

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Several writers in the Press have been referring to Russia's commercial relations with this country. Russia, they say, must remain practically an agricultural country for years to come, and her trade with western Europe will consist in the "exchange" of her foodstuffs for manufactured products. It is remarkable how this fallacy persists unchallenged in these days of machine production, when the "food" factor in the cost of manufactures in general is sinking so fast towards the zero mark. Let any business man analyse the export price of his goods and ascertain what percentage of that price is required to cover wages, salaries, and dividends together. The ratio will vary enormously, but the result, even under the best auspices (for instance, coal mining, where the wage cost is relatively high), will be to show that an equilibrium of exchange of these things for food is a practical impossibility. Suppose a British article be priced at £10, and that £2 represents the food cost. Assume that the food is of Russian origin. Then, to achieve a permanent equal "exchange," either Britain must import from Russia five times as much food as is necessary for the replacement of the export, or else must export to Russia one-fifth of the manufactures which can be made on the basis of any given food import. But neither of these alternatives is contemplated. What these "exchangers" have at the back of their minds is the unexamined idea that somehow Britain can export the £10 worth of manufactures and import the £2 worth of food, and everything turn out all right. But it cannot turn out all right. Whatever pleasure it might give financiers to make Russia a debtor for £8 on every "exchange" of this sort, there is no escaping the physical fact that Britain would be giving away actual economic resources to the extent of the difference. The process is a manifest absurdity in cases where those resources are a fixed quantity—for instance, our coal deposits. Yet, to-day,

the one concern of statesmen and coal-owners is to do something to "recover foreign markets." And in general the prime aim of industry is to increase its "favourable balance of trade" without reflecting that it means a dissipation of economic wealth.

The idea that by sending out of the country ten things in exchange for two things the home population can thrive would only be intelligible if people could thereby receive and live on a kind of something that was not a thing. There is no such substitute. But a superstition is prevalent that there is. Its name is Money. That its substance is paper disturbs nobody's dream. That its only useful property depends entirely upon whether they can get things for it is ignored as an academic idea for playful pedants. Let Britain get a "profit" of eight paper claims to things and she will gladly part with the eight things themselves. We have heard of the idea of giving away a tin-opener with a tin of baked beans, but it has been left to the genius of our financial overlords to exchange the beans for the tin-opener.

This is not to deny that the money problem is a real problem to the industrialist. As a seller of goods he must recover all their costs from somewhere. If there is insufficient money in the hands of his fellow-citizens to replace his disbursements he must look abroad for the balance. But the insufficiency of money in the home market, though his problem, is no problem to his masters and tutors, the bankers. Take the hypothetical manufacture costing £10 and consider it typical of British production in general. This £10 is a cumulative total of disbursements of money made at different times over a period covering, it may be, months, or even years. It has at one time or another come into the possession of home consumers. That, however, is a matter of past history. The current problem is that (by hypothesis) the consumers can show only £2. The puzzle is, where has the £8 gone? The

4. *The Bank of England's position.*—We come here to the real issues raised. The Midland Bank's action is something more than a measure to serve the public convenience, or even to increase its own business; it is at bottom a challenge to the principle that the Bank of England must monopolise the creation and control of the small-change of the credit system. It is clear that the purpose of the Bank in seeking to snatch these powers from the Government can be largely defeated by the substitution of what will be in effect a Midland Bank currency. Suppose, for instance, that the member firms of the Federation of British Industries all decided to bank at the Midland and to use cheques in denominations of £1 and 10s. for wages. Leave aside the question of how far the wage-earner would himself respond to the idea of using a banking account, and consider in principle the "granite guarantee" behind a "cheque-note" jointly endorsed by the repositories of much of the Real Credit of the country (the F.B.I.) and much of its Financial Credit (the Midland Bank)—a perfect money token—i.e., a claim to goods backed by the custodians of the claims and the producers of the goods. A further extension of the idea would be the co-operation of the whole of British industry with the five banks—for there is no clear reason why the remaining four should boycott this new move. It would be to their disadvantage as a business proposition.

5. *International implications.*—Such a situation would mean the "defeat" of the Bank of England in a formal sense; but to think of the result in any such sense is to dispense with sense altogether. The Bank of England would only sustain a rebuff insofar as its policy has been non-English. In a word—to skip all intervening links in the argument—the Midland's new cheque-notes can be used to cut the bonds which tie the central English bank to Wall Street.

6. *General reflections.*—It is not surprising that the present innovation has got the authorities scratching their heads. It is already working and gathering momentum; so that their decision whether to stop it or leave it alone must be taken instantly. Should they stop it, the friction engendered would spark inflammable gases in the region of high politics. It would greatly intensify the demand for a Financial Enquiry such as Mr. McKenna has been calling for. On the other hand, to let things develop must vitiate the secret financial arrangements made between Mr. Montagu Norman and Mr. Benjamin Strong. If so, there will be a further strain on Anglo-American diplomatic relationships. That is a grave matter: but equally grave is the continuously increasing risk of renewed civil commotion and industrial paralysis that we run in this country while Mr. Norman remains under the obligation to force the British banking system to subserve the interests of American industrial system. In our view the time has come for a final assertion of British sovereignty. The visible sign of this would be Mr. Norman's resignation from the Governorship of the Bank.

"In the Middle Ages man expressed his faith and fears in lovely cathedrals and strong fortresses; in the modern age he builds palatial banks and cash reserves. That at the present time many of our cities are being transformed by the building of huge banks is only what one could expect in an age which has changed the old Psalm to read: 'I lift up mine eyes to the bank from which, I trust, shall come forth my help.' . . . The National Provincial Bank, Ltd., has recently issued a 30-page pamphlet which summarises its history. . . . The pamphlet can be obtained at any of the bank's branches. . . . its illustrations of premises, board-rooms, general managers' rooms and corridors are both beautiful and awe-inspiring."—*Manchester Guardian Commercial.*

Art and Education: A Problem.

By Robert H. Hull.

If a child has a natural aptitude for art—using the term in the broadest sense possible—can he be trained to draw or play the piano, in short, to find an outlet for his energies in those media which may be legitimately included under the heading of art, irrespective of any particular bent he may have for any one of these things?

Those who maintain the expediency of artistic direction on these lines are not without reasons for their methods. It is advanced that all children with definite artistic inclinations have in their fundamental disposition a certain common interest; that, mentally, the marginal line between genius ultimately expressed in music or drawing is very narrow. Working on this assumption it is contended in respect to children that if, for instance, a musical child finds a difficulty in expressing himself in his natural medium owing to some temporary arrestment, it is advisable that he should attempt to find an outlet for his energies in a medium fundamentally allied to music rather than that his artistic inclinations should suffer total inhibition. Perhaps the question can best be determined by the examination of certain examples which constitute the results of deliberate application.

In the first instance we have the case of a boy who, at the age of five, showed musical promise beyond the ordinary. As a result of bad teaching (a concentration on technique as divorced from real music), progress became slow until at seven years old the pupil was inclined to apathy. As the child possessed an inclination for drawing it was deemed expedient that his energies should be concentrated in that direction until such time as his disposition for music should re-assert itself, and he was deliberately trained to that end. For a while he made moderate progress, but eighteen months later apathy again predominated; let it be noted that the teaching had been so organised as to stimulate the imaginative powers to the utmost. An attempt was then made to re-awaken musical interest, but this was so far a failure that the pupil was advised to abandon any further efforts. This advice was followed for a time, but after three years the instinct appeared to regain strength until it would no longer bear inhibition. Under careful teaching the pupil subsequently developed into an excellent pianist and a composer of some originality. No further developments took place with regard to his earlier inclinations for drawing.

In this case the primary causes of retardation are not obscure; bad teaching is clearly the responsible factor. But the fundamental disturbances cannot always be so readily ascertained, as may be seen from the next example.

The second instance also concerns a boy pupil, but with this difference; namely, that his talent first found adequate expression in drawing. From the age of five he had excellent instruction, and when he was nine years old he showed signs of uncommon ability. Then, suddenly, his work began to deteriorate. He appeared to lose his imaginative powers and all capacity for invention. His teacher was much perplexed, since the matter could not be accounted for by any cause directly connected with the school at which the boy attended. He had not been overworked, and eye-tests produced no evidence of optic trouble. It was decided that he should attempt music for a while, so that his teachers might see if the arrestment could be relieved by distraction. But this venture was distinctly unsuccessful, and was soon brought to an end. Between the ages of 9½ and 10 the boy was not employing either medium of artistic expression. The ultimate cause of the trouble was

found to be beyond the teacher's province. An untrustworthy nurse had made the boy afraid of the dark, and so long as she was in charge of him his talent for drawing remained sterile.

There are certain points to be noted in connection with this case. Firstly, that the child suffered arrestment only in his artistic powers and not in his capacity to do ordinary lessons. Secondly, it must be remembered how unwilling highly-strung children are to speak to grown-up people of the things that alarm them most. But, most important of all, it becomes clear that no transposition of artistic energy can take place if the counteracting factor is exceptionally potent. In the first case we saw that bad teaching did not immediately repress all efforts to direct energy from music to drawing, although it did so ultimately. But in the second case fear was so potent a deterrent as to make impossible, for the time being, any form of expression whatever. Subsequent investigation showed that a month after the nurse's dismissal the boy began to show renewed interest in his drawing, and within six months had regained all the ground he had lost. Ultimately he developed into an artist of the first order.

The third case is rather exceptional. It is an instance of late artistic development in a girl which was brought to a premature end through wrong methods. At the age of twelve she felt a strong urge for creative work in both music and painting, although hitherto she had shown but little interest in either. Her teachers found that her energies were equally sustained in both branches of art. After four years, during which time she had made very considerable progress, her interest in painting began to flag, and, very shortly afterwards, in music also. From that time onwards her artistic energies suffered a gradual decline until, at the age of twenty, she felt no active concern in either subject.

We have here a fairly good subject for analysis. The most obvious point is that an unusually powerful instinct for creative work coincided with the transit of adolescence, and it is hardly possible that there is not some very definite connection. The main error seems to have been in allowing the girl to pursue a dual course. The question naturally arises as to whether or not she would not have been able to sustain interest for a much longer period had she been made to concentrate on one subject only. My own feeling is that such control would have been advisable. An intense outpouring of creative spirit at a critical age like adolescence must prove a severe strain for any individual. Further, in view of the fact that the interest in music and painting was equal, the expressive powers would hardly have suffered if they had been directed into a single channel, while the strain would certainly have been lessened.

All the three cases I have quoted bear a connection with one another. In the first we saw the result of trying to substitute drawing for music as a means of expression. The second case illustrated the converse. The third instance showed the ill-result of overworking the creative powers in a dual capacity, and is one of the rare cases in which a deliberate re-direction of energy seems justifiable. It remains to indicate the conclusion, and I believe that this can be found in an analogous educational doctrine.

For some years past it has been generally acknowledged that dullness of the perceptive faculties must result if a child concentrates actively for any considerable length of time on one subject only. In practice one knows this to be true. If it is apparent that a child's mental equipment is suffering from the effects of such concentration, the custom is, especially in subjects unconnected with

art, to direct his attention to matters allied with entirely fresh interests. The ultimate result is that the child rests absolutely from the subject which, owing to his over-intensive application, had dulled his faculties. It is just possible that herein lies an explanation of the present problem. If we admit a mental co-relationship between different branches of art it would seem that a child, far from being refreshed by a direction of his energies from, for instance, drawing to music, in final effect suffers as much as if he had continued to concentrate upon drawing. One would suggest that it is possible for dual development to take place satisfactorily only in those individuals in whom the instinct is unusually strong. Many people have a considerable ability for either drawing or music, but comparatively few can really distinguish themselves in both media. Finally, one would urge from experience that no harm is likely to result if a child, temporarily apathetic, ceases entirely from any form of artistic expression for a while, provided that he is encouraged to resume expression as soon as apathy has disappeared. It may be on some such lines as these that the solution to our problem can be traced.

"AUF WIEDERSEH'N."

I well remember how, that night,
You stood, your arms on the low gate.
The shadows nestled in your hair—
Your eyes were mystic pools of brown.
You said "It won't be long to wait
Ere I come back to you again."
I kissed you and my heart was stone.
Swift grief into my soul had flown.
And as I walked, I turned again,
You waved and called "Auf Wiederseh'n!"

