

# THE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We quote (chiefly from The Times of October 31) an analysis of the votes recorded at the election. The table excludes Northern Irish constituencies and those in which the returns were undeclared, or in which there was no contest, but as it gives the figures relating to 600 seats it may be regarded as representative of the whole of the voting. The figures for last year's election are added. These are, however, the grand total for that election:—

Votes counted up to Oct. 31.	Seats	Total Sea Votes I	isso-
Unionist	won. 403 36	recorded lu 5,359,690 4,251,573	258 158
Constitutionalist 175,285 Labour 5,471,180 Other Parties 105,765	150	4,348,379	193 6
Total 16,016,992		14,186,438	615

Bringing in the corresponding numbers of the electorate, the following results are shown:-1924: Electorate (proportion), 19,948,798; votes (proportion), 16,016,992 (about 80 per cent.).
1923: Electorate (total), 19,173,754; votes (total), 14,186,438 (about 75 per cent.).

Three times in two years have the nineteen million odd passengers by the State train been hustled out Mr. Baldwin. Then they let Mr. MacDonald have a try, but put Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Asquith on the footplate to watch him. Now they have decided to give Mr. Baldwin another turn. "Why all this to give Mr. Baldwin another turn. "Why all this turmoil?" it may be asked. It is because the train hard hardly moves; and this in spite of its being hauled by a powerful modern locomotive. It is obvious, even to the meanest intelligence, that the fault lies with the drivers. Is that not so? Very well; what else is there to be done than to change them? Accordingly, we now see the nineteen odd million passengers more or less contentedly climbing back into their first, second, and third-class compartments in the hope of a fast, non-stop run to their destination. It is true that there are defects in the

locomotive: the water-feed to the boiler is badly choked, and the little steam pressure that is developed goes, for the most part, anywhere but into the cylinders. The passengers are unaware of this. They are also unaware that in the region through which they are travelling water, that is, water of the which they are travelling water, that is, water of the right kind for steaming purposes, is very scarce, and that at times when the driver does manage to get a few miles an hour extra speed out of his and that at times when the driver does manage to get a few miles an hour extra speed out of his engine, some watchful gentlemen in signal-boxes whose duty it is to control the water supply, calculate how soon the engine's tank will be emptied, and at the proper moment switch the whole train off the main line on to a loop line which turns round backmain line on to a loop line which turns round backwards for several miles to a spot where more water is to be had. The reason for this is that unless water is delivered through a gold pipe it will not develop steam; and since there is so little gold, these pipes are few regards and face there are few regards. are few, remote, and far apart. And they all belong to the watchful gentlemen. This gives rise to the to the watchful gentlemen. This gives rise to the most amazing phenomenon, namely, that the faster the train goes the more quickly the travellers find themselves arriving at the same stations a second time. When this circuitous mode of progress has made them sufficiently giddy, the time is deemed ripe for another election of a driver. They get out and vote. Having done so, they hear a voice saying, "Come inside."

This grotesque state of affairs explains the remarkable lack of enthusiasm in the Conservative Press about their great victory. The Times, the Evening Standard and the Observer, are besprinkling the future with "if's" and "but's." "Life," said ling the future with "if's" and "but's." "Life," said ling the future with "if's" and "but's." "Life," said ling the future with "if's" and "but's." "Life," said ling the cold increases, responsibility increases." And there is no doubt about it that more storm than sunshine will play round the Conservative point of the sunshine will play round the Conservative point of the political pyramid. The function of politics is to reconcile the citizens of a country to the effects of an over-riding financial policy. The chief of these effects mecessitates individual abstinence from well-being. The abstinence itself being taken for granted the task The abstinence itself being taken for granted, the task of politicians is that of deciding the conditions of its incidence. They have to settle the rules for the distribution of search and settle the rules for the distribution of search and se tribution of sacrifices! Since general agreement is impossible, they have to arrive at a temporary arrangement by counting heads. Hence party politics. But

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party majorities of themselves settle nothing, because there is not the same economic power behind the vote of each citizen. The votes of ten armed men count for more than those of a hundred disarmed men. A political majority can force through Parliament any measures it likes. But what has it then done? Nothing more than invest with legal sanction a mere intention. But the tussle comes when it is sought to translate that intention into accomplishment. Then it is a battle of arms and not votes. The reality of the situation rarely becomes visible, but that is because unarmed citizens usually vote for the things that the armed citizens recommend. Nevertheless, even unarmed citizens have an immense power—the power of inertia-of non-co-operation, the might of listlessness. The Conservative organs already mentioned point to the high Socialist vote of 5½ millions, and warn the new Government that it must take this into serious account. Why? The reason they give is that the next election may easily being Socialise to the tent. the next election may easily bring Socialism to the top. But that is not the true reason. Nobody is thinking of what may happen after the four or five years during which the Country of t which the Government can remain in power if it wishes. The real cause of anxiety is the fact that such a large number of voters resisted the Zinoviev stampede. The election figures are consistent with the theory that the million votes lost to the Liberals went to the Conservatives, while of those cast by the two million virgin voters who appeared at the poll Labour took no fewer than half, as well as retaining all its previous supporters. If this is roughly the case, the Labour vote, however much one discounts it to eliminate those voters who only take an interest in national affairs at election time, represents a body of opinion capable of gravely impeding, if not of completely frustrating Conservative legislation which threatens its interests. So, the real fear of the Conservatives is not what may happen in the political field when another election becomes due, but what may happen in the industrial field at any moment.

Consider, too, the especially ugly features of the situation. Nobody knows yet what sort of evidence will be forthcoming to justify the assumption that the Zinoviev letter was authentic. We hope, now that it has played its part, that it will turn out to be what it was said to be. If not, the effect will be deplorable upon the psychology of the replaced file of the Labour upon the psychology of the rank and file of the Labour movement. They will believe that they were cheated out of power. That will predispose them to block indiscriminated the state of the charge of of the c discriminately the policy of their supersessors. It will trebly underline the retort made by the Communist delegate to Mr. Frank Hodges at the recent Trade Union Congress when the latter was urging his audience to support constitutionalism, relying two educations. ence to support constitutionalism, relying upon educating the electorate. That retort, as our readers will remember, was, "What about the far greater power to mis-educate?"

Much more important will be the reaction of the react reaction of the Labour movement to the Communists' disparagement of Parliamentary action as an effective means of progress. While Labour was in office, and hopes hopes were indulged that it would soon be in power, the insistence of the Communists upon the need for industrial mobilisation, i.e., organisation for direct action," was not heeded. Far otherwise now. Not only the workers who want something done, but even Labour politicians who only want another Labour Government, will be ready listeners. The latter do not wish to wait five years and will welcome anything not wish to wait five years, and will welcome anything that will produce another deadlock and precipitate an Labour will again become classconscious. In the meantime, we learn from a Reuter cable in the Manchester Guardian of October 25 that Karalan Manchester Guardian ber 25 that Kazelenbaum, one of the members of the Russian State Bank, has asserted that five of the largest I am a state beautiful and the state of the largest I am a state beautiful and the state of the largest I am a state beautiful and the state of the largest I am a state of t largest London banks and some branch offices of American banks are going to open a credit of several million roubles for financing imports and exports of

the Soviet Union. Evidently "business (with Russia) as usual" was well under way before Mr. MacDonald was forbidden to sail.

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The reference made by Mr. MacDonald at Cardiff to the part played by the Foreign Office officials in regard to the publication of the Zinoviev letter needs a comment. He says that when he sent back his contingent reply on October 24 he expected it to be returned to 100 meters. returned to him again with the proofs (if any) of the returned to him again with the proofs (if any) of the authenticity of the original letter. But that night it was published. Mr. MacDonald said that he was "making no complaints." Nevertheless, he expressed his doubts as to the authenticity of the letter. In that case he ought to make complaints. The reason given by the Press in justification of the action of the Foreign Office is that they knew the *Daily Mail* was going to publish the letter. One is left to assume that they publish the letter. One is left to assume that they happened to satisfy themselves on the authenticity point just at the time when the Daily Mail threatened publication. A curious coincidence But granting publication, A curious coincidence. But granting that, there remains the question of whether it is the duty of the permanent official to "do a good turn to the party government. The doctrine that we have always had drummed into aways has been that of always had drummed into our ears has been that of the exact observance of law and precedent by these officials irrespective of the party in office. We hope that the public will be trusted with some more informathat the public will be trusted with some more information. Meanwhile, the ideas which we expressed soon after the last election (and which we expressed by a after the last election (and which were opposed by a correspondent) about permanent-officialdom are in no danger of dislodgment while it is possible to stumble across passages like that which we quote hereunder. across passages like that which we quote hereunder. A Mr. B. S. Townroe, writing to The Times from the Junior Carlton Club under the date of October 31, refers to the Housing Question, and presses for Mr. Baldwin to give early attention to it. He then goes on:—

on:—
"Many local authorities are waiting for a lead,
for they are suspicious of the Wheatley Act, with all
for they are suspicious of the Wheatley Act, with all its confused conditions as to rent, and are postponing a definite decision. Without any legislative repeal, it is probable that some of the provisions of this Act will fall into oblivion automatically through one or other of the loopholes shrewdly provided by experienced officials in anticipation of the present situation.

We are afraid Mr. Townroe had been lifting some very prime chateaux in the air to have become thus indiscreet. Perhaps he does not have become the are a creet. Perhaps he does not realise that there are a number of instructed political observers who hold Mr. wiew that the prospect of a public discussion of Mr. Wheatley's ideas about the financial of his housing. Wheatley's ideas about the financing of his programme had more to do with the hurrying as, in these people's view, the project of Sir £200,000,000 development scheme announced by Montague Barlow led to the discrediting and We fall of Mr. Baldwin's administration last year. fall of Mr. Baldwin's administration last year. Strongly urge Mr. Wheatley to ask a question in the House on this matter, and to follow it up persistently. Any of our readers who are in touch with him should write to emphasise this necessity. If we are going to have dodging of this sort in our "democratic" institutions we might just as well save ourselves the trouble tions we might just as well save ourselves the trouble of electing representatives of electing representatives, and change over to a Mussolini system at once. In the ultimate result a slip of the sword is not so and the slip of the pen. slip of the sword is not so mighty as a slip of the pen.

There will be many opportunities of discussing the programme of the new Government. We shall only here make reference to the principle to which it is committed, as against Collectivism. It is summed in a phrase of Mr. Strachey's in this week's Spectator "We must increase ownership by every legitimate means." His argument is that since divorced from ownership is Socialism's nity "therefore "let us see to it that he, nity "therefore "let us see to it that he, more fortunate fellows, has a ticket in life's lottery

and may dream, like the capitalist of narrow means, the dreams of success." This matter, he says, is one "habitually avoided by our so-called leaders and guides. They seem afraid to proclaim that property and ownership are the vantage ground of Freedom." Elsewhere in the same issue of that journal Mr. J. R. Stirling Taylor gives a local name to this aspiration in an article advocating the "Guild Company." Why not, he says, get a clause inserted in articles of association under the Companies Aots that "charled down and the companies of the companies of the companies of the companies and the companies of the companies and the companies are companies." that "shareholders would only get a fixed sum of, say, anything between 5 and 10 per cent. (according to the risk involved)"; surplus profits to be divided between the staff in proportion to earnings. Then, as to management, a share in control could be given to the workers by a clause whereby "the annual meeting of the company shall be composed, not of the shareholders, but of the representatives of the working staff, from general manager down to some kind of deputy for the office boy." The first clause would encourage everyone to work harder while, under the second, it is quite "probable that the working staff would in with the vite the present directors and managers and masters to continue in their offices—just because they are the best men for the jobs." He bases his estimate of profit allowable to shareholders on the fact that "at present the normal interest received on invested capital is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 5 per cent. We are far from disagreeing with any plan suggesting a limitation of percentages of profit, but we see no hope of shareholders acquiescing in the plan unless it attaches to the proposed limitation of the *rate* a guarantee of larger *aggregate* profit. Again, Mr. Taylor should take into consideration the rate. the reason why normal interest rates all tend towards one figure, be it 5 per cent. or any other. It is because share values are marked up or down according to their earning power. A £100 share, if it earns, say, 50 per cent. in the first year of a new company's existence, becomes worth, say, £1,000. Usually in such a case the 50 per cent, would not be distributed; most of it would be placed to reserve and accumulated until a time when free bonus shares would be shares in would be issued to the then holders of the shares in full satisfaction of their claim on the reserved pro-fits. To attempt, as Mr. Taylor suggests, to distri-bute on the staffs bute surplus profits over 5 per cent. among the staffs from year to year would (1) upset the shareholders by depriving them of the sporting chance of a rise in the value of their investments; (2) incur the hostility of the Stock Freshauge, which makes a fat livin the value of their investments; (2) incur the hostility of the Stock Exchange, which makes a fat living out of this sport; and (3) bring down upon his head the wrath of Finance, whose stability would be menaced by the diversion of reserve funds into citizens' pockets. The "reserves" custom is an application of the principle of "destitutionism" to industrial investors, just as the cutting of wages is to workers. Titles to wealth may be multiplied in face value to any extent so long as the so long as they are not exercised in the enjoyment of life Immediately there should set in a general disposition to exercise those titles in that way, and their face value dwindles fast towards zero. We have only space to mention another weakness of Mr. Taylor's idea, which is that his attention is bestowed on the on the manner of distributing profits to the exclusion of the question where they are going to be earned. The immediate problem is to get orders

Fraser in the Spectator of October 25, to which we made reference to the spectator of October 25, to which we made in the Spectator of October 25, to will made reference last week. First, let us record some useful. useful facts which he gave. The gold reserve now concentrated in the Bank of England amounts to £150,000,000. The pre-war reserve of this bank was £30 millions and the other banks held £40 millions between them. In addition, there were £80,000,000

of gold coin in circulation. "The aggregate assets of the banks—Bank of England, English, Scotch, and Irish banks—and of the currency notes are double the pre-war figure, and exceed £3,000,000,000 (December, 1923)." The number of branches of these banks has increased from 7,423 to 11,394. Next let us quote an illuminating sentence:—

THE NEW AGE

'The inflationary borrowing of traders for the world trade boom 1918-1920 increased the bank assets by £800,000,000."

If banks only lend out of savings, here is a flagran, instance of the part being greater than the whole Someone ought to read a paper before the Royal Society about it. Sir Drummond makes four definite suggestions: (I) That the currency-note issue of the Treasury should be amalgamated with the Bank of England note issue "under one control—that of our central bank, the Bank of England!" (Our italies; but his note of admiration, yet also ours!); (2) that the twopenny stamp duty on cheques should be removed; (3) that Post Office Bonds of £5 and multiples should be issued continuously; and (4) "that the long-prepared Bill defining the word 'bank' be forced through Parliament in the public interest." According to the March balance-sheets of the London Clearing banks, their deposits in 1022, 1023, and 1024 were respectheir deposits in 1922, 1923, and 1924 were respectively 1,747, 1,596, and 1,603 millions of pounds. An interesting passage tells how £3,000,000,000 of the War Debt were raised in 1017 and 1018, without inflating prices. He says that it was a "continuous loan" represented by the 5 per cent. War Loan, National War Bonds, and Savings Certificates, and

"This money was found by the people direct, and therefore day by day transferred the purchasing power of the individual to the Government. The hitherto continuous rise in prices was not only surmarily arrested, but was actually reduced by this continuous form of borrowing which caused no upheavals in the investment market. Had it not been for this sane, sound policy of Mr. Bonar Law's which caused no upheavals in the investment market. Had it not been for this sane, sound policy of Mr. Bonar Law's there would have been double the inflation that there has actually been. The arresting of the continuous rise in prices through this continuous borrowing policy is clearly seen by the curves plotting the price level of this country, seen by the curves plotting the price level of this country, the United States of America and France. This is an outstanding testimony to the effect of a sound financial policy forced upon the Government by a banker for War finance.

Reverting to Sir Drummond's four suggestions, we are in a position to appreciate his arguments. In support of the Bank of England's "complete control of bank money for the finance of trade,' he says: "This is the lead which the reconstruction of public finance in Central Europe is giving to the world." Just what we thought. Then he adds: "The provision already existing in the currency pote Act for the elasticity existing in the currency note Act for the elasticity required to meet special necessities should be incorporated in the arrangements made." The cheque stamps are to be abolished "in order that the excessive note issue may be reduced and the deposits increased by a corresponding amount." The Post Office Bonds are wanted because "this would spread the Covernment Debt among the largest number of the Government Debt among the largest number of individuals and (this is frank enough) would relieve the banks of some of the Government securities with which they have been saddled in connection with War finance." Well, if there is anything else which the banks need in order to make their power over the nation's life absolute, we should be interested to hear it. The only limit which the Government (and this only in form) can place upon bank policy lies in its (theoretically) independent power of fixing a limit to the value of treasury notes which it issues.

These notes are legal substitutes for the golden sovereigns which the banks (theoretically) are bound to pay out on demand. The existence of £480 mil. sovereigns which the banks (theoretically) are bound to pay out on demand. The existence of £480 millions of them added to the £150 millions of gold held by the Bank of England, form the substructure of credit operations reflected by nearly £2,400 millions of the substructure of credit operations reflected by nearly £2,400 millions of the substructure of the subst lions of deposits. A really independent Government could, by calling in and cancelling its notes, force the banks to restrict their credit operations by nearly three quarters, for it would thereby cut away that proportion of the banks' power to pay out currency—which would then be reduced to the £150 millions of gold. This is a sufficient indication of the magnitude of Sir Drummond's suggestion when he talks about transferring the control of all paper currency to the private institution which he calls "our" central bank. No quid pro quo is offered. No proposal that the House of Commons shall have a voice in saying where credit is lent, or in deciding on what terms or for what purposes. Even to mention such a possibility borders on the seditious. Well, the new Government has won a majority: let us hope it will also show signs of having arrived at it.

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# THE WINE OF STORM. By Josip Kosor.

The brand of the storm
Rushed upon the luxuriant, curled forest,
Winging it.
The forest shuddered in every root
Roaring gloomily,
As at the chaotic beginning
All trees rolled together, becoming a force, convulsion, curse,
The whole forest an eagle,
A black monstrous eagle,
Beating with its gigantic wings
Before the storm's blazing fury
Towards the glowing vault!

With wild delight drunken
I wrapped myself in the fluttering mantle of the
gloom,
And my soul sang with the Universe!
In a wild fire I stretched out my hands,
Embraced spasmodically the forest whirl;
So that was the same of the same o

So that my heart and the forest Beat but with a single storm-pulse!

My primeval home in my hands
I sank in all my gloomy lives,
Deep, always deeper from abyss to abyss
And through all the boiling abysses,
So that I again saw myself swimming, creeping, and
howling,
As at the chaotic beginning!

But when my soul sank tired
At the brim of life,
My mouth foamed;
A distracted, epileptic smile,
Encircled it, drunken with the bitterness of the worlds
And the fury of the storm
And like a heart-broken lover
Whose last thoughts embrace passionately
I clasped in my soul the forest and the storm,
And was extinguished!

Life is consumption, from the cradle to the grave, consumption of the pristine flow of energy we owe to the suns.

For men, no different from any other form of heat engine, the physical problems of life are energy problems.

The wealth of the community . . . is a revenue of energy available for the purposes of life.

[Prof. Soddy in Cartesian Economics.]

## Rich and Poor.

In Socialist circles the belief prevails that the poor are poor because the rich are rich. The belief was probably true enough at one time, in the pre-industrial era, when there were practical limits to the amount of wealth a country could produce. It is not true now; and its persistence, by diverting attention from the real cause of poverty and splitting the nation into two hostile camps, is one of the chief obstacles to the abolition of poverty; for the means to abolish poverty have been in existence for many years, although the knowledge of how to abolish it has only been known for a few.

When, in earlier times, the strong helped themselves to the possessions of the weak, the latter were made poor; but it is important to note that they became poor because they were unable to make good their losses quickly. If they had been able to reproduce the wealth taken from them at a faster rate duce the wealth taken from them at a faster rate than the desires of their despoilers craved satisfaction, they would not have become poor, although they might reasonably have complained that they were badly used.

In our day there should be neither temptation to rob nor cause to worry if robbed. We have evolved a productive system capable of producing abundant wealth to satisfy every genuine need and desire, and of reproducing it as fast as it may be used up. Everybody, therefore, should be securely established at a high standard of living; but we know that everybody is not so established; and the question we have to answer is why they are not.

The Socialist answers it by saying that the general standard of living is low because the majority of people have to pay tribute to the rich, who are parayistes living on wealth produced by, and properly sites living on wealth produced by, and properly is right. The rich are parasites; but so, unfortunately for his argument, are the poor, and everybody nately for his argument, are the poor, and everybody are Nature and the Past. Each generation builds on are Nature and the Past. Each generation builds on a foundation laid by its predecessors. The accumulate foundation laid by its predecessors. The accumulate greatest and smallest achievements would never past. been, are a legacy we have received from the past. The forces which, harnessed to these gifts, have make tiplied our productive power so vastly as to make tiplied our productive power so vastly as to make poverty an anachronism, are the forces of Naturali; steam, electricity, etc.—not human energy at an and the human agents who set these forces in motion and the human agents who set these forces in motion and the human agents who set these forces in motion and the human agents who set these forces in motion and the human agents who set these forces in motion and the human agents who set these forces in the product of their labour than the man who switchen on the power that runs an electric tramway propels can claim that it is his muscular energy wealth production; but their contribution is insignificant past. They are essential factors in duction wealth the contributions of Nature and the Past. They are essential factors in finant can apparent productiveness is due solely to the advantapparent productiveness is due solely to the International than the parameter of these facts it is highly probable that work it is overpaid rather than underpaid for the work it is overpaid rather than underpaid for the work of the community generally are getting their due quotatof wealth.

The workers' error lies in claiming it as workers, and not frankly as parasites. By so doing they deprive themselves of the right to claim it when to employed, whether their unemployment be due their being displaced by machinery or new processes,

to dull trade, illness, or old age, or merely to the desire for a holiday; and they prevent their wives, and children not working, from making any claim in their own right.

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It is only as parasites, or let us say rather, as citizens and consumers, heirs of civilisation, that they have any right to a better living than the Stone Age man had; and it is only by so claiming it that they will ever get it; for the need for their labour is declining rapidly as the productive system becomes more perfect and automatic. That is one reason why we have over a million men unemployed to-day. It is folly for them to expect that they can compete successfully for any length of time against the fertility of the human mind in devising labour-saving schemes and appliances; and it is absurd to desire it. In a co-operative State such as ours they may legitimately demand that the industrial machine shall be run to its full capacity, if necessary, so that their wants may be satisfied but they cannot demand that the co-operative State must find them work without defeating the whole object of co-operation, which is to abolish work, so far as that is possible, in order to set human energies free for other tasks than the mere making of a living.

The poor are poor, not because the rich rob them of their wealth, but because the industrial system ceases to produce wealth for them long before it has reached the limits of its capacity. It ceases to produce for them because they are short of money; and they are short of money because—"the rich have taken it from them!" interjects the Socialist. Not at all, but because there was never enough distributed to serve the needs of both rich and poor.

In a state of plenty, where goods can be had for the asking, people do not rob one another; robbery has no motive. In a state of scarcity they will and do. This country would be a land of plenty if the productive system could be operated directly by people's needs and desires, or if the amount of money in their pockets were always equal to all the costs of production. But the money-makers—the banks—as a matter of policy, so arrange matters that there is always a shortage of money—measured against the costs of production—in the hands of individuals. This creates, artificially, all the features of scarcity where no real scarcity exists; but instead of fighting fight for tickets to exchange for the goods we want; for money is simply a form of ticket for distributing goods.

Life under modern conditions is impossible without these tickets; and in the effort to get them people debase themselves, lie, cheat, gamble, steal, fight, murder, and go to war. The wonder is that they manage to retain any good qualities at all. And yet the tickets they struggle for are about the easiest thing in the world to make.

The reason advanced by the banks and their apologists for keeping us short of money, is that more money always causes inflation of prices; witness the cases of Russia and Germany. It is true that, under the present method of issuing money, the issue of more money does raise prices; but instead of accepting the fact as if it were a law of nature, which it is at heart, inquire whether another way of distributing money that will not raise prices cannot be found. A way has been discovered, as we know; but the banks will continue to ignore it until rich and poor combine to turn their microscopes, and afterwards their guns, on the financial system, instead of on each other, or until it becomes clear to the banks themselves that they will be involved in the general ruin that their system is preparing for the rest of us.

H. M. M.

## Wilfrid Blunt and Egypt.\*

On June I Gladstone while repeating that no troops would be landed asserted that Arabi intended to depose Tewfik and proclaim Halim, a rumour reported by Malet as being 'hardly believed by the Khedive.' This was Gladstone's first definite utterance since he had told Blunt in March that he 'never spoke lightly in the House.' "Never after this did I place the smallest trust in him." The next day Bourke told Blunt that orders would be given to Admiral Seymour to prevent him landing in Egypt, so he sent Sabunji out to act as his representative.

#### ALEXANDRIA AND TEL EL KEBIR.

The English officials were influenced in their intrigues more by consideration of personal prestige than by reasons of State or even of France. France had withdrawn from Gambetta's policy, Germany and Austria representing the Rothschilds were for getting Tewfik deposed, the rest of Europe sympathised with the Nationalists; in England alone "public opinion, worked on by the Press, primed by our diplomacy, called for vigorous action." The regular threats having failed, an extraordinary method was resorted to. The Sultan was requested to send an unscruptlous Commissioner, who would get Arabi out of Egypt either by luring him on to his yacht or by shooting him during conference. Morley, who had hinted in an inspired article of May 15. Ourabi may before long be quietly got rid of, was ecstatic in praise of the brutal qualities of the military envoy. Dervish Pasha would manipulate Ourabo in the Eastern sense of the word, and his treacherous and extortionate behaviour in Montenegro was quoted with evident hope of its in Montenegro was quoted with evident hope of its repetition. 'Dervish,' said Granville, 'will get rid of repetition. 'Dervish,' said Granville, will get rid of Arabi one way or another 'by poisoned coffee or by a bribe. Abdul, however, had no intention of being used by the F.O., and Dervish was accompanied by another agent more favourable to Arabi; nor was he another agent more favourable to Arabi; nor was he as the was more intent on filling his pocket, and Tewfik he was more intent on filling his pocket, and Tewfik secured him with a present of £75,000. Arabi was promised £250 a month, his actual salary, if he left Egypt, but he had just refused an offer of double that amount from the French Consul on behalf of the Rothschilds.

On June 10 Dervish invited Arabi to hand over his command, but he declined to unless given his full discharge. The next day a riot, starting in a quarrel between two donkey boys, broke out at Alexandria. