

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government's revelations concerning Arcos were of the "C3" grade that we forecasted. They were perfectly adjusted to the type of mentality which to-day passes for public opinion. The country is first told that Arcos was raided in order to recover a lost document. Now it transpires that before the raid the Government had secured a photograph of this document, and knew that it had been made by Arcos. If so, they had only to produce the photograph and prove its origin, without going to the trouble of breaking into strong rooms, to have justified their diplomatic break with Russia. Moreover, they state with regard to the whole of the evidence recently found on Arcos premises that it is only a fraction of what they already knew before—thus admitting by implication that they had been practising the same methods of spying and intrigue which they charge against Arcos. For one thing, as Mr. Rosengolz pointed out in his interview with Sir Austen Chamberlain at the Foreign Office on the morning after the raid, the mere fact that the Government based some of its charges on evidence derived from Arcos telegrams and cables proves that the Post Office has been acting as a secret-service organisation. Of course, the answer to this and all similar argument is that "Russia began it," which at once poses the same kind of conundrum as that of who began the war, or who began to break the laws of civilised warfare, not to mention who won the war. Mr. Lloyd George said the right thing when he remarked during the debate last week that all Governments resort to intrigues of this sort.

Every great Power possesses knowledge sufficient to justify a diplomatic breach with every other if it thinks it expedient to take that action. The secret-service funds exist to buy it. Only last week a Labour member who asked in the House if there was any constitutional reason why the purposes for which

such funds were ear-marked could not be specified was told that there was not, but that the Government would refuse information all the same, since to do so would be to "defeat the purpose" of the fund. In the present case the Government did not need to find out what Russia was doing: they wanted to discover who was behind her. Again, it was not any subversive actions on her part that interested them: it was information about her "normal legitimate business" that they wanted to find out. Who imagines, as Mr. Lloyd George remarked, that the Government was or is concerned with the possibility of a coloured communist holding a meeting in the boiler-room of a battleship—summoning sailors from the quarter deck? (Where'd he be when he did call to them?) Sir Austen Chamberlain claimed credit for the Government on the ground of their "long-suffering patience"—with these schoolboy plots! On the contrary, there is every antecedent probability that the Government's secret agents have been encouraging them in order to manufacture a pretext for surprising the financial and trading secrets of Arcos, Ltd. A list of "illegal addresses" was discovered. (What on earth are illegal addresses?) Some of these were specified by the Government in the course of their revelations. But these were all of agitators who talk a lot and do nothing. But what of those who do a lot and say nothing. Was one of the illegal addresses that of the Midland Bank?

On May 10, two days before the raid, an agreement was got down in writing whereby the Midland Bank would finance orders from the U.S.S.R. to the amount of £10,000,000. An authoritative statement from the Bank was read in the House subsequently to the raid in which it appeared that Russia would be required to pay a substantial sum down, whereupon the remainder would be allowed to stand on credit periods ranging between six months and three years. In the event of default the bank reserved the customary power of recourse to the

British exporter. The general tenor of the statement was to reassure Members of the House that the intended deal was on a safe, sound, business basis, so far as the bank was concerned. It is reasonable to assume, too, that the British business organisations, who would be parties to the deal, and would run the ultimate risk, thought it a safe venture. In short, neither the bank nor the producers were expecting the early destruction of British institutions and industries at the hands of communist strike-fomenters. Nor, on the other hand, presuming Russia "must have our goods" (as the Conservatives are now whistling in the Arcos graveyard) is it easy to realise her object in paralysing Britain's power to deliver them. However, the action of the Government has, to all appearance, scotched this plan; and it remains to inquire why. It is, of course, easy to lead the man in the street to believe that the Government is in a better position to judge what is for the commercial welfare of this country than the Midland Bank and the Federation of British Industries; but nobody with a knowledge of business will believe it for a moment. In matters of commerce the Government's knowledge is derived from the F.B.I.'s knowledge. In matters of finance no Government knows more than the bankers reveal. Hence the policy of a Government reflects either agreement on the part of finance and commerce, or, in the case of disagreement, on the preponderance of the power of one of two opposed groups. And since the ultimate seat of power is finance, Government policy reflects the balance of financial power.

Now, if the Big Five banks were autonomous competitors with self-determined policies, one might hold the theory that the Government's action had been brought about solely by the combined action of four of them against the fifth, arising, let us say, out of a failure of negotiations to secure a fivefold participation in the benefits of the £10,000,000 loan. But the Big Five are linked up in a Trust, and a Trust subservient to the policy of the Bank of England. Their rules and ratios make them so. For this and other reasons one cannot reasonably assume that even if there were differences of opinion among them these would cause a dramatic change of Government policy unless the Bank of England held strong views on the principle at issue and came down heavily with its deciding vote. We conclude, therefore, that the Bank of England has decided in principle against the proposed loan. Whether it is permanently ruled out or is temporarily suspended remains to be seen.

The Bank of England is not a national, but an international, bank. It enjoys extraterritorial privileges although situated in Threadneedle Street. Its policy is dominated by American policy, and even its stock is suspected of being held, as to more than one half, as a Federal Reserve investment. Its Governor, Mr. Montagu Norman, has been described by Mr. Philip Snowden as the head of the financial League of Nations. It is his duty, under American supervision, to ration the rights of credit-creation among the nations of the world, great and small, in accordance with the rules and ratios of the banking system. This rationing of credit involves, of course, a rationing of markets. Now, Great Britain is only one out of many countries of which Mr. Norman has to take charge, and for which he is held responsible by Mr. Benjamin Strong, to whom he has to pay periodical visits in New York to submit his reports and take instructions. It is against this background that we have to view the suppression of the Midland Bank's arrangement with Russia.

If £10,000,000 worth of export business can safely be done with Russia it is to the advantage of British trade, under the present scheme of things, that it shall be done. More than that, it is to the advantage of British banks, considered as *British* banks, to create the necessary credits. But the interests of British trade and British banking have to give way to the wider interests which the Strong-Norman consortium has elected itself to harmonise and average out. It is not a question of what British bankers and producers would like to do to expand their credit and their export markets, but what is their allotted share in relation to similar privileges accorded to other countries. The grounds on which these shares are calculated and imposed are as secret as the purposes of secret service funds; but nevertheless, for any country to claim the right to take more than its allotment is to do what Mr. J. H. Thomas has so often reprobated, to make the general interest subservient to a sectional interest. To apply this doctrine to particulars. The Strong-Norman pact may well include a clause preserving, among other things, the *status quo* in regard to feeding the Russian market. Mr. Strong may have reserved the right to finance Russia in order to relieve the bulging warehouses of American producers. If so, the present situation will have arisen not from the intrigues of Arcos against Britain's interests, but from those of the Midland Bank against America's. It is no use blinking the fact that a £10,000,000 door opened to British producers is a £10,000,000 door closed to Americans. In this colossal rivalry both the Russian and British political Governments are like a couple of chickens that have got in the way of a cavalry charge, and are left pecking each other in the ditch.