And still I wait—but all in vain
You will not come to me again.
All that I have is memory.
The sweet Wine of your life is spilled;
By careless Death your voice is stilled;
Your dusky hair will no more gleam;
Your poet's eyes have found their Dream.
And I am left to weep and moan,
That I for ever am alone;
And all the day to moan and weep,
That you will never rise from Sleep.

EDNA HYLDA MORGAN.

"(1) Mrs. C. has two children and almost kills herself once a year to avoid a baby. (2) Mrs. T. is not married, but says she is. We all know better. She lives with Mr. T. and has two children, and does what Mrs. C. does every year. She has wretched health, like Mrs. C. (3) Mrs. S. left her husband one winter, and lived with the hired man several months. Her husband told her to get a divorce, and she did, but married, not the hired man, but the Greek she did, and it is a poor match. (4) Mary has is fifty and he is thirty, and it is a fine woman, an illegitimate child, eleven years old, but is a fine woman and has a good husband now. (5) Mrs. N. is an Austrian and can't speak good English yet, but she has three nice children and a good reputation. (6) Mrs. M. kept what we call 'two husbands' up here. It's hard to make a living, she had many children, and an extra man to work was a great help. When I moved up here fourteen years ago there were seven women who lived with two husbands. Mrs. M. was put out of the Farmers' Union because she kept two husbands, but she is living straight now. (7) Mrs. A. is a coarse type that you find in logging camps. She is used to fighting and hair pulling, but has become very sedate and peaceful now. (8) Mrs. W. has spent twenty years as cook in logging camps. The hard work has refined and aged her."—From the chronicle of a poor American prairie farmer's wife who started a club for some score of women in a worse case than herself. Quoted by *The Countryman* from the *Atlantic*.

The Tree of Life.

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

V.

THE PHYLUM URGE.

TAPLEY: You don't mean to say, Padre, that any parson or parsons support such a thing as artificial Birth Control?

PADRE: I'm sorry to say, a good many, including one who was a Diocesan Bishop, are shaky on the subject. I wouldn't appear on a platform with any of that kind.

TAPLEY: I'm sure you wouldn't. I know Sykes has something to say about that. The last time he let out on the subject, I told him he had laid down the Phallic Law. And so he had, and had stated it well, too, for him. Give us it again, Sykes. It is my own view, but I like your way of putting it.

SYKES: I remember the bit that appealed to you, that you promptly labelled "the Phallic Law." The drawing room edition of it would be something like this: "Male generative power demands an outlet to the definitely procreative end, that the Race may live." Artificial Birth Control would simply give the lie to this, and ruin the whole of Nature's grand plan for the glory of the Human Race. Wasn't that it?

TAPLEY: It was. But you carried on about the Survival of the Fittest. How did you work that in?

SYKES: Well, it's clear enough that those who for selfish motives, desire worldly comforts, conveniences, or advancements, refrain from breeding, will be bred out: and those that don't, won't. H. G. Wells is a prophet with a moral twist, and on this very point is unreliable; but he gets in a good one now and then. For instance, he's not far off the line when he tells us that when the Mayfair society lady, who wouldn't nurse or care for a baby if she had one, when she decides to remain childless, we have reason to be grateful to her. A hideous, deadly, life-destroying, soul-killing thing, this Birth Control, only possible to those who are devoid of religion—I didn't say "devoid of superstition"—but it's the unfit, the selfish, the grovellers who see no Divine in Man, that it helps to weed out.

TAPLEY: That's a grand indictment. Why can't we say "Let them go on with it! The true men and women will come to the front in well nurtured children all the quicker when the coast is clear!"?

SYKES: Well, I can't say that, for, even biologically, the loss is terrible, almost threatening the existence of our race. For the deadly course doesn't appeal to the mentally deficient, to the incompetent, to the slum dwellers. The power of foresight, of prudence, of thrift, of making one's way in the world, is produced by civilisation, and it is those with such power that fall. They are being bred out. The others, less fitted for the battle, survive in their children. The race is quickly travelling towards extinction.

PADRE: And if I saw a dangerous river, a certain-death current, with a brother in it, if I happened to have a boathook in my hand, I wouldn't wave it in the air and say, "Let him drown! The unfit must go!" I'd certainly try to hook him out, if I were to make no more heroic effort to save him.

SYKES: Yes, Padre, and you ought to. You've got the boathook. And, to do you justice, I know that you use it. This vile business has a hideous psychological side, too. Perverted "instinct"! Excuse the label, for I want it again. An "instinct" has a natural end, and reaches out to that end. As Tansley points out, when the natural end of the procreative "instinct" is taken away, the series is broken, and we have various forms of mutilated vital effort, which we rightly call "vices." I must confess I like my own terms for the great entities

of psychology better than Freud's or Jung's. In fact, I think I have a term better than libido, élan vital, etc., for the Drive of Life. What do you say to "The Phylum Urge"? Bergson takes without acknowledgement, so, if I like, I can take from him in the same way, for he speaks of "Creative Urge." But this time I am innocent. So far as I know, the term is my own, and I think it carries its meaning writ on it better than Bergson's does. I naturally would think so, as it's mine. Any human is a Phylum expression. He has something individual about him—we'll grant that to please Tapley, and perhaps you, Padre—but the life of the Phylum is very much on the spot. The Phylum produced the individual, largely as an expression of, and as a channel for, its own life. That is there in the individual, much intent on its own welfare, pressing in strong desire towards more Life for the Phylum—children, homes, health, freedom, beauty, all that's worth having for the Human Life-Tree, for Humanity in General, for one's own People, and one's own family in particular. Jung is certainly on this line, but individual libido is hardly the complete picture. This desire I call "the Phylum Urge," and its primary manifestation is sexual. It is the fruitful soil of Love, Chivalry, Devotion, Self-sacrifice, Patriotism, in fact, of everything worth having or doing in this world. In health, it is necessarily unselfish, a great giving of self, a throwing of self into the Bigger Phylum Life.

PADRE: A good statement. That's why perversions are so utterly hideous. What is unmistakably marked as God's—what else could be the Life of the Man Phylum, the Love and Life of the Human Race?—the great inherited predispositions, the Live-Life, the central core of our People's existence, thrown away in the most contemptible self-gratification!

SYKES: Thanks, Padre. That's just what I wanted to say. You saved my breath. The real thing, the Phylum Urge, will not mislead you. But morbid selfishness is another matter.

TAPLEY: I don't know if Kant really got that picture—not the label of course—when he landed on his Categorical Imperative. I never feel he did, but that's what it means to me. Every man hears the unmistakable command: "That's the right way. You shall take it." Kant is too logical with his "Act so that the maxim of your will may safely be taken as a universal maxim." It means right, but feels somewhat high and dry. I call this command, after Kant, the Categorical Imperative, but I feel it's real force is Sykes's Phylum Urge. It's really the Phylum Urge that says: "That's the line, the Big Line, the Line of the Big Life. Take it or you're branded a coward—incidentally, also, a traitor? And it's thanks to the Phylum Urge, not to the law, that there isn't a good deal more selfish crime about than there is."

SYKES: That shows why sexual sin is such a serious matter. The most typical of all sin, betrayal of the Big Trust. And the most criminal of all sins is what would attack the source of our Life, the Great Phylum Urge Itself. To weaken that, to divert that, is to destroy Man physically and morally; spiritually, too, then. For me that's the sin against the Holy Ghost.

PADRE: I haven't a finger to raise against that.

SYKES: There's no section of humanity I am more interested in, and devoted to, than that of the British Working Man. But that's why I want him bred strong, independent, efficient. But the brand of Socialism which gives comfort without effort, and discourages the virile desire for a wife, a home, a family, that will make good for their sake, will not help him, nor will it maintain any people committed to it.

Views and Reviews.

CURRENT IDEAS.—V.

A society whose forms and ideas have been broken into fragments but not dissolved—or which are partly broken and partly dissolved, as in Britain—naturally provokes the two reactions, the Fascist, which would piece the bits together again in the hope of making them work, and the Communist, which would first bring about entire solution and then attempt a crystallisation in physical rather than in organic forms. The condition is not merely political. It affects art, the family, religion, and every social expression. In literature, for example, the plight of the most earnest is pathetic. When poets defied the restrictions of form and took to free-verse they prophesied that a Dionysian abandonment of restraint would bring about characteristic Dionysian expression. Weary of the old forms, very few knew either how long a discipline is necessary for spontaneity, or how much ingenuity is required for the creation of new forms. Free verse is largely the jagged, formless, atomic sequence of broken lines and still more broken and unrelated ideas. It is the intellectual's rag-time, and even more rag thought. It is not, as Wyndham Lewis might claim, that free-verse is in time and a sonnet in space. They are both in time. What distinguishes them is that free verse is usually in *flux*. A minuet is in time, but it is also in form, which is not confined to expression in space only.

Although it may vindicate Miss Gertrude Stein to some extent when it is claimed that people think like she writes, the price of vindicating her is the condemnation of her whole civilisation. If people think like that it is because they are merely musing, and not thinking *something*. Their thinking is not directed to any goal. Miss Stein in the latest of her work is certainly not giving a meaning to life; she is merely portraying, with apparent contentment, its meaninglessness. She does not make thought a better tool than Nietzsche, Plato, or Hegel made it; she does not use it as though it were the fairly sharp and moderately efficient instrument of the spirit which they made; she uses it after deliberately blunting it; she purposely spoils her material with it, to show what a wretched instrument it is.

"You do see that halve rivers and harbours, halve rivers and harbours, you do see that halve rivers and harbours, makes halve rivers and harbours, and you do see that you that you do not have rivers and harbours when you halve rivers and harbours. . . ."

I refuse to continue the quotation. I can believe only that the writer, by which I mean composer, has deliberately taken an opiate for the spirit. She is floating in the false Nirvana of her own words. It is not *time* that forces itself on consciousness while one reads this sort of work, but *flux*. Such broken thoughts as there are drift about, knock against one another, and never result in any pattern with meaning. They are not magnificent nonsense such as poets have sometimes written, but the nonsense of chaos. Such composition constitutes the dissociation of thought. It recalls only the words of the popular jazz-songs. In such writing thought is not yet completely dissolved into feeling; bits of thought come together by drift; the writer seems to avoid responsibility by forswearing creation.

Mr. James Joyce has gone even farther into meaninglessness—great nonsense, by the way, is always filled with meaning. Even the lunatics' thinking provokes some effort to perceive how the sequences arise, but Mr. James Joyce is now employing every childish device, such as breaking up words, using jingling alternatives for well-known phrases, and generally cultivating the irresponsibility of gibber-

ing. I seriously maintain that, in their recent moods, of course, nobody reads more than a sample of either author. Even Irish stew has a meaning; Mr. Joyce's very latest work is the negation of meaning. Art is a form of communication, among many other things; even before articulate or formal communication is possible, art must have meaning enough to stimulate formalisation, after which Creation in that branch becomes reproduction. I strongly suspect that Miss Stein is avoiding that complete solution of her ideology in feeling that must precede her artistic advance. At present, having revolted against reproducing the old, she dare not die for the birth of the new. Her spirit refuses to go into solution. She is a Fascist of the intellect.

Only *organic* thought can create new forms, and organic thought is a rhythm between thought and feeling, of which the down-beat is thought, which is directed to truthful meaning. That Wyndham Lewis recognises this in fact, though he exposes himself to being understood to deny it is evident in his occasional illuminating remarks on artistic creation.

"I will state briefly my own belief as to the true character of artistic creation. The production of a work of art is, I believe, strictly the work of a visionary. Indeed, this seems so evident that it scarcely needs pointing out. Shakespeare writing his 'King Lear' was evidently in some sort of trance; for the production of a work of art an entranced condition seems as essential as it was for Blake when he conversed with the Man Who Built the Pyramids. . . ."

If feeling is time—or, as I prefer, flood—and thought is space—or, as I prefer, form—the recognition of this entranced condition seems to me much the same thing as saying that time and space are the components of spiritual rhythm. Creation and chaos are one proportion. The man of ideas must be ready to see all his creations dissolved, and while feeling overwhelms them, to believe in faith that with a pure heart and a clean spirit re-crystallisation, finer than before, will come about. Meaning must in its turn be blurred that meaning may be cleared.

