" on the Dominican Government, but had to withdraw him under the Dominican Congress's threat to impeach the President for keeping such an officer, in violence of the constitution.

The Marine occupation, in May, 1916, was the immediate result of an attempt of the Dominican Congress to take this action. The Marines took over the rule of the State, while the American receivership took complete control of collections, and suspended all payments to the legitimate Government in the August. In the meantime a good many Dominicans were killed. "Oh," exclaims Dr. Knight.

"——it was a beautiful Government they set up. . . . An American Rear-Admiral in place of a President, American officers for Cabinet Ministers, an American Receiver-General to collect the revenues, and an American bank, specially imported, to take care of th[em], an American country club with a golf course for the officers when they got tired of saving poor Santo Domingo about the middle of the afternoon——"

* This principle of self-perpetuation is worth the utmost reflection. It is relied upon by bankers and high politicians everywhere. Give them a sufficient start, and when critics are at last able to urge and to demonstrate, "This is wrong," they can be confounded every time by the simple reply, "Maybe; but it is here."

Dr. Knight goes on to describe the futile and expensive experiments this "Government" fathered on to the Dominicans, but these we have no space to discuss, much as we should like to. We have followed him so far because what he describes applies equally to other exploiting and exploited countries, and explains, for instance, what is at the root of the trouble in China, and, perhaps more opportunely, what is behind the landing of American marines in Nicaragua.

Professor H. Elmer Barnes, another speaker at the L. I. D. Conference, defined "Imperialism" as a "comprehensive term descriptive of economic penetration for raw materials, for markets and for financial investment." A little later he says:—

"The whole process has become so intertwined that it is a great economic complex, and it is only for purposes of pedagogical simplification that we can divide the struggle into one for raw materials, markets, and financial investments."

Ten of the twenty-one Latin American countries are dominated by Wall Street, and in six of these ten there are "American financial agents supported by troops."

We have left ourselves without space for the moral. And without need for it.

Ireland's Butter Problem.

The *Irish Statesman* is advocating the centralised marketing of Irish butter. How can the English importer, it asks, deal with seven or eight hundred producers all supplying little lots? Must he not prefer to deal with a single organisation, offering a bulked, standardised article? Then it mentions another difficulty. However good and uniform the standard of the bulk export, it must arrive in good condition. So there must be proper transport, efficient refrigerating chambers. If not, Ireland will be left to stew to death in her own butter.

All of this follows, of course, from the assumption that an iron law of economics compels Ireland to export butter. But that involves a similar assumption in the case of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Denmark, Siberia, Finland, Sweden, Esthonia, Latvia, and the Argentine. Obviously, sooner or later, some of them will have to go out of the butter business, or all of them do less of it; so the question is whether Ireland should squeeze herself into an overcrowded market where, even if she gets in, and eliminates some other competitor, she will hardly recover breath before the evicted party returns with fresh capital reinforcements to get back.

We recognise the practical necessity for Irish producers, *under existing conditions*, to carry out the policy recommended by the *Irish Statesman*. But no less do we declare that it is the duty of Irish statesmen to examine the nature of these conditions, for they are unnatural conditions, and, happily, remediable conditions. Here are a few questions which they should put to their technical and financial experts:—

1. What is the nature of the *necessity* for Ireland to export? Is it (a) to get *money* from abroad? or, (b) to get *goods* from abroad?

2. If the answer is (a): how does it happen that Ireland is obliged to get foreign money in order to balance her financial account—i.e., is short of money to that amount?

3. If the answer is (b): to what extent are these foreign goods such as cannot be produced in Ireland?

4. If the answer is both (a) and (b), i.e., that Ireland is short of money, yet proposes to use that money (when she gets it from abroad) to purchase foreign goods, how

is she to escape the dilemma that either she must do without the foreign goods in order to keep solvent, or she will import them and thus remain insolvent?

It is clear that if Ireland (meaning all Irish producers) is obliged to export goods *to get money*, the reason must be that the Irish people are short of money. (It is, of course, assumed that the Irish people would buy them if they could.) Suppose, for instance, that there was a stock of butter of a total cost of £100,000, which was, for this reason, unsaleable in Ireland and that unless it was sold abroad, the producers would be insolvent by that figure. Then suppose that by some magic they could suddenly transmute the butter into something which at present Ireland does not make, and which Ireland's people were wishful to buy. Who would be the better for the miracle? The new goods would be as unsaleable as the old. On the other hand, supposing that the Irish people had had the £100,000 in their pockets, and had happened not to want this butter, but to want the new goods, the miracle would have been worth while. Now a straight exchange of goods between countries is equivalent to the above hypothetical transmutation—no more, no less. That is to say, there is no benefit in exporting goods in order to import other goods, unless the consumers in both countries which are parties to the exchange *have already in their pockets money to the value of the exports*. How, indeed, can the virtual bartering of two blocks of unsaleable goods by traders make either saleable to their respective customers?

> Jack Sprat could buy no fat;
> His butcher, Jones, was sad.
> And Jack Sprat's wife could buy no lean;
> Her butcher, Brown, felt bad.
> Said Jones to Brown, "Here, take my fat,
> "And let me have your lean;
> "For then, you see, the Sprats can call
> "And buy the lot this e'en."

This nonsense is an accurate analysis of the philosophy taught in the slogan, "We live by our exports." The lesson for statesmen is that in every country the aggregate money resources of consumers must be made, and maintained, equal to the aggregate cost of goods offered for sale by home producers.

The true function of international trade is that of a clearing house for the purchasable overspill of each several nation's production. It can diversify what the consumers of the world buy with their money; but it cannot provide them with money. That is a function for each State to exercise in respect of its own citizens. So that the prime duty of the statesman is to concentrate on the State's resumption of its responsibility for credit policy, and to make himself acquainted with the Social Credit principles on which that policy must be applied to ensure the ends in view.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"It is sound economics to provide credit facilities for the consumer as for the producer."
A. Reeves, quoted in *The Commerial and Financial Chronicle*, Nov. 20, 1926.

Instalment sales have been increased by means of bank credit which is extended on the consumer side, whereas nearly all bank credit was formerly extended to business on the production side. . . . But the financing of instalment sales does not put into consumers' hands enough money to buy the goods in question. . . . The goods increase faster than the income. Hence the stimulus to business brought about by a given gain in instalment sales is not lasting. . . . To our exceedingly efficient system for financing production, we must somehow add an equally efficient system for financing consumption. Whatever the evils of partial payment selling may be, it is better for us to acquire goods on partial payments than not to acquire goods at all, simply because we have not been permitted to make them."—(W. T. Foster and Waddill Catchings, in the *Nation's Business*, the magazine of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.)

The Quest of Values.

By Janko Lavrin.

I.—FATE AND DESTINY.

I.

The economic and political crisis of modern mankind is so much interwoven with its spiritual crisis that it is impossible to say where one ends and the other begins; or which is the cause and which the effect. We live in a vicious circle of paradoxes which often remind one of a lunatic asylum. In economics, for example, we see the greatest amount of production since the beginning of the world, yet together with this we have to face the greatest poverty on the one hand, and the greatest instability on the other. The same phenomenon occurs in mental life. All our former valuations are crumbling. Destructive scepticism has never been more prominent, the boundaries between right and wrong more effaced, the bond between man and mankind less firm than now. All the centrifugal forces seem to have joined hands to foster this process of inner and outer disintegration. Our world is crammed with stored up values of the past like a huge museum, yet they have ceased to speak to us: we walk among them as among the tombstones of a cemetery. When we have the incredible inventions and discoveries at our disposal, we have lost our capacity for enjoying them. At the same time most people are inwardly too thwarted to be even negators—they are indifferent towards everything that goes beyond their "practical" daily needs and worries. And indifference is worse than negation.

We have conquered the quickest and most efficient means of communication; we have practically annihilated the distance between one country and another, between one continent and another, yet the inner distance between man and man has never been greater than now. Every awakened individual is more lonely among the bustling crowds of his fellow-beings than in the desert. This isolation has nothing to do with that of the former egotists who used to assert themselves against society deliberately—out of malice or conceit: it is involuntary and tragic. We are craving for humanity and find none. We are craving for inner bonds between human beings, but we see instead only a growing "atomisation" of mankind—a process which is bound to land us in utter chaos. Instead of becoming an organism, humanity is being transformed into a confused mass which in its turn confuses and degrades everything it touches.

This explains why the higher individual of the present day cannot help being severed from the rest; never before have external actualities and the individual's inner needs been wider apart. And in so far as he does not want to succumb to his own loneliness, disgust and pessimism, he has but one outlet left: the *heroic* attitude towards life. Instead of hiding his head in "idealistic" sand, he may prefer to face reality as it is, and to make it worth while precisely because he sees all its ugliness. He may rise against historical fatalism in the name of creative freedom. The final battle which takes place in his consciousness is that between Fate and Freedom, or better still, between Fate and Destiny.

II.

As a matter of fact, consciousness, which gives up the struggle for Destiny, is bound to fall under the rule of blind, irresponsible Fate. And the vast majority of human beings are under Fate's rule. Either their inner self is not sufficiently awakened to crave for a something better than a passive adaptation to "external circumstances," or, if it is awakened, their will power is so much weaker than their craving that they do not rise above mere theoretical protests and criticisms.

Life can be defined as continuous creation and self-creation, which is impossible on the plane of

Fate, where there is only compulsion. The breaking point between the two is the moment when man's consciousness turns against Fate, and tries to shape his own Destiny in the name of a higher vision and value. Those who have not reached this point remain (psychically) in a vegetative state; they are less the cultivators than the manure of life. Yet even those who have already left this stage behind cannot avoid three great obstacles to their further ascent. One of them is the line of least resistance, that is, passive capitulation before the pain of growth; the second is irresponsible epicureanism with its motto: *après moi le déluge;* and the third—an equally irresponsible refuge in purely quantitative activities for their own sake.

Our age has succumbed to all three. Instead of growing, it prefers to "enjoy itself," and its vulgar epicureanism is assuming more and more alarming aspects all over the world. Another sad fact is that all our tremendous activities have no creative vision or direction; they are only productive, and the mass of this production grows at the expense of creation, at the expense of life. Hence the pessimism and "nothing is worth while" among those who still keep their eyes open. Many of the best individuals wander helplessly in the historical "limbo" of the present day preferring to surrender to Fate rather than to hammer out their own destinies, as well as the destiny of their epoch. To make things worse, the whole of modern humanity has accepted and even canonised the most crippling kind of fatalism—that of one-sidedly understood "economics."

III.

The dogma that man is a product of his environment and of economic conditions is one of those convenient (and therefore dangerous) half-truths which can be accepted only on the plane of Fate. And since the whole of European and American consciousness is drifting back on to that plane, it is bound to become a victim of economic fatalism, which eventually makes humanity an appendage to its own system and lowers the individual to the level of a standardised Robot. The more we are inclined to identify humanity with its "economics," the more we forget that the essence of evolution is a continuous interplay, or even a continuous antagonism, between the economic factors and human consciousness; between matter and spirit; between the mechanistic and organic conceptions of life; between Fate and Freedom.

Up to a certain point man depends on external conditions, and in his vegetative stage he may even be entirely a product of these. Yet even here the opposite tendency—to adapt reality to his own needs and requirements—must come to the fore, because without it life as a creative movement onwards would cease. The all-important role of economic conditions, of environment, the whole hurdy-gurdy of popularised historical materialism, is true only if applied to the plane of Fate. But does not the inner growth of man consist of a continuous reaction against this plane—of his more and more daring attempts to liberate himself from the bondage of Fate, and to shape his own Destiny even at the price of his happiness, more—at the price of his life? It is this Promethean impulse which is responsible for everything great on earth, and great is only that which makes man inwardly free; that, in short, which liberates him from Fate and raises his existence above "external conditions."

IV.

Thus one comes to the conclusion that there are two main categories of valuations—those of a dynamic and those of a static conception of life. The former are creative, ascending, Promethean, while the latter usually take the line of least resistance. The Promethean valuations are not concerned with the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," but with the final self-realisation of man and mankind. They may even reject happiness, finding in it an obstacle to further growth. Static values, on the other hand, are devoid of all creative vision. At their best they aim, not at a complete, but only at a comfortable life. And as this utilitarian comfort is usually reached at the price of a lowered consciousness, "happiness" on their plane may be, in fact, equivalent to inner stagnation, even inner death. The utilitarian and the Promethean impulses are thus the roots of all valuations, and usually exclude each other. Upon our choice depend the growth and the fullness of our life.

The Credit-Belt.

The central problem of economics is to co-ordinate production with consumption in a given credit area.

If you imagine two cogged wheels of the same size, "P." and "C.", of which "P." is in contact with "C." you have a picture of this co-ordination as it used to exist under a *barter* economy.

If you next imagine these wheels with their cogs removed, separated from each other, and connected by an endless crossed piece of belting, you have a picture of the same co-ordination under a *money* economy.

These two pictures illustrate the basic facts that (a) under a barter economy the goods produced (the cogs) are themselves "money," and that (b) under a money economy something (the belting—i.e., Credit) is interposed between production and consumption.

Now there is an essential difference between two cogged wheels working conjointly in contact, and two smooth wheels working conjointly at a distance by means of belting; namely, that whereas in the first case wheel "P." must necessarily rotate wheel "C." at its own speed, in the second case this need not necessarily happen. *The belt may slip.*

Under the existing laws of finance-economy the process of consumption is expected to follow automatically on that of production. In terms of our illustration, wheel "P." is expected to rotate wheel "C."; and it is taken for granted that it will do so at its own speed. This last assumption is demonstrably wrong. Consumption lags chronically behind production. The credit-belting slips on the "consumption" wheel.