We may consider the Midland Bank scheme as an assertion and instrumentation of the principle of credit expansion as opposed to the opposite principle of credit contraction. From this point of view the alignments between Parties appear to be in a fantastic tangle. The Contractionists include not only Mr. Churchill and a majority of the Conservative Cabinet, but Lord Reading and Sir Herbert Samuel, representing Liberalism, and Mr. Philip Snowden, representing Labour. On the side of the Expansionists we may guess that Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain are among the Cabinet minority; and, of course, there is Mr. McKenna (whom Mr. Baldwin wanted as his Chancellor of the Exchequer but had to put up with Mr. Churchill). This suggests an overwhelming preponderance of contractionist opinion in official circles—as no doubt there is: but in view of the Federation of British Industries' visibly growing irritation with contractionist policy, reflected as it is (though discreetly) in more and more numerous newspaper hints and criticisms, it is certain that the merest official sign of encouragement for the principle of expansion would let loose a flood of public endorsement. There is something significant in the attitudes of the Parties as Parties in the debate on the Arcos raid. The *Daily News* summarised them correctly by saying that the Conservatives insisted on acceptance of the Government's verdict and sentence; the Liberals accepted the verdict but not the sentence; while Labour wanted to review the evidence before accepting either. The "sentence" in this connection was the decision to break off diplomatic contact with Russia. The reversal of the sentence would not necessarily have involved the re-opening of the loan transaction. So we are entitled to gather that the secret attitude of official Liberalism was: "We accept the verdict insofar as it has enabled the Government to tear up the Midland Bank's expansionist treaty, which is all that really matters: but, why on earth create a diplomatic rupture on top of it?" We can also see why the Labour attitude was avoided

by the other two Parties, for if a review of the evidence were to quash the verdict (as it undoubtedly would if considered in the light of secret-service practices in general) it would leave no argument standing against the resumption of the loan arrangements. It was all astutely staged: each Party presented a different point of view, and if the nature of the difference was not very clear to the public, at any rate the difference must have been there—else why should the protagonists have called each other by offensive names? And if they have not cleared up the mystery of Arcos, they have certainly deepened the impression that the persistence of Party institutions is still a national necessity. Which is what concerns them.

The *Daily Mail*, in taking credit for having precipitated the crisis, seeks to reassure faint-hearts among its readers that the breaking of the Trade Agreement need not injure British trade, pointing out that America has never had such an agreement, and yet has done a lot of trade. The *News of the World* states that over the period of the Trade Agreement, 1921-1926, our trade with Russia showed an excess of imports over exports of £32,000,000 "in her favour"; and that during the same time America sent her an excess of exports to the amount of £36,000,000. If so, the net result of this trade between the three countries is as though about £30,000,000 of American exports have been dumped in this country via Russia. The Midland's projected loan would have set up tendencies to reverse this flow. So we are afraid the *Daily Mail* will have to admit that its intervention has only served America's export interests. Both the *Observer* and the *Spectator* are restless about the new situation. Neither can see what good we have done by the rupture. Both scoff at the idea of any danger from communist propaganda. The *Observer* is wrathful about the "throwing away" of £10,000,000 worth of orders, which Russia will now place "elsewhere," while we shall be left with our unemployed. The *Spectator* reminds the Government that even Lenin himself was realistic enough to "lease industries to private enterprise"—thus commencing the capitulation of communism to capitalism. It quotes Sir Austen Chamberlain, who, on one occasion, said: "A breach with the Soviet would give us no weapon for fighting disorder or revolution within our own borders," and says that, so far as it can see, the statement remains equally valid now. To sum up, the Press generally is in a state of mystification. We said last week, and repeat again, that Russian communism is only dangerous as and when it lapses back to capitalism. The sign of its collapse is its recourse to foreign money markets for loans. Directly capitalism in combination has subdued it to that point, it itself separates into national capitalisms ready to fly at each other's throats to plough in loans and plant export surpluses on the territory of the common victim. In the present case the issue was whether sterling or dollars were to finance Russia. Dollars have won.

It seems as if the permanent financial Government has decided to destroy the temporary Conservative Government which has administered the financiers' policy obediently enough, but has recently been lacking in the spell-binding finesse which characterises the Liberal Party; besides which, as we have hinted, some of the Cabinet are not any too loyal to the policy they have had to carry out. Hence a change must be prepared. The *Daily Mail* is now running a crusade for the revival of agriculture accompanied by criticisms of Mr. Baldwin's neglect of agriculture. The *Evening News* published last week a three-column spread on its centre page giving Sir Herbert Samuel's explanation "Why Liberalism Has a Future." It was in substance a

considered manifesto expounding the main features of Liberal policy. The Editor of the *Evening News* explains that although some of the things are not in accord with its policy, he is pleased to allow his readers to hear what can be said for a Party which has great traditions and may soon again become a Government. Sir Herbert's main thesis is that the electorate's desire is contained in the formula that "while a Conservative Government should go out a Labour Government should not come in." His arguments against Labour cover familiar ground and can be dismissed. But his points against the Conservatives and for Liberalism are illuminating. The Conservatives (1) proposed Protection in 1905 and 1923, and (2) mishandled the Coal crisis, by which it is obvious that he refers to the granting of the subsidy. Two infractions of bankers' policy. The Liberals, on the other hand, look what they have done in the past. He enumerates: (1) the great national schemes of insurance against sickness and unemployment; (2) old age pensions: (then in diminishing order of magnitude, early closing, town planning, and other things that you can get by paying for them). Two of the most powerful engines of credit-contraction that the bankers ever thought of. Thus the Liberal Party is a ready-made implement for keeping the internal economy of this country in line with the Anglo-American projects of the Bank of England. If they could only get Mr. Snowden they could form a perfect Wall Street Cabinet.

Colonel Bayne, of the Cuban Telephone Company, now merged in the International Telephone and Telegraph Company of New York—a concern closely allied with the Bell Company—is credited with planning to create a world monopoly of telephone and allied services and industries as complete as that which his companies possess within the United States itself. He has got the Montevideo Telephone Company. Spain, too, by virtue of trade agreements, is being exploited similarly. Recently it was disclosed that the same trust owns more than half the shares of the Chili Telephone Company. This has created alarm, one sign of which is the inclusion on the board of the Anglo-Portuguese Telephone Company of the chairman of the Automatic Telephone Company, Sir Alexander Roger. The *Daily Mail*, which reports these items, quotes the following view of an authority on the subject of the telephone industry:—

"Not only in the telephone industry, but also in every branch of trade and commerce, and in every detail of every branch, we are to-day confronted with American peaceful penetration. The best means we possess of countering their aims, which are backed to the full extent of their enormous profits out of the war, are to consolidate each industry by a series of alliances, merging the most powerful firms concerned. The chemical industry has already pointed the way."

It would be very interesting if a British Administration, which thought first of British interests, could raid the Bank of England and find information as to what limit, if any, has been agreed on by Mr. Norman as America's quota of overseas investments in the general rationing scheme which we presume must be formulated on paper somewhere. It is surely reasonable for, say, British manufacturers to demand to be told what prospects face them in matters of world trade and investment. They have never yet demanded such information, because they have thought that the trade cycle was beyond human comprehension, much more human modification. But at no time was that really true, although the difficulty of collecting the necessary data would have made it so practically. But since the merging of bank interests under a general policy during and after the war, the difficulty has necessarily been overcome. Somewhere there must be aggregated figures of all

accomplished and pending credit transactions of any magnitude throughout the world. From them it is possible to predict the courses of prices, the volume and even the kind of demand for goods, and other factors of vital practical concern to the industrialists of the world. Of course, fluctuations in harvests and other "acts of God" cannot be foreseen: but since these are insurable they are measurable. Anybody who has given attention to the analysis of credit and costing explained in Major Douglas's writings will realise the feasibility of this suggestion. But it is not yet practical politics. Whoever showed himself able thus to forecast business conditions would confess himself able to control them; and once the public realised what that meant the control would be taken out of private hands. So industry must still go on guessing the volume of demand, and writing down its capital when it guesses wrong.

Mr. Thomas Keens, in his presidential address to the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors on May 19, expressed a sound view when he questioned the prevalent assumption that business amalgamations must necessarily promote efficiency. There was a stage in every industry, he remarked, at which the size of the unit of economic production represented maximum efficiency. This reached, other units were merely added, and higher costs often resulted. This cannot be emphasized too often. There are good reasons for saying that were it not for the generous financial facilities afforded by the banks to the combines, many of them would be driven out of the market by smaller enterprises. Even with such facilities some of them are only saved by the adventitious aid of official regulations, as in the case of the 'Bus combine and the traffic regulations. Smaller concerns, Mr. Keens added, were more likely to discover inventive genius and to improve old methods and evolve new ones. This aspect of the problem would bear a good deal of elaboration. As regards the inventor himself, the development of mergers and amalgamations contracts the market in which he can sell his discoveries: in fact, this consideration, so we are informed by someone who is in a position to know, was a factor seriously taken into account by the promoters of the Chemical combine. If a chemist discovers a new process and can only sell it to his employer he cannot sell it at all; for once he says he has made the discovery he will get the sack if he does not impart it. This is one of the "economies" of large-scale business! It is also the raw material of effective communist propaganda, which need not necessarily be restricted in its effects to inciting the workman to down tools, but may also tempt the scientist to shut lips. Mr. Keens sees the above tendency as it affects his own profession. An extension of the trust movement would mean that in future years the work now shared among hundreds of members of the accountancy profession "would pass to a few big international firms." He might have added that in such an event auditing would have become a complete farce. It is well on its way to that condition already. Take a concern like the Prudential Assurance Company. For its auditors to explore an inch behind the massed figures periodically submitted to them they would have to be multiplied several times in number and work all the year round just as if they were members of the staff. Trusts are their own auditors.

The British Legation at Buenos Aires is to be raised to the rank of an Embassy and Sir Malcolm Arnold Robertson will be Britain's first Ambassador to the Argentine Republic. The *Daily Mail* comments that this has arisen out of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Argentine in 1925. What it does not point out is the fact that this move is one

more step in the consolidation of the "A. B. C. Alliance" by which Latin America is resisting the erosion of United States imperialism. The current diplomatic and naval courtesies between England and France are another aspect of the same resistance. It appears, too, that when the British warship recently went to Nicaragua, its captain and officers were the guests of the "rebel" leader, against whom America had previously landed her marines. There is something of an "Arcos" flavour about all these manoeuvres.

The Midland Bank has introduced a new kind of cheque, which enables its customers to pay accounts under £2 without stamp duty. These "cheques" are in the form of receipts, and are supplied in books. The wording is short and simple: "Received of the Midland Bank, Limited Branch, the sum of The payer fills in the amount, signs his name, and hands the "receipt" to his grocer, milkman, or other small creditor, who can go and cash it, or pass it through his account. The City Editor of the *Daily News* comments that the new system should yield "a wide social benefit in encouraging thrift." We doubt it. For the system to work extensively it would have to be used chiefly by women so far as the paying out is concerned; for it is the wives who are the disbursers of petty amounts. Their psychological resistance to spending money (never markedly strong) will be weakened when the payment can be effected by signing a piece of paper instead of parting with hard cash. The City Editor talks about the "worker" paying all his wages into the bank every pay-day. If he provides his wife with one of these novel "cheque"-books, that will be lovely—for her. We think that "thrift" must be left out of the argument. What the system would do if it became popular would be to enable the banking system to get back all the currency which it paid out on Friday and Saturday by the following Monday, instead of receiving it gradually through tradesmen during the whole following week. The consumer market would then operate on a duplicate currency, while the banks had the legal tender. Considering the magnitude of the country's weekly wage-bill, this scheme would render possible an enormous expansion of credit.

Pluto and Plebs: The Nemesis of Democracy.

I.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ARITHMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY.

Parliamentary Democracy (which is, of course, the pretty pet-name bestowed by its sponsors upon vulgar Bubblematory Arithmocracy) is a bantling begotten of Money and born of Gunpowder. Cannon and musketry battered down the feudal castle; made proud knights, conspicuous on their steeds, the piteous and easy prey of infantry; equalised villain and lord upon the field of carnage; and gave—for the first time since Pythagoras—a certain dignity to number. The invention of coinage and credit greased the ways of trade and sped-up the accumulation of wealth; it built, at the cross-roads of commerce, thriving townships and, at the ports of trade, free cities, strong enough to throw off the yoke of feudal fees; it generated, in the face of the functionless landed aristocracy, an energetic moneyed *Bourgeoisie*, which clamoured ever louder and louder for a political position commensurate with its growing economic power.

England, no doubt, led the dance. (Had she not failed to evolve a popular monarchy of—for instance—the Valois type, thereby failing fully to enter into the historic civilisation of Europe?) But

Voltaire and Rousseau, inoculating Latin civilisation with the virus of Anglo-Prussic and Neo-Semitic ("Protestant") Barbarism, constituted themselves the spectacular midwives of the New Plutocratic Dispensation: they noised abroad and popularised those invaluable shibboleths *Liberté* and *Egalité*, to the mad music of which the Middle Class marched to commercial supremacy.

Originally, *liberty* meant freedom from feudal interference, taxes and tolls: originally, *equality* meant the admission of the middle-classes, along with the aristocracy and clergy, to the honours and the spoils of government: originally, *fraternity* meant the open access of bankers and merchants and butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers to the elegance and refinement of aristocratic and episcopal salons. Of course "Monsieur de Voltaire" (as the base-born, tuft-hunting old snob had the characteristic impudence to style himself) never supposed that these high-flown words would ever be so misunderstood as to embrace all male adults, much less all women: it went without saying that mere females, working men, peasants and such-like cattle would understand that no reference whatever to themselves was thereby intended!

So, too, Rousseau, father of democratic theory, would exclude all women and property-less people from political power: indeed (following sound precedent) he did not even include such riff-raff in the term "People." Under the Constitution adopted by the French Revolutionary Assembly, three-fifths of all adult males were "excused" from participating in the franchise. And in America—that Mecca of True Democracy—a property-qualification was attached to the franchise until the days of Andrew Jackson. By its origin, therefore, and still in its current development, Democracy means the rule of the middle-class—*government by the second best*.

Contributory causes co-operated with this fundamental economic cause. First and foremost, the Protestant Reformation. (I should, indeed, have given the priority to this; but *stomach-philosophy*—elegantly disguised as "the Materialist Conception of History"—has hitherto manifestly conditioned the various antics, not only of *Homo Simius et Sovieticus*, but of the "Civilised and Christian" Man-tribe generally.) The Reformation resulted in nothing less than the entire frustration of the Renaissance. It was essentially the triumph of savage simplicity of servile barbarism over the noble and refined subtlety of free-spirited culture. It increased and intensified the stranglehold upon Europe of a degenerate and perverted neo-Semitism, *exalting ethics above aesthetics*, proclaiming Jack to be as good as his master ("Jack" being at first the non-productive, parasitic usurer, trader, and "business-man," regarded with contempt by the Initiators and Energisers of the Cultural Commonwealth from Plato to Aquinas), and finally clearing the way for the materialistic Nirvana of the Poor in Spirit—the Holy Communion of Holy Communists—which is the only logical consummation of the democratic Brotherhood of Man ("Tu Pas voulu, Georges Dandin?") The gods have given you more than you bargained for!

Again: the reverberation, through print, of the blows struck at popular superstition by philosophers and scientists, from Copernicus onwards, had the effect of replacing a *passive* belief in Heaven by an *active* trust in an Earthly Paradise, wherein all men, geniuses and fools alike, will participate, on equal terms, in an orgy of "Happiness." Men no longer hanker after *Nobility*: it has no democratic value.

The Industrial Revolution taught men to judge one another in terms of productive ability—which might appear in any rank—rather than through fortuitous pedigree. It also taught them to regard themselves, no longer as "souls," or individuals, but as

"hands," units, cogs in the Industrial Machine. And it has deliberately fostered fortuitous breeding—on mass-production lines.

The cost of government compelled kings to turn ever more politely to wealthy business-men, and gave to the Lower Chamber of legislative bodies an increasing power and prestige. And the rivalry of privileged groups led each minority in turn to *extend the franchise* in the hope of securing in this way a continuance of its supremacy. Of which principle we have just witnessed a practical application.

Here, then, in briefest outline, is the natural history of Arithmocratic Democracy. The operation of these general causes produced in England, France, Russia and Germany, the Revolutions of 1689, 1789, 1917, and 1918; likewise the Revolution in U.S.A. (1776) was not so much a revolt of colonials against England as a revolt of the *Bourgeoisie* against an imported aristocracy.

All those conditions are gone. National isolation is gone, because of trade, easy communication, and the invention of destructive mechanisms that facilitate invasion. Personal isolation is gone, because of the growing interdependence of producer, distributor, and consumer. Skilled craftsmanship is the rare exception—daily becoming rarer and rarer—now that machines are made to operate machines, and diabolically "scientific" management reduces skill to the inhuman stupidity of routine. Free land is gone, and precarious tenancy increases. Free competition is well-nigh gone: everywhere it gravitates towards monopoly. The once independent shopkeeper, driven from his shop, yields to monopolist drug stores, monopolist tobacco stores, monopolist groceries, monopolist restaurants, monopolist theatres and cinemas. Monopoly is everywhere. Even our newspapers are trustified; and a million printed sheets across the country tell the same shameless lie in the same shameless way every day better and better.

An ever decreasing proportion of business executives—*manipulated by an ever decreasing number of bankers and directors*—controls the lives and labours of an ever-increasing proportion of men. Plutocracy completely dominates the once rebellious *Bourgeoisie*: equality and liberty and brotherhood are no longer the darlings of High Finance! Economic freedom, even in the middle-classes, becomes rarer and narrower every year. In a world from which freedom of competition, equality of opportunity, and social fraternity have disappeared, political equality is manifest nonsense, and the counting of noses a work of supererogation. Meanwhile, a pertinent question presents itself: Of what earthly use can equality in ballots be when political decisions *must* obey the majority of pounds, shillings, and pence, rather than the majority of men, women, hobbledheys—and "flappers"?

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"The problem of over-production that now worries the farmers and many manufacturers in the United States."—*Pacific Commerce*.

"The textile mills of this country can produce all the cloth needed in six months' operation each year. Fourteen per cent. of the boot and shoe factories in the United States with their modern machinery could produce all the footwear needed if they operated full time; three per cent. of the present flour mills could produce all the flour needed, and one-fourth of the coal mines in the State of Illinois could produce more coal than was produced by all of them in 1924 if they operated 300 days a year. There are two coal miners for every job in the Illinois coal mining industry."—Secretary James J. Davis, U.S. Department of Labor, quoted in *The Nation's Business*.

"The volume of money in circulation on November 1, 1926, was larger by \$32,000,000 than at the corresponding date in 1925."—*The Federal Reserve Bulletin*.

The Tree of Life.

By J. R. Donald (Vicar of Bradwell).

IV.

IMMANENCE AND TRANSCENDENCE.

TAPLEY: Now, Padre, I know our friendship will stand it, so, even as the Queen of Sheba to Solomon to prove him with hard questions, I come to you. Unbeliever that I am, I don't pretend that I ask to learn a better road. My interest is in you, and how you can hold what seem to me such contradictory views. I confess, too, that I don't like your embracing the views I hold as against Christianity. For I have always held them to be exclusive of religion. I don't quite get "Jesus is Christ," and, if I did, I'm blocked because I find no "Supernal God." I know your metaphysics and mine are much the same, so how can you do it?

PADRE: I am in complete sympathy with you, and I think I get your position. I might take certain tactless tracks in my reply, such, for instance, as that the road by which I reached Christianity would, a priori, be likely to be more interesting than that by which you didn't, that religion, established, as Biology tells us, as an essential element in human life, is an entity *sui generis*, not to be studied by logic or by human intellect, which fail to shed light on it; that religion then can only be apprehended by a special faculty which T. H. Huxley is supposed to have lacked; and finally that there are things that, for want of the faculties needed, we cannot know, and of which it is absurd not to profess our ignorance, though in a dim way we get hold of them as working hypotheses. But I think your case is not in need of such treatment, and I think I can state it. Your "Jesus," estimable as a man, prophet, and martyr, cannot be identified with the Christ, the Man Soul, as Stanley Hall puts it, the Tree of Life, the Phylum, or God the Invisible King, in H. G. Wells's phrase, and that even if he could be so recognised the Supernal God in mind when Christians say "Jesus is God" is another Being altogether, whose very existence has not been established.

TAPLEY: In a nutshell, Padre, that's it. For me, the Supernal God is the crux.

PADRE: On this subject, Sykes would remember a friend of ours at the Varsity who talked the matter out with a Roman Catholic priest without much result.

SYKES: I remember. He had lost his belief, and, as an injudicious friend had given him away, the Provost of his college encouraged him no more to attend chapels. Having embraced revolutionary political views and desiring to keep up appearances, he was disappointed, and interviewed the priest, a distinguished man, who opened his talk with "God." He answered: "If you can show me something in my mind to which I can attach that label 'God,' good and well. If not, he has no existence for me." The priest failed, and they parted. I remember Marson giving something better though. "God is the Spirit that unites man to man." Our friend's trouble was met, and he eventually found his way back to the Church. Marson was a good Catholic, but not an R.C. What about the term Anglo-Catholic?

PADRE: I firmly believe in Catholicism, but I do not call myself an Anglo-Catholic. Thereby hangs a tale. To begin with, I'm not a party man, and I don't see how a Catholic can be. Nor shall I take much interest in any party, unable to exclude all whose principles are not sound throughout. I demand, as I understand G. K. Chesterton does, a definite and united front on such subjects as Birth-control and Divorce. I should prefer the title "National Catholic."

SYKES: You can't do much with that to-night, and I don't see where it would help you if you could. So far as I can see the case your friend laid before the R.C. priest, with which that great man could not deal, gives Tapley's difficulty, and applies to the question exactly.

PADRE: It does. But I'm convinced of this; that there is no Protestant solution of Tapley's problem. The solution is Catholic, and that is complete. That *again* is too much this evening. But I think there are glimmers to be got on part of the field. What about the Man Soul?

SYKES: Group Mind, Folk Soul, Man Soul, and even Soul of the Universe, are all well-known in Psychology. Transcendence is not altogether out of court here.

PADRE: Take the Man Soul, for instance. In the Germ Plasm, in our Ancestral Heritage, for each one of us He is writ large. But in our own generation the Man Soul in others reaches far beyond any individual mind, and so into the Transcendent. Again He reaches down to us from the past, from those who have crossed the river. Sykes is strong on that point. There He reaches out, far transcending any single human consciousness. It is evident that, even Psychologically, though the Immanent God is the only obvious result of our Soul study, yet we are not clear of Transcendence. Our lives reach out not only towards but into it.

SYKES: Theology, especially modern Theology, has always seemed to me a preposterous subject. Cart before horse every time. Get hold of the wedge to be inserted, and drive it thick end first. Now, in this case the thick end, in one way or another, is Transcendence. "Accept that or you can't be Christians." My answer is that I may find I can, eventually, accept it, but I want a look at the thin end of the wedge first. This thick end first procedure keeps out a good many. And suppose you do, as some can, straight off swallow the camel. In so doing can you escape the other end of the wedge? Suppose we say, "Well, we do grasp Transcendentalism and a Supernal God." Does that save us from taking in the Immanent?

TAPLEY: I'm getting some light. I'm evidently an Immanentist. It's the Transcendental that stops me.

PADRE: I'm with you, Sykes. You can't say either take in the Transcendental or the Immanent. Neither can be taken for the other. With Tapley, and as Christians, we are all Immanentists, as are also all good students of Psychology. The Man Soul, God with us, God in us, God in Man, even Comte was on the track of that, and we cannot get away from it, either by belief in a Transcendent God or in any other way. But from this belief in the Immanent there are chords of union with that in the Transcendent. Thor with his hammer thunderbolts had something of the Transcendent in him. Odin, God of battles, Father of Gods and men, lived in us and through us. But, in a way, beyond and over him were the Norns, Urd, Verdandi, and Skuld, the Past, the Present, and the Future, who wove for him and his mankind the web of the Fates. He had to give up his eye to one of them for a draught of the Well of Wisdom. No. Give us Immanence first. Let Transcendence follow in its own good time.

"Pardon my frankness, O Civilian, but you give yourself a false idea of military obedience. Passive obedience is never the abasement of one man before another. It is the voluntary effacement of an individual before a function. Excepting just those moments when, giving me his orders, he becomes but a function, I discuss matters with my colonel, aye, and with considerable heat."—*Captains and Kings.*

Views and Reviews.

CURRENT IDEAS.—IV.

It is not a trifling fact that those European nations whose thoughts and institutions were most completely dissolved by the war show most signs of regeneration. Germany and Russia were entirely fluidified. The old binding forces were broken. But England, at the edge of the swirl, carries many of her pre-war rigid ideas undissolved, notwithstanding the hopeless fluidity of the minds of her individual citizens. Her churches, it is true, are partly in solution, discussing amalgamation or revising prayer-books, and within the churches there are men and women anxiously and honestly groping for a new vision. On the other side trade unions and trusts both pursue the delusions of the Victorians, their eyes absolutely blinkered, and their minds as fixed as the Pyramids. These Corporations hold the funnel through whose neck all the wealth that makes civilisation possible must flow, while the financial corporations in particular hold the tap. Except in isolated cases, they have not a new idea among them, and they are too moribund to contemplate one unless it has been precedently tested elsewhere.

Government in England has become a strained effort to restore the conditions of early capitalism, in wilful blindness to the fact that the world is not where it was. Had the policy of imposing submission on the people been accompanied by signs of political genius for making those disciplines worth while, the people would have accepted them willingly. There is not, however, an intelligent person who believes that either the attack on the trade unions over six years, or any other measure of the present Government, will alleviate the serious position in which this country's inertia has placed it. Its intelligentsia feel themselves desperate and isolated cells tossed on the flux of events without the least idea of their direction. All the *isms* have become academic and historical except two, towards one or other of which the intelligentsia drift. There is nothing definite, nothing in earnest, nothing where even an effort to create social form can be seen, except in Communism or Fascism. The man who would co-operate with his fellows is driven towards one or the other.

"Fascismo," Wyndham Lewis defines it, "is an attempt to apply the policy of war to the conditions of peace." In other words, it is violence applied to construction, or, nearer still, *jazz in politics*. To Fascismo inertia only is evil, which renders it the opposite of the present English outlook. Fascism is government by impulse, whereas Communism is government by formula. Flux is the characteristic of the former, against rigidity in the latter. The difference between State building by the methods of Fascism and Communism is almost the difference between what is known in the north-country as dry-walling contrasted against building with concrete blocks.

The real offence of jazz against music seems to me that, except where it is used only in alternation and as background, its emphasis is on disintegration. It represents a deliberate fracture of form. Jazz is disruption with a swagger, and the movements of the body which it stimulates can justly be characterised as formless and directionless. There is no pattern, nothing but repetition to futility. Melody and harmony are in no way essential to jazz; its quality as jazz appears to depend on the number of noise-making instruments which serve to emphasise the jaggedness of the rhythm. Even the regularity of vibration which gives form to the individual notes is broken, so that the result is almost a fortuitous concourse of atoms of music. The physiological rhythm which most jazz played

in dance-halls stimulates gives a picture of sexual impotence whipping itself into a pretence of potency. Jazz aids katabolism, but not anabolism, and its exponents in the dance appear to be pursuing the Nirvana of exhaustion. In a word, jazz is flux, the resource of the slave to environment who has no hope, as the Messiah has always been the resource of the slave who had hope.

It is by no means stretching correspondence to claim that the child-cult and jazz are closely allied, and that jazz, like the child-cult, is an expression of Narcissism. One takes a certain small hope from the fact that after several years of unremitting jazz the multitude had enough reserve of life and instinct for the rising life to clutch at the Frothblowers' Anthem, with its more formal tradition. True, the tune is sentimental, but it indicates by its acceptance the possibility of *brother love*, whose physical aspect is called homosexuality. Jazz brings about the relaxation of tension where love-energy has been occupied on one's self; the Frothblowers' Anthem and the community-singing of which it is in words and tune the type occupies the same energy where it should be occupied, that is, with one's fellow men and women, and yet only sentimentally, whereas it should be occupied besides, in sentiment, in thought, and action.

Community-singing, the Frothblowers' Anthem, and alcoholism, would be regarded by Freudian psycho-analysts with none of my political or spiritual views quite disinterestedly as expressions, deflected or partly sublimated, of homosexuality. I prefer to say less scientifically but more helpfully—and more accurately—that they are the cry of hunger sent up by human beings who suffer from starvation as regards group or team feeling. Community-singing is an ocean of sentiment where the masses unconsciously indulge in mixed bathing. Since contraception converted sexual intercourse into mutual masturbation, only such premature Nirvanas as community-singing and alcoholism offer a social form of satisfaction for the neurotic condition which ensues.

