

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK Sir Lennox Russell's suggestion for a national Accountancy Board. Mr. Justice Eve on the plight of shareholders—his reference to the megalomania of finance. The <i>Star</i> , the drink bill and the cotton industry—instalment-selling of shares.	277	DALCROZE EURHYTHMICS. By A. N. 284
SOCIAL CREDIT POLICY. (Editorial.)	279	DRAMA. By Paul Banks <i>Harold. The Dictator.</i> 285
MUSIC. By Kaikhosru Sorabji Lamond. British Music Society Congress. Plunket Greene. The Estey Organ.	281	REVIEWS <i>Rhodes. England Reclaimed. They Returned at Evening. Scrutinies. Mariposa on the Way.</i> 286
THE ETERNAL PROBLEM. By R. M. <i>Studies in Shakespeare</i> (Nicoll).	282	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 287 From C. H. Douglas and W. T. Symons.
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. Original Sin. By V. A. Demant	283	VERSE By Samuel F. Darwin Fox (281) and A. Newberry Choyce (286).

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The *Evening Standard* contains a note referring to Sir Lennox Russell's recent suggestion that joint-stock companies should submit their annual accounts to an Accountancy Board for its imprimatur. The writer does not see how "such voluntary submission of balance sheets" could be linked up with the Companies Acts Amendment Bill now before Parliament, but thinks it might be supplementary to the "new safeguards" which the House of Commons is devising in collaboration with the President of the Board of Trade.

"There is much to be said in favour of Sir Lennox Russell's proposed composition of the new board, namely, fellows of the principal accountancy associations, assisted by nominees of commercial or industrial central bodies and of an association of directors. Why, however, representatives of investors, say, one or two members appointed by Stock Exchange committees in London or the provinces, are not included it is difficult to understand."

Not so difficult, surely. The main object of all such schemes of accountancy supervision is to ensure that the ordinary investor does not get too high a dividend. Of course, as the *Evening Standard's* contributor says, this is all supposed to be in the investor's own interest, because it would "appreciate the securities" of the model companies. Nevertheless, it is natural that a great number of investors should not look at it in that way, and probable that what is happening in the "reconstruction" of companies at the present time will multiply the number of those who feel about dividends that a pound in one's hand is worth two in the "reserves" bush. Representation of this point of view on an authoritative Accountancy Board would be inimical to its governing policy; so its exclusion is logically explicable. The Board would only be the bank auditor writ large, and the concern of that official has nothing to do with how shareholders fare, but everything to do with ensuring that bank loans and investments are at any time amply covered by even the scrap value of the property in question.

Probably no man in England has so much experience of company reconstructions as has Mr. Justice Eve. It is a significant and encouraging phenomenon to see how his attitude is hardening against these "schemes of arrangement." For instance, last week he was asked to sanction a scheme submitted by the United Steel Companies, Ltd. The scheme provided that the Company be excused from paying interest (and naturally dividends) for the next three years on any of its obligations unless sufficient profits were earned to do so. Mr. Gordon Brown, for the Company, replied to an enquiry by the Judge whether the scheme was opposed: "No, it was carried by overwhelming majorities." The hearing proceeded as follows (report in the *Star*):—

The Judge: "I have received rather pitiful letters from shareholders about it, but they are not here. Mine is only a voice crying in the wilderness. Here is a gigantic combination which has £2,500,000 Debentures, which has over one million unsecured Notes, nearly a million and a half in Preference shares, and over eight millions of Ordinary shares, and it cannot pay the interest or sinking fund on any single one."

Mr. Brown said the position in the trade was different now from what it was in 1918.

The Judge: "But combinations are still going on and people still seem to pour money into them."

Mr. Brown said the scheme had been very carefully considered by the trustees, and the meetings were almost unanimous.

The Judge: "The individual, of course, is inarticulate in a concern of ten millions of money. All he can do is to write pathetic letters to beg me not to let it go through, but what is the good of that? It is a melancholy fact that I have had to deal with so many of these large companies and have seen so much money lost, but they still seem to be very attractive to the unfortunate investor."

"Small solvent businesses were swept in and then drowned in this maelstrom created by this megalomania of finance," said the Judge later.

"I suppose many boards of directors whose businesses are in different parts of the country have been drawing adequate salaries. I am only repeating some of the complaints that have reached my ears through the post in this matter."

Mr. Brown said the directors were carefully selected in

groups, but they all worked together, one lot in the Sheffield district and another in Lincolnshire.

The Judge: "Well, it is no use discussing it. The scheme has been passed by the requisite majorities. No one appears to oppose it, and I will sanction the scheme." (Our italics.)

Most of our readers will doubtless already be anticipating one reflection we will make, and that is, what a pity it is that Mr. Justice Eve is kept so busy dealing with merely the effects of this financial "megalomania." What an enormous influence for good he might exert if he could only steal a week off (he should not require even that short time) to investigate the prime cause of the trouble as it is laid bare in Major Douglas's analysis of the credit-system. It is a tragic circumstance that those people whose experience would enable them the most easily to read between the lines of Douglas's close and concentrated argument are those most rigorously denied that opportunity by the very fact of the existence of the defect in the financial system which his argument was written to prove.

Like all pre-occupied men, Mr. Justice Eve can only take cognisance of immediate causes. For instance, he has in the present instance allowed his sympathy for the writers of the "pitiful letters" to lead him into the error of regarding directors' fees as having a bearing on the catastrophe. Yet neither in principle nor in magnitude have these anything to do with the matter. If all the directors in England had given their services gratuitously since 1918 the condition of industry would not have been any better; it would probably have been slightly worse. If a director draws £5,000 a year and re-invests it he becomes an investor and therefore himself enters the class whom Mr. Justice Eve hints is victimised by him. If he spends the £5,000 on personal consumption he becomes a customer of industry; and investors somewhere or other benefit by the revenue collected from him. In the first instance, he expends capital and in the second he provides capital with earnings. So, on an orthodox view, he cannot be charged either way with causing any financial difficulties. On our own deeper economic principles he may, but only as a man who invests his money in industry instead of buying goods from industry. In that case, however, he cannot be differentiated from anybody else who does the same thing. Whether he earns his money "legitimately" or not makes no difference to the arithmetical equation of producers' costs and consumers' incomes. For every pound drawn by an individual from industry there is a pound of cost recorded. That cost must be defrayed by the purchase of one pound's worth of goods for consumption. If not, if the pound is re-lent to industry, these goods cannot be sold, and the original cost cannot be recovered. Then Mr. Justice Eve has sooner or later to sanction a scheme for writing off capital to the extent of that pound. And he will be kept busy at it until the shortage in consumer demand created by private investing is made up by equivalent issues of new bank credit gratuitously distributed for the express purpose of making good the shortage. Since he finds his duties so distasteful he should be ready to receive the New Economic theorem if presented to him from the right quarter.

We particularly note his reference to the "small solvent businesses" which were merged into this now insolvent combine. Divided, they paid their way; united, they stopped. The lesson is especially applicable to the "merger" processes now exemplified in the cases of the electricity and the telegraph and cable schemes.

The *Star*, in a recent leading article, puts forward an idea:—

"It is, in a sense, comforting when we discover that we are spending money on something which we could do without. For example, we learn that the amount spent on intoxicating liquors in Great Britain last year is estimated at £298,000,000. It is true that out of this colossal figure the Chancellor of the Exchequer bagged £128,000,000 in taxation, but there is still a comfortable little margin of £170,000,000 which we could, if we wished, economise. It is more than the total expenditure on the Navy, Army, and Air Force for the same period."

It is a pity that the word "we" carries such diverse significances. There is the editorial "we," the oligarchical "we," the Frothblowers' "we," and so on and so forth. In this fact lies one of the methods by which confused thinking is put across by speakers and writers and made to sound like clear sense. In the present case the "we" who "discover that we are spending" are presumably the public. The "we" who learn the amount spent are the gentleman who now refers to the discovery. Lastly, the "we" who "could economise" can mean any of the following sets of people: the population, non-abstainers, the ruling classes, the Government, or the bankers. It is a hypnotic word; and it is interesting that, without it, the Press and other tutors of the public would have a much more difficulty in posing as organs or voices of a public opinion than they have to-day. There is a vernacular retort often to be heard in small personal controversies, namely: "Speak for yourself"; and a vulgar variant is: "You — well leave me out of it." These are good expressions of the attitude which ought to be adopted by the man-in-the-street to articles of the above type.

The general impression conveyed by this suggestive paragraph is that the whole population is attempting to destroy a commodity called money at the rate of £298,000,000 a year: that a wise gentleman called Mr. Churchill intervenes to rescue £128,000,000 a year from the destructive process; that the population still manages to destroy the rest, £170,000,000: that the population could stop doing so if it wished. But so it could as regards cocoa. In fact, everybody who buys for himself something he wants is spending money which he could economise if he wished. Of course, he would die if his wish impelled him to economise all of it—which, by the way, confirms the intuitive feeling of ordinary people that economy tends deathwards and prodigality lifewards. Naturally the sponsors of economy have their answer ready. It is to the effect that if people stopped drinking beer they would have the money to spend on something else of more use to them, even though of less pleasure to them. But that is a question. There are two snags. If they discontinued a particular "unnecessary" kind of expenditure, is it certain that the saving would revert to their own purses? Would their personal incomes remain the same as before? And if they did, would the price-level of the more desirable commodities upon which they would spend their beer-money stay still? Again, is it not feasible that people who consciously denied themselves beer for the sake of "economy" would save the money rather than buy other commodities? "A good thing which is arguable. For instance, when the Lancashire cotton-operatives spent a shilling on beer they parted with the shilling and drank the beer; and that was the end of it. But when they denied themselves a drink and acquired instead a share in a cotton-mill share-certificate; but that was not the end of it—as

they have found out since. Hundreds of thousands of them acquired shares nominally worth 10s. by paying a call of 1s. only. To-day the mills are valueless, and these people have been called on to pay up the other nine shillings—if they can. Imagine this kind of thing having been done by the brewers—that the publicans were now sending round to collect from them nine times the amount of old forgotten drink-bills.

The *Star* leader-writer talks innocently enough no doubt, but what he is saying is part of a concerted plan not to change personal habits but to reduce the ratio of consumption-expenditure to investment-expenditure. Readers will remember the remark made by Mr. Gibson Jarvie, when advocating instalment-selling. Referring to the so-called risks incurred by financial houses in advancing loan-credit for this purpose, he scoffed at them, pointing out that the loans, instead of going to a few producers, went to millions of consumers. The "risk," he urged, was "beautifully spread." What he meant was that the instalment-purchaser, when he had acquired some goods to a certain value and paid his first instalment, had become a guarantor of the producers' loan-liabilities, and had mortgaged his existing property as security. The loans were thus based not only on the earning assets of the trading companies, but on the private assets and earning power of all their customers as well. Readers will quickly see the similarity and difference between this kind of transaction and the cotton-share ramp. In both cases something was bought by the individual on the instalment-system. But in the first case the individual did get possession of something he needed and could enjoy the use of, and also knew that he had to pay up some more money, and knew what the amount was. But in the second case all he got was a piece of paper which he thought he had bought outright with his first instalment. But he had bought without knowing it a liability of nine further instalments. Not only that, but the less value the piece of paper came to represent the greater number of instalments he risked being called upon to pay up for it.

The consumers' risk is the bankers' safety. Take a cotton-mill which issued a million 10s. shares and called up 1s. on each. It got £50,000 from the operatives, and also a lien on them amounting to £450,000. When it had laid out its money and wanted some more, it went to the bank and got advances on the security of this lien, this "beautifully spread risk." The mere fact that it came, and continued to come, for these advances was sufficient evidence to the astute bankers that things were not so well with the company as the innocent operatives were thinking. Yet no hint was allowed to be passed out to them about it; there was a virtual conspiracy of silence between the cotton-mill administrators and the bankers, a conspiracy which lasted to the point where the bankers felt it necessary to call in their loans, which meant liquidating the lien on the operatives' private property. In retrospect it will be seen that in the last analysis the operatives were being made to borrow share-instalments from the banks without knowing anything about it. They were only told when the money was lost. Unfortunately they have no legal redress—all they can do is to write pitiful letters to Mr. Justice Eve—and, as he says, "what is the good of that?"

So if the *Star* wants "us" to economise it should at least become acquainted with, and secure the adoption of, a Credit-system in which the risks of economy to "us" are a little less patent than now. For a consumer to get dead drunk on beer is bad, but for an investor to lie dead sober on a bier is worse.

So "we" (editorially, of course) shall hitch our tankard to the *Star*. . . "Miss! another Worthington."

We are asked to remind readers of the Conference of the Economic Freedom League at Matlock from Friday, April 20, to Monday, April 23. The fee for the whole period is 32s. 6d. (reduction for less periods). Application forms can be obtained from the Secretary, Economic Freedom League, Winchester House, Fargate, Sheffield. Among the subjects of discussion are: "Suggestions for a New Monetary System" (Mr. G. Constantinesco), "Economic Freedom" (Mr. John Hargrave), "Life in the Age of Plenty" (Mrs. F. Chambers), "Municipal Banking" (Mr. Arthur Kitson).

Social Credit Policy.

The sales of our pamphlet *Social Credit in Summary* amounted to 2,000 copies at the last week-end. Readers who have been renewing their subscriptions to THE NEW AGE since our first announcement of the pamphlet, have, in nearly every case, added small sums to their remittances for supplies. This is the most convenient way to them, but we hope that those whose subscriptions have some time to run, will not wait until expiry before ordering. We know it requires an effort to undergo the ritual of buying a small Postal Order, not to speak of that irritating poundage charge, which seems to increase in magnitude in an inverse ratio to the value of the Order.

Here is a suggestion. The cheapest thing to buy in the Post Office, and the quickest to receive delivery of, is a book of stamps. Have exactly 2s. ready (or 3s. for the alternative size), plunge in to the office, show it to the young lady, and tell her what you want. You'll be out again promptly, not only the possessor of the book, but the recipient of a smile that will warm you for the rest of the day. You will have now a two-shilling, or three-shilling, *currency note*, which is valid for anything you want to buy from THE NEW AGE or the Credit Research Library. You escape all costs of conversion—the learned gentleman whose picture inside the cover accompanies the admonition, "Don't Wear a Truss!" has paid your poundage for you. We can use all the stamps that we are likely to receive in payment for pamphlets. Send the *complete* book. This will enable us at any time to count our "cash" by counting books. If your remittance is to be less than the 2s. or 3s., send stamps loose and not bound in the book.

We notice that the *Bournemouth Times and Directory* reproduces some comments we made recently on the London and Counties Electrical Trust. They are quoted (with acknowledgment) in a leading article, criticising the policy of the local electricity organisation, whose prices seem to be causing dissatisfaction. It will be remembered that we referred to Sir Philip Dawson's assurance that, although the Trust proposed to borrow American dollars, it would remain under "British management"; and that we argued that his assurance was of no value. This argument is the one which the editor of the above journal chooses to print for the instruction of the ratepayers. This is useful work, and we should like to see many more such indications that provincial editors are beginning to be editors, and not mere exhibitors of bank-advertising disguised as "economic law."

We believe something can be done to stimulate thought in this direction. It is this—to try to get THE NEW AGE into public libraries. If any interested reader will ascertain whether it is already being taken and finds that it is *not*, we are prepared

to post copies for one quarter on his behalf *direct to the Library* for the inclusive sum of 2s. Where he finds it is being taken, let him say nothing, because it is being paid for at full rates. We are not sending it to any library at all at free or reduced rates at present. It is being bought through news-agents in all cases. Readers who care to adopt this suggestion may begin by asking the librarian to recommend the purchase of THE NEW AGE in the ordinary way to the Council. The proposal will probably be turned down on the ground of economy and lack of public demand for the journal. The logical answer to these objections is now for the reader to offer to pay the cost and have it sent if it will be placed in the Library for the next quarter, so as to give frequenters of the Reading Room the chance to see whether they like it. The cost need not transpire. The special price would be a matter between our reader and ourselves. We are prepared to renew the subscription quarter by quarter at the same rate if desired, but in the meantime perhaps the Librarian might see evidences of interest which made it a reasonable proposition to raise the question of direct purchase in the Council again. This, of course, would depend upon how much time the reader could spare to follow the matter up on these lines. The least troublesome method would be for the offer to present the journal to be made in a letter direct to the Council without any prior action: and if that suits the reader's convenience let it be done that way. But there should be some sort of understanding that the journal is made easily available to the public if sent.

We would like to receive particulars from readers (not for publication) of libraries where THE NEW AGE can already be seen. If we know this it will often be a guide to us in selecting matters for comment in our "Notes." Other things equal, it is obviously more effective for us to discuss matters which happen to be agitating public opinion in those localities where THE NEW AGE is on view than where it is not. The Bournemouth electricity episode just mentioned suggests the possibility that in other places where the Press is less enterprising than the *Bournemouth Times and Directory* some of the things we write may be seen by someone in the Library who might think them worth communicating to the local Press—whether privately or in letters to the editor—or, perhaps, bringing before the Ratepayers' Association or even introducing into the Council's debates.

In reference to par. 29 in *Social Credit in Summary*, a reader raises the question of what is to prevent an over-accumulation of money when consumers receive free dividends. The answer is that gift-credit will be cancelled just as is loan-credit: the difference being that whereas loan-credit is now cancelled irrespective of the delivery of equivalent goods to the consumer, gift-credit will be cancelled only after being spent on private consumption. There is, in fact, no theoretical reason why all financial credit should not be a gift by banks to consumers. The objection is only the practical one that it would be a complicated method. If its adoption happened to be unavoidable, the consumers would lend (or give) the banks' "given" credit to industry, and industry would make and lend (or give) to the consumers all the goods it could make. Lastly, it would lend (or give) the money to the banks. The banks would lock it away or burn it as they pleased. It will be noticed that in this relation "lending" or "giving" come to the same thing. That is because financial credit is the one necessity in the world which nobody need keep. At present everybody wants to keep some of it (savings), but that is because he fears that in the future sufficient will not be available when

he needs it. Even so, his ultimate need is not to keep it but use it. And in using it he "lends" it, or "gives" it, or "transfers" it, or "exchanges" it, or anything you will. It is as though credit were the tennis-ball, and life the game of tennis.

This analogy will illustrate another point. Even if there were an accumulation of surplus credit, this would not create any problem under the conditions of a Social Credit régime. It does now, under existing bank and factory accountancy—but that is obviously no argument. If you can play your game with one ball, you must have one ball, but you need not stop playing if you have a thousand. But to come to particulars: the condition on which the consumer-dividend is given is that industry cannot otherwise collect credit in prices at the same rate as the banks require repayment. Otherwise there would be no necessity to give it. And since all credit repaid to the banks is destroyed, the consumer dividend will be destroyed.

"The Bank of Italy in California has entered into competition with the established fire insurance companies, and it is likely to get into life insurance. You can see how a bank, especially in communities where it has absorbed all other banks, can enter into a very unfair and one-sided competition with resident agents who have made insurance their life work. With a large proportion of the citizens, the suggestion, advice or solicitation of their insurance business by the bank is the same as an order. With debtors it is an absolute order."—*Manufacturers' Record*, February 2, 1928.

"The report of the New York State Labour Department that 20,000 workers have been 'laid off' in the past month is the announcement of a great tragedy. Lawson Purdy, director of the Charity Organisation Society of New York City, reports that the society is receiving more applications for relief than at any time in the past eleven years, demands that exceed its resources to such an extent that it has borrowed money to meet them and appeals for help. It would appear that the high wages and high public purchasing power that have been relied on to keep the wheels of industry revolving have been sucked away and absorbed somewhere, for manufacturers and merchants are loudly complaining that goods are being produced and thrown on the market faster than they can be profitably sold, and that outputs must be reduced—a course that must inevitably create more unemployment and further restrict the markets."—*Commerce and Finance*, February 15, 1928.

"By using one new machine (a sewing machine) employing one unit of labour, and sewing at a speed of 500 stitches a minute—a very moderate speed for present-day sewing machines—an output can be gained, after making full allowances for stoppages, of over 2,000 yards of cloth per week, and at the same time displace a number of machines employing, roughly, fifteen units of labour and a considerable amount of power and space."—*The Wool Record and Textile World*, March 1, 1928.

"Washington, March 18.—The reported amalgamation of British cable and radio interests attracts much attention here. Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the General Electric Co., addressing the Civic Federation, said it is reported that the English Government, fearing the domination of the American radio group in the world of communications, has practically coerced interests in England to combine cables with radio in order that the English domination of communications may continue. Mr. Young regretted that Congress had passed a law prohibiting any co-operation or relationship between cables and radio."—*Financial News*, March 19.

"It is a common fault of Government statistics that there was a lot of doctoring behind the scenes. It is probably because questions are asked by Members in the House of Commons, and in answering them it is thought wise to appear to give information while not really giving information at all."—Professor A. L. Bowley, reported in the *Financial News*, February 23.

"It was, indeed, a generous thing when the dollar was allowed to depreciate enough to bring the British pound sterling back to par. Not that it was pure altruism, because it was much to America's interest, she holding about half of the world's monetary gold, to have the rest of the world come back to the gold standard."—*Manufacturers' Record*, February 9, 1928.

Music.

Lamond. Aeolian: March 10.

This great player was not at all in good form on this occasion. He was a quarter of an hour late in starting, most unusual for this most punctilious of musicians, and was plainly thoroughly ill at ease all through his recital. There was a good deal of distorted rhythmic uncertainty, verging at times, as in the B flat minor Sonata of Chopin, dangerously near the distortion. One was worried and distressed at the generally tentative and almost hesitant manner of the playing. It is unfortunate that the callow student enthusiasts for our contemporary and "modern" cheap-Jack virtuosi, who appeared to be present in considerable numbers, heard Lamond on an off-day. Still, Lamond at his worst reaches heights unapproachable by any English pianists of the younger generation at their best, for all that his technique is in the prevalent cant current among these latter "old-fashioned," that is to say because it is a technique beginning from and ending at the fingers (after taking various other things within its orbit on the way) instead of a technique that, in the fashionable manner, is concerned with almost any part of the body but the fingers. And because of that, Lamond has a power of clean, clear, crisp articulation that is worth all the saccharine glucosities of the "jeu perlé" trickery under the sun.

The British Music Society Congress.

The schedule for the British Music Society Congress at Bournemouth from May 5-12 has just reached me. One of the events is a discussion on Opera and its establishment, upon which a number of well-known people are to speak. As might be expected, there is no Beecham to speak, no past heads of such old-established and experienced concerns as the Moody-Manners or Carl Rosa; none of the members of the Grand Opera Syndicate with generations of Covent Garden experience upon which to draw, no one, in fact, who is entitled to be regarded as a serious authority on the matter. Instead, we have Miss Lilian Baylis, from the Waterloo Road. While freely admitting this lady's admirable flair for astute and effective publicity on behalf of the concern she runs, and very successfully, judged on the standards of a tenth-rate provincial touring company, and her undoubted ability in keeping worked up to a stiff froth the thick lather of sentimentality that surrounds it, one may perhaps be permitted to enquire in what way success in doing this is any qualification for expression of opinion upon the establishment of opera of the highest order, presuming, of course, that this, and not the Old Vic. type of performance, is what the people who talk so much of permanent Opera in this country have in mind.

Plunket Greene. Aeolian: April 30.

Mr. Plunket Greene's recital left me wondering why he chose to become a singer instead of a *disneur*, as which he might have been admirable. Schubert's "Lieder," however, are not recitations to music—which is practically what Mr. Greene makes of every song he treats—but songs to be sung. This being so, it is not possible to accept, still less to pardon, what Mr. Greene did to "Das Wandern," to take one typical instance only. The little semiquaver arpeggio in the third bar of the vocal phrase was slithered over in such a manner as to be unrecognisable as such, and the song as a whole amounted to little more than a piece of gabbled patter. I did not hear one true-sung line or phrase, and as for the recital-giver's diction, about which one hears so much, I failed to hear many final consonants, especially in the German group. Mr. Greene's special pianissimo "effect," which becomes very soon an irritating mannerism, is an almost voiceless whisper

that is barely within the limits of tone. These methods are effective enough in the ponderous jocosities of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, but do not seem to be either adequate or justifiable as a substitute for singing in "Lieder." It is literally true to say of Mr. Greene that one cannot hear the music for the interpretation. People assure me that this latter is marvellous. May be, but I want to hear the music occasionally.

The Estey Organ.

By the courtesy of Mr. Guy, of the Estey Organ Company, I have been able recently to inspect and become acquainted with the type of instrument that the American builders are producing. The very interesting chamber organ of Messrs. Estey's London house, in Rathbone Place, is housed in two rooms, one containing the pipes and body of the instrument; the other the detached electrically actuated console. The instrument gives some idea of the most modern methods as embodied by American builders—though the debt they owe to the misunderstood and misjudged English genius, Robert Hope-Jones, is immense; in fact, it is not too much to say that all the later developments may be traced to him, especially the detached console and rocking tablets instead of the draw-stop knobs, and that from him the modern American instrument springs. The crisp, clean speech of the pipes of the instrument to which I am referring, the power of the most rapid articulation with no loss of clarity or distinctness, are far beyond anything I have heard except in the cinema organ, which has been the only instrument fully to profit by modern developments of organ-building technique so far as England is concerned, and which can scarcely lay serious claim at the present to be considered a musical instrument at all. The quality of the reed and flue departments of the Estey instrument is quite admirable. The diapasons are extraordinarily good, and the confined space in which the organ is situated emphasises its fine tonal qualities, for there are no large, lofty spaces to add weight and impression resonance or tone down and round the corners off roughnesses. The difficulties under which the builders have had to work through lack of space for the larger pipes may be judged by the fact that in some cases of the very long pipes for pedal stops one part of the pipe is inside the other. To sum up, a most interesting instrument, and one that serves to give the lie completely to the sort of inept person with whom I had a controversy recently, and who tried to pretend that the organ was not suitable for the execution of rapidly moving music of complex texture, merely because music of this kind cannot be completely successfully played on an older type of instrument, one with the tracker action, for instance, which is nowadays extinct in organ-building practice, even among such conservative people as the English organ builders.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

A SONG OF REINCARNATION.

I rise from many a grave;
Of many a phantom learn;
The Fruit of many a Past, I brave
The danger of return.

I am Myself; but how?
In me together strive
Ghosts of the dead, confronted now,
Who never met alive.

I am Myself; but when?
Myself, but, even so,
Tryst of the mute, mysterious men
I lived in, long ago.

SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

The Eternal Problem.

The series of Hogarth Lectures is intended to provide an historical interpretation of literature, with its fashions and revolts, for the use of teachers and students. Professor Nicoll's work,* which is No. 3 of the series, will certainly be of use to the more wideawake of students and teachers, for it is full of common-sense and original observation. Professor Nicoll wisely confines himself to the four enduring tragedies, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Lear" for detailed exposition of his theme. Briefly, the implications of the author's contentions are that Shakespeare was consciously experimenting in the production of tragedies on grand moral themes. "Hamlet," for example, is a study in indecision due to several causes; "Othello" is Shakespeare's revelation of deception and self-deception; "Macbeth" the dealing of omnipotent Fate with mortal puppets; and "Lear" Shakespeare's treatment of obsessive pride. All this is of great value in the attempt to appreciate Shakespeare, and Professor Nicoll has done well to maintain the dramatist's characters in the tragedies as objective as possible. Yet it is his efforts to do more in this direction than is legitimately possible which makes him content with what seems only partial understanding. For the most elusive and at the same time fascinating aspect of Shakespeare's works is the light they throw or do not throw on Shakespeare the man.

The centre of interest in this age is less Shakespeare the creator of characters with free-will than Shakespeare the human being. That he was throughout his work consciously aware of all that he was putting into it, and cunningly leaving clues as to actions off the stage; and that he displayed everywhere the cool detachment of a technician rather than the agony of a tragic and lyric procreator, an impression left by Professor Nicoll's work in spite of its occasional references to "unconscious" composition, is no longer satisfying. Documenters, expositors, and critics—their products would furnish a life-time of reading for a baby He-Ancient—are of one mind, for example, that Shakespeare must have put much of himself into the character of Hamlet. Any defence of the technique of the play is suspect of reflecting Shakespeareolatry, inasmuch as it is one of the most rambling that ever gripped mankind. Its audiences' interest is taken wholly by the soul-torture of the man, in whom, they are convinced, there must be revealed the suffering of the artist, although the way to understanding it is difficult to find. In spite of the excellency of Professor Nicoll's analysis—and it is good enough to merit repetition of praise—it only skims this question, and in its manner of doing so it renders injustice to the group of thinkers who have done most towards establishing the humanity of Shakespeare by laying bare his soul.

* The psycho-analytical theory, adumbrated by Freud and elaborated by Dr. Ernest Jones, may, because of its implications, be dismissed without comment. It is our business to discover, not any involuntary anticipation of modern theories on Shakespeare's part, but what must have been his own conscious conception of Hamlet's character." (Italics, the present writer's.)

It is inaccurate, of course, to say that the work of Freud and Jones either asserts or implies any anticipation, conscious or unconscious, on Shakespeare's part of the modern theory of psycho-analysis or of any part of it. To say so is like saying that the movement of the earth round the sun was an anticipation of the theories of Kepler and Galileo.

* "Studies in Shakespeare." By Allardyce Nicoll. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

The final sentence of Dr. Jones's essay alone should have prevented any such interpretation.

"It is fitting that the greatest work of the world-poet should have had to do with the deepest problem and the interest conflict that have occupied the mind of man since the beginning of time—the revolt of youth and of the impulse to love against the restraint of the jealous old."

Jones's case rests very largely on the fact that Hamlet's language towards his mother on account of her incest is more violent than his indignation towards Claudius for his murder, and that Hamlet reproaches his mother almost as a lover reproaches his beloved for infidelity. According to Jones's case Hamlet's inability to attach himself definitely to Ophelia is due to this same too strong attachment to his mother. Jones's argument, of course, largely consists in reasoning from the general to the particular, but, this, since he begins by affirming the *Cædipus Complex* as a true universal, is excusable in proportion to the rapidity of the rhythm between universal and fact. Jones's case can be criticised; an alternative interpretation of greater practical value—an interpretation of greater practical help, and one that incorporates Professor Allardyce Nicoll's observations regarding Shakespeare's artistic aims. This renders it the more unfortunate that Professor Nicoll should misconstrue Jones, who, far from supposing that Shakespeare was unconsciously anticipating modern theories, tried to establish that Shakespeare was labouring under the oldest of psychic conflicts.

Professor Nicoll's explanation of Hamlet's hot and cold—or, rather, violently loving and violently hating—attitude towards Ophelia attracted me more at first reading than after meditation on it. His view is that Shakespeare intended his audience to see that Hamlet had possessed Ophelia, and was disgusted with himself for sharing in the sensuality that angered him in others—especially in Claudius and the Queen. The evidence that Hamlet had taken greater liberties with Ophelia than the privileges allowed to lovers by propriety is his coarseness towards her; his warning to her father to "let her not walk i' the Sunne; conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive"; and Ophelia's song:—

"Quoth she before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed."

He answers
"So would I ha done, by yonder Sunne, an thou hadst not come to my bed."

That Hamlet had already possessed Ophelia, likely as it has always seemed to me, does not, however, explain his change from love to aversion. Sensitive lovers have been fully intimate before marriage without the man's despising the woman, although sometimes he does so. Jones's explanation differs from that of Professor Nicoll in that it finds the reason in Hamlet's fundamental nature; the question whether Ophelia had too readily given herself to Hamlet is less material to Jones. His contention is that Hamlet had chosen Ophelia largely for her unlikeness to his mother, to play her off against his mother—as he did in the line, "Here's metal more attractive." Professor Nicoll suggests that Hamlet, with little knowledge of women, generalising from the one case of his mother, added to by the premature wantonness of Ophelia, would condemn the whole sex. But Jones expounds an explanation of Hamlet's change of affection which rests on a wide knowledge of "ambivalence" of feeling, and treats in detail of Hamlet's fluctuations between love and hate. Hamlet still loved Ophelia, as his conduct by the graveside showed, long after jilting her. Jones's picture of Hamlet, loving Ophelia—without knowing why—for her unlikenesses to the queen, and hating her for her likenesses, appears the nearer one to completeness.

Views and Reviews.

ORIGINAL SIN.

By V. A. Demant.

It was T. E. Hulme, of blessed NEW AGE memory, who in his metaphysical rehabilitation of Original Sin reminded us of the paradox of Humanism. It was this: at the very time the scientists were showing that man is not the centre of the universe, the philosophers set about to prove that he was. Humanism, which has been the philosophic and artistic creed of post-renaissance Europe (for its Puritan reaction produced neither a philosophy nor an art) affirms that man is the measure of all things. While we were bidden to regard ourselves physically as the inhabitants of an obscure planet aloof from the main constellations of the sky, in the realm of the spirit we were enthroned as the creators of reality, the measure of values, and the judges of God. Nowhere has this paradox affected the thought of Western Europe more than in the sphere of ethics. With an anthropocentric philosophy evil was no longer primarily an enemy to be conquered, but a problem to be explained. Treatises on morals gave place to manuals of ethics. The concept of sin lost all meaning, and to speak of "Original Sin" became the acme of reactionary cowardice. "The modern man," it has been said, "is not worrying about his sins: he wants to be up and doing": and that is just what he cannot do. To-day there creeps back into men's minds the sense that they have to face, not so much the evil, perverted actions of individual souls, but an impersonal, intangible, powerful miasma which poisons all efforts to actualise good will. Civilisation has come to mean largely man's incapacity to master his own equipment, and men are despairing of their power to incarnate their motives in social life. In this feeling of incompetence before the world's moral problems comes home to roost the experience which gave rise to the traditional notion of "Original Sin." A modern theologian has devoted a massive volume* to the history and intellectual expression of this experience. It is useful to have such a thorough work which tells us exactly what the Christian conscience is—and is not—committed on this eternal problem. Moreover, to anyone concerned with the history of ideas this book is equal in its fascinating appeal to a first-rate detective story.

With a happy knack of putting theological doctrines in their philosophic perspective, Dr. Williams has produced an exhaustive historical survey of the twin doctrines which give his lectures their title, and also a critical interpretation of them in the light of modern knowledge. In assuming as he does the validity of the specifically Christian consciousness as to the nature of evil, we can say that he represents the mind of the West. For Christianity, for the Western mind in general, evil must be regarded as something contingent, accidental, and temporal. This attitude rests primarily upon the practical motive of maintaining the possibility of a final conquest of evil, but in so far as it has attempted an explanation of the enigma itself, that explanation is in sharp contrast to two other historical attempts. These are exemplified, the one in the monist characteristic of India, in which good and evil are alike appearances in an absolute which transcends them both, and the other in the Persian dualism which sees them as cosmic powers eternally in conflict. The Western alternative to these two oriental conceptions of reality, is the theory of a "Fall" and of "Original Sin."

For much popular religion and still more for the "enlightened" critic of orthodoxy, this theory

* "The Ideas of the Fall and of Original Sin." By N. P. Williams, D.D. The Brampton Lectures for 1924. (Longmans, 1927. 21s. net.)

rests upon the Paradise story of Genesis III. Dr. Williams shows that their true foundations are psychological, and rest upon the data of moral and spiritual experience. The twin foundations of this doctrinal edifice are: first, the consciousness of the moral struggle which leads on the one hand to a sense of the universality and to some extent the objectivity of evil, and on the other to the predicate of evil becoming attached less to outward acts and more to inward dispositions; and, second, a determined refusal to escape the struggle by saddling God with the responsibility of evil—or, in less theological terms, an insistence that evil, however inescapable in human life it may appear, is ultimately contingent: it might not and need not have been at all. Some kind of a universal fall seemed logically required to satisfy these two convictions. What appeared to be an inherent taint in human nature cannot have belonged to it as originally created.

The Adam story was one element of mythological lore which was ultimately adopted by Hebrew theologians to give a historical façade to a conclusion of reason and experience. But it was not the only one available. In fact, there is quite a different account in Genesis VI.; and Rabbinical scholasticism produced a doctrine different from either of these in its conception of the "evil imagination" implanted in every man, a doctrine which Dr. Williams finds a close analogy in the concept of "libido," as introduced to the twentieth century by a psychologist who is also a Jew. The Adam story triumphed, but the value of this work is in showing that it is but one of several traditional explanations of a fact of religious experience which were in the air at the inception of Christianity. It had not yet become associated with a theory of "inherited pollution." Christ seems to have assumed much more account of the presence of external demonic powers of evil than of inward dispositions thereto. Also, in spite of St. Paul, who is mainly responsible for building the theory of evil upon inherited sinfulness as the result of an initial act of disobedience, the Church of the first four centuries on the whole adopted rather the hypothesis of personal spirits of evil attacking the soul from without.

There was, however, no need to formulate a definite theory of the nature or origin of evil until Gnosticism tried to commit Christianity to a set of ideas she felt compelled to repudiate—either the dualism of represented by Hindu thought or the dualism of Iranian cosmogony. The Fall-theory was a sword unsheathed and sharpened in an attack on theories which implied the necessity or eternity of evil. Dr. Williams devotes much of this book to showing how the towering figure of Augustine performed his own task with such thoroughness, working upon his own experience, that he has fastened on the Church a doctrine which is one-sided, because it took for granted the universality of his own twice-born temperament. This led to the conception of "original infirmity" as a psychological fact becoming tightened up into a doctrine of "Original Sin" in the strict sense of the word "sin" with a forensic corollary, "original guilt." The work of the medieval scholastics was a gradual correction of this gloomy view, which, however, was revived and exaggerated by Luther and Calvin, for whom the "Fall" was not merely from the supernatural to the natural plane (the scholastic view), but the total and eternal depravity of human nature. This rigid determinism in so far as it remained theological, fended to make God the author of evil—and by an ironical revolution of thought, Protestant orthodoxy found herself committed to an unmoral monism which the "Fall" doctrine was designed to resist.

The decline of allegiance to orthodoxy has involved a recrudescence of the Pelagian denial of in-

herited infirmity, not merely of the strictly Augustinian version of it. But contemporary humanism, with its theoretical faith in man, has its own problem, though it does not know it is the same problem as raised out of the human unconscious the story of Adam. If Augustinianism tended to give man the neurosis of one who has been a beaten and cowed child, modern secular Pelagianism has given him the life-line of one who has been a spoilt child—so that when he is confronted with reality and his own limited powers, the rebuff produces a despair more numbing than the fear of all the legions of hell.

Dalcroze Eurhythmics.

Most of us remember attempts at performing some simple trick demanding rhythmic control, such as patting the head and rubbing the chest at the same time. It was not difficult once the swing of it was acquired, and the whole mind and rhythm of the body given to its accomplishment. Perhaps we were also expressing a need, especially in these days of over-stimulation by engine rhythms and road vibrations, for some new branch of education which would restore to us the joy of command over our own souls. Modern life is a scramble. City neurasthenia, due to our inability to control our responses to a million stimuli, is a psychic disease afflicting a majority of Europeans and Americans. In the civilised places of the earth mankind has no longer sufficient stamina to withstand its environment, so that in the factory one is under the compulsion to rush as the machines do, in the street to hurry with the crowd, in the tube to leap at the uniformed porter's word of command, and in the home, with the bacillus in the blood, to choose only swift and exciting diversions.

By no standard yet formulated is city life likely to breed a super-race. Far from lengthening life or strengthening culture, the city threatens death to all who cannot become part of the mechanism. After hearing and witnessing M. Jaques-Dalcroze's two recent lecture-demonstrations in London, I have concluded that he has contributed a noble share to the technique required for defending men and women from their environment, and, where conditions are favourable, to amplifying their powers. It has long been a complaint—and a just complaint—that modern knowledge, outside one's particular speciality, consists of mere varnish for consciousness which never sinks in; and which has neither actuality in experience nor effect in realisation. How many persons in ten learn poetry by heart under instructions to do so without entering any more into the experience of poetry than, say, Miss Sitwell's megaphone? How many hear music all their lives with no more realisation for music than the composition out of which gramophone records are made? It is possible for modern men and women to go through life with no greater power of response to music than a twitching impulse to dance which is thwarted by sheer ignorance of the alphabet of gesture and movement, and when the impulse does break out the results are merely spasmodic gestures to the accompaniment of broken rhythms blared and clanged on specially constructed noise instruments necessary to galvanise the dancers into motion.

M. Dalcroze has brought together exercises for recalling the scattered soul to its home, and for setting body and soul at one under the command of the spirit. To beat three-four time with the left hand and four-four with the right, while beating two-time with the head and five-time with the feet, is not a mere *tour de force*, although it is difficult. It is a somewhat advanced exercise in keeping one's cows at home, or, perhaps better, in keeping all the animals of one's team under control of the reins, as preparation for directing them whither one wants

to go. Beating the time of a rhythm with the arms and executing the actual notes with the feet one bar behind the piano seems less difficult. Once more it contributes to the joy of power, and a sense of self-possession. Merely to watch and check the accuracy of the students' movements in this exercise produces a re-invigorating sensation. Again there is the rapidity with which the students, at the word of command, change their movements, perform them twice as quickly or twice as slowly; in walking take a step backward instead of forward, or two steps backward. Why on earth should anyone want to take two steps backward? A utilitarian answer might, of course, be given where six people per thousand are killed or injured every year in the streets, but the answer is that all this is groundwork in physical and mental self-mastery. It is designed to prepare the mind and body to be soaked with the elements of music. Rhythms, metres, counterpoint, and the other somewhat arbitrary—as they seem to the child under pedagogic orders—elements of music, are learned by doing. Knowing, says M. Dalcroze in effect, does not consist in mere ability to reproduce; it requires ability to execute, interpret, transpose.

M. Dalcroze beats out a rhythm on a drum, whereupon the student perceives it, steps it, sings it, and finally improvises upon it on the piano. The student furnishes a rhythm; thus or another student steps it, sings a melody improvised on it, and plays an improvisation. Thus an idea has not merely impinged on consciousness; it has entered into experience and, finally, is realised. This is not treating the mind, as some of our modern educationists profess it to be, as a soft matrix waiting to be impressed. It is rather treating the mind as an individuality, ready to assume the freedom of time and space. The mind recognises, feels, knows, and does, creates. For another exercise the students gather near the piano. A chord is struck—and each sings the appropriate note. M. Dalcroze at one piano and a student at another, the student repeats the chords struck by the teacher, indeed, repeats an improvisation. M. Dalcroze begins an improvisation and the student continues it, phrase responding to phrase until the piece is ended. I recalled a subject I have come across at some time in elementary schools called "hand and eye training." Here is hand and eye, ear and feet, ear and voice, training going on, not only all together, but from within the mind of the person under training. Knowledge is mastery.

For the purpose of his lecture M. Dalcroze had borrowed some very young children from the French Protestant School in Noel Street. These, having had only a few lessons, furnished an illustration of educational method such as expert adult demonstrators could not, of course, give. The readiness with which they had taken to the method, and the aptitude they showed for it, brought about my final conviction. I grant M. Dalcroze's claims that when Eurhythmics becomes definitely a part of the curriculum of all children of both sexes, and, indeed, pervades the teaching of other subjects besides music, especially language and poetry, there will accrue a measurable increment in the power of the individual. The technique will enhance his joy in existence resulting from greater self-command and capacity for experience, as well as increase his ability to cooperate with others for agreed ends. Under Miss Ingham, as the result of experience at Moira House School—children from which demonstrated last year the method as applied to the teaching of English—"we began to notice that the self-conscious girl lost her self-consciousness, and that the over-confident girl began to develop reticence." Children became more alert, quicker in the uptake, and more respon-

sive in class. It is gradually though slowly realised that quantity of knowledge is less the hall-mark of efficient education than quality of knowledge. Indeed, on a foundation of cultivated gumption—our native word for *nous*—such quantity as is necessary can easily be accumulated through experience. The whole faith on which Eurhythmics is based is that the way to qualitative knowledge, in whatever branch, is by way of complete experience and the training of ability to express that experience. For all experience, and still more for all expression, the mind that can perceive, respond to, and command rhythms—not simply instinctively, but consciously—is better equipped than the mind that can not. For expressing even a sonnet a mind sensitive to rhythm is an immeasurably richer instrument than a mere eye for feet—even, as Miss Swann's children from Moira House showed, for writing a sonnet. Finally, M. Dalcroze's group work, in which one student after another was detached from the group to conduct some melody already learned, hinted that this training in perfect obedience is an excellent foundation for the upspringing of the power to lead. The result is not a leader with a private purpose and a mob of idlers without purpose waiting to be led; it is a leader with a purpose known to all, interpretation alone being individuated.

A. N.

Drama.

Harold: Court.

For this first production in London of Tennyson's "Harold" a great deal of study has been given to the stage-settings, which Paul Shelving has done very beautifully. In the scene where Edith and Harold plight their troth the audience feels at home both in England eight and a-half centuries ago and in the soul of Tennyson. As a drama, to be sure, the play shows a great many amusing faults, of which the old soldier of ninety years—he must have been an old soldier to live ninety years in that day—is the least. Others are the dreams of Harold the night before the battle of Hastings, and the description of the battle taking place "off," given by Archbishop Stigand to Edith. The method of showing Harold's dreams is that used on picture post-cards for inarticulate young lovers who dream of one another; and used also by certain cartoonists, who, in order to made their figures express themselves, write speeches in the picture, put frames around them, and connect the frames with the appropriate mouths. It is one way of communication, but it is not drama. For producing an event off, and involving the audience in it by the excited ejaculations of a witness, Tennyson might, of course, have invoked, besides many precedent authorities, the prophetic authority of Kaiser's impressionistic presentation of the races in "From Morn to Midnight." But in Kaiser's play the spectator of the event, who is in full view of the audience, is the centre of dramatic interest, whereas in Tennyson's play interest is attached to a figure "off," who is taking part in the event.

Whatever its faults, "Harold," however, is written in vigorous, full-sounding, verse, at the smack of which actors fill their lungs, an exercise that must be a healthy relief after the naturalistic modern drawing-room dialogue, for whose correct delivery the actors are almost compelled to empty their lungs. This antithesis leads to what is perhaps the most interesting aspect of the play; the antithesis between the self-assurance of the Englishman when the play was written and his lack of self-assurance in this present day of psychological self-probing. A "Harold" composed to-day would differ vastly from Tennyson's. We were still

heroes and hero-worshippers then. Englishmen were mighty clever fellows, sure that if "Harold" had won at Hastings they would have been mightier and cleverer still. Tennyson's "Harold" is a precursor of Shaw's "Saint Joan." He is the prophet of nationalism, the challenger of the Pope's claim to interfere in political self-determination, and the defender of the oppressed. When Harold swore to help William to the throne of England his lie was, it is plain, in Tennyson's opinion, "the pardonablest lie" of all, though actually it probably troubled Tennyson more than it did Harold. "Better die than lie," was the motto of Harold, as of all Englishmen. It is to-day the motto of the few who still defy Mr. Shaw's evangel; and when political necessity opposes morality, it should be obvious to every body who is not stupid that the suspension of the morality, along with the statutes of liberty, is the will of God. That Church, zeitgeist, fate, and the Almighty were apparently on William's side will remain an unfathomable mystery to the end of England.

The production, as it should, takes the play as an opportunity for a literary pageant; as an occasion for declaiming and setting heroic verse. Laurence Olivier's Harold, fair, brave, and young, almost as saintly as heroic, proves him, if not a faithful likeness of Harold, at least one of the few fortunate inheritors of the power to speak verse. The epithet magnificent cannot be withheld from Scott Sunderland's William. The terrible power over men exercised by this conqueror of decisive action is rendered more credible by Scott Sunderland's diction than by the anecdotes of William's marches. At one point in his first scene with Harold, however, his arms hung by his sides with a limpness that was noticeable. In the earlier performances of new plays at the Court Theatre not all the actors make themselves clearly audible, and on this occasion the offenders included even women. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies gave a picture study of Edith which, in the passages where pathos was required, was beautiful. This actress has not yet succeeded, however, in cultivating fire.

The Dictator: Stage Society.

All the leading works on the subject of suggestion have been produced by Frenchmen; indeed, the study of hypnotism is almost the special contribution of the French to man's self-knowledge. M. Jules Romains' "The Dictator" is a profound study of the psychology of politics from the aspect of the hypnotist. The dramatist portrays the rise of Denis from his first flush of satisfaction at realising the power of his oratory to the moment at which he wields absolute power in the State. The rising dictator is throughout unaware of his domination by the drive towards the absolute. Without perceiving what is happening to him he turns entirely round in his views. Beginning as a revolutionary working-class leader who subscribes to the policy of the revolution for the people, he ends by crushing the revolution. When at last he can say, "The State, it is I," the people exist for the State. In a word, the man is hypnotised by his office.

M. Romains does not venture into the realm of politics to the extent of discussing the grievances which have caused the discontent. He begins with a population on the edge of destructive revolt, a revolutionary organisation ready and capable to strike the match, and a king and court aware of their danger. All there is of revolution or proposals for concrete reform is assumed to be taking place off; what is overheard by the audience is the conversation, parleyings, and disputes—the King with his advisers on one side, and the budding dictator with his fellow party-leaders on the other. The audience

hears Denis, the orator-politician, gain a respite of twenty-four hours from his revolutionary friends until he has obeyed the royal summons consequent on the fall of the Government. His interview, and the previous conference between the King and Queen and their aristocratic counsellor, are also represented. We see how he retains his friendships as long as these push him forward; and breaks them, without the least realisation of his own dominating motive, when they no longer aid him. In the final scene he arrests his closest friend—his confidant from boyhood—because he recognises Féréol to be the true revolutionary. At the instant of his triumph he dismisses his beloved—who sacrificed herself earlier to his career—in order to be alone!

As the play is a study of the psychology of a dictator by nature and fate, there is no need to show on the stage any of the actual revolutionary measures and counter-measures. M. Romain has made a study of character that deserves the thought of all interested in politicians as apart from politics. The play, so far as England is concerned, is, without doubt, uncommercial. Whatever sort of a run it may have had in Paris, in London it could scarcely fill a theatre more than a few times. We are not yet capable of this kind of lore. The theme and method of the play necessitate that the drama should be less of action than of tension, indeed, the inner tension of one man. In portraying this, M. Romain adds to the actual conduct of Denis a number of conversations in which he does not take part, and which, with him or the situation for subject, indicate the flow of the tide and the outline of the waves on which he rides to power.

The part of the dictator gave D. A. Clarke-Smith another opportunity for exhibiting the range of his powers. His transformation from the "people's man," anxious to play the straight game with his friends, longing to recover the abandon of his youth when issues were clear, a little ashamed of oratory when he thinks of action, into the man of power and responsibility, determined to carry on the King's Government if need be without the King, was very sincerely achieved; costume, habit, manner, tone, features, all were united to the end of a finished portrait. Charles Mortimer's Count Murrey was a study of the aristocratic Monarchist and Loyalist to charm and delight. He almost made one wish to have the ancient tyrants back in power on æsthetic grounds. It would be as near as possible to a pleasure to be sentenced to death by such a count; he would do it so politely. Good performances were given also by Reginald S. Smith as the suburban innkeeper, Richard Goolden as a police-spy, and Philip Desborough as the King. The last named, however, was a little too much on the move. George Zucco's performance as Féréol, the organiser of disorder, appeals to me more after reflection than at the time. At first he seemed a little casual—too detached for a fire-eater. But many of the lines, it occurs to me after thought, indicate that Féréol was the one man who knew his own weakness.

PAUL BANKS.

REPROVAL.

Winter has fled before the conquering Spring,
Spears of swift grass have fortified the hills;
And bitter days have had their vanquishing
Before a legion of bright daffodils.

Now, any day, a bird will build a nest
And seal his sweet arrangement with his mate.
Is there no stirring then in your white breast
That you should tarry still . . . that you should wait?

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

The Real Rhodes.*

It is very easy, and very tempting, to write romantically about Cecil Rhodes. But it is also a work of supererogation, since a biography written as calmly and dispassionately as this book by one of Rhodes's few surviving intimates is packed with romance from start to finish. But it makes things very difficult for the superior person who has always been accustomed to assume, from his comfortable suburban armchair, that successful Empire-builders must necessarily make their way by trampling all that stands in their path, native independence, contemporaries, and competitors, copy-book maxims, and the rest. Naturally, none of Rhodes's friends are going to admit that anything he did could be wrong, even morally wrong. But who shall judge, who was not out there with him in those early days, from the time when first, as a sickly boy of seventeen, he and his brother tried to grow cotton in Natal, to the final triumph whose memorial flaunts in red over the map of Africa.

Mr. McDonald succeeds, we think, in giving us the right perspective of this extraordinary man, whose real biography, as he maintains, cannot possibly be written until another fifty years have passed. Rhodes saw Africa as a single mystery, without complications. To him, the fact that for hundreds of years only the fringes of the continent had been settled and exploited was merely evidence of the faintheartedness which he made it his life's task to cure to the greater glory of his country. Had he lived until now, as he might well have done, we wonder what he would have rancored down to the Niger. He might not have been able to stop it, but he would certainly have thought it an affront against the destined order of things. For although it is easy to sneer at the attitude of mind which regards the British Empire as a force ordained and consecrated for service in the betterment of mankind, yet when that faith is held as simply, as unselfishly, as passionately as it was held by Rhodes, it acquires a certain impressive magnificence. It is not for the jealous little men at home, who baulked him for spite and out of their narrow-mindedness, to complain. Rhodes made Milner possible, and Milner's young men. The responsibility for the Boer War must not be laid at the door of his ambition, for he understood the South African Dutch and desired to work with them for the development of the hinterland. He appreciated their great qualities, while at the same time realising the grave difficulties which were bound to make for conflict with the Uitlander unless far more tact was exercised on both sides than either side was able to muster up. If we blame him at all, it should be for not anticipating and providing for the rough and primitive flict of attitude and interest between the gold and the lure of diamonds meant nothing at all, and the eager, adventurous, and acquisitive spirits who hurried from the East and West Ends of London to make their fortunes as quickly as they could in the shining Eldorado of their dreams. Rhodes should have been able to hold the wildness and reckless disregard of other men's rights which poisoned Jameson's character, and he had no right to let Jameson do as he pleased, for all the Doctor's self-conceit and vigorous insistences. To Rhodes the problem of creating the All-Red Route was simple, because he disregarded the petty obstacles which did not really matter. But he ought to have realised that there were small-minded men tailing on to him, and he should have made it clear that he was their master, first and last and all the time.

Nevertheless, as we see, he made Milner and Milnerism possible, and without that there would have been no Union. Despite the war, he did his work, and has bequeathed, as his greatest legacy, the spirit which is still active in the creation and consolidation of real unity between the two great races of the Union.

His old friend gives us a fine picture of him, painted with that care and sureness of touch and thought for detail which characterises a fine Flemish portrait or a Dutch landscape. Mr. McDonald is a Rhodes man, one of the best of the kind. He would no doubt be surprised to learn that he has a first-rate literary style, most admirable in its use, unerring in arrangement of matter, in emphasis, in restraint, and in the wide scope of its employment. He does not aim at literary power, and certainly not at the graces of letters. But his achievement is real and valuable. He has given us a fine life of a fine man.

* "Rhodes." A Life. By J. G. McDonald. (Philip Allan. 21s.)

Reviews.

England Reclaimed. By Osbert Sitwell. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Three Sitwells are ill-served by their adulators, of whom the chief and least discriminating is Mr. R. L. Mægroz. That is why, instead of going straight ahead and passing criticism on this quite sound and competent piece of portrait and landscape painting in verse, one has to pause to remember that Mr. Osbert Sitwell, whose better phrases and phrases we have just been enjoying, is also part author and part actor in a play which is a piece of unadvised and unskillful buffoonery called *First Class Passengers Only*, which was produced some months ago at the Arts Theatre, applauded by an audience which should have been certified wholesale had two doctors been present on any single night; and actually made a profit! While there are still people who encourage the Sitwells, or any of them, to put such productions as that painful piece of rubbish before the public it will always be a difficult matter to appraise the really sound and good work they do. Some-times even these poems are commonplace in treatment. In fact, it cannot be said that anywhere the attack is carried out with true, bubbling inspiration. But Mr. Osbert Sitwell has so much of his excellent sister's gift for getting colour into words, so that you can see it there, in the print, that he is very much worth while studying, and studying closely. He has, of course, all the more annoying attributes which have enraged the critics whom he and his brother and sister think so hard on them. He shows off—never stops showing off—and is obviously convinced that all his curtains are splendidly effective, even when they just tail off into nothing in particular. And although we are willing to concede the character of poetry to much of his free verse, we are not going to admit that you can take rhyme and assonance and tie them up together in the same poem. If Mr. Sitwell has a new theory of music in the arrangement of corresponding sounds, let him expound and exercise it, but not confuse it with the accepted conventional methods of the immortal rhymesters who have also been poets. But, when all is said and done, Mr. Sitwell belongs to a social grouping which has been in intimate touch with the land for a thousand years. And since he is not only a poet, but a man of intimate and essential culture, he has produced here a book of verbal landscapes of high quality, worth keeping and re-reading.

They Returned at Evening. By H. R. Wakefield. (Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.)

A most excellent collection of ghost stories, remarkable because each eerie character is preserved, right to the end, as an indefinable mystery. In the first three tales the appearance of the ghosts seems to be the outcome of a strange imagination. But as for the rest, they are seen by ordinary types of men who do not usually venture into the Land of the Unknown. Mr. Wakefield's thrillers are all the more readable for lack of the usual "natural" explanation at the end.

Scrutinies. By Various Writers. Collected by C. H. Rickword. (Wishart and Co. 7s. 6d.)

These are frank and sometimes bombastic criticisms of the great by the not-so-great in contemporary literature. Each Jack tackles his Giant, and on the whole the battles are fought with doughty and picturesque efficiency. The best of the lot is Robert Graves's tart dissection of Kipling. D. H. Lawrence on Galsworthy shows a typical fire and frankness, and gets home very damagingly now and then. But Dorothy Edwards's Chesterton, though scholarly and shrewd, is not as bright as it might have been, while John Holms on Wells is actually dull. But that is probably because Wells is growing terribly dull himself. However, despite certain unevenness, the book has the typical Wishart quality of impressing the reader that it was worth while doing. And though it is an engagingly impudent production, it is bound and printed with grave dignity. Which is rather nice. We would only suggest that the next time Mr. Rickword makes such a collection, he should be more careful to see that all the contributors reach the high level of his best.

Mariposa on the Way. By Henry Baerlein. (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.)

If this book has any merits they are only to be found in two of Mariposa's episodes, one where she prepares to elope with Captain Gaythorpe Hardy, in order that a film-photographer, concealed among the bushes, can "shoot" her as she descends the ladder, and the other the scene inside the house of the White Russian dancing master. Otherwise the book is artificial, poorly written, without sufficient wit to be humorous—and no one could possibly take it seriously!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS.

Sir,—The questions raised by H. B. S. L. and the editorial replies in "Social Credit Policy" revive the two queries which hang more like a two-edged sword than a question over the propaganda of Social Credit. Is the infamy of "Capitalism" nothing? Is there no dynamic in "sacrifice"? Is "sacrifice" sheer nonsense?

I have every sympathy with your editorial ruthlessness in denouncing sentimentality. It is indeed sentimental to denounce war and engineer pathetic revolts whilst maintaining "sound finance" as sacrosanct.

But Social Credit is dishonoured by the pretence that British capitalists are not worth knocking down for the contents of their pockets, or that their association with finance as partners in the game is negligible. The list of fortunes disclosed daily in the wills of the "captains of industry," and the wide distribution of large incomes to the successful and the friends of finance, are facts too large to ignore, when the terrible poverty of their employees, and the misery of the unemployed reserve whom we maintain for them to beat their employees with, are remembered.

By all means show up the uselessness of mere revolt, and the ultimate dependence of the capitalist upon the financier, but do not dehumanise the situation as to avert your eyes from the heartrending spectacle of misery and hopelessness in which millions of our fellow citizens are living, nor the unbridled cruelty that is everywhere characteristic of capitalism.

Your 50 per cent., 60 per cent., 100 per cent. profiteer is not going to be much attracted by a Social Credit offer of financial facilities on a basis of (say) 15 per cent. profit. Some sacrifice is required of him before he comes over from the side of the financier to the side of the community.

In keeping our heads cool we shall miss the psychological moment if we indulge a morbid fear of our hearts being too hot. And in so doing we dismiss the weak and insignificant events—the incredible strength of their fellows to the point when fired with a passion for their fellows to the point of sacrifice. The first man who expends himself to more for its acceptance by the world than all the cautious advocates of a new technique of financial policy by its masters may be left behind in the economic salvation of the world, by the antics of the powerless "fool" who sets his life at naught for the thing he sees. The quantitative view, the counting of heads, is not worthy of THE NEW AGE, for it leaves life out of account. Progress is by miracle not by calculation.

W. T. SYMONS.

Sir,—As is frequently the case, the letter of H. B. S. L., in your last issue, serves to focus a question of some importance. The question is bound up with the nature and object of fighting.

Speaking for myself, I detest fighting, and would go to almost any lengths to avoid it. On occasion, it seems to me that the importance of preserving peace. I can only envisage one sane reason for the matter at issue shall be, as inflexible determination that the matter at issue shall be, as far as possible, irrevocably decided in my favour. To that end it seems to me essential to apply every available faculty to make sure that I shall choose the ground of combat, the weapons, the method of using them, and the time of the encounter, so that my adversary, whoever he may be, may be at a hopeless disadvantage. Fighting for the sake of fighting is to me mere lunacy.

As H. B. S. L. is, like myself, a Scot, I might perhaps say that the motto of the family of which I am a minor representative is "Lock Sicker." Which, for the benefit of English readers, may be translated, "Make Sure."

For reasons based on the above general principles, I do not agree with the Editor's suggestion that a policy of "pin pricks" as between employer and employed is a sane policy. As I think I have previously said, the result of this is a tendency to throw the employer into the hands of the banker for protection against "Labour," whereas, of course, exactly the opposite objective should be pursued.

C. H. DOUGLAS.

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