The cause of this lag is the lack of co-ordination in the accountancy of credit in prices. The belt never slips on the "production" wheel. Every fresh issue of credit is registered in the books of industry. To illustrate. Assume that both wheels are seven feet in diameter, and that wheel "P." revolves four times a second. This gives about 88 feet per second as the speed at which any point on its circumference travels; and consequently the speed at which any point on the belting travels. Now credit is "used up" in production in the same way as the belting can be said to be "used up" in this illustration. That is to say that as credit goes out it is coming back. Now if a meter measuring distance is attached to wheel "P." it will show 88 feet of belting to travel out and in per second, and it will add 88 for every second of time. Now, instead of feet, say Pounds Sterling, and the production meter will register costs at the rate of £88 per second. But if you suppose that wheel "C." is turning only (for instance) once a second, because of the slipping of the belt, and that while letting this belt pass over it at the rate of 88 feet (or £88) per second, it is registering on its own meter only 22 feet (or £22) per second, you will have a rough representation of one of the primary aspects of the economic deadlock.

ARTHUR BRENTON.

The Law and the Prophets—New Style.

The history of prophecy, were it ever written, would be an illuminating testimony to the truth that the human mind, despite an intermittent resort to scepticism, prefers to believe rather than to think. At the hands of the sceptics a belief may suffer temporary eclipse, may even lie discredited for centuries, yet inasmuch as faith is a thing capable of an infinite number of resurrections, it inevitably survives its opponents. The present resurrection of prophecy in an age *soi-disant* sceptical, though paradoxical, is nothing new; what is exceptional, is the illustrious position of the prophets. The Sibyl, we imagine, must find the revival of enthusiasm among her clientèle highly gratifying, though no longer in her traditional Cumaean and Avernian surroundings. The old lady has, in fact, found the ascent not a whit harder than the fabledly *facilis descensus*, and has metamorphosed herself into something very respectable indeed. Instead of offering her books of wisdom in the provoking manner which she adopted towards Tarquin, and throwing them in the fire with an unbecoming insouciance, as she did when the tyrant saw through her regrettable attempt to force up the bidding, she now allows her praescia corda to unfold the future in neat booklets under the suggestive titles of Lysistrata, Icarus, Daedalus, etc. (naturally she still retains some flavour of the Classics) or alternatively in ponderous tomes of mostly Continental philosophies whose formidable parade of obscure metaphysics makes her ancient performance of sitting on a tripod and gnashing her teeth over a steaming kettle appear the veriest child's play. Nor are pamphlets beneath the dignity of the fates; thoroughly up to date she interprets the cosmic significance of the Great Pyramids and places her interpretations, like the well-known coughdrop, "within the reach of all."

It seems, however, that the world is beginning to think that after all there is something "in it." Ten or fifteen years ago, the predictor of the future was a charlatan in all but the most romantic section of the popular imagination, and his sphere limited to a booth at the fair or a crudely sceptical crowd in Hyde Park. The prophet of those days might rave with all the eloquence of the biblical gift of tongues (indeed, if he were ecclesiastically inclined or if it were a Sunday he rarely failed to number this among his qualifications), but prophecy qua prophecy remained obstinately on a level with the rheumatic rings and patent corn-removers. The war, however, created some slight alteration: Old Moore's sales commenced to look up, and with the Armistice a confessedly sceptical Press printed a comment on the "felicitous guess" made in some pamphlet of 1914 which had predicted a duration of four years for the war, instead of the almost universally anticipated four months. Simultaneously with the signing of the peace, the clergy came forward with "the fulfilment of Bible prophecy in the events of the world war"; Armageddon soon threatened to oust the word war from the English language; General Allenby was assigned a succession of diverse and highly picturesque rôles drawn from the Revelation of St. John, while Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau were allowed to share the honours of the chief figures in the Book of Daniel. This, however, being mainly a post eventum, wisdom was hardly prophecy in the true sense (though the ingenuity displayed in the seemingly hazardous business of establishing connection with the scripture must have certainly exceeded that possessed by the original prophets), and with the return to normal life soon died a natural death. Very little was then heard of prophecy till its present academic revival; a book or two of Mr. H. G. Wells' (notably "The Dream" and "A Year of Prophecy"), the pleasant projections into the future of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," and a few of the apparently inexhaustible Pyramid pamphlets bridged the gulf. At present prophecy is in the process of being organised out of an art into a science—a fact which perhaps explains why Mr. J. B. S. Haldane launched the To-Day and To-morrow Series. The future—biologically revealed—is hardly the Golden Age of orthodox prophecy, for the babe of destiny is this time to be ectogenetic and its cradle a test-tube; and we doubt if Mr. Ludovici's "Lysistrata" had its counterpart at Cumae. The whole series, however, from Euterpe (or "The Future of Art") down to Nuntius (or "The Future of Advertising"), forms an encyclopaedia of modern prophecy, and it is apparently going to continue till lack of futures to discuss or mythological titles to names the discussions brings it to an unwilling end.

Quite a different type of prophecy is provided by the continental philosophies, of which by far the most important is Spengler's "Decline of the West." After achieving the position of a best-seller in Germany this work is apparently enjoying an unexpected welcome in unphilosophic England, although the arrangement of its matter suggests that the Sibyl still has occasional lapses into her Virgilian but objectionable habit of committing her prophecy to leaves and then letting them blow about in disorder. The distinguishing feature of the Spenglerian prophecy seems to be that whereas the To-Day and To-Morrow Series practically unanimously regards our future as quite unique in its characteristics, "The Decline of the West" asserts that we are merely to repeat in a slightly different key the swan-song of the civilisations that have preceded us. On the other hand, it is not true that the To-Day and To-Morrow Series unanimously or even generally supports Mr. J. B. S. Haldane's scientific optimism; Mr. Ludovici, for example, is a very efficient damper; but judging both schools of prophecy (the term may now return into use) on their intrinsic merit, the Spenglerian loses something through its claim to incontrovertible accuracy. The vistas that the To-Day and To-Morrow Series conjure up, though never beyond the bounds of the possible, have all the exciting uncertainty and novelty of the secret to come out of the conjuror's box; Spengler's vision, on the other hand, is admittedly a mere transposition of the past into the future, though it is done to the accompaniment of all the authentic caliginous mystery. In this connection, it is interesting to see disciples of the two schools meet. In an introduction to a recently published study of the Spenglerian theory, Dr. F. S. C. Schiller, himself the author of two of the To-Day and To-Morrow Series, defines the real difference in attitude; a staunch adherent of the Sibyl, he welcomes her in the guise of a "multiplicity of predictions," none of which are to be regarded as a dogma; Spengler, on the other hand, will admit none of this Protean ambiguity, and for him there is only one prophecy, and that essentially a dogma.

In any shape or form, and ancient as she is, the Sibyl contributes such a novel element to History, Science, and Philosophy that we are very glad to see her in our midst. The accomplishment of her journey from her draughty Campanian Cave to her present position of influence is both a credit to her and an honour to ourselves. She is, however, now very tired; but perhaps someone will offer her a chair at one of the English universities.

H. L. A. HART.

Views and Reviews.

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM.

