

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 1660] NEW SERIES Vol. XXXV. No. 10. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1924. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	109	THE DEVASTATED AREA. By Owen Barfield	116
QUESTION TIME	112	THE THEATRE: The Finance and the Art. By H. R. Barbor	118
THE CURRENT CONFLUX	112	REVIEWS: "Daemonologie" and "Newes from Scotland"; "The Blacke Bookes Messenger" and "Cuthbert Conny-catcher"	119
AT A VENTURE, II. INTELLIGENCE AND INFORMATION. By G. W. Harris	113	PASTICHE: Obliterary Opinions. By William Bell	119
THE MARKET PLACE. By Cecil Harwood	113		
BYRON, SHELLEY, AND THE BISHOP. By Arnold Eiloart	114		
MANNIGFALTIG. BEYOND MEANING, II. By C. M. Grieve	115		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In *The Times* of June 25, there appears a letter over the signature "John Murray." It runs to fourteen inches of depth and is surmounted by three bold headlines. Moreover, it is in the most important page of that journal. And what is it all about? This question is best answered by quoting the headlines: "Trade Unionism in America. Financing Industry. An Experiment in Control." Not a subject on which one could imagine *The Times*' readers share Mr. Casson's view, once expressed to an audience of manufacturers in a speech on advertising in these terms: "The public are always waiting to be told what they want." So when each gentleman with a stake in the country opens out the middle spread of his journal and sees Mr. Murray's letter, his subconscious constitutionalism tells him, "here is something that it is your duty to read and subscribe to." And he forthwith does it. Let us less responsible individuals, whose fate it is to be tied up to these gentlemen's stakes, peer over their earnest shoulders. Mr. Murray begins by surveying trade unionism. He remarks that, apart from some minor functions, it exists "in order to accumulate funds for the unending struggle with the employers." Then he proceeds to point out that "if there has been any advance at all it is that the unions now talk rather less about defence and more about 'control.'" "For a time," he goes on, "they coquetted, distantly and inquisitively, with Guild Socialism. But Guild Socialism has one foot in the grave." He refers to their "fits" of Syndicalism—under which he classes Nationalisation as one expression—saying that these reveal "naive desires rather than reflection." But now, "'Control' is something new to fight for." But, and here is the rub, the unions will do everything but go the proper way to get it—namely, by buying it."

All this is leading up to the purpose of Mr. Murray's letter. He wants all whom it may concern to observe how American trade unionism has gone ahead of the British. During the war they received high wages and acquired the habit of saving, a habit, he adds, which Prohibition made easy. Very well, the American unions got an accumulation of

funds. What did they do? When the depression came, and employers joined in the open-shop campaign for lower wages and non-recognition of the unions, some banks discriminated in the granting of credits against employers who still stood by collective bargaining. This gave the unions an opportunity to use their funds in lending credit to employers of the latter persuasion. That soon led to their founding banks of their own. The story of how they did it has impressed Mr. Murray so much that he refers his readers to "the pages of 'Labor's Monthly' by Richard Boeckel—published by Harcourt Brace and Co., New York," where much of the information is to be found. But he mentions some of the steps taken; and for this reason, and others, we reproduce his letter from that point to the end.

The first experiment was the financing of the Crescent Machine Company, of Norfolk, by the Mount Vernon Savings Bank. This bank was acting for a client, the International Association of Machinists. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has achieved more, perhaps, than any other union. The following is quoted by Mr. Boeckel from a speech by the President of the Brotherhood's Bank:—

We have gone into west and the north-west and have made loans to co-operative farmers under pressure from larger institutions. In such cases we cash their school warrants and extend them a line of credit wherever it is possible to help the producing classes.

This bank's resources grew from \$650,971 in November, 1920, to 10½ millions in November, 1921, and 22½ millions in June, 1923. The reformed trade unionism of America has set up new banks and acquired control of old ones, and it has made itself the predominant partner in many undertakings. To say that a new era has opened is the barest truth. It is not only that trade unionism has abandoned the old-fashioned policy of saving for fighting. It saves now to invest and for control. The motives of production are defeating the motives of antagonism.

But in this country trades unionism lumbers along in the old ruts. It talks loudly but vaguely about revolutionizing society and industry. Its first revolutionary duty is to itself. When it has realized what "control" can accomplish for the working classes and for the whole community,

and how control can be won, better times will come in England.

We do not know whether Mr. Murray is aware of it, but he will be gratified to know that the central idea of this enterprising programme over in America was that of a British engineer going by the name of Major C. H. Douglas. It will also add point to his indictment of trade unionism over here when we add the information that the same idea was put before the Miners' Federation of Great Britain by Major Douglas, and that not until after it had been rejected by them did he carry it across to Gompers's Gentiles. His experiences at that time would make a most entertaining article, and we have no doubt at all that the editor of *The Times* could get him to write it on very reasonable terms. In case not, we had better say that Major Douglas went over to Washington in 1919. At that time American labour was obsessed with what was known as the "Plumb Plan," a scheme which was moulded on Guild Socialist ideas. Major Douglas convinced Mr. Plumb and those who were backing him that their ideas, whether desirable or not, were not a practicable "next step" towards solving the difficulties which confronted them. As a result of this, a meeting was held in the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York, at which were present Mr. Plumb, Mr. Ben Howe (a representative of Mr. Warren Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers—a society analogous to Mr. Bromley's union over here), and one or two others, when it was definitely decided to use trade union funds to buy banks. The sequence of events was substantially as detailed by Mr. Murray in his present letter.

All this is, of course, an old story to a large number of our readers, but it is as well to tell it once more for the enlightenment of those who have since enlisted under THE NEW AGE policy, and are also helping to prepare the world for its coming economic emancipation. But now it becomes necessary to say with all the emphasis at our command that there must be no throwing up of hats on the part of our friends just because *The Times* has seen fit to underwrite Mr. Murray's admiration of what was done in America at Major Douglas's instigation. We know we are very unreasonable, but it is like this. We were the first to take the "credit" road out of chaos, and we were jeered at for it. Now, we have been overtaken on the road by those very jeerers—as heterogeneous an assortment of them as the sun ever shone on. Banners have they? Yes. And the pace they are going, too! Then, why should we lag behind them? Why do we not take our rightful place at their head, breezed on by the blares of the *Thunderer*? The explanation is quite simple. There are pickpockets about. The price system is in the procession. It is pressing the pilgrims onward by their hip pockets. Past us they swarm, chanting the revised version of the revivalist hymn:—

We're marching to Cre-dit,
Beautiful, beautiful Cre-dit,
We're marching onward to Cre-dit.

They might just as well sing "Zi-on," and not meddle with the verse; and, as for "marching" on, why, they are galloping on—like Wembley steers. And so the key place for sober students is behind. Followers-up see most of the game.

And what do we see? We see an unregulated price system, sterilising the seed of credit. We see every idea concerning the control or the use of credit condemned to impotence. Ignore the true law of pricing, and your "Socialism" becomes State pilfering; "Cheap Credit"—footpad fodder; "Stabilisation"—flat-rate pocket-picking; "Trade Union Banks"—intra-proletarian purse-lifting; "Credit Expansion"—fat debts; "Credit Contraction"—flat pockets. So long as it is accepted as a true say-

ing that all credit must be cost, and all cost must be included in price, there is no popular financial reform before the country which can possibly save us; for all the above embannered schemes have to be based upon the assumption that there is no way of protecting the consumer against the light-fingered price-system, but by keeping him short of money. Is it not admirably obvious—if honest men are made poor, thieves cannot thrive? It is not that people who charge prices are thieves, but that the methods by which they are compelled to calculate them are thieving methods. These methods proceed from a vampire loan-accountancy which, by overstating what industry owes, understates what the community may enjoy. In the *Daily Mail* last week a correspondent wrote, saying of the British people, that "prosperity can only be bought by sacrifice." It is presumably also true that the whole world can only buy prosperity by sacrifice. In which case it is reasonable to ask what are the terms of delivery: is it "prompt" or "deferred." Or may this phraseology disguise the horrid fact that our sacrifices are imputed to us for prosperity?—that penury constitutes prosperity? The correspondent in question is half right. Two men have a shilling each. One of them goes in a cook-shop and eats a beef-steak pie. He comes out with a full stomach and empty pocket. The other remains outside and takes in a notch of his waistbelt. He sacrifices himself a shilling's worth, and has still got his shilling. Which is the more prosperous—the first, who has had a pie, or the second who can have a pie? We suppose that the reason why the *Daily Mail's* correspondent would choose the second is because the unfed man with a shilling can exercise economic dominion over the fed man without a shilling. It is true that the latter could wring the other's bony neck if he tried on such domination, but here the "system" comes in with its legislative safeguards against violence. Its Lord's Prayer has been re-written. "Give us this day the price of a loaf," is now the accepted petition, and while it remains so the *Daily Mail's* correspondent can legitimately question whether Christ intended people to eat.