The idea of community-singing was the discovery of a social solvent; of a means for dissolving the amorphous heap of people in towns in their own freed emotions. To discover a solvent is to create the duty of discovering a crystal form for re-precipitation. Yet the persons who launched this gigantic power for magic appear to have no deeper intention than to increase the circulation of a newspaper. Any occasion seems a fit occasion for exploiting this medium, with the result that on Empire Day, with the colonies growing more and more separate and independent, and the state of Britain becoming more weak and falsely dependent, the emotions of the people were crystallised, as far as they were crystallised, repeatedly in "Rule Britannia," while the singers were encouraged in a self-betraying optimism. As a matter of fact, the probable motive of the organisers of community-singing is to prevent crystallisation, to keep the people in solution.

Yet solution is necessary in England before a new form can be given to her social structure. Fascism could not succeed here for the reason that it does not dissolve, but takes the jagged pieces of a broken society and tries to fit them together again as a sort of jig-saw puzzle. If need be it may break the bits into smaller bits, or attempt to throw some away, but it has no new idea because it has not dissolved the old ideas. Mussolini merely tries to fit together by force ideas *voluntarily* practised before the war in Italy—precisely as the jazz-composer adopts the themes of earlier creative musicians. Communism could be applied only after the complete dissolving of ideas and institutions. But as its form is inferior in economic capacity to the most advanced forms of capitalism it is destined to fail also.

R. M.

Drama.

David: Inc. Stage Society.

For some reason the present seems inauspicious for the creation of historical drama. Whether the character of St. Joan, Abraham Lincoln, or David be the dramatist's choice, the result is portraiture plus literature, not drama. The author does not dare to seize his man and weave him into a play; he seems so afraid of losing the character that the play fades into a mere background, like the landscape on a renaissance painting of the Holy Family. In addition the part in modern historical plays has a way of becoming greater than the whole, largely because there is no whole. The modern method consists in making not three or so acts, but a dozen or so scenes—Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "David" as produced has sixteen scenes, and eighteen in the book. David is not set in a play, he is portrayed in a series of cameos, each of which is almost complete in itself, while the series is not a unity but only an aggregation; the result is not a work of art but a procession of miniatures.

The stage settings of James Whale, simple as they were in materials, were excellent. Not a little of the grandeur which the production attained was due to the height and spaciousness which the settings contributed. Were the play produced for a run—fantasy must be excused here—the simple scenery should remain. Conditions for the production of a play of this magnitude for two performances only, by already busy people, are so difficult that criticism seems almost ingratitude. Yet had the actors—all of them—not taken so long to find the leisured rhythm of speech and action which both biblical association and Mr. Lawrence's prose demand the occasion would have been more memorable. The actors suffered from what I call Shakespearean panic of slowness, and rattled off their speeches at first as though their only object was to get the piece through.

Robert Harris made David too virtuous, two hermaphrodite, though in the later scenes he rose to the occasion. Angela Baddeley as Michal was excellent as David's wife, sincere and beautiful, but in her maiden days as Saul's daughter she indulged in poses excusable only for the figures in newspaper pictures. If anyone could justify them Angela Baddeley could; but they were irrelevant to the drama, and a bad example for others with less personal justification. In the exchange of clothes between David and Jonathan nudity was necessary, complete, and artistic. It was appropriate to the drama.

The three figures of this play are David, Samuel, and Saul. Mr. Lawrence has not dealt fairly by Jonathan, of whom Frank Vosper would have made more with a better opportunity from the author. Jonathan put up with far more from Saul on account of his love for David than is shown here. The early scene with Saul's daughters might be left out. Those girls behaved so flapperishly that Saul was either guilty or unfortunate in begetting them, though they made one understand the Jewish preference for boy-children. The fight between David and Goliath should be done in some better way. Fight or horse race, an audience cannot be drawn into the excitement if it cannot see the episode.

So much said I am grateful to the Stage Society for this play. It is more representative of the best tendencies in British drama than any other production of the present year. It is, besides, unlikely to appeal to the commercial theatre on account both of its very large cast and of its association with a literature, namely, the Bible, which people are no longer forced to read, and which haste and impulse cannot read by choice. Some of the scenes—the selection and anointing of David in preference to Jesse's other sons by Samuel, the madness of Saul,

David's House at Gilgal—are drama of the first rank, drama that defies criticism except by the standards reserved for great work. Because the play portrays David only as far as his flight from Saul, it is to be hoped that the author intends it to be merely Part One. It is to be hoped so for the further reasons that the play as it stands is a crescendo almost throughout its sixteen scenes, and that a further crescendo from the zenith of this would really be a David. Unless Part Two follows, this series of cameos were better re-named "Saul" or "Samuel."

The final production of the Stage Society for the present season will be Eugene O'Neill's "The Great God Brown."

Anne—One Hundred: Savoy.

Adventure in America means outing the rival monopolist in big business. In "Anne—One Hundred"—a hundred being Anne's percentage of perfection—it is a woman who shows the men what brains can do. This chocolate-eating tomboy suddenly shocks her family more than ever by refusing to sell her late father's bankrupt soap-works to the counter-monopolist at scrap value, and deciding to manage it herself. She starts a monarchist gynocracy at once, sees through her father's lawyer and fires him, sees through the bribed sales manager and the bribed advertisement manager, and fires them, together with all the other employees of her rival engaged in her business to its ruin. She retains the works manager and the office-boy, and with the help of these and a new advertisement manager (ideas ninety-six) she licks the other side to such a tune that The Hague convention is broken to let in better methods of competition, the like of which I have not met since I gave up reading the "Boy's Wonder."

America is apparently the place where English philosophy is tried out. In Britain economic theory repudiates morals, in America economic practice repudiates them. When Anne's rival employed a gang of dynamiters to blow her factory up she would have had to renounce the Government contract for soap had she not really shown herself fit for business beforehand by stealing the rival's letters to his chief dynamiter. In the end Anne fell to the same sort of lure that catches men who marry their typists; she married her works manager.

This play was produced at the Q Theatre in March. Several people have taken options of it since, but something has deterred them from sinking capital in it. The romance of big business is a risky stage-proposition. However well it may be done, it does not seem to be what the theatre-going public asks for. Probably what decided the question was the thrilling third act and Billy Speechley's rich performance as the office boy. This youngster, another of Italia Conti's pupils, gave a character study to delight the ghost of Phil May. I understand that not he but Vera Lennox, as Anne, was hailed by the first-night critics as the new star. Dangerous as disagreement with unanimity may be, I consider such a welcome bad for criticism and for the actress herself. Her third act was magnificent, but her first and second were not of the same quality.

In the third act, where she had much more to do and to be than to say, she was master of the situation, but where she had much to say she betrayed her insufficient acclimatisation to the dramatic stage. Her voice has not yet the flexibility that revue managers without, but which is essential to drama. Practically all the performers in musical plays are at liberty to go through with a straightness that the straightest comedy part does not approach and cannot support. In consequence Vera Lennox began to

manage the business as though she had managed hundreds. Instead of seeing her tauten her brains to lift the load out of the dirt, we had the illusion of watching her shell peas. She is likely to make a fine comedy actress—but the abdication of the critics will not help her. The men were generally very good, G. H. Mulcaster as Peter Nixon, the works manager, being outstanding.

The Shadow of a Gunman: Court.

If one read the "Shadow of a Gunman," one must conclude it Sean O'Casey's heaviest play. What it reads like bears no relation to what it plays like. The only way to feel the weight of the tragedy in the theatre is by refusing to give way to the acting, by preserving a cold distance between one's self and the players. If one fight the actors for the right to be thoughtful, the cruelty and sadness, the terrible indictment of a people for laziness, lying, and cowardice, are overwhelming. If one give way to the power of Arthur Sinclair as the self-centred and idle pedlar, of J. A. O'Rourke as the wise pedant of the slums airing a grievance, of Sydney Morgan's braggart Protestant, god-fearing, and drunken, there is no option but to laugh one's sides sore. A portion of the audience knew the play; it knew what was in Maguire's bag, and what happened to Minnie Powell. With the tragedy in its heart that portion of the audience fought the remainder for the right to see the play it knew by *shushing* at each outburst of uncontrollable laughter.

Really the audience does not laugh because the business is funny. Outside the theatre the audience would not brush shoulders with the folk on the stage: it would be disgusted into hysteria with what it yelled at with such glee. There are tenements not in Dublin only, but in every town, where manners are exactly what they were in Seumas Shield's one room. Sinclair is a comic genius; what Bernard Shaw geometrisises and demonstrates by theorem Sinclair does. All the characters in this play really live where they pretend to live. If you lived in the next house you would laugh at them, and entertain your family with tales about them. If you lived in the same house you would pass your nights trying to choose between committing suicide and murdering them. Even Edwin Ellis's cockney soldier, walking straight in out of the "Plough and the Stars," was of the same gruesome reality. Why did he not make the audience laugh? Because the English audience can only laugh at its next door Irish neighbour. It prefers to fancy that Sean O'Casey broke down when he portrayed the English soldier. He did not.

Harry Hutchinson played Donal Davoren, the "shadow," quietly and finely. About Brian O'Dare as Tommy Owens I will make up my mind after seeing him again. If he did all of it purposely he will have to be counted. Eileen Carey as Minnie Powell promises well, but she seems as yet like the new hen in the yard, a little self-conscious and unused to the boisterous ways of the folks at home. As a play, "The Shadow of a Gunman" is only up to O'Casey's standard in the second of the two acts, but it is a play to be seen.

Synge's "Riders to the Sea," which preceded the Gunman, has never made the impression on me that it is reputed for. It may be literature, but it is not drama. It contains no characters, but only recitations, and is not a hundredth part so tragic as the comic play which follows. It appeals only for pity; it commands no love, no awe, no real sympathy, no thought. What appeals to one emotion only is not drama. This performance was distinguished by the beautiful elocution of Sara Allgood as Maurya, the old mother.

PAUL BANKS.

Skobby.

General Skobelev was a Russian retriever, with long brown curly hair hanging nearly to the ground all round him, from nose to tail, so that you could hardly tell which end was which; a smallish thick-set dog with a determined will. You should have heard him swear as he lugged by the neck a black swan as big as himself, through the impeding reeds that edged the lake. And the remarks that came through his clenched teeth, as he tugged at the rein of a hesitating led horse, were often quite unprintable. You should have heard, too, the language of the good Maori woman, doing her washing by the pool side, when, having thrown her clean linen to rinse in the water, Skobby plunged in and dragged it out to her through the soft mud, and subsequently, with the utmost delight, retrieved all the sticks she threw at him.

He always imagined that anything I had handled was mine, and that I needed it with me forthwith. Scrambling with difficulty along the steep face of a scrub-covered hill, making a trial grade for a road, I had firmly planted a sighting-stick, and had forced my way to the next spur in order to sight back to it with my level, when, on looking round I found that Skobby had worried out the rod and was at my heels with it; and all the work to be done again.

I was walking down the town one morning with the most staid and solemn banker of the place when I noticed people smiling. Looking round I saw the general, marching with comic gravity close behind us, taking up all the pathway with a six-foot new corn-broom across his jaws. He had run in and "pinched" it from a shop in which I had handled, but not bought it, shortly before. He had come into town that morning seated up beside me in my buggy, his long curls hanging down under a starched white baby's hat, won by him at a game of "find the ball" at a children's party. But he did not particularly care for town, and was much more at home in the country, especially when there was anything to hunt. How well I remember watching, from a ridge above, his eager careful following up of a very interesting scent, among the great stumps of some cleared country, till, coming round the end of a big log he found himself suddenly face to face with a hefty great boar, the first he had ever seen. Was he scared? Not a bit of it. Did he turn tail? Not he. To adapt Goldsmith:—

For now a wonder came to light
To prove our Skobby's breed.
The dog in nowise took to flight,
The boar it was that fled.

When first I had him he had already learnt that sheep were sacred animals, and so, nothing doubting, I let him come with me as I rode round the ewe paddocks in the spring. When he saw his first lamb, however, a totally new beast to him, he was after it, eyes out, and I had to be mighty smart to save its life. What had to happen next had its effect, and it was a chastened dog that walked sedately through the rest of that division, with his eyes discreetly on the track.

Later on we came on a black lamb. "Hooray," says Skobby, "no one's barred *this* beast," and with a rush he had it by the leg. This one also I secured just in time, and another licking put the little dog wise on that head too, and there was no further trouble. It was the making of such nice distinctions, however, that, in the end cost the poor chap his life. Near a native village he came across some lousy mongrel animals, which, used only as he was to our own decently-bred and well-conditioned flock, he did not recognise as sheep at all. He was quite justifiably shot by a Maori at the moment when, with equally full justification, from his own point of view, he was happily chawing one of them up.

One day, before that sad event, I was showing a visitor round the place, and strolled with him down to the men's quarters to interview the cook. Whilst we were all standing round Skobby struggled out of the adjacent thick scrub, proudly lugging his latest find. It was a large, heavy, deadly looking, partly skinned loaf that he laid before the assembled company. The miserable cook was put entirely out of countenance, not knowing where to look or what to say, while the shepherds grinning with delight at his discomfort, lavished endearments on Skobby. They had undergone one meal from that batch before the cook had thought best to make away with the lot.

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

ODE TO NEXT SUMMER.

I twang my lyre with an unskilled hand.

I, a poor poet, and an e'en worse strummer,
Who soon will see again his native land,

Here offer verses to the Lord of Summer;
For I am coming home. I hope to heaven
That August will be fine in '27.

For I would hear the warblings of the lark,
And other spring-time thrills, undamped by showers,
I'd drink my mug of beer, when comes the dark,

In some old pub with honeysuckle bowers,
And eat my cheese with home made bread and butter, . . .
So hang the curried prawns of hot Calcutta.

I would disport myself upon the sands
And watch the waves beneath the sunlight twinkle,
I, who have gorged strange foods in Eastern lands,
Will seek again the vendors of the winkle,
And e'en, my socks and boots and pride denying,
Shikar fat shrimps among the rock pools lying.

I ask that May, rich with the fruits of spring,
Shall find me stalking where the weeping willow
Droops by the chalk-stream, and the May-fly wing,
That e'er I test again the ship's hard pillow
I may have cause to boast, with honest reason,
About the biggest trout of all the season.

And when the hotter days of June have come
I'd find some tree-edged field where men play cricket,
There, in the shade, stretched prone upon my tum,
I'll watch those others racing for the wicket;
Until the twilight makes their figures hazy,
I only hope to be divinely lazy.

I pray for days when soft winds off the sea
Sweep over greens whereon I wield the putter,
Or when—my handicap is 23—
I follow where my ball has led, and mutter
My sad reflections as I try to stir it
With mighty niblick blows—and but inter it.

Whoe'er thou art, where'er thou chance to be,
Wise Master-Clerk of those who deal in weather,
Grant that the clouds may stay remote from me
That I may see the sun on gorse and heather,
And summer may be summer down in Devon,
For there I'll spend my leave in '27.

A. R. U.

"When a great man of action forms a perfect conception of his objective and of the means he will employ to attain it, we may almost say that he has attained it."
"To will is not merely saying that one wills, it is forming a firm idea in one's own mind of how one is going to act."
—*Captains and Kings*.

* * *

"I also conclude that, when acting on the defensive, a soldier should never cease to stick it out. Liman von Sanders had every reason to despair, and yet he was right to hold on. One is never beaten. If there's nothing left to carry on with, there remains the miracle—fever in the enemy's camp, an earthquake, Providence. Joshua made the sun stand still; he was a true soldier.—*Captains and Kings*."

Reviews.

China: The Facts. By Lt.-Colonel P. T. Etherton. (Benn. 12s. 6d. net.)

Colonel Etherton gives in this book a judiciously selected compilation of facts, and some opinions, on the subject of China, ancient and modern, and he presents them with an impartiality which reflects the proper detachment of the official mind. His survey of the general situation is interesting, though marked occasionally by a quality of naivety somewhat unexpected in a writer who has presumably had occasion to study the history, literature, and political economy of China. The general effect of this work on the mind of the student may be somewhat confusing. For example, he is likely to find it difficult to reconcile the mildly optimistic forecast of China's future, contained in the concluding chapter, with some of the facts and opinions set forth in earlier passages. The author is undoubtedly justified in saying (page 59) that "less than 3 per cent. of the nation is in any way concerned with politics," and that, as regards this small minority, "the record of the past fifteen years has killed all faith in the aims and intentions of those struggling on the various sides." But such being the case, it is not easy to follow the reasoning process which leads him to the conclusion that "under wise leadership the story of Japan may be repeated on a scale surpassing anything yet recorded in history"—Colonel Etherton, of course, may be thinking in centuries; but if so, his vision of the new China which is to emerge under a great leader, that China of the visionaries whose vast trade and warm friendship are to reward us for all our present discontents, is a never-never land whose interest for the present generation is purely academic.

Ecce Homo. By Friedrich Nietzsche. (Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

A pocket edition of the works of Nietzsche was the sort of romantic dream that the classic Nietzschean would not have dreamed. Only a romantic Nietzschean, such as Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici, dare have harboured such a dream. That the pocket edition of "Ecce Homo" is of 5,000 copies only is the one sad fact about it. One would have reckoned the aristocrats among readers more than that, Nietzsche would smile both in triumph and in sorrow to learn that the publishers' faith in readers of "Ecce Homo" in 1926 counted on no more than 5,000. No hint is given as to whether the publishers intend to make the pocket edition extend farther than this one work. Begun with "Ecce Homo," however, is well begun. It is a record of the human Nietzsche, of the man who overrated his predilections for strong tea early in the morning, the Nietzsche who joined company with so many geniuses in having tried vegetarianism and found it short-weight. Nietzsche thought while walking, and the opportunity to read him while walking a less austere path enables one to read afresh some of those intellectually clean passages in which the work is so plentiful—his canons of war, for example, his account of inspiration, or his word-pictures of character. This pocket "Ecce Homo" is a fine gesture.

The Criminologist. A journal published for the study of Criminology and Scientific Criminal investigation. (Pp. iv. + 20. John Messenden, Ltd. Quarterly. 1s.)

The idea of such a publication has some value, but the present (first) number is too scrappy for a serious student. He does not, for instance, want to see nearly two pages devoted to the views of Mr. J. M. Kenworthy, M.P., on Capital Punishment. Mr. Bernard Hollander, M.D., on "The Criminal From Brain Disease" is better. Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Ph.D., asserts the connection between language

and crime, but writes at too short length to allow himself the luxury of proving his thesis. Professor C. J. S. Thompson, Ph. D., begins a series called "Secrets of Poisoning." Nice and chatty. In the next number it will be of advantage to have fewer features and allow writers more space. Otherwise the journal will only interest the man in the street, and he will not pay a shilling for it.

The Blue Rib. By Charles Beadle. (Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.)

This is the first novel Mr. Beadle has ever had published in the English language, and frankly we do not see why he should not go on writing in French. The flash Riviera has been far more vividly Oppenheimed than in this aimless, disconnected, slovenly and pretentious story—if you can call it a story. There is no sense in the title, no significance in the characters, and no particular connection between the incidents.

"A look of startled fear touched Yolande's eyes as lightly as a falling leaf. 'Is he—whom?' she asked, coldly."

It's bad enough to say a thing like that in hot blood.

The Aesthetes. By W. J. Turner. (Wishart. 4s. 6d.) They do say that Mr. Turner is one of the cleverest young men in London, a town sadly perturbed by clever young men of all shapes and sizes. He tells us he has always wanted to write a book like this, and how can one prevent him? But a dish of smart sub-Socratic dialogue, intentionally dull in parts, owing to the author's anxiety to pillory certain vague human scarlatinas from which he has suffered, is not excused even by a particularly pointless pen-and-ink jacket, which might have been done by a child who loved Edward Lear, but could never get any response to its affection.

"This Believing World." By Lewis Browne. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

Never within the limits of one volume of moderate length has such a wealth of material been before attempted. The construction of the book is simple, a series of eight parts giving the chief incidents and necessities which led to the forming of the religions of the various races of men. Each part deals with the development of belief in one or more gods in the life of man, and presents a sketch of the conditions that impelled these beliefs at each particular period, century by century. In the history of each narrative element, quite rightly, is subordinated to the main purpose of the book, which is a study of comparative religions. The assembling of the material into individual pictures is highly imaginative (in the best sense), and an honest attempt has been made by the author to penetrate beneath external events often accepted in blind faith. The one likes it: to teachers in particular it may be recommended, for it should do much to increase their own sense of the background behind more memorable events often accepted in blind faith. The author shows us the strange potency in this thing we call religion, which came into man's life untold centuries ago, and is still in our world to-day. What is it, this thing we call Religion? Whence did it come? Some of these questions the author has honestly tried to answer, and for this we are grateful.

"The Enemy: A Review of Art and Literature." Edited by Wyndham Lewis. Vol. I., No. 1, January, 1927. (The Arthur Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

After going through this volume there is no doubt left in the mind of the reader that the Enemy is none other than Mr. Wyndham Lewis; and an excellent enemy he makes. Ever since Mr. Lewis published "The Caliph's Design" we have felt that this author had a genius for pamphlet-writing, and in the present volume our belief is more than justified.

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