Probably the Jews, who have for so long had no country, have been the most nationalist of all peoples. Whether the Irish, who have had no country to call their own, or the Scots, who have left their country to multiply and replenish the earth, come next, need not be debated. While the Irish have been noisy and theoretical, the Scots have been quiet and practical. Every Scottish household, from John o' Groats to the antipodes—and beyond in both directions—is presided over by a Scottish king, its culture is focused on a Scottish poet, and its religion is inherited from a Scottish reformer. Sometimes it appears that the Scots, with so much less reason, suffer far more in their hearts than the Irish from the shame of being a subject people.

* * *

Mr. C. M. Grieve's* project to survey the whole prospect of a Scottish renaissance is a worthy undertaking. That a Scottish Parliament sitting in Scotland, and subordinate to no arbiter outside Scotland, is either indispensable to a renaissance of culture, or certain to contribute towards that end, as Mr. Grieve repeatedly insists, cannot be endorsed so promptly. Slaves whose hearts are set on freedom may gain freedom; certain slaves, who set their hearts on culture, attained it despite their slavery. Scotland is by no means the slave of England, some of those rare English jokes acknowledging the contrary. The problem of freedom in a nation, however, like the same problem in an individual, is far more a psychological question of self-respect and instinctive satisfaction than of logical test by formula. It may be that the self-dissatisfaction of certain Scotsmen is due in reality to something other than membership of a subject people; that nationalism is not the remedy but the obsession.

* * *

The English provinces suffer in relation to London as Mr. Grieve perceives that Scotland suffers in relation to England—actually, in relation to London. That London standards in opinion and in culture dominate Glasgow and Edinburgh is almost inevitable, from the same causes by which New York standards tend to dominate the world, including London. As long as riches consciousness, together with centralised opinion and exchange—even of art—prevail, such culture as there is will appear to emanate from the place of greatest material prosperity. It is for London rather than England that the educated Scotsman has left his country. Scotland, helped by its distance from London, has resisted the flood of megalopolitanism more effectively than the English provinces. In Scotland one still finds respect for that fine Emersonian defence of the Sabbath, "Six days for action, and one for meditation." In institutions, manners, and character the Scot is more Scottish than the English are English.

* * *

Nationalism requires a conscious and judicial examination before one vows one's self to it. The English, of course, have practically no impulse, conscious or unconscious, towards nationalism nowadays; with such an impulse they might not have become so cosmopolitan. The English are imperialist, and rapidly becoming decadently imperialist, again lacking a higher world-consciousness to revive them. The growth of imperialism flourishes alongside the successful pursuit of power, whereas nationalism betrays the original inferiority-feeling that urged the pursuit of power. Failing the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," British imperialism would have been impossible; and whatever crimes were committed by imperialist England, from the Plantagenets to the Hanoverians, for the postponement of the British Isles problems, Scottish and Irish patriots cannot ignore that the empire is British, not merely English.

* * *

The British Empire has been accumulated—as a pragmatic expedient for dealing roughly with certain world problems—with the co-operation of the Irish and the Scots. Imperial prosperity, augmented by English and Scottish inventiveness, Scottish power of organisation, Irish adventurousness and logic, attracted its mercenaries from the whole world. Its centre, London, is still provided with people, nay, increased, through the glamour of its golden pavements, as much at the expense, and with the consent, of the Scots and Irish as of the English provinces. The threatened poverty of London may necessitate a Scottish renaissance. That prompting of the spirit towards renaissance may be a still unconscious revelation that the constituents of the British Empire, including those countries whose union was the spring of it, had better develop a world-view of their own.

* * *

In the course of this effort after finding one's place in the world for one's self, there is again a duty to be in full possession of one's consciousness. Retreat is as inviting as advance. Mr. Grieve's wish deliberately to cultivate "braid Scots" impresses me as questionable. Work spontaneously done in the dialect must be welcomed and honestly judged. Yet much is to be said for using a medium intelligible to as wide a world-consciousness as possible. The abandonment of form in verse has not led to the production of superior forms, nor to the creation of greater verse. I doubt whether Mr. Grieve would advise the translation of foreign literature into "braid Scots," or the adoption of this medium for expressions of modern consciousness. The temptation to fall into localisms and archaisms in the production of lyric reminiscent of past moods is a danger to artists. If dialect can save itself as a "wild" plant, well and good; but much of the advocacy of dialect to-day is symptomatic of anti-Metropolitan revolt.

* * *

Plays and verses are composed in English dialects, in Lancashire and Somerset, not to mention the introduction of Somerset into a translation of Molière to gain rural atmosphere. Yet these contemporary dialect authors, writing of home for home, would in general dream afresh at the prospect of London production. If the balance of prosperity between London and New York is further lost in the present direction, London dramatists will soon begin to cultivate American idiom. Already we gaze over the Atlantic for our poets' food-ships. Southern Ireland has long been unhappy about the question of using Gaelic. In some Irishmen pride and conscience conspire to prevent the admission that the Gaelic agitation was a symptom of rebellion. They recognise, however, that the intercourse of the world flows more easily over old—or natural—obstacles than over additional ones. In general the Irish poet, with the sure instinct of the orator, chooses the language of the crowd.

* * *

Scotland will deal with such problems while growing. Criticism such as that of Mr. Grieve, which reminds the tall fellow how much taller fellows there are abroad, without discouraging him, is part of the growth and its pains. Without knowing how far his second series has proceeded, I would suggest that Mr. Grieve shorten his quotations of other people's opinions—inserting longer quotations from the works of lesser known writers dealt with—or arrange for quotation marks at the beginning of each

* "Contemporary Scottish Studies." By C. M. Grieve. (Leonard Parsons. 10s. 6d.)

line. There is sometimes a doubt who is speaking. Naturally, I prefer the former of the suggestions. The last chapter—apart, again, from the time others have the floor—is so interesting that I wanted more. Mr. Grieve did not make plain his attitude to closing down deer-hunting and opening up crofting and hospitality for tourists. Entertaining tourists, as in Switzerland, may be a sound business proposition; its business may be sounder than its culture. Many Irishmen are wide awake to the tendency of gaining a living from tourists towards the demoralisation of the people by inducing a weak fluidity of character. Possibly the Scots are ancient and crystalline enough to be secure. I wish Mr. Grieve and the Young Renaissance Movement success with the work of renewing Scottish culture. They have already set out on the road. They do not lose their heads over Burns; they are aware of the rank of Stevenson much more than are the great company of emigrated Scots who sleep with his works under their pillows; and they can appraise the nonsense which English philistines with handles to turn talk about Scott.

R. M.

Churchill the "Blockhead."

By Alex. Werth.

Johnson, says Boswell, "talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing that 'it had a contemporary currency only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion.' I ventured to hint," the self-effacing Boswell continued, "that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. Johnson: 'Nay, sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry. . . . No, sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still.'"

That Johnson should have called him a blockhead "at first," is more surprising than had he called him a blockhead later. For Churchill had made his name by the first poem he published, and on that poem his fame must rest. The author of "The Rosciad," written in 1761, when he was fully thirty years old, must have been surprised when he awoke one morning to find it had made him famous.

Charles Churchill was born in Westminster, the son of a respectable clergyman of humble circumstances. That there was already something of a satirical disposition in young Churchill, though perhaps little of the satirist, seems to be confirmed by the story of his unsuccessful attempt to matriculate at Oxford, where his failure is ascribed to the fact that instead of answering the questions, he broke out into satirical reflections on the abilities of his examiners. He was no more successful at Cambridge, perhaps through lack of funds, which was probably the case, for he showed a bitter hatred towards the Universities in his poetry, and in the reflections he casts, in "The Ghost," on their examinations:—

> "Which Balaam's ass
> As well as Balaam's self might pass,
> And with his master take degrees
> Could he contrive to pay his fees."

In 1758 Churchill's father died, and Churchill (married already for fully eight years, though still without a degree) was appointed his successor, not so much on account of his merits, as thanks to those of his father. Neither the small salary nor the nature of the work pleased him, and a year or two later this frivolous and not too kindly pastor rushed into something like dissipation in company with Lloyd, an old schoolfellow, and an *habitué* of Drury Lane.

Churchill and Lloyd now become nightly frequenters of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and Churchill, the clumsy, heavy-featured clergyman, soon gets to be known as a popular figure among those strange constellations of theatrical gossips, wits and scandalmongers who circled around the luminary—David Garrick.

Naturally, envy and jealousy were rampant among the actors and their respective *claques*. For each actor did have a *claque* of his own; and Drury Lane of the '50s and '60s was something like the centre of dispute of all the literary and dramatic tendencies of the day, and party-feeling must have run at least as high as it was to run, seventy years later, in the Classic-Romantic squabbles of the Théâtre-Français. It was Churchill who, after a few months' close study of the theatrical world, undertook to chastise Garrick's slanderers, enviers, and presumptuous rivals. There seems, however, little doubt that this was done out of a satirical disposition, whetted by Churchill's association with critics and actors, rather than out of adoration for Garrick himself. Indeed, Garrick himself, whose colleagues had been so brutally treated at his expense, and whose ill-feeling towards him was bound to have been aroused by Churchill's satire, was none too grateful for the extravagant compliment paid him. It is true, he did not refuse Churchill the financial help that the latter begged of him when in need, for Churchill never failed to address Garrick as a man greatly indebted to him; yet when, a few years later, Churchill was miserably ending his life in Boulogne, it does not seem that Garrick was over-concerned by the wretched circumstances into which his panegyrist had fallen.

"The Rosciad," in spite of Johnson's contemptuous, though not altogether unjust opinion, is a great poem, and certainly the greatest satire published between Pope and Byron. It has, of course, fallen into oblivion to a large degree, but the fact that it is "filled with living names" is hardly an argument against its merits. "Absolom" and "Achitophel" are merely fictitious names substituted for real ones, and the number of topical allusions in the "Dunciad," is infinitely greater than in Churchill's poem. "The Rosciad" has a distinctly Popean swing, the couplets in it, unlike the flabby couplets of Churchill's other writings, have a fine metallic sound, a conciseness of expression, and a pointedness of epigram that are truly wonderful, and that could have been achieved only by a man who was, in spite of his rather too saucy dispositions, a judge of things theatrical. Nowhere is his nastiness more apparent than in the portrait of a Mr. Fitzpatrick, an Irishman, and one of Garrick's greatest enemies:—

> "A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
> Which heart can scarce conceive, nor pen describe,
> Came simpering on—to ascertain whose sex
> Twelve sage impannelled matrons would perplex.
> Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
> Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth. . . .
> Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,
> Of genius and of taste, of players and of plays;
> Much, too, of writings, which Itself had wrote,
> Of special merit, though of little note;
> For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
> That what It wrote, none but Itself should read."

This is not much more than personal abuse, though of a kind that gives the victim a longing never to have been born. Churchill is more interesting when he touches on the various ways of acting, on the influence of the old Bettertonian school of acting with its strutting gait and mouthing diction, or on the various actors' mannerisms and faults:—

> "Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
> Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs and complains;
> His easy vacant face proclaimed a heart

> Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
> With him came mighty Davies—on my life,
> That Davies has a very pretty wife!—
> Statesman all over, in plots famous grown,
> He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone."

Here he refers to actors with "hobby" parts:—

> "Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
> Who being from one part possessed of fame,
> Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
> Still introduce that favourite part in all. . . ."

Thus, Love, the actor—

> "In a peculiar mould of humour cast,
> For Falstaff framed, himself the first and last,
> He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
> And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate."

There are a great number of interesting portraits of the more important London players of the time. Churchill is not indiscriminately nasty; he has a good word to say not only for Garrick, but also for Barry, Sheridan, and Mrs. Pritchard, and for one or two others, although, whenever there is a fault to find, though it be but some trifling mannerism, Churchill spots it without fail. Garrick is his hero, because:—

> "The gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay—
> Have formed me of a coarser kind of clay;
> Not stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,
> A dull poor nature, still with nature pleased.
> Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
> And pleased with Nature, must be pleased with thee."

Churchill's eulogistic manner, as can readily be seen, is inferior to his satirical vein.

Johnson's judgments, though not always fair, never lacked a basis of critical sense. The Doctor's admiration for Pope was boundless, and yet he called Churchill, who had written brilliant couplets, a blockhead. But Pope, even at his most offensive, is refined and elegant in expression, while Churchill is not. And then, what Johnson felt about Churchill was that no matter how brilliant his verse might seem to contemporaries, it would be of no artistic value in the long run. Churchill's poetry is certainly not self-contained; the one important element it lacks (and which Pope's, to a large degree possessed) is a "background." To anyone not well acquainted with the London of Mr. Garrick "The Rosciad" with its forgotten names would be almost meaningless. One can fully appreciate it only by using as a background the most interesting theatrical gossip of the time, by dipping into the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the numerous pamphlets, and by realising what particular new tendencies Garrick, Macklin, and Sheridan represented on the stage, and in what way Quin was a "reactionary." However, our generation knows the eighteenth century fairly well, and many amongst us love to live ourselves into its heartless "Voltairean" half; and in that way only can we really admire Churchill's brilliant and brutal wit, and regret the time when the theatre was a matter of such importance to the public that anyone who wrote a good poem about it could become, for a time, the most famous man in London. It is doubtful that a great "hit" could be made to-day by a satire on Mr. Owen Nares, or by a poetic panegyric on Miss Gladys Cooper.

Viewed historically, Churchill is, indeed, of enormous interest; and that was the light in which Boswell undertook the defence of the "blockhead." "Churchill," says Boswell, "had extraordinary vigour both of thought and expression. His portraits of the players will ever be valuable to the true lovers of the drama, and his strong caricatures of several eminent men of his age will not be forgotten by the curious." Indeed, no one truly "curious" of the unsentimental half of the eighteenth century will leave Churchill unopened.

Drama.

The Father of a Family: Playroom Six.

New theatres are born rarely, and the job of nursing them is not anybody's. "The Playroom Six" is only a little one, but I hope it will gain weight rapidly. It is welcome to find the theatre throwing shoots off in the West End of London, where the temptation as well as the incentive lies in the impulse to build bigger or not at all. There is none of the chill of untraversed space in the mansion of the Playroom Six. The theatre is so small that the audience feels in relation to the domestic affairs of the characters in the play rather like the skeleton in the family cupboard; less like the distant and disinterested witness of a crystal of life separated and set in a casket, than like a guest in the houses where the play takes place.

As yet the theatre is primitive; one can not expect oratory from the cradle. But the Playroom Six company are enthusiastically anxious to learn. They had apparently learned a good deal between the publication of the first-night reviews and the second night's performance, and were sanguine enough to promise the second night audience a revolution so far as seating goes. These tiny theatres—the Gate Theatre Salon was the precedent—merit earnest encouragement. There can be no goal for them except drama, for the reason that the stunt and the grand spectacle are obviously closed to them; no horse-race, the production of which is justified by the horses' reality, can be staged here. It is a disadvantage that admission must be restricted to members and their friends, as I feel that one possible source of income, if these theatres were known, would spring from visitors to London interested in the Little Theatre at home.

The half-dozen plays which the Playroom Six look forward to producing include work not previously staged, and other work not yet staged in England, including Carl Müller's "Flame"; "Julia Domna," by Michael Field—with Sara Allgood as producer—"Leonce and Lena," by George Buchner, and "Wild Birds," by Dan Tothero. A sign of the "will-to-reality" is the decision to play on Sunday afternoons as well as evenings, but to make holiday on Mondays. It will be a heavy task to get a living out of so small a theatre, but everybody remembers that those engines constructed to stand on a three-penny bit did actually work. To make such theatres work—and pay—special care will not only need to be given to the selection of the right sort of plays; the proximity of the audience to the actors will necessitate methods not applicable to the three-acre stage of the big theatre. Only experience can discover all of them, only a tradition can master them. Acting will have to be polished. Costume will have to enchant without the aid of distance, and make-up will require to be done with as much art as the modern damsel's before the perspiration stimulant and the complexion competition of the ball.

Goldoni's "The Father of a Family" was a good choice in many respects. It necessitated few properties, and provided every one of its ten characters with a solid part. Its craftsmanship is more than good. Although its love-making and roguery, however, are gay, witty, and brought to a perfectly just end—reckoned by the standard of morality—the content stirs no spiritual depths. Eighteenth-century manners strike us to-day as a superficial compromise with life, and although the eighteenth century anticipated the modern advertiser in saying it with flowers, their flowers seem to have mainly been hot-house growths. Goldoni rendered the stage in Italy a great service, though he called upon the actors to work harder. What he found there when

he began was the system under which the actors studied the plot together, and then invented their own parts, a system that still persists to some extent even in unfamiliar places in London, mainly in the production of stage melodrama. It has every right to persist if it can. When Goldoni left the theatre he had endowed it with a comedy of character drawn from the world, and Italy could raise her head among the nations at the mention of drama.

The Playroom Six did not make the most of "The Father of a Family." The men folk were not so gaily in earnest as the women, make-believe in a nursery no doubt being an accomplishment that men have to re-acquire. Winifred Oughton's Beatrice was played for a bigger stage, but Stella Mary Pearce as Fiametta, the chambermaid with whom Beatrice's favourite son set out to elope, after a score of rogueries and betrayals, was a good performance; Peggy Carter as Rosaura, the good sister who kept her worldly wisdom for occasions when the absence of her family helped to provide a use for it, and whose keenness for a husband nearly got her beyond even a dramatist's power of redemption, got the right mood and manner; these two, in my judgment, were the best performances of the evening. The enthusiasm, the heroism, which have gone to the making of this tiny theatre, promise a great deal. I wish the worker in it success.

PAUL BANKS.

Art.

Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art—1300 to 1900. (Royal Academy. Open until beginning of March.)

If only because works have been lent from America, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, and Hungary, this exhibition demands the closest study. It emphasises the co-operation of friendly people, and, in its inclusion of nineteenth-century painting and sculpture, encourages the neglected study of old and modern masters side by side.

The paintings, generally speaking, are dominated by a characteristically racial ideal of portraiture, whether dictated by the intimacies of the church, the court, or the home; but the wider implications of art, including the reactions of the Flemish temperament to alien influences, are suggested, particularly by the sculpture and tapestry. "The Carved Chest" (No. 462), dating from about 1302, which shows scenes from the battle of Courtrai, interests not only as a contemporary record but as a Flemish example of a style of wood-carving widely spread over Europe. The carved and coloured wooden group of "St. Anne with the Virgin" (No. 472), if Flemish in entranced repose, shares its quietude with certain far eastern figures. In contrast, is the less generalised feeling of the impressive bronze group, "Le Grisou" (No. 383), by Meunier, by whom there are several smaller bronzes and some paintings.

The Brussels Tapestry of 1566, made up as a Throne (No. 499), has an Italian style, and its golden splendour, heightened by artificial lighting, at once suggests that quickening of pageantry associated with the activities of the Emperor Charles V., though the tapestry itself dates from a later day. "Temperance (Moderation)" (No. 501) is a piece of superb weaving, beautiful in colour and design.

Gallery I. is devoted to the Primitives, and from it I choose "Portrait of a Lady" (No. 33) by Van der Weyden. Such a picture, an ordered growth from earlier miniature art, has, in its firm drawing, and in its cool and lovely colour, the restrained authority of so much early Flemish painting; a quality possessed by Van Eyck's "Jean Arnolfini and his Wife" (in the National Gallery). "Portrait of a Young Man" (No. 119) by Jan Mostaert, differing in style from any other of his paintings shown, reveals persuasively, in the quiet naturalism of sunlight breaking through grey sky and suffusing everything with a golden glow, a lessening of reserve. The exquisite "Portrait of a Young Man" (No. 196), attributed, I think doubtfully, to Mabuse, carries the spectator towards individual restlessness, so that he is to some extent prepared for the paintings by Pieter Breughel the Elder (circa 1525-1569) in Gallery V. These, although in various manners, are extraordinarily modern in feeling. "The Bird Trap" (No. 242) and "The Adoration of the Magi" (No. 233), the latter surely incorrectly described in the catalogue as by Pieter Breughel the Younger, combine figures and landscape, on a small scale, with the perfection of intimate understanding. "The Fall of Icarus" (No. 227) and "Storm at Sea" (No. 230) are much more ambitious, and, if they fall short of complete success, they stimulate by reason of the painter's aspiration. The former is delightful in its ironic touch; a ploughman absorbedly follows his furrow, a shepherd boy day-dreams, and a fisherman intently holds his rod, while the floundering limbs of Icarus disappear into the sea. The latter picture is as restless as the tossed sea itself; Breughel appears here as an uneasy forerunner of Turner and Van Gogh combined.

In the large Gallery III., Rubens and Van Dyck display, respectively, exuberance and elegance; but, while in "John Count of Nassau-Siegen" (No. 143), a strong personality seems to have called forth from Van Dyck a deeper note than usual, two paintings from Buda-Pest arrest attention more. These portraits of Hans Pilgrim von Hertzogenbusch and his Wife (Nos. 150 and 154), by Nicholas Neuchatel (Lucidel) are revelations of dignity and sureness. Composed almost wholly in black, white, grey and flesh-colour, in them Holbein and Velasquez seem to meet. "Portrait of a Man" (No. 148), by Sustermans, lives healthily in its controlled colour scheme of russet, red, gold and silver.

There remain four modern paintings particularly worthy to represent yesterday in such a company of the more remote past. "The Sleeping Youth" (No. 361), by Edouard Agneessens, is more than a study of the nude, the unconsciousness of sleep being truly experienced. "The Sitting-room" (No. 432), by Stevens, invites by means of well-related tones of red, gold and green, and a larger interior. "Listening to the Music of Schumann" (No. 423), by the always interesting Khnopff, is notable for the subtle artistry by which a *literary* subject is made emotionally significant in paint. It is as if the prose of Henry James were given pictorial form. In "Dusk: June" (No. 343), a sustained essay in impressionism, Emile Claus joins hands with those early masters who first wakened to the quickening of the sun.

I will add an etching and a drawing. "The Oriental Banquet" (No. 682), by Vermeyen has, in its large group-feeling, kinship with the tapestry designs; and "Pride" (No. 529), by Breughel, states one phase of that fantastic imagery found in artists as far apart as Bosch and Félicien Rops.

ERNEST COLLINGS.

Reviews

Me and Bricky. By Thomas Le Breton. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

The word "classic" should comprise the complete field of successful and permanent achievement in art, and therefore we must look with respect at anything from the pen of the man who created Mrs. May, that true-bred, lineal descendant of Mrs. Harris. Here we have the cockney confessions of a little back-alley wife, whose pride in her large and ready-handed husband is quite in the Sheikhish fashion. Whether Mr. Le Breton is wise in trying to vivify a lay figure by means of his rampageous dialogue, is a question for his own conscience. But we can only wish that the heroine of these harmless seamy-side reminiscences had a sister to assist 'er in their dramatic presentation.

A Constructive Survey of Upanishadic Philosophy. By R. D. Ranade. (Oriental Book Agency, Poona.)

This is a first-rate publication on the philosophy of the Upanishads by an Indian scholar of great merit. The preface announces an encyclopaedic history of Indian philosophy to be written in sixteen volumes, the present volume forming the second of the series. The best intellect in India has been harnessed to this task, which has been already commenced under the appropriate auspices of an Academy of Philosophy and religion; started by the author, who was till recently Professor of Philosophy in the Fergusson College, Poona. The book is divided into seven chapters covering a wide range of subjects, including the cosmogony, the psychology, the metaphysics, and the ethics of the Upanishads. It starts with the back-ground of the Upanishadic speculation, and finishes with intimations of self-realisation. Roots of later philosophies are also traced in the mass of Upanishadic speculation. The treatment throughout is thorough, systematic, and impersonal; and the Scriptures of the Hindoos are ably interpreted in the terminology widely familiar to students of philosophy in the West. The author's intimate knowledge of ancient Greek thought and modern European philosophy has led him to point out some striking resemblances between Upanishads and Western thought. Original sources from Upanishads have been quoted to the advantage of those who know Sanskrit. After a judicial survey of Upanishadic philosophy, the author arrives at the conclusion that "mysticism

was the culmination of Upanishadic philosophy as it is the culmination of all philosophies." A Hindoo's interpretation of his own Scriptures carries with it a reality peculiarly intimate just as much as a Christian's reading of his Bible does. The author believes that the "Upanishads are capable of giving us a view of reality which would satisfy the scientific, the philosophic, as well as the religious, aspirations of man; because they give us a view which may be seen to be supported by a direct, first-hand, intuitive, mystical experience which no science can impeach, which all philosophy may point to as the ultimate goal of its endeavour, and which may be seen at once to be the immanent truth in the various forms of religion, which only quarrel because they cannot converge." If only these various forms were shown to be identical in essence, the human race would have taken a great step forward. As an attempt towards this goal, the book is an excellent and substantial production.

The Excavations at Ur, 1925-6. (Reprint from *The Antiquaries Journal* for October, 1926. Obtainable at the British Museum. 1s. 6d.)

In this paper, with its three plans and fifteen other plates, Mr. C. Leonard Woolley continues his absorbing account of work at Ur. The illustrations of the remarkable finds of sculpture include two views of a head of a goddess, about which the author says: "It is no exaggeration to say that such a piece of work as this must modify our whole conception of Sumerian art; there is here not only an extraordinarily finished delicacy of technique, but an ideal of beauty which we have hitherto had no reason to attribute to the early sculptor of Mesopotamia."

A Chatto and Windus Almanack, 1927. (Chatto and Windus. 1s. net.)

The pages of this almanack, which is in diary form, are interspersed with what may be called colloquial designs by Stanley Spencer. These comments, mostly in thin black line, note, with varying success, seasonal occupations, amusedly, naively, or serio-comically.

Hellenism Between the Millstones of East and West.

The slow development of internationalism is shown in the small extent to which foreign books of importance are sent to periodicals outside the country of origin for review. It is, of course, impossible to distribute review copies over the world's Press at large, but there are types of books of which notices should appear as rapidly after their publication as possible in selected journals of ideas in every civilised country.

As a matter of fact exceedingly few foreign books come to Great Britain for review, and very few periodicals give even the scrappiest foreign literary intelligence, although there has been improvement in this connection lately. These remarks are prompted by the receipt of a copy of the above work, which is an analysis of international diplomacy and affairs in so far as they affected Greece during the war years and since, and of the treaties of Sèvres and Lausanne; and, in particular, of the whole history and problems of Turco-Greek relations. The author sees Greece as the victim of Turkey on the one hand, and of the Allies on the others.*

Of the humanity of the League of Nations M. Frangoudis speaks with some irony. For the rehabilitation of the returned refugees, the League of Nations generously made Greece a loan of ten million pounds, at seven per cent., purchase rate 85. In other words, Greece received ten millions and not only paid interest on, but owed, twelve and a half million. In security, Greece left the League no risk; she mortgaged 500,000 hectares of land, fixed property to the tune of sixteen and a half million pounds, and "all the revenues of the state."

Well may M. Frangoudis complain. In addition to all this Greece was debarred from raising any other loans. But he fails to recognise that every other European country is also under the heels of the international bankers, and therefore does not effectively connect affairs in Greece with these elsewhere. Although many of the details he gives are useful, in substance they merely illuminate the working of a machine which NEW AGE readers, apart from any specific effects it produces in Greece, understand. M. Frangoudis, however, lacks this comprehensive view—the key to the whole maze—and as a consequence, however exactly he appreciates the plight of Greece, he does not penetrate the causes.

*" L'Hellénisme en butte contre l'Orient et l'Occident." By M. Frangoudis. (Imprimerie Franco-Hellénique, Athens. 25 francs.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RESERVE FUNDS.

Sir,—I enclose a letter to *The Times* which, as might be expected, they did not publish.

C. H. DOUGLAS.

The Editor, *The Times*, Printing House Square, E.C.4.

Sir,—I am sorry to see that Mr. Herbert Looker, M.P., seems to afford some support to the prevalent misunderstanding in regard to the reserves which are now an important feature in the accounts of successful industrial companies. He is correct in stating that reserves are for the most part undistributed profits and, as such, have formed a component in the price of goods sold to the public. Such prices are purchasing power withdrawn from the public. While the policy of accumulating such reserves may, under existing conditions, be forced upon industrial undertakings as a measure of self-defence, there is no doubt at all that this policy is a contributory cause of the prevailing industrial depression. Every penny of such reserves undistributed in dividends is a penny withheld from the public, which would assist in the making of further purchases.

Under existing conditions, the employees' share of the proceeds of industry is represented by wages and salaries; and these collectively amount to more than 90 per cent. of the amount distributed. To suggest that the shareholders' portion of such proceeds, already withheld from them for reasons which, while possibly and temporarily inevitable, are nevertheless fundamentally unsound, should be still further alienated, has nothing to recommend it either from the point of view of principle or expediency. Such a proposal really amounts to a tax on the buying public collected by and at the expense of the shareholders for the benefit of the employees.—Yours faithfully,

C. H. DOUGLAS.

THE PROBLEM OF LEADERS.

Sir,—Dr. Pick may be right in saying that the fewer leaders the better, but his illustrations do not support his contention that leaders have been practically non-existent. For some of the examples are notoriously matter for debate. Alexander can be looked on as a crazy, drunken adventurer or as an apostle of Hellenism. Cæsar can be written off as an epileptic brigand, Napoleon as an alien, immoral, and self-advertising exploiter of the French, Bismarck as a thick-headed Prussian squire. But without a doubt they imposed their policies on their communities. Columbus, whom Dr. Pick praises, was actually behind the times; he hit on America, believing he would find and had found India. Did either Marx or Kant "unite in complete harmony intellectual and moral greatness"? Cromwell, on the other hand, did not depend on either Milton or Admiral Blake. On the contrary, besides being a military genius of the first rank, and a great organiser, he was in political ideas well ahead of his time. Napoleon, too, was an organiser of genius, as his reorganisation of France in 1797 proved. Augustus organised the Roman Imperial system.

In English political history one can name several leaders of prime importance: William the Conqueror, Edward I., Henry VII., and Elizabeth, to mention some monarchs. France can claim Louis XI., Italy Cavour, and the United States both Washington and Lincoln. As Dr. Pick has strayed into art, strategy, and politics, he might address himself to the problems of Leonardo, Beethoven, Hannibal, Marlborough, Wellington, Aristotle, and Grotius, before pronouncing that intelligence is a secondary factor in producing "the most sympathetic effect," whatever that may mean.

He has not, in fact, apprehended the implications of Leadership, as his praise of specialists shows. For it cannot function without coadjutors; it is not the business of the leader to be omnicompetent. What he must do is to act during his life or after as a focus for the specialists, and direct other people's activities towards the fulfilment of a policy indicated by his activity. In art and religion and philosophy, leadership has the principal task of setting ideas working. Leaders, however, need be neither heaven-sent geniuses nor inexpugnable oracles, nor need they overwhelm their own generation. Bach and Spinoza were rejected of their generation, but abide with us still. To take a pertinent example: no Socrates, no Plato; no Adler, no Pick.

HILDERIC COUSENS.

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

"THE NEW ECONOMICS" Chart and Commentary, by E. M. Dunn. *1½d. each, 10d. per dozen.*

"THE NEW ECONOMICS" Pamphlet including Chart, by E. M. Dunn. *4½d. each, 3/- per dozen.*

OPINIONS:

"I am very pleased with your Chart, and shall recommend it whenever I have an opportunity."—C. H. Douglas, M.I.Mech.E.

"I am very much impressed with the Chart. It shows such complete mastery of the Douglas Scheme."—F. Maxwell Mather, A.S.A.A.

"Many thanks for the Pamphlet. The more I look at it, the more I like it; it puts the whole idea so simply in a nutshell."—C. H. J. Galloway, B.Sc., F.R.G.S., F.R.C.L.

To be obtained from the Author, 122, Lytton Avenue, Letchworth, Herts. and the Credit Research Library, 70, High Holborn, London. W.C.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 unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

THE NEW AGE *is on sale at Henderson's, 66, Charing Cross Road (close to Leicester Square Tube Station) and at the news stand on the corner of Holborn and Chancery Lane (opposite Chancery Lane Tube Station).*

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors are asked to take note that a column of large type in THE NEW AGE contains about 700 words, and a column of small type 975 words. Their contributions should therefore be of 700 or 1,400 words in the first case, or 975 or 1,950 words in the second.

Except in special circumstances articles should not run on to three columns. Normally a writer should be able to explain his thesis adequately in one or in two columns. If not he should divide it with the above measurements in view.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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

The "NEW AGE"

ANNUAL DINNER

will take place on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1927,

at the

FLORENCE RESTAURANT,

Rupert Street, Piccadilly, W.

Tickets 7s. 6d.

Applications to the Manager, the "NEW AGE," 70 High Holborn, W.C.1 (Telephone: Chancery 8470).

CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY

The Key to World Politics. Chart showing plan of world government now being attempted by the international financiers. **Price 1d. (postage ½d.).**

Through Consumption to Prosperity. An Outline of Major Douglas's Credit Proposals. Reprinted, with additions, from "The New Age" of October 16th, 1924. Written specially to serve as an introduction to the study of the New Economic Theory. Gives a clear account of its distinguishing features, with just sufficient argument to establish a *prima facie* case for further investigation. **16 pp. Price 2d. (postage ½d.). Prices for quantities, including carriage, 6—1/-; 10—1/6; 50—6/9; 100—11/3; 500—50/-.**

The Veil of Finance. Reprint in book form of a series of articles from "The New Age" by Arthur Brenton. If a banker appeared on an island under primitive conditions, and applied to its activities the present laws of "sound finance"; what would happen? This is the main basis of the author's analysis and its application to the costing and pricing laws of modern industry. **64pp. Price (paper covers) 6d.; (boards) 1s. (postage 1d.).**

Socialist "First-Aid" for Private Enterprise! A reprint of the "Notes" in "The New Age" of April 17th. A critical examination of the I.L.P.'s "Nationalisation" policy from the "Social Credit" point of view. A useful pamphlet to distribute in Labour and other reformist circles.

A consecutive introductory reading course in Social Credit is provided by the following sets of pamphlets:—

SET A.

Comprising:—

Unemployment and Waste (1d.).
The Key to World Politics (1d.).
Through Consumption to Prosperity (2d.).
Socialist First Aid (1d.).
Catalogue (gratis).

Post free 6d. the set.

SET B.

Comprising:—

Set "A" above.
The Veil of Finance (6d.).

Post free 1s. the set.

Catalogue of other books and pamphlets free on application

CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1

Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRESS, LIMITED, Temple-avenue and Tudor-street, London E.C. 4.