Such hints from Wyndham Lewis of the rhythm of thought and feeling, of creation and inspiration, indicate that his opposition to time-philosophy is by no means antagonism to the time concept as such, but in reality resistance to all who regard the down beat of any life rhythm as upon flux rather than on form. The philosophy of becoming uses the transitoriness of all things as an excuse for letting them decay. "Becoming" is incoherence on the universal scale; it is making God a speaker of gibberish. Creation implies clarity, definiteness, shape, in short, "being," and these must be the object even when forms are thrown into the melting-pot. Though the sonnets of Shakespeare reveal pre-occupation with the destructive flood of time to a greater degree than Bergson or Whitehead, the sonnets are nevertheless an attempt to set up something to resist that flood.

"Yet do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young."

Letters are not atoms of words each behaving according to its own laws and reappearing in varying meaningless patterns; words are not atoms of language each behaving according to its own laws. Atoms of matter do not behave each according to its own laws. There is a law of creation over them. When a crystal forms, each atom under some mysterious discipline that must involve *all* of them takes its place in the whole plan. The creator like the magnet under the plate of filings, directs each atom to its place in the ranks and files that the crystal formation requires. Analysis in science is a mania if the object is merely to get to the bottom of

things. What Dr. Whitehead, in his flight from the barrenness of science to the warmth of the romantic poets, was probably seeking is not a time-space philosophy; not a justification of "continuity" in face of the present orientation of science especially by "discontinuity." It is the foundation of a re-orientation towards creation.

R. M.

Pluto and Plebs: The Nemesis of Democracy.

II.—DEMOCRACY THE MATRIX OF OLIGARCHY.

The disappearance of economic freedom is, without question, the deepest root of our political hypocrisis and decay. But once again there are contributory causes; and our understanding of the problem will be inadequate if we ignore them. Let us state them as briefly as may be.

There is, first, the altogether unwieldy size of our political unit. (The granting of Home Rule to Scotland and Wales would not make a particle of difference.) The larger the State the more difficult it is to preserve personality and democracy. A saying of H. G. Wells's is to the point: "Democracy dies five miles from the parish pump." It was meant—as history shows us—for city States, where the citizen could come and vote *in propria persona*. Large populations are more easily ruled than small ones, because their inertia is greater, and it is more difficult for them to agree in their grievances or to unite in their action. Pericles and Cleon, though they differed in everything else, concurred in the opinion that democracy is highly inconvenient in empires.

Consider, next, the growing complexity of Government—a natural result of the enlargement of the political unit, and the increasing intricacy of national economic relations. Once a Government consisted of a King, his courtiers, and his courtesans; to-day it is a vast and lumbering mechanism for the adjustment of a thousand conflicting groups. It requires the full time of those who play in it any but the most subordinate rôles: it would be impossible to rule a modern State on the plan of popular rotation in judicial office, or the hasty decision of issues by vast uninformed assemblies, which gave Athens its liberties—and brought it to early destruction!

By the very nature of things "machines" develop in every party, every union, every constitution, every parliament; Democracy is the matrix in which oligarchies grow. King Demos is kept absorbed in bread and margarine (or the Dole), cinemas, community-singing, football, and froth-blowing; how shall he keep abreast of the thousand problems that arise and change, and melt away in his party or his union? He cannot answer intelligently the question placed before him; he does not know. *Democracy is government by those who do not know.*

Consequently it is the first casualty of war. Recent experience will at all events have taught us that. "Many an army has prospered under a bad commander," said Macaulay, "but no army has ever prospered under a debating society." (Trade Unions tend to oligarchy for the same reason; they are military organisations designed for offence and defence.) Reactionaries are well aware of this, and may be relied upon to produce an occasional war as a substitute for birth-control, or as a means of re-entrenching themselves. Democracy is not a cure for war. But war is a cure for Democracy.

The last contributory cause of democratic failure is human stupidity. Democratic theory had presumed that man was a rational animal. No doubt some simpleton lifted this treasure of wisdom from some book of "logic." But man is an *emotional* animal (seldom rational); and through his feelings

he can be deceived to his heart's content. Lincoln pretended to believe that you can't fool all the people all the time. Perhaps so. One thing, however, is certain; you can fool enough of them to rule a large country. It has been computed that the supply of fools on this planet is replenished at the rate of two hundred every minute; which is a bad omen for Democracy.

Voltaire preferred Monarchy to Democracy on the ground that in a monarchy it was necessary to educate only one man; in a democracy you must educate millions; and the gravedigger gets them all before you can educate ten per cent. of them. What pranks the birth-rate plays with our theories and our arguments! The minority acquire education, and have small families; the majority have no time for education, and have large families. Hence the perennial futility of political liberalism; the propaganda of intelligence cannot keep pace with the propagation of the ignorant.

Hence, also, the *conservatism* of democracies. Anatole France bemoaned the neophobia of the crowd. Bismarck looked to universal suffrage to support monarchical policy, and looked not in vain. The Liberals of Switzerland passed certain reforms, including the popular referendum; the Conservatives put these reforms to a referendum; the reforms, including the referendum, were defeated. The extension of the suffrage in England in 1918 brought in the most reactionary Government (barring the present one) in half a century. The new compulsory-voting law in Australia raised the proportion of actual to possible voters from 60 per cent. in 1912 to 90 per cent. in 1925. Result: an overwhelming Conservative victory.

Finally, Democracy is furiously hostile to genius and (at best) apathetic to art. It values only those things which come within the comprehension of the average mind: it builds motion-picture palaces and thinks they are Parthenons. (If the Athenian assembly had had its way, there would have been no Parthenon at all!) And so on, and so forth, *usque ad nauseam*. Mr. H. L. Mencken, in America, and the Gentleman with the Duster, over here, have taken the trouble to point the moral and adorn the tale. But, in the final analysis, the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and with this pudding we are fed up to the back teeth.

Democratic hatred of individuality is the net result of the preposterous theory of equality; everyone is equally valuable; *ergo*, a count of noses must establish every truth and sanctify any custom. Not only is Democracy a result of the Machine Age, and not only does it rule through "machinery"; it has in itself the potentiality of the most terrible machine of all—a vast weight of ignorant compulsion ostracising difference, crushing the exceptional mind, and discouraging novel excellence.

In a nation like our own, where the few who really rule must get some show of popular consent, a special class arises whose function it is, not to govern, but to secure the approval of the people for whatever policy may have been decided upon by heart of every democratic State. We call this class of men "politicians."