All this time we have not forgotten *The Times*, Mr. Murray, and the American trade unions. We have only festooned the thread of the argument. For now, see; is there any element in the new policy of American worker-finance which promises quicker consumption of the products of industry by private individuals? Not one. And it is precisely because the interests of the consumer have been sawn into railway sleepers that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and their associates have travelled so smoothly along the track to "predominance," as Mr. Murray calls it. The only predominance that will count for a cent to the workers is their mastery, as fellow consumers with the rest of the community, over financial and industrial policy. If that be not made the summit of their objective all hope is vain. For what does it matter who administers the financial and industrial mechanism when the flaw lies in the over-riding rules for Administration? Does anyone suppose that Wall Street has not possessed twenty means of blowing up the railway lines of these democratic discounters, these labour loan-agents, if it had thought fit to use them? And why has it not? Because they have sought only to share in the privileges of lending money for profit, and have not sought to interfere with the existing process of recalling all that money through current prices. It does not matter to the real controllers of the financial system what money goes out to the man-in-the-cook-shop nor through what financial administrators it reaches him, but it does matter to them that when he has eaten his pie he shall have no money left. For it is just that which conserves all

economic initiative in their own hands, that gives them command over the community's material and cultural life. Opposed to this is our own policy, that it is the community who shall be the repositories of whatever reserves of economic power may be necessary; that even when they have freely eaten they may still have command of economic initiative in the form of unexpended purchasing power.

We may now try to guess at what lies behind *The Times'* attitude. Are the British trade unions to go round quietly buying up banks like their cousins? That way is not open to them. Unlike the conditions in America, where there was a wide range of local private banking institutions on potential offer, there are practically no banks in this country that are not part of the system of the Big Five. The trade unions might indeed found their own banks. If they did they might pick up a fair amount of business now done by the others, and thereby take a shaving off the dividends of existing bank shareholders. But it is doubtful if they make that their policy. It is much more likely that they will try to give effect to the Labour Party's policy of nationalising banking. And that is what we believe *The Times* is encouraging them to do, and if *The Times*, the powers above *The Times*. Take the position of the Labour Government. With what record are they going into the next election? During one of the recesses at a recent Labour Conference two delegates were chatting, and one of them made the remark that the most suitable Government in these times would be a weak Conservative Government. "That's just what we've got now," was the prompt response. This is expressive of a wider opinion in Labour circles than is generally suspected. A policy of no strikes, unemployment, more cruisers, less poor-law relief, and lastly the probability of a deadlock over Mr. Wheatley's houses—all this will present a sorry front to the incisive eloquence of the opposition parties, not to speak of the embittered onslaughts of the Communists who, in addition to the above points of attack, will have a good deal to say about the opening of private correspondence which they are alleging against the Home Office. What then will be more acceptable to the Government than to be able to say, "Yes; we have done very little, but the great difficulty is finance, and until finance is nationalised we cannot give you what you all want"? What a happy conjunction—that of a Labour slogan, "nationalisation," with the implied promise of plenty of cheap credit to what the appetites of reformers and capitalists alike. A strong lead. And what if it is successful and Labour comes back with a clear majority? The way will then be open for making banking a State enterprise. The Labour Government can then acquire the shares of the system, and, upon certain conditions which it will regard as of no particular account, it will be permitted to purchase them. But what will this mean? Simply that the bank shareholders as such, will have been eliminated, and that the Government will have the right to appoint directors. Labour will thus be allied with credit-issue, unaccompanied by an issue of credit to lower prices. The ultimate result will be an alliance of production and control against the consumer.

That the newspapers are constantly publishing opposition to "nationalisation" should not deceive the careful student. The rank and file of Labour would not fight for "freedom" if there were no obstacles; and so, when the deal is being negotiated securing Labour this nationalisation, one essential condition of the arrangement will be that a certain amount of opposition is put up. The worker must have his fight, else how can he win a victory? Remember Mr. J. H. Thomas's formula which he

gave to his clients, "when the capitalists begin to praise me, then will be the time for you to distrust me." Nor will there be any need to manufacture opposition. There is neither a damned error nor a sacred truth, but behind it is a damned-up stream of sincere conviction ready to foam along the dykes of the daily press at the word of the Lord High Dock-keeper. Last election the *Daily Mail* let the two opposing streams of Free Trade and Protection into the same dyke, and that is how it shipwrecked Baldwin's majority and secured the return of the Three Oppositions—those three brass balls of the Big Five. In the present case, whether the price-scourge is to be in the hands of private enterprise or of the State is the subject of a controversy to which we, at any rate, will not be parties. We will only say that if the real economic principles of costing are to be ignored, we prefer the financial system to be administered by its present controllers. They discipline us severely enough, but only sufficiently to preserve their economic prerogatives. But imagine those disciplinary powers to fall into the hands of that terrifying convocation of sentimental moralists with their ineradicable monomania for finding out how people enjoy themselves and telling them not to! The bankers make sure of their legal dues out of your income, but they do leave you to spend the rest as you choose. But those others—why, they would be spending it for you in no time. Accoucheurs would be presenting demand notes for baby's first coffin-installment. No thank you!

It is the urgent duty of our readers to insist with all their power upon the vital importance of the price-regulation aspect of the credit question. The nationalisation of banking is a phrase only. It only begins to assume practical importance in so far as it results in the expansion, stabilisation or contraction of the existing volume of credit in circulation. Neither of these three alternatives does a single thing to solve our problem. The first will increase loans, incomes, debts, and prices; the second will leave them unaltered; the third will reduce them. The root evil—the inadequate purchasing power of money—will not be touched. If you need sixpennyworth of bread and have only fourpence, the only solution of the problem is for you to get another twopence which will not be put on to the price of the bread; which means that you must get your twopence as a direct and free gift from where the twopences are created out of nothing—the credit system. You must not earn it, or it will be a cost, and go on to the price. Are the nationalisers going to use their control over that system to give us those twopences? There is not a word about it. Is any other credit system being popularised that contemplates such action? Not one. You can have sixpence and an eightpenny loaf (inflation) or twopence and a fourpenny loaf (deflation), or stay as you are (stabilisation), but never sixpence and a sixpenny loaf—not to speak of what is easily possible, eightpence and a fourpenny loaf. And think what that missing twopence stands for—to capital it is the difference between solvency and bankruptcy; to the worker it is that between comfort and misery; to the nation it is that between peace based on self-determined prosperity and war engendered by economic rivalry. And perhaps the most ironic phase of the existing absurdity is that this economic rivalry is for opportunities to lend these missing twopences abroad. So vital is this question of costing and pricing that we could almost wish for a change in the name of the Social Credit Movement. We may have to inaugurate a "Sound Costing Campaign" yet, for we can well see that to the uninitiated "Social Credit" will look exactly like socialised credit, and thus nationalised credit. Moreover, we should not be surprised to discover that this danger of our name being snowed under with synonyms was part of a plan. In any case, as and when the stampede for "credit" sets in, so must

we stem it with the cry of "cost." The "Douglas Price Theorem" is the kernel of the "Douglas Credit Theorem," and we warn our readers to give no encouragement to purveyors of economic nut-shells.

NOTICE.

We regret that, owing to a mishap, a certain number of copies of last week's NEW AGE had to be run off on different paper from the usual. If any readers who have received such copies wish to have the usual paper and will send us a postcard, we will forward them an extra copy, free of charge.

Question Time.

A.E.—In answer to this correspondent's comment on our explanations of June 12, to the effect that we appear "to imply that the rate of circulation does not matter whereas, according to Douglas, time is everything," we are unable to trace any passage on which that comment can be founded. What particular statement of Major Douglas's lies behind our correspondent's summary "time is everything," we cannot be expected to guess. Time is everything, we agree. For instance, if a credit issue could result in the immediate appearance on the market of the products for which it was issued, there would be the new money and the new goods in the market at the same time, and the cost of the new credit, which would be accounted into the total price, could be met in full by the new credit. But the new goods never do appear simultaneously. Therefore, to meet their cost when they appear the community would have, as it were, to lock the new credit away until that time. But that is where the difficulty lies. Inflation laughs at locksmiths. The money which should be saved for buying the new production is drained away in the form of price-additions to current production (by the "law" of supply and demand). The situation is like the early-door system, where people will pay a premium to make sure of a seat in the music-hall. Much more, when it is a question of the means of life have they to go round to the early door, because they dare not risk not getting a seat at the table. If they knew there were more than enough seats for them all they might wait in the queue and save some money. But the number of "seats" in the trading "theatre" can be adjusted according to the number of people in the queue. And usually are! And if one imagines that a part of the people's theatre-money this month has come out of a credit issued for a production next month, and that the manager of the present show, knowing they were flush, merges a lot of the pit in the stalls and thus reduces the popular accommodation, he will be able to filch a lot of "early-door" revenue out of them, with the result that they will to that extent be unable to patronise the later production.

The Current Conflux.

"In view of the acute scarcity of cotton it is rather surprising . . . bankers' pressure . . . curtail acreage." "In a notice sent by . . . Planters' Mercantile Company, of Greenville, Alabama, to farmer clients . . . the company say 'risk and loss . . . too great to finance a one-crop cotton farmer, and after this year we will not lend money to buy—nor will we sell—feed on credit, with crop and stock as collateral.' This was followed by the statement that a thirteen million bale crop would sell for fifteen cents a pound, while a ten million bale crop would sell for thirty cents a pound. 'Which,' asked the circular, 'would you rather have? Fifteen cents a pound for cotton this fall, and no feed to make next year's crop would mean a financial

calamity and bring about destitution, suffering and want. Stop and think.'"—*Manchester Guardian, April 4.*

"Col. Johnson admitted that some persons were whipped under his order, prohibiting the adulteration of milk." "A proclamation by Col. Johnson was read." . . . "He had talks with sellers (in Lahore) regarding costs of production and profits, and gave them three days to reduce the prices. At the end of three days, the prices not having been reduced, he fixed them himself, and let it be known that anyone selling above the fixed price would be liable to be flogged." . . . "Mr. Justice McCardie remarked amid laughter, that it was a pity the Colonel was not in this country during the war."—*Evidence in Sir Michael O'Dwyer's libel action.*

"Socialism has wonderful theories for humanity in the mass, but cares little or nothing about the individual home."—*Winston Churchill.*

"The union which grew fat on funds became lazy and ceased to function. . . . The aim of trade unionism . . . not to flatter itself on its peace and wealth, but on its ability . . . to fight for justice for its members."—*Mr. J. Bromley, at Northampton.*

"These unofficial strikes threaten an end to collective bargaining. . . . Menace to trade unionism . . . must be smashed if we are to carry on the fight for the workers. We must have discipline in our ranks . . ."—*Mr. Fred Bramley.*

"Years ago . . . prominent Labour leader said: 'When the Capitalist Press praise me, then will be the time for you to have your suspicions about me.'" "What a real friend to the workers must the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas be to have every capitalist rag weeping because he wasn't on the spot to stop the trouble."—*Workers' Weekly "on the 'unofficial' strike.*

"Methods of collective bargaining which it took generations to establish, were endangered by reckless and inexperienced men, whose continued failure should now be sufficient to warn all wage-earners against following their advice in future."—*Right Hon. J. R. Clynes on the "unofficial" strike.*

"One of the most applauded items of the evening was a song written by Mr. Clynes' son, Mr. J. H. Clynes. It was a rondo set to some quaint old words of Francois Villon . . . sung by Miss Maggie Teyte, Mr. Clynes himself accompanied."—*Mr. Clynes' concert at Downing-street.*

"Christchurch. In consequence . . . demands of railwaymen and postal officials for substantial increases in wages . . . growing feeling that . . . Civil Service . . . becoming . . . real menace to the economic stability of New Zealand."—*"Daily Mail's" correspondent.*

"They (the Government) had discovered . . . a lot could be done . . . administrative orders without the sanction of Parliament. . . . Labour was going to make the maximum use of this privilege. In this way . . . already getting a good deal of work done, about which the House of Commons knew nothing."—*Fred Bramley, at Hull.*

"When the Canadian Northern Railway defaulted during the war, the Government found it feasible to make an issue of financial credit from the national

credit reserve. It would seem to be quite as necessary to protect the interests of bank depositors as of railway financiers."—*The Ottawa "Citizen" on the Home Bank failure.*

"If I were the Creator as well as the Prime Minister, I would solve the problem, but I have to take creation as I find it."—*Right Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald.*

"Every man who by word and deed proclaims that he will not be a cog in any machine for grinding out co-operative iniquity is a valuable citizen and a true Christian."—*Dean Inge.*

" . . . there is prevalent too much envy, jealousy and self-assertiveness. . . . The rest of the world has got to buy the goods we make. . . . Let us teach those who do not understand the value of salesmanship the great part that newspaper advertising plays. . . . We need more business . . . more genuine religion . . ."—*Sir Charles Higham at the Rotary Club of Bournemouth.*

"I am not a follower of Mr. Lloyd George, and I do not believe that under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George we can capture any of those (Socialist) seats back to the Liberal Party."—*Mr. Hopkins Morris at Conference of Welsh Liberals at Llan-drindod Wells.*

"In the Palm Court . . . Selfridges showing rate . . . 600 feet or so of stained glass . . . to decorate new premises of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation in Singapore. . . . Two large lights, each about 17 feet by 7 feet . . . opalescent striated glass . . . roundel symbolising commerce . . . eight smaller lights . . . flanked by figures representing various peoples with whom the bank does business."—*"Observer."*

At a Venture.

By G. W. Harris.

INTELLIGENCE AND INFORMATION.—II. Generally speaking, whenever the question is raised about the failure or success of modern education, there occurs considerable confusion of thought, due to the fact that nowadays information or instruction is held to be synonymous with intelligence. Indirectly, too, the influence of present-day Genetics can be traced in this point of view, since the followers of the monk Mendel appear to hold that success in life is due not primarily to the absence of certain definite factors, but rather to the deficiency of modern genetic factors in which reside the germs of success. "The mute, inglorious Milton" is for the place can be found in modern life, it being held that if he were a Milton, he would not be mute or inglorious, and if he be mute and inglorious, he cannot be a Milton. But even if it be conceded that the output does not necessarily deny the capacity. The greater part of our education is monkish and based upon monkish standards. It is customary to regard those people as clever and intelligent who have acquired sufficient information to be able to dispense with the Self-Educator when they go on a holiday to the seaside or elsewhere. But this is no real test of capacity, but merely of memory, and it is well known that the possession of a good memory is not usually or inevitably bound up with any other mental qualities whatever. The capacity of a pint pot remains the same whether it is empty, filled with platinum or with the parings of horse hoofs. It is easy to judge content, and that appears to be the

object of the modern examination, but it is by no means easy to judge capacity, and this would provide an excellent argument against the examination system, and in favour of the personal opinion of the teacher, were it not for the fact that the shibboleth of content would in all probability prevail with the teacher.

There is at present no science of human character, in spite of the tests which are provided cut and dried from America and copied by the sedulously complaisant over here.

The fact seems to be that judgment of capacity is far more a matter of the Unconscious self than the Conscious, and directly we begin to formulate the supposed rules by which we judge, the whole merit of the Unconscious is lost, and we become the blind reasoning creatures which have done one another so much harm throughout all time owing to the spell of schoolman's logic. It is quite possible that we make mistakes in our unconscious judgments, but that is probably due to the contagion of civilised reasoning which happily blunts our finer perceptions. The word "science" is coming to have a kind of esoteric meaning and anything which is not scientific is regarded as futile. Hence the extreme glory of men of science, not for their capacity, but for their content. We hear it often said: "Oh, how clever Mr. X must be—he is a professor of this-or-that." Content is not really the smallest proof of capacity. This explains the attitude of many scientists to Samuel Butler, his content being negligible compared with that of a specialist, while his capacity was ignored because his content was neither mountainous nor orthodox.

The aims of education would appear nowadays to be too lofty. It is quite natural that this should be so, since education is officially in the hands of a bureaucracy, and the object of a bureaucracy is not education, but self-preservation and reproduction. If, therefore, any educational authority were to suggest that reading, writing, and arithmetic were today sufficient for any pupil as a basis, and that the elaborations which have accrued were superfluous and to be left to the individual taste and opportunity, he would inevitably be asked to resign for proposing so suicidal a policy. Yet, except in the learned professions which have, so to speak, created their own conditions, it is the capacity and not the content of the brain which is the decisive factor in what is vulgarly called success. It must be admitted that we cannot definitely state what should be the standard of capacity, since, as we have said before, this is rather concerned with our unconscious mind; but there will be very few who cannot roughly appraise capacity on a working basis.

The road to failure is paved with lost opportunities, and these opportunities were lost not because the victim was not sufficiently instructed, but because, being trained by schoolmen, he was unable to draw sufficient conclusions from insufficient data, according to Samuel Butler's definition of life. No doubt it was because they had to make bricks without straw that the Children of Israel have always been able to improvise a sound policy to meet any emergency in their later career.

THE MARKET-PLACE.

By CECIL HARWOOD.

How can I pipe my dances
When London will not leap,
Or mourn now London river
Has grown too old to weep?

All day I stroke my whistle,
But past me as I play
Ahriman rides his chariot
And roars the note away.

Byron, Shelley and the Bishop.

By Arnold Eiloart.

"As for me," writes Byron in one of his letters, "by the blessing of indifference I have simplified my politics to an utter detestation of all existing governments. . . . The fact is, riches are power, and poverty is slavery all over the earth, and one sort of [political] establishment is no better nor worse for a *people* than another."

The interest of this statement is enhanced by the high estimate which Dr. Henson* forms of Byron's "practical shrewdness," "business capacity," and "practical ability."

Certain it is that if Byron had been the most businesslike of men, or of babies, he could not have chosen a better time to be born. By the time he was old enough to make his quality felt, society had been outraged by the immoderate virtue of Shelley, that visionary who actually put into practice what the practical people only preached. But at least as a professing Christian one could denounce such absurdities, and enjoy feeling how superior one was to any temptation to do the like. The more sober goodness of Wordsworth and Scott deprived one even of this satisfaction. Society was in danger of being as satisfied with the virtues of its poets as it was with the vices of its leaders. At this juncture a writer who could lash these vices without pretending to those virtues was a perfect god-send.

Of course, there was Wordsworth's "healing power." But did Europe—or even the few people whom Matthew Arnold grandiloquently called Europe—really want healing power. They needed it certainly, for most of the nations had just won a great war. So do we need healing—far more. But what we want is the cinema, and to earn a living, even by a routine so deadly that it makes the cinema seem life by comparison. No! If we take the cost into consideration, we may fairly say that for one man who wants to be healed there are a dozen who want someone else hurt. Because for the healing one must understand Wordsworth (or a Greater Healer) while for the hurting one need only understand Byron. And how intelligible he was! How he hurt, and how easy to see why he hurt! "His savage onslaught on Lord Carlisle:—

No Muse will cheer, with renovating smile
The paralytic puling of Carlisle
was actually substituted for some flattering lines because the Earl had not presented him on taking his seat in the House of Lords." (No, you are not to understand that the Earl took the seat, Byron's or his own, but merely that the deadly participle and the deadly pronoun can prove too much even for so good a writer of English as Dr. Henson.)

But we were talking of Byron's intelligibility; nothing here of that incomprehensible and irritating virtue which was so repugnant in a Shelley; none of his "darkness" that feeds "a dying flame"; none of Wordsworth's "light that never was on sea or land," but plain daylight with no more obscurity than was necessary for a *double entendre*. And if you reproached him with vice, his reply was to proffer you another victim, spitted for the very same vice on the rapier of his wit. Here was repartee that no one could fail to understand; a man might enjoy the like any day by his own fireside, and as the literary small-holder called his pig "Maud" because it would come into the garden, so might one christen one's cook-pot "Byron" because of what it said to the kettle. Take, for example, "the savage spite with which Byron pursued the Prince-Regent" of which Dr. Henson says: "His (the Regent's) immorality was indeed shameless, but not so aggressively shameless as that of his critic."

The Bishop discusses at some length the religion (or irreligion) of Byron. He says: "In judging his

*Olwen Ward Campbell: "Shelley and the Unromantics," P. 183.

treatment of religion we have to remember that he never at any period of his career had been well-placed for appreciating it" and again, "Byron was ill-placed for appreciating Christianity." And this of a man who had intimately known and greatly admired Shelley! But Dr. Henson does not leave it at that: finding Shelley and Scott mentioned as the only two of his contemporaries whom Byron "admired," he comments: "It is, perhaps, true to say that Scott was the only one whom he respected." So much for Shelley and his religion.

Well, Shelley, of course, was not a *professing* Christian, but he was so much of a Christian by nature that at his worst he never could and never would have become a *professional* one. And the Right Reverend author's side-stroke at him makes us wonder whether a bishop is ever well-placed for appreciating Christianity; and whether in all history the person best placed for such appreciation was not the woman whose sins which were many were forgiven her—no very likely candidate for a bishopric (but, I confess, a person who would probably have shown more sympathy with Byron than I have in this paper).

Now for a few facts. As to Shelley's religion, I quote his latest biographer, one who certainly does not spare the errors of his youth: "He came back after his early digressions into Materialism and Metaphysics, to a faith which really embodied the simplest central doctrines of Christianity—Hope all things, love thy fellow as thyself. He applied these doctrines to his life. In that gross age he lived with austere simplicity, not from principle, but because his pleasures were upon a higher plane. He was boundlessly generous . . . he forgave wrongs unto seventy times seven."

As to his influence on Byron, we find Trelawny, Medwin, and Williams all agreed. "Lord Byron had certainly a profound respect for Shelley's judgment," writes Medwin. "The style of his lordship's letters to him is quite that of a pupil, such as asking his opinion and demanding his advice," writes Williams to Trelawny. Shelley himself writes to his wife: "L. B., as a reason for my stay, has urged that without either me or the Guiccioli he will certainly fall into his old habits. I then talk, and he listens to reason. . . ." Lastly hear Byron: "Shelley is, to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of."

Again, after Shelley's death, Byron wrote: "You were all brutally mistaken about Shelley, who was without exception the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew. I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison."

The fact is that while Scott was a good man in a world that respected and honoured him, Shelley, despised and rejected of men, was good in spite of all, for the world's sake sacrificing the world's honours, and baring to its scorn a heart as sensitive as it was true. Hence it was Shelley and not Scott of whom Byron said: "He alone in this age of humbug, dares to stem the current as he did to-day, the flooded Arno in his skiff."

It rests with Dr. Henson to reconcile these facts with his suggestion that "Byron" perhaps did not respect Shelley.

After filling most of his pages with alternate praise and blame, Dr. Henson concludes: "Praise and blame are alike unfitting in presence of a career so enigmatic and so mighty. Give me leave to adapt his own words about his favourite among the ancients, Alcibiades, and to apply them to himself: 'Yet upon the whole it may be doubted whether there be a name of modern times which comes to us with such a general charm as that of Byron. Why? I cannot answer: who can?'"

Mannigfaltig.

By C. M. Grieve.

BEYOND MEANING.—II.

Few contributions of any great moment have so far come from America towards the possible theoretics of a "Beyond Meaning" literature: but it is desirable to consider what has been said and done there before going on to deal with Dadaism in France. Expressionism in Germany and the possibilities of that *zusammenbalung* of speech with which James Joyce in English is experimenting so interestingly, and, on the whole, so successfully, and the implications of certain elements in recent Russian ego-futurism which seek to devise a language with audible and visual but no intellectual values.

Huneker anticipated this tendency in America as he did so many other tendencies: but contented himself with a few ex cathedra pronouncements which, interesting enough in the light of subsequent developments, did not assist except as indications of a demand for which a supply was not available.

In the section he devotes to "the cerebralists" in his new book on "American Poetry Since 1900," Louis Untermeyer shows how much previously unsuspected territory has been colonised by American writers since Huneker erected signs labelled nonsense which seemed literally to lead nowhere—as if they were placards stuck on the walls at bottoms of blind alleys. But there are no blind alleys in literature: and the walls on which Huneker posted up his heretical dicta have disappeared, giving way to incomputable vistas.

"Although definitions are treacherous," says Untermeyer, "one might say that the difference between impressionism and expressionism is the difference between life in repose and thought in action. Impressionism gives us the object coloured by the artist's temperament, heightened by his mood, or thrown out of focus by the vividness of its impact—but the object remains itself. Expressionism considers the object only to express its inner quality: the expressionist will use reality or depart from it without preparing his audience. He will leap from representation to abstraction, if by so doing he can achieve either a new intensity and motion, or record, by arbitrary symbols, what the realist would have considered inexpressible. The expressionists never wish to make an imitation of an object, they aim to record the sensation that the object records in them. Impressionism, one might say, is the scene or the emotion interpreted by the artist; expressionism is the artist interpreted by the scene. To communicate this psychic excitation, a new technic or at least a more violent one has been found. It is a technic of abrupt contrasts, exaggerated dynamics, distortions planned to sharpen the emphasis. In music, as well as in poetry and painting, intensity has been goaded by whipping up sound and colour, by driving a hundred clashing stimuli to the limits of receptivity. Caught in the momentum of this vortex, much of modern art becomes increasingly neurotic, morbid, and self-destructive. This age may witness the end of art as we have known it; science may make the *katharsis* of art seem like a puny and ineffectual release. The miracles of science may well compensate for the death of the artistic impulse by supplying his desires, bring him omnipotence—in short, fulfil his wishes through the extension of the machine. Meanwhile, the world feeds on what it has. And expressionism is another form of its unsatisfied spiritual hunger."

Elsewhere Untermeyer, discussing the work of T. S. Eliot, Alfred Kreymborg, Maxwell Bodenheim, Lola Ridge, and others, observes that much contemporary experimentalism along cerebral and expressionistic

lines is the result of displeasure on the part of these writers in the work of others rather than delight in their own expressions. Their resentment of the Academes is so great that it prevents the freedom of which they boast, and they are chained to their impulse to startle; slaves of fashion which, in dress and poetry, is the most transitory of things. These distortions are "the natural consequence of an unnatural fear of formulæ, an exaggerated horror of any accepted pattern." He also notes the accessibility of these developments to charlatannies of all sorts—e.g., the famous "Spectra" hoax of 1916-17. And in summing up his speculations he asks whether it is not true that after the natural early period of imitation the impulse to experiment is uppermost, but having passed through the phase of experimenting with subject, pattern, and preoccupation with form, does not the seeker inevitably labour to perfect his idiom in some lasting shape? "So we see one creator after another turn to a *resisting* form."

And one by one he makes pass before us what he calls T. S. Eliot's "dialectical antractuosités," such as:—

Polyphiloprogenitive
The sapient sutlers of the Lord
Drift across the window-panes.
In the beginning was the Word.
In the beginning was the Word.
Superfetation of *τὸ εἶναι*
And at the mensural turn of time
Produced enervate Origen,

quoting passages from "The Waste Land" to show that Dadaism, with its glorification of incoherence, is scarcely a step away; Marianne Moore's acidulous rigidities; Bodenheim's acidified acridities; William Carlos Williams's transplanted Sitwellese, and scores of cognate phenomena.

But though his book has just been published, he has not overestimated the rapidity with which "the most radical school or tendency grows vieux jeu": for there are whole coteries of American writers, relevant to our present purpose, who have apparently grown up since he passed his final proofs.

The importance of "S4N," for example, cannot be overestimated from a *tendens* point of view. One of the leaders of the group associated with this engaging periodical is Ramon Guthrie, who has recently published his first collection of poems—"Trobar Clus." Here is a sample of Mr. Guthrie's quality:—

Pelagic glory this,
Laying block on looming block.
Psst! Stage properties in cardboard
and I have perforated them with rows of pinholes,
lights of tramways,
boulevards,
brothels,
Café de la Paix.
Do you remember Marlowe in Ophelia,
Washed out
And her hair in vegetable wisps,
Rocking on her *grassouillettes* haunches
like an upright squash
With a frazzled stem?
And he:
Meh father, meh mother, meh wit—
Meh,
meh,
me-e-e-e-eh!
a slate-black woolly ram.

One issue of "S4N" recently was entirely devoted to the work of Waldo Frank. The relation of his work to French Unanism is the subject of an interesting article by Professor Pierre Sayn, of Rouen, with which I hope to deal next week. A "Note on the Language of Waldo Frank," by Gorham B. Munson, discussing his novels in the light of P. D. Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum" (which, inter alia, declares that "it must be admitted that language is a weak

and inadequate vehicle even for the expression of our usual understanding of things, to say nothing of those moments when the understanding unexpectedly expands and becomes deeper, and we see revealed an entire series of facts and relations for the description of which we have neither words nor expressions") cuts right to the heart of my subject and merits detailed consideration. For the nonce it is enough to reflect that Waldo Frank offered his novels to every publisher in London, but they were unanimously rejected, the notes reading to the effect that Mr. Frank seemed to have an interesting talent, but it was unfortunately impossible to publish his works till he learned to write.

Here is one quotation from Frank's "Rahab":—"The city was a raised shadow upon earth. Against earth's sweep through the Precinct of suns and stars, apart from suns and stars—blotch of hard houses leaning back upon the dead days of their makers—whole city leaning back, falling away from the wide freedom of sun, earth, stars, twirling together locked. And they two . . . man and girl . . . clasped in the steadfast spin of life—sun stars earth dust—that swung away from the city."

(To be continued.)

The Devastated Area.

HE was so tired when he went to bed that he could scarcely find the energy to undress himself. As he bent to brush his teeth, his eyes actually closed, and for a second he tottered back on his heels. At last his head, falling upon the pillow, seemed to draw him gently down into a voluptuous world of black warmth. But when the blind-cord whipped once against the window-pane, the comfortable waters of Lethe, which had been trembling at his ears, rushed back. Startled, as usual, out of all proportion to the noise, he raised himself in bed to look round the room, and when he again laid his head on the pillow—was wide awake.

For five minutes by the ticking clock he lay perfectly still in the darkness, with his eyes closed, trying not to think; yet he knew no effort of will could conquer that tingling alertness; and now, knowing only too well what it meant and quite powerless to hinder it, he felt his brain starting slowly to revolve like the engine of a great liner; it seemed to gather speed and noise, till it chugged round and round in his head as though it could never stop. He resigned himself to another sleepless night.

So memory began, as usual, to take him backwards through time. But first the loneliness that it had been so easy to stave off all day came softly upon him and settled down round his bed, isolating him from the rest of the world and pointing sardonically to the cold stars that stared through the window whenever the wind blew the curtains. It was a physical sensation too, for he felt the weight of it lying like hunger on his stomach. And then the thoughts—lonely—why was he lonely? Memory insisted on retiring to a distance, and then came mincing back, retracing laboriously all the slow steps of the break with Muriel. Armistice day; the last shot; and the hushed, doubtful little group in the dug-out at 11 o'clock. He is sitting there in uniform, willing for the first time in three years to let his thoughts run on into the future. But they will go back to the past instead: the joy and the agony of that last leave! And now there are to be no more parting, no partings. In one, two, three months at the most, he knows he will be back at home and Muriel in his arms for ever. Great happiness dazes. Sitting there tingling all over with happiness as if he had had a Turkish bath. He could not sit still any more. He must do something. He had got up and had a whisky and soda.

Early demobilisation. "Good-bye. Good-bye, Old Man!" trying to feel sorry. But he hadn't. The

intolerable leave-train; and then the two hours' rush through sunlit Kent in a first-class Pullman. God! what bliss! Victoria Station. Muriel. . . .

The months that followed, with happiness gradually fading away.

He turned over in his bed. Poor Muriel! Of course, it wasn't her fault. He supposed he had been rather a brute—hypersensitive—the war—the war. How slowly he had perceived the gulf! and she—she had never perceived it at all. Even now she didn't believe it was there. She had imagination, too, and sympathy—(her letters)—he had never met a woman with more. He supposed he never should. Imagination and sympathy and love for him—yet—yet—ah, God! it's no use. Three days in the shell-hole—looking straight into the top of that man's head—he and another fellow. And not even horrified—at the time—they had joked: How are you feeling now, Henry? *Top-hole!* thank you! . . . "Oh, Stephen!" said Muriel, when he told her, "Oh, Stephen!"—just what she had said when little Freddy cut his thumb so deep. Well, what else could she have said? Did he expect her to faint? Yes, but he could still draw a map with his eyes shut of the inside of that head! Oo, what funny patterns!

"The workings of men's brains. . . ."

Matthew Arnold. Now his head began to ache, and every limb, and in the hope of finding forgetfulness he changed his position with two or three St. Vitus jerks.

But no—he is in the Front Line, waiting for the attack. Company Officer. Then the word comes forward that, when the Bosch attacks, the barrage is to drop—where? On our own Front Line! Our own Front Line?—but that's *Us!* Yes, *You* give the signal—*We* drop the barrage. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* . . . Horror. The sudden black pit of horror—and the awful nausea! It felt as though his stomach was dropping out in black puddings. Should he tell the men? The sergeants, then? No? My God! I can't keep this to *myself!* "My dear, how awful," says Muriel, and a little squeeze of the hand. "My dear, how awful," and a squeeze of the hand. Well, what if she did? You bloody fool, what else could she have said? She hadn't been there herself, had she? What else do your men friends say, anyway? Yes, but that wasn't all. She still believed in the British Empire. She never said so, of course. But he could see her thinking it. She believed that on the *whole* the war was a righteous war—there were profiteers, of course, and no doubt economic causes contributed—but still, on the whole it was a righteous war, and God had fought on the side of the British. Telegraphic address: "Angels, Mons." Poor Muriel! He knew and knew again how much she had suffered during those four years. Then what was the matter? Oh, only that she hadn't been bowled right over and turned inside out, and stamped into the mud; that was all—only that her soul hadn't been disembowelled—only that she had somehow managed to keep her head. I should think so indeed; anyone could have kept his head in England. Well, did he want them all to lose their heads? Oh, I don't know—but that stern, strong philosophy on the lips of people who hadn't been through it—you know!

"Cry aloud for the woe, but let the good prevail." "Cry aloud for the woe," where did that come from? "Cry aloud for the woe," where he buried his head in the pillow. No, he couldn't get the context. Lord! how that head did ache! But let the good prevail! Oh, yes, let the Good prevail, by all means—Oh, certainly, let the Good prevail! "Anyway, Tommy," said Bottomley, trotting out the Prince, "you can't deny that good old God sells the Paper!" And then the Banking Circular—black words on white paper,

dancing up and down like midges on a September evening:

"The great debt which Capitalists will see to it is made out of the war must be used as a measure to control the volume of money. . . . To restore to circulation the Government issue of money will be to provide the people with money and therefore seriously affect your individual profits as bankers and lenders. . . ."

But that was in the American War. Oh, yes, of course, that was in the American War. That was quite different. *This* war, said Mr. Lloyd George, like the next war, is a war to end war, and we shall not sheathe the sword until the monster of German Militarism is . . . diddle diddle dumpling, My Son John. What sword? Have you ever felt the edge of one? Have you ever run your finger down the edge of a real bayonet?—no, not the one Peter brought home from Cambrai and we use as a bread-knife—I mean a real one. The business end. Let me introduce you—"Mr. Bayonet; Mr. Thomas Atkins's intestines—how do you do! how do you do! Now—*twist!*—Ow! Ow! Chr-i-st!"

The loud, steady clank, like an ogre's teeth chattering, of the iron bedstead beneath him, and the rattling of all the little ornaments on the mantelpiece told what was left of him that he had a right to ring the bell. They came up and sat on his knees and straightened him out. They sat by him and told him where he was; and when the trembling had nearly stopped, they went away, leaving the light on.

"Ah! ah, that was better. Mustn't think about that. That way madness lies"—literally. Think of nothing. I'm getting sleepier and sleepier. Nice and warm. In the Mess, Old Canada still talking: droning on and on: women, women, women. Sottovoice and great big eyes. "My dear Sir, do you really find anything intrinsically humorous in the fact that the human animal reproduces its kind? What—exactly—is the joke, may I ask? "Mustn't say that out loud, of course; but something inside you puts it into words—always in rather pompous, old-fashioned phrases and very long words. Funny! Hulloo, old Canada off to the clothes-line again? What? don't you know what the clothes-line is, mother dear? Well, you see, on his return from leave each officer is expected to bring with him a—one of the more intimate garments from the wardrobe of a lady friend. Bon pour les officiers, what? Oh, be *nice*, Stephen! Yes, but you see the point is that it makes the Mess so stuffy in the damp weather—like living in a laungramophone (they always expect the youngest officer to work the gramophone) without passing through the—*the* thick of it. Old Canada liked it, of course. "Longing to be in the thick of it." Hulloo! Hulloo! "Longing to be in the thick of it."

"If I know anything of the spirit of the British public schoolboy—and I think I do—there is not one of them here who is not longing to be in the thick of it!"

At school—rehearsing poor old Jameson's funeral service. Eh? Ypres! "On-Ward-Chris-Chan-So-o-ol-je-ers." "Sing up! Sing up!" shouts Captain Benson, right in your ear. "This hymn's got to go! It's got to be heard! Sing up, I can't hear you, sing up!"

(Woa! steady! hold on tight! No good saying anything—only a boy!)

"I believe"—now that's the cautionary word: on the word 'God the Father' I want to hear those heels come together with a click!" No, no, that's not a true story—not even the Sergeant-Major.

And now at the service itself—the ugly little school chapel, the pompous entry of the headmaster in a

ballooning gown—rustle, rustle, rustle—mumble, mumble, mumble:

"Do not imagine there is anything incongruous," begins old Luffy from the pulpit (he takes us for Divinity, you know)—"There is nothing incongruous in seeing you here in the garb of war"—(I wonder how he's going to work it round this time)—"Αἰλιων ἀδελφον εἶπε, τὸ δ'εὖ νικάτω—Cry aloud for the woe, says the poet, but let the good prevail!—(we're doing the Agamemnon this term)—but let the good prevail!" Did you notice how his voice changed when he said "Let the good prevail!"? Firm, wasn't it? No yielding there, eh? 74 last birthday. Cry aloud for the woe, but don't make *too* much fuss about it, or you're a mangy little pro-German.

Sitting there, letting it all flow over his head, while he drearily formulates once more the old antithesis between himself and that double row of khaki bodies and pink, contented faces, all believing calmly in football and the British Empire, and the angry old gentleman he imagines they imagine when they bother to think about God.

He leans back in his pew, closes his eyes, and calls up a picture of a congregation of fat German schoolboys stridently announcing themselves as Soldiers of Christ and exhorting each other to gird their armours on (they say there's an understanding among all the big Armament Firms in the different countries—you know, "Cannon fodder")—there was always a certain pleasure to be had from grasping the absurdity of it. Oh, yes, and marching in fours with the O.T.C. past St. Jerome's the other day, he had fancied for a moment that he saw God sitting up on the spire, laughing. It had been quite vivid. He was rather proud of that vision.

"If I know anything of the spirit of the British Public Schoolboy—and I think I do—there is not one of them here who is not longing to be in the thick of it . . ." comes down in ringing tones from the pulpit. . . . "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. Amen."

Outside. "Now then, you Fellows, double up! Up into the Great School for Lieutenant Boosey's lecture. Double up there!" What's he lecturing on? "The Offensive Spirit." "Training of Platoons, page 11: 'All ranks must be taught that their aim and object is to come to close quarters with the enemy as quickly as possible so as to be able to use the bayonet. This must become a second nature. Remember that a Platoon Commander can best produce the fighting spirit in his men by being blood-thirsty himself, by forever thinking how to kill the enemy, and helping his men to do so. There is nothing like the bayonet. Bayonet fighting produces lust for blood; much may be accomplished in billets in wet weather, as well as out of doors on fine days.'

Then He laid his head on His right shoulder, Seeing death it struck Him nigh—

"The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, Mother dear, I die."

O the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows so green.

"Ow Gawd! I can't stand it. I can't stand it—there ain't nobody kin stand it." "Kick him in the stomach, Sergeant-Major! That's right! Send him forward again." I wish I was like the Sergeant-Major. What is courage? The Sergeant-Major'll yell all right, when the knife's in him. I'm yelling *now*—like the Red Queen. Imagination. "With stupidity and a sound digestion a man may front much." Shot for Cowardice. Hulloo! Were you one of the Firing-Party? Did you notice the way his knees gave way? What was his mind like? Dreams rushing faster and faster, round and round,

like the furious colours on a soap-bubble just before it bursts. Rat swimming madly backwards and forwards in a cage plunged in water, legs kicking, the will to live. "Hi! I must get out of this!" said the rat bursting his lungs. Life is a cart on the way from Newgate Street to Tyburn. I must get out of this. Plenty of people do, you know. . . . found with his head in a gas oven. "Poor Boy! Life was too much for him!" Muriel would know he hadn't been callous. A catch in her throat. A catch in my throat—eyes hot. Good Lord! Stop this! Tom Sawyer. (Selfpity Limited.) You baby! Muriel—Muriel! O my darling! "Yes, yes! Poor little Stevy!" No. No use. Well then, write something! Write—write? What's the good of writing? The only people who'll read it are the people who feel it already. The nice gentle people you want to get at, who go on deceiving themselves all their lives, they'll just read the first page and put it away. They'll think you have made a *faux pas*. Muriel will think you have made a *faux pas*. . . . Poor Muriel! Of course it wasn't her fault. He supposed he had been rather a brute—hypersensitive—the war—the war. How slowly he had perceived the gulf! and she—she had never perceived it at all. Even now she didn't believe it was there. She had imagination too, and sympathy—(her letters)—he had never met a woman with more. He supposed he never should.

OWEN BARFIELD.

The Theatre.

By H. R. Barbor.

THE FINANCE AND THE ART.—V.

A practical examination of the present state of the theatre and of the bearing of its economics upon its efficiency in appeal cannot neglect the most recent development in what we may call the æsthetic—industrial sphere—the formation of a second organisation of actors and actresses.

Sir Gerald du Maurier gives us our cue. In a recent speech to the newly-formed Stage Guild, he indicates that actors have now to decide whether they regard acting as an art or an industry.

To anyone but an actor the answer would be plain. It is that acting is an art, but the theatre is an industry. Let us first consider the acting.

Tolstoi in his examination "What is Art?" came to the conclusion that art consisted of the passing on of emotional experience. In this, art-activity differs in varying degree, but fundamentally, from what may be loosely classed as scientific activity, inasmuch as it seeks to stimulate not an intellectual but an emotional, æsthetic, reaction. Philosopher and scientist aim at provoking thought. Artist aims at invoking feeling. To a certain extent the artist avails himself also of the intellectualistic technique; his main objective, however, is "soul," not "reason." Let us take a simple exemplification of our thesis. Twenty children hear a cannon fired. All are startled to varying degrees. Some repress the unpleasant memory. Some remember and steel themselves against a subsequent event of the same kind. One perhaps realises how he was startled and finds that by saying "Boom!" with a certain intensity and suddenness, he can reproduce a similar effect of fright upon his auditors. In a rudimentary way that particular child is an artist. By adding effects, unexpected appearances, magnification of voice, and so on, he increases his technique of surprise. Thereby he makes himself a better actor than the boy who simply says "Boom!" *toute nue. Iste perfectit opus.*

This is the simplest form of acting—the direct infection of an audience with an emotion experienced at first hand by our embryo actor. (We are all actors in embryo.)

The stage technician's art is a secondary development of this more direct and primitive art. The

actor is the vehicle, not of directly felt emotion, but of emotions canalised and fixed by a primary artist, the author. The author selects and redirects certain emotions and ideas; it is the player's province to embody them in form and substance. He seeks in a word to perpetuate the author's synthesis, to bring the abstracted experience of the literary man before the public in concrete, physical terms. As he succeeds, his success as an interpreter is measured.

But the ship is more than the crew, and the stage is more than the player. Ship without sea, and drama without audience, are merely ineptitudes.

It is only when the actor sells or lends his emotion-invoking talent and technique that he can begin to function as an artist. He distributes himself to his public; but for convenience's sake this distribution is made via a manager. The distribution of the commodity of acting is an industry—it is as surely as the distribution of pork chops or electric bulbs a purely industrial process.

Now if Sir Gerald du Maurier were a good Communist or Christian (*vide* the Preface to "Androcles and the Lion," by G. B. Shaw. Constable) we could expect him to protest against the idea of an artist claiming a golden quid (or five, or fifty quid) pro quo in return for this office of interpretation. But as we are still in the competitive stage of industrial evolution and ethically in the Barrabasque, Sir Gerald will doubtless be the first to admit that the good actor is worthy of a good night's hire.

The main object of the Actors' Association has been the establishment of a minimum wage. The main object of the Association of Touring Managers during their five years of negotiation with the A.A. has been to whittle down the actors' demands and to prevent the players from stabilising working conditions on the only basis on which good acting art and good theatrical commerce can be founded—a prosperous and economically decent professional class. I have shown in previous articles the necessity of and method of obtaining this desideratum through trade union action. My readers, as laymen, will naturally imagine that the generality of players would have grasped these elementary theorems. Such, however, is not the case. Let us call the Stage Guild to witness.

Two definite reasons for the formation of this new body emerge from the oceans of outside comment and the conchaves behind closed doors that the Guild has already called forth. Firstly, certain actors and actresses object to allying themselves with "non-artists," i.e., musicians and technical staff of the theatre. Secondly, they object to the "closed shop" for the profession. Put in a nutshell, these two arguments connote, on the one hand, such a state of professional snobbishness as will not let them avail themselves of the services of a well-meaning friend to save a distressful colleague; on the other, a refusal to come into line with the accepted practice of every profession except "the profession."

Now if the Stage Guild has been formed with the avowed purpose of breaking theatrical trades unionism the sooner the Guild declares its policy honestly and forthrightly the better. But for Sir Gerald du Maurier to muddle the issue of the art of the theatre in relation to its economics is a sheer waste of his and everyone else's time. If he can persuade us that the theatre is not an industry, good. If he can prove that artists, for the sake of art, must reduce themselves to the commodity-level of dry goods and raw materials, then the sooner the A.A. goes out of business the better. If also he has a better solution of the theatrical problem than has been advocated in previous NEW AGE articles, let him stand forth. But seeking alliance with the Incorporated Association of Touring Managers, which, so far as the writer can see, has never contributed one iota to the development of the art for which an actor of the eminence of Sir Gerald must be concerned, the West

End players seem to be doing poor service to their less fortunate—and maybe less deserving?—colleagues.

Sir Gerald may reply that as a critic who is not a practitioner of the theatre, I am trying to teach my grandmother to suck eggs. But if my grandmother has publicly clamoured for eggs, and is obviously uninstructed in the technique of extracting their nourishment, my grandmother (Sir Gerald) has only her (him) self to blame if I essay to teach her (him) the gentle art!

I must confess, however, that I am more immediately concerned with the output of theatrical art in the provinces than with the political or personal prejudices of a few successful West End stars. If the Stage Guild smashes the A.A., it smashes the livelihood of the provincial actor. This is only of secondary concern to the smashing of the provincial theatre—already moribund thanks to the lack of showmanship of the A.T.M., and the bogus managers that the A.T.M. has refused apparently to assist the A.A. to expell from the theatre.

Sir Gerald du Maurier and his fellows of the Guild can nevertheless perform a useful function. Imprimis, they can co-operate with the unions of the theatre to insure uniform efficiency of all ranks engaged in the industry, irrespective of craft. Secundo, they can combat (by active means and, as they have the lever in their own hands, if necessary by the strike) the financial stranglehold on creative intelligence in theatreland, London and provincial. Thirdly, by virtue of their own economic power as vitally necessary assets in the industry, these highly-placed artists can co-operate to impose those selective principles in relation to the quality of drama and histrionics which alone can bring the British stage to the level of theatrical efficiency and cultivation enjoyed by every civilised nation to-day.

Reviews.

The Bodley Head Quartos.

"Daemonologie," and "Newes from Scotland"; "The Blacke Bookes Messenger" and "Cuthbert Conny-Catcher." (John Lane. 2 vols. 3s. each net.)

By A. C. G.

The latest additions to this delightful series are King James the First's "Daemonologie" (1597) and "Newes from Scotland," "declaring the damnable life and death of Doctor Fian, a notable sorcerer who was burned at Edenbrough in January last, (1591)," and Robert Greene's "The Blacke Bookes Messenger" (1592), and "Cuthbert Conny-Catcher's Defence of Conny-catching" (1592). The editor, Mr. G. B. Harrison, observes that the "Daemonologie" not only gives the student of history and literature a brief and authoritative guide to the darker beliefs of our ancestors, but contains much of interest to the theologian and the psychologist, while the philologist will find it a mine of rare and curious phrases. "King James makes many shrewd observations, and the twentieth-century medium would probably confirm 'that there are twenty women given to that craft where there is only one man.' The explanation would not, perhaps, be as readily accepted." King James's explanation is as follows: "The reason is easie, for as that sexe is frailer than man is, so it is easier to be intrapped in these grosse snares of the Devill, as was over well proved to be true, by the Serpent's deceiving of Eva at the beginning, which makes him the homelier with that sexe sensine." The account of the torturing of Dr. Fian so closely resembles the stories of what has taken place in Soviet Chekhas as to make the intervening centuries of no account. "His nails upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scots a Turkas, which in England we call a pair of pincers, and under

every nail there was thrust in two needles over even up to the heads. At all which torments notwithstanding the Doctor never shrunk any whit, neither would he then confess. . . . Then was he with all convenient speed, by commandment, consigned again to the torment of the boots, wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blows in them that his legs were crushed and beaten together as small as might be, and the bones and flesh so bruised that the blood and marrow spouted forth in great abundance, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever. And notwithstanding all these grievous pains and cruel torments he would not confess anything, so deeply had the devil entered into his heart. . . ."

"The Blacke Bookes Messenger" is the fifth and last pamphlet written by Robert Greene to expose the professional rascals and in particular the "Conny-Catchers" (card sharps) of London. The other four have already been published in this series, as has Gabriel Harvey's "Foure Letters. . . especially touching Robert Greene." Mr. Harrison says: "In the Address, 'Cuthbert Conny-Catcher' advises Greene to deal with great abuses and to leave such humble offenders alone. He also adds a plain hint that any further disclosures would be made at his own peril. Greene's life was indeed in danger, and at least one determined effort was made to murder him, but he was no coward and, in the fourth pamphlet, 'A Disputation betwene a Hee Conny-Catcher and a Shee Conny-Catcher,' he did not hesitate to mention names and places. Finally he promised to publish a Blacke Booke which should include not only a directory of the addresses of receivers of stolen goods, but also a roll of all the 'Foystes, Nips, Lifts, and Priggars in and about London.' And, as his enemies knew, Greene was in earnest. The announcement of the Blacke Booke naturally aroused much excitement both in the general public and in the Conny-Catchers. However disinterested his original motives had been, Greene had now realised that Conny-catching pamphlets were 'best-sellers.' . . . But the supply of authentic stories was running short, and most of Ned Browne's exploits are manifestly fictitious. Indeed, Greene did not hesitate to borrow ideas from his 'ennemies' Defence." It is useful to have these two thus bound together for purposes of comparison, and the whole series is an amusing and illuminating induction to a type of journalism that has since developed to an amazing extent. Greene was a prototype of Horatio Bottomley in many respects.

Pastiche.

OBLITERARY OPINIONS.

By WILLIAM BELL.

H. G. WELLS is the doyen of reporters in this era. He has a fully developed talent for collecting information and publishing it at least five minutes before anybody else. Most of his stuff is second-hand—a reporter's material must of necessity be so. This knack of his for acquiring news a day in advance has earned him something of a reputation as prophet. It is based on the happy accident of his vocation, which enables him to receive telephone messages from the police station, so to speak, before the latest sensation appears in the Press.

Circumstances have given Wells the opportunity of hearing most public questions discussed privately by those in authority, and his journalistic facility has happily enabled him to take advantage of his eaves-droppings. Moreover, he knows the value of calling a spade a crimson shovel, and is now classified as a "realist."

A future generation will probably look upon his novels as prophecies, and his alleged prophetic works as romances—that is to say, if Wells's future is not already a thing of the past. There is no denying the fact that he has made his journalistic brilliance shine on the semi-educated of his contemporaries, but so has Horatio Bottomley, who had pudding-headed John Bull in his pocket "for the duration."

THE SOCIAL CREDIT MOVEMENT

SECRETARIES OF LOCAL GROUPS.

- ABERDEEN.—J. Crombie Christie, 12, Pitstruan-place.
 * BRIGHTON.—J. E. Whittome, Stanford House, Stanford-avenue.
 BRISTOL.—W. Arthur Evers, 12, Aberdeen-road, Clifton, Bristol.
 CAMBRIDGE.—Rolf Gardiner, St. John's College.
 CARDIFF.—C. H. Williams, 47, Whitchurch Road.
 COVENTRY.—H. E. B. Ludlam, 12, Grantham-street, Coventry.
 CROYDON.—T. Gillis, 66, Southbridge-road.
 EDINBURGH.—Lawrence McEwen, 9, Douglas-crescent.
 GLASGOW.—H. M. Murray, 73, Ingleby-drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.
 * GOLDERS GREEN (The Hampstead Garden Suburb).—Mrs. K. Roche, 32, Hogarth Hill, N.W. 11.
 HAMPSTEAD.—Arthur V. Judges, 29, Upper Bedford-place, London, W.C.
 * Highbury.—S. A. Potts, 116, St. Paul's-road, N. 1.
 * KENILWORTH.—W. F. Aity, Windy Arbour.
 LARKHALL.—W. McPheat, Laurel Villa.
 LEAMINGTON SPA.—John Willows, Arno Villa, 63, Willes-road.
 LEEDS.—Geo. Kay, 7, Wyther Park-avenue, Armley, Leeds.
 * LEICESTER.—Chas. Crisp, "Edyson," Hobson-road.
 LIVERPOOL.—E. J. Pankhurst, 22, Beckenham-avenue; F. H. Anger, 45, Fieldway, Wavertree, Liverpool.
 * LONGTON, STAFFS.—D. Amyas Ross, 66, Trentham-road.
 LONDON, CENTRAL.—W. R. M. Stevens, 6, Palgrave-road, Stamford Brook, W. 12.
 * LONDON, S.E.—R. Edwards, 23, Westmount-road, Eltham, S.E. 9.
 * LONDON, S.W.—William Repton, 5, Pentland-gardens, Wandsworth, S.W. 18.
 MANCHESTER.—F. Gardner, Edge Bank, 105, Queen's Road, Cheetham, Manchester.
 MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. Ella M. Dunn, 2, Linden-grove, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough.
 NELSON (LANCS).—M. Harrison, 11, Lane Ends.
 NEWBURY, READING.—Leslie Forrest, Rosedale, Thatcham.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Arthur Bartram, 107, Morley-st.
 OXFORD.—Rev. V. A. Demant, 5, South Parade.
 PAISLEY.—R. K. Reid, 47, Oakshaw-street.
 PLYMOUTH.—F. R. Crowe, 1, Beaumont Road.
 PUDSEY.—Joseph Smith, Smalewell Hall, Pudsey, Yorks.
 PORTSMOUTH.—Thos. K. Justice, 34, Dunbar-road.
 RICHMOND, SURREY.—N. Dudley Short, 32, Marlborough-road.
 ROTHERHAM.—R. G. S. Dalkin, 41, Wellgate.
 RUGBY.—W. Bramwell Bridges, Frowlesworth, Rugby.
 SHEFFIELD.—A. L. Gibson, 9, Paradise-square; W. H. Bolton (Theosophical Society's Group), 8, St. Paul's Parade; H. Delamore, 47, Broad Oaks, Darnall, Sheffield.
 STOCKPORT.—Alex. Gordon, 86, Kennesley-road.
 * STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—W. H. J. Woodward, Arden-street.
 SUDBURY (Suffolk).—J. Rimmer, Station Road, Sudbury.
 SUFFOLK.—T. J. Faithfull, The Hall, Walsham le Willows.
 SWANSEA.—J. A. Rees, 23, Hanover-street.
 SWINTON, ROTHERHAM.—E. G. Trowbridge, Glenholme, Station-street.
 * WATFORD.—W. Coles, 16, Queen's-road.
 WESTERTON (Near Glasgow).—Jas. Gitben, 5, North View.
 WORCESTER.—F. G. Davies, 47, Hill-avenue.
 * YORK.—W. M. Surtees, Elmfield College; W. Hallways, 38, Landley-street.
 BELFAST.—Miss Alexander, Summer Hill, Stranmillis-road.
 DUBLIN.—T. Kennedy, 43, Dawson-street.
 * No group yet formed, but correspondences invited.
 Acting Secretary of the Central (London) Committee:
 ARTHUR BRENTON, 70, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.
- SOUTH AFRICA.—A. Stedman, Hon. Sec., South Africa Social Credit Movement, P.O. Box 37, Johannesburg.
 CANADA.—The United Farmers of Alberta, of Loughheed Building, Calgary, Alberta, are willing to accept subscriptions for THE NEW AGE, and may sometimes be able to put inquirers into touch with people interested in the Social Credit Proposals. In this last connection the Editor of the Ottawa "Citizen," Ottawa, would doubtless advise correspondents.

DIRECTORY

- Names and addresses of Social Credit Advocates or Adherents who are willing to (*) answer queries on the subject or who would be pleased to (†) exchange views with others similarly interested. (This list is supplementary to that of the local Secretaries of the Movement given on this page.)
- † BROOM, E. J., 70, Marylands-road, Paddington, W 9.
 * DOUGLAS, Major C. H., 8, Fig Tree-court, Temple, E.C. 4.
 * DALKIN, R. G. S., 9, Morthen Rd., Wickersley, Yorks.
 * GALLOWAY, C. F. J., 37, Cale Street, S.W. 3.
 † KIRKBRIDE, J. S., The Old Hall, Lowdham, Notts.
 † McINTYRE, A. HAMILTON, 9, Townhead-terrace, Paisley.
 † MEADE, Miss S. F., Sandpit, Horsington, Templecombe.
 * O'NEILL, JOSEPH, 31, Hayfield-road, Claremont Estate, Pendleton.

CREDIT RESEARCH LIBRARY

During February and March the following books on finance or economics have been published.

SOCIAL CREDIT. By C. H. DOUGLAS. 7s. 6d.

THE FLAW IN THE PRICE SYSTEM. By P. W. MARTIN. 4s. 6d.

THE DEADLOCK IN FINANCE: A Simplified Explanation of the Famous Credit Theorem of Major C. H. Douglas. By MAJOR ARTHUR E. POWELL. 5s.

BANKERS AND CREDIT. By HARTLEY WITHERS. 6s.

They are all worthy of attention. The first three should be read by all students of the new economics.

"The Community's Credit."

A reasoned consideration of the theoretical content and practical implications of the DOUGLAS CREDIT PROPOSALS.

By C. MARSHALL HATTERSLEY, M.A., LL.B.

"It is interesting to record the publication of books like this: they are evidence of careful thought, and serve to guide men into the ways of clear thinking. Original thought is all to the good, and the perfect galaxy of it in "The Community's Credit" is an earnest of future advancement . . . The work will form a useful comparative volume to read alongside some of the more academic economic treatises."—*The Bank Officers Guild*, June, 1923.

"Here, then, is a book for those who wish to grasp the essentials of the problem, the very primer of credit-economics wherein the lesson is made plain. There is no excuse now for the criticism so often urged that Douglas was "obscure" . . . Mr. Hattersley is a splendid guide, and his book is a triumph."—*The Fellowship*, June, 1923.

" . . . Should prove helpful to the Social Credit student who wants a bird's-eye view of what has been thought and said on the subject to the present time. . . . Mr. Hattersley's quotations from orthodox economists, financial leaders and writers on Social Credit are well chosen . . . In the chapters dealing with constructive credit in principle and practice, Mr. Hattersley offers a good deal of thought-stimulating comment, particularly while dealing with international relations."—*Credit Power*, April, 1923.

Crown 8vo, 165 pp. Price 5/- Nett. (Postage 2d.)

Catalogue of other books and pamphlets free on application

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for "The New Age," to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 15s. for 12 months; 7s. 6d. for 6 months; 3s. 9d. for 3 months.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed and made payable to "THE NEW AGE PRESS."

All communications should be addressed, Manager, THE NEW AGE, 70, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRINTING CO., LTD., 10 Temple Avenue, E.C. 4.