These puppet-politicians divide into parties, and align the people into hostile camps. The natural party-spirit of man makes such organisations easy: they are the survival of Totemism and warlike tribal separatism. And so, in this XX. Century of Christian Obfuscation, we are treated (at our own expense) to the knock-about farce of the Westminster Punch and Judy show, and a periodical sham-fight—called an election—full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing. Codlin or Short, Tweedledum or Tweedledee: you pay your money, and you take

your choice. In plain terms, democratic Government means misgovernment by a fraudulently elected gathering of lawyers, financiers, adventurers, and crooks, with or without the assistance of an ignoble nobility. As Thomas Carlyle put it long ago: "Democracy is by the nature of it a self-cancelling business, and gives in the long run a net result of zero."

But even this is no longer adequate as a statement of the position. The triumph is complete of the "modern ideas" so rightly detested and denounced by Nietzsche. The wheel of stultification and damnation has turned full cycle. To-day we are urged to yield to the dictatorship of the Proletariat as the only possible means of escape from the present dictatorship of the Plutocracy. The issue is between Trustification and Russification, Pluto and Plebs. And already the rival hosts are gathering in battle-array upon the field of Armageddon. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof? What, indeed? But the answer to this question must form the subject-matter of a future article.

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

Music.

Mme. Wanda Landowska (Wigmore Hall, May 16).

That Mme. Landowska is a very admirable musician, a most accomplished harpsichordist, can never for a moment be doubted by an intelligent hearer, but one cannot help feeling that her combining the piano with the harpsichord is a mistake. This is not saying that she is not an excellent pianist; she is, but when she turns to this instrument her playing becomes lifeless and flaccid, almost entirely deprived of the qualities of crispness, spirit, and vivacity which are to be found in her harpsichord playing. She seems to be unwilling to admit the implications of the piano, that it is a radically different instrument from the harpsichord—a percussion instrument with a vastly greater sonority—and seems trying to scale it down all the time, with the consequence that it becomes in some sort denatured. This bias showed itself most noticeably in the *Rondo* of the A major Mozart Sonata, which she repeated on the harpsichord. Dull and almost tedious on the piano, it awoke into a delightful animation on the harpsichord. Her finest piece of playing was that of the Scarlatti Sonata for crossed keyboards, in which the full resources of the player and her instrument were brought into use, and in this work it was again impressed upon one how much the music of this period loses when played upon the piano, lacking as this instrument does the many mutation and coupler devices of the harpsichord which were used to embroider and fill out what was a sort of shorthand of the composer's intentions (the page of music as written). The neglect to replace these effects on the piano, so far from being a scrupulous and conscientious following of the composer's intentions, as our ignorant pianists think, is actually a falsification of them through an omission of the executive devices the player of the time used, and was expected to use, within the limits of his own good taste. Mme. Landowska's magnificent instrument (by Pleyel) must be mentioned for its wonderful fullness of tone and sonority.

Tito Schipa (Queen's Hall, May 16).

Although without some of the more glaring and offensive defects of the regulation Italian tenor, it cannot be pretended that Signor Schipa is a great or even a good singer. His immense American success, which his agents have been unwise enough to

exploit, is tantamount to saying this. The voice is by no means a beautiful one, decidedly "short," and the production is lacking in brightness often to the point of dull, woolly tone. There is also much unevenness. The device of *filando la voce* to a tenuous *falsetto* is employed with irritating and tasteless frequency; this is only the other side of the medal, whose obverse is the S.O.S. high note *con somma forza*. There is no compensating interest in the singing as far as musicianship is concerned. Rhythm and phrasing are indifferent, and one might well have been spared the sentimental maudlin eroticism of a detestably sung version of the A flat *Liebstrraum* of Liszt. The *Jota* of de Falla was well sung, however.

"Parsifal" (Covent Garden, May 17).

Melchior, after starting badly, sang admirably in the last act. Ljungberg as *Kundry*, though lacking weight as a singer (the *tessitura* of his part demanding in some places almost a *mezzo*) was on the whole excellent, and sang and acted with great intelligence. Elizabeth Schumann sang enchantingly as the first Flower Maiden, and acted as well as could be expected, hampered by the stupidity of the movements of her colleagues. Janssen and Habich very admirable as *Amfortas* and *Klingsor* respectively. Richard Mayer was a sad disappointment as *Gurnemanz*. He never seemed to be able to forget the vocal effects he uses with such effect as Baron Ochs. A falseness and insincerity pervaded his entire performance, and the part was a palpable misfit for an otherwise fine artist.

Lecture by M. Dinh Gilly (Marylebone Studios, May 18).

Very admirable and cheering to hear this magnificent singer and splendid artist blow away the mists of pseudo-scientific cant with which the technique of singing becomes more surrounded *pari passu* with its decline. While M. Gilly said no more than true connoisseurs of singing already know, it is important and valuable to have it publicly and emphatically reaffirmed by one of such standing; his own vocal demonstrations when he mimicked the current vices with devastating ridicule and when he showed us how the thing should be done were worth going a long way to hear. One wishes that all the young women with figures like little girls, throats like fowls, and pin-point voices, could hear his remarks on the connection between ample physical development and singing.

Segovia Guitar Recital (Wigmore Hall, May 19).

It has been left to this astonishingly brilliant and accomplished artist to demonstrate that the guitar can be considered a musical instrument. Although its tone begins to become wearisome, and though its restricted range of expressive possibilities irksome, towards the end of a programme, the polished, elegant and subtle musicianship of Señor Segovia, who represents the fine flower of Latin musical executive sensibility, was a thing for continuous admiration.

Mme. Ivogün (Albert Hall, May 22).

The first chance since 1913 of hearing the amazing Zerbietta aria adequately sung (when Hermine Bosetti gave an unforgettably brilliant performance of the part under the joint auspices of Herbert Tree and Thomas Beecham) lured one to Kensington Gardens on a Sunday afternoon. Amazing it truly is, a marvellous delicate fabric of instrumental and vocal arabesque, a continuous play of enchanting and subtle sound-colours. Mme. Ivogün does not seem to possess the flawless brilliance and absolute certainty of technique required for this great Recitative and Aria, and the famous climax passage. A rising fourth from C sharp to F sharp *in all*, it was transposed down a tone with a severe loss to the sense and

colour of the music; the voice has not the brightness properly to make its part tell through the intricate reticulated work of the orchestra, but it was a musically and interesting performance. The song *Blue Danube* waltz was a sad failure. Had Mme. Ivogün kept the exquisite lilt and pace set by Beecham in the opening bars, the delicious work would have been (as it should) irresistible, but she dragged and sentimentalised it sorely. Mr. Tom Burke, who has a splendid voice, under the fine and masterly hand of Beecham's superb accompanying, sang better than one would have ever thought him capable; and one was delighted at the improvement . . . but . . . in *Caude Venenum* . . . later followed songs with piano in which the accompanist, although he was the admirable, sensitive and accomplished Mr. Percy Kahn, was only an accompanist, instead of the masterful Beecham. Rhythm, time, phrases fell and reeled about all over the place, and the joints and sinews of the music cracked on the rack of the singer's waywardness. Mr. Burke should not do these things. Only Beecham (with as few rehearsals as are now to be had with London orchestras), only Beecham in the Albert Hall, on a Sunday afternoon, and again only Beecham could have given such a performance of the *Seraglio* overture. The finest of line engravings on copper or steel is all that it can be compared with. And to make that brilliant, superficial, superbly accomplished, utterly unimaginative and soulless piece of make-believe *Le Rouet d'Omphale* sound like music, who but Beecham? All the more disappointing was the ragged performance of the lovely *Walk to the Paradise Garden*, from Delius's *Village Romeo and Juliet*. Strange, interesting; and also hideous and horrible that an audience that had been moved to ecstatic applause by the abject grovelling sentimentality, the spurious emotion and mock pathos of *The Minstrel Boy* remained practically unmoved (except to fidgety boredom and coughing) by music of piercing and heart-stabbing beauty . . . and yet . . . no . . . not at all strange—but horrible, yes.

Landowska (Wigmore Hall, May 23).

This admirable artist played superbly at her second Recital for two (as I suspect among other reasons—a better afternoon and a slightly better-mannered audience. One was glad that the piano was restricted to one work, the D major Sonata of Mozart. But although the piano playing was much better on this occasion than the week before, the difference between it and Mme. Landowska's harpsichord playing remains relatively as great as ever, the latter, in some Couperin and Scarlatti particularly, was magnificent.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

DIRGE.

Bird-song and beast-call
Hush now! . . . No more
Shall his hands open
To thee the door.

If it be Summer
Or if it be snow
He shall not heed
He shall not know.

Night-time and star-fade
Rain on the hills,
No thing he lacketh
Where all fulfils.

Beautiful Lady!
Here lies thy Lover
That dearly loved thee
And now all is over

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

Drama.

The Bridge: Arts Theatre Club.

The new Arts Theatre Club has the perfect stage and auditorium for the intellectual play. Although it is a small theatre every seat is as it should be, which, along with the scheme of decoration, produces that welcome rarity, the combination of austerity and ease. Nothing distracts attention from the beautiful stage. Entering this theatre one puts by the world as on entering a church. Miss Kate O'Brien describes "The Bridge" on the programme as a comedy, but she would probably have composed a more successful play had she forced the comic intention out of her mind. I doubt whether the author really regards the problems which she created in the lives of her characters as material for comedy. Apparently hesitating between the wish to entertain her public with joke and epigram on the one hand and to hold it by characterisation and psychological revelation on the other, Miss O'Brien has not succeeded in either, though she comes much nearer success in the second than in the first.

Lisa Mordaunt, the wife of a good-hearted and wealthy farmer whom she married as the way home when her lover was killed in the war, has tried to forget her old time gaiety through eleven years of practising the good life as taught by editresses of women's columns, New Thinkers, and Rotarians. She has made herself indispensable to the bores and boors around her by service, so that nobody can go to bath or bed without being mothered by her. She even gives her husband an annual treat by asking her past-worldly friend Fanny Markham down for a yearly holiday with *carte blanche* as to misconduct, and although Jim Mordaunt kisses Fanny Markham, there is no doubt that his heart, like that of every person, man or woman, who comes within her aura, is Lisa's. She is a sort of reformed Wedekind's Lulu staying at home incognito.

There is a prospect of comparative excitement for somebody in the expected arrival of Gene Rafferty, a famous engineer, who is to spend the time with the Mordaunts while he demonstrates to the Office of Works the desirability of a new bridge. Unless one except Fanny Markham—for whom all men counted, but none too much—all the women toppled over for Gene Rafferty. He was, indeed, the male counterpart of Lisa, and when these affinities met Gene forgot the common decency of a guest, while Lisa forgot service. In the end, by force of will, impelled she knew not whether by habit or by her unconscious valuation of fidelity—Lisa separates herself and Rafferty, and resumes the boredom of carrying lame dogs where she threw it down. Having swapped gaiety for altruism once and found it a bad bargain, she does the same thing again because it may be a good custom.

Fay Compton's mastery of technique for changing moods renders her interpretation of a most unstable character as natural as April weather. Her performance as Lisa, especially the pathetic last act, was very fine. Ernest Mainwaring's Jim Mordaunt was acting of the same high quality, while Violet Campbell as Fanny Markham, and Walter Hudd as Chris Mordaunt, adopted nephew and secret adorer of Lisa, were also excellent. Were it not for the unanimity of modernism and tradition that there is no understanding women, I should say that George Relph was not well cast as Gene Rafferty. He was not the man I should have expected women with prospects of marriage in this day to lose discretion for. Certainly Gene Rafferty on the stage was not the counterpart of Fay Compton's Lisa.

But for the trouble Mr. George Owen, the producer, must have taken to get his cast to speak a

number of very trite lines spontaneously and intelligently, the play must have been very slow indeed. The attempt to portray boredom on the stage is a hostage to misfortune. One character, Amy Mordaunt, has no apparent purpose but to lighten the tedium the rest of the first act cannot help causing. It is bad that Frances Rutledge had to spend her talents on jokes pegged to a fleeting vogue already past. An elderly spinster wishing there were a word pfyg is funny, but so much exhausts that fountain. Few of Miss O'Brien's epigrams are brilliant as well as clever, while the action neither thrills nor inspires. Interesting as the characters are, they do not take hold of us strongly enough to carry the defects.

Meet the Wife: St. Martin's.

In plots for domestic comedy nothing very new is likely to be discovered. The triangle may be turned this way or that way, but it is always the triangle. The plot, however, is the least important consideration of domestic comedy, and the decorations the most important. "Meet the Wife" is a domestic comedy on the woman who suddenly discovered herself unwittingly a bigamist, and who came near, despite her dominating ways, to losing both husbands by wanting to part with neither. There must have been a good deal of temptation to produce the play as farce, but this, with the exception of one or two instants in the last act, has been wisely avoided, especially as the unwitting bigamist is the plot of a farce at present running. The comedy is as light as a soap-bubble in summer, but it is also brilliant, with a great variety of colour.

Constance Collier has made a character study of Gertrude Lennox, the woman in the case, that will surely tickle London for some time. If she has made a comedy of manners into a comedy of mannerisms, they are mannerisms which provoke a great deal of quiet chuckling and a few irrepressible outbursts. Mrs. Gertrude Lennox—or Bellamy, before her first husband found a dodge for disappearing without fuss—is a snob; she is more than a little stupid; but she has the knack of bullying where a bully may rule, and of clinging plaintiveness where simply because her would-be resisters, as the penalty of trying resistance, have either a bad time or a bad conscience. When in the end she is more or less thwarted on the question whom her daughter shall marry, she pretends with a good grace that what happened was what she wanted all along. Constance Collier is a delight from beginning to end.

Lynn Starling's comedy, although American, might have originated in any civilised country. It is an essay in subtle naïveté. The characters unconsciously expose their human frailties, on the audience's perception of which the humour depends. Nothing is expounded, nothing exhibited; everything is suggested. Production and cast are first-class. Frederick Leister plays the second husband vigorously and amusingly, though he will have to be careful not to drop into farce as the run grows longer. As Victor Staunton, Mrs. Lennox's first choice for her daughter, David Hutcheson gave a gem of consistent character comedy. Notwithstanding the character's flat feet, however, I hope that the actor will avoid a disturbing—though I acknowledge slight—reminiscence of Chaplin now and again when he shambles across the stage. In my opinion it is a blemish on an otherwise magnificent piece of acting. The straight parts of the two young lovers were in the competent hands of Henry Daniells and Mercia Swinburne, both of them avoiding that incongruity which the straight parts so often take in character comedy. They really were part of the play. George Tully played the first husband like Seymour Hicks on his dignity.

PAUL BANKS.

Reviews.

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Messrs. Benn, in this series, continue their effort to render a liberal education possible to the relatively busy man, and to bring about the existence of that educated democracy on which the ideal of democracy depends. Within the scope of sixpence nothing more could have been done. The booklets—they run to 32,000 words, which is more than half the length of a 7s. 6d. novel—are excellent compressions. They provide that essential foundation of information without which it is quite impossible to take any intelligent interest in the affairs which have, whether for bad or worse, been thrust on the ordinary man.

Essays on Literature, History, Politics, etc. By Leonard Woolf. (The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.)

In these essays Mr. Leonard Woolf sits back in his chair to talk briefly and genially about the figures and tendencies of his day. He likes people or he dislikes them, except perhaps Mr. George Moore, to whom he is indifferent. Mr. Woolf, in short, discriminates by taste, but he is able to make the reader aware what the samples taste like. He does not dispose of things, he sheds light on them, after which the reader may see for himself and agree or disagree without offence. The motto of the present-day essayist might well be that he claims all the world for his province, and is discreet about politics. Mr. Woolf does not fear politics, any more than literature, in which, as a publisher, he is a sort of Cabinet Minister. He takes into politics the same taste as into literature, and presses the question what manner of man is this rather than what is his policy. Were he less genial his names would mean a lot of pack-drill. In face of the awful weight of the newspaper engine of opinion, however, the subtle and refined perceptions of the essayist neither travel very far, nor have much influence. One cannot get the crowd into the study, nor the truth into the crowd. Yet one public that ought to be interested in Mr. Woolf's essays—it is perhaps larger than it ought to be—is that of literary aspirants, in either prose or verse. A series of essays from a writer who happens also to be a publisher cannot help being coloured by that mixture of sorrow and anger felt by every man who has been forced to read the manuscripts of pursuers of fame. It cannot help containing many things the publisher might have told the unsuccessful applicants if he had had time. The young writer in search of hints, critical standards for the valuation of his own work, or hints as regards the standard of craftsmanship which compels respect at once, will find few richer mines for sinking his money and time in than Mr. Woolf's essays.

Is Materialism the Basis of Communism? By Isabel Kingsley. (The Bomb Shop. 6d.)

The Communists are not altogether to blame. If they have officially pronounced Atheism and Materialism to be the dogmas of their faith, it is largely because the concepts God, King and Spirit are continually invoked to frustrate progress and justify the workers' enslavement to plutocracy. They feel forced, for the sake of their own distinctness, to take up the antithesis and teach it. Moreover, the tradition of Communism is Materialist—as it happens; owing to the age which produced it.

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If Communism is to be scientific it must at least note the progress of science and move with it. That is the chief part of the argument of Isabel Kingsley's pamphlet: and very well argued it is. It is a sufficient proof, produced from a comprehensive reading of the subject, that modern physics on the one hand, and psychology upon the other, have entirely changed the materialist conception which prevailed at the time when "Das Kapital" was written. If psycho-analysis had been included the proof would have been stronger still. Isabel Kingsley is a Communist of long service. It is an exhilarating and cheerful thing to find a Communist so wide awake to the dangers of a narrow ideology. Marx's primary postulate was that the value of anything is equivalent to the amount of labour socially necessary to its production. That is a moral ideal: and not at all a scientific deduction. The appeal to science, however justified by circumstances (and indeed continually necessary) is often motivated by a false desire to disguise a moral enthusiasm with the cold, factual appearance of a scientific deduction. But the Communist must not fear to wear his heart on his sleeve, for the heart only responds to heart, and brain to brain. Isabel Kingsley bases her own abandonment of Materialism upon the new "Metapsychics" of Charles Richet, but her refutation is substantiated by many other authorities. Her argument that Materialism as a philosophy of life causes pessimism and saps the will to effective revolution is of crucial importance. The heart of Communism, she declares, is the recognition and love of *Communism* itself, without which society disintegrates inevitably. This living need, the essence of the Communist movement, is what is scientifically substantiated by the psycho-analysis of Dr. Adler. It has nothing whatever to do with Materialistic or Atheistic philosophy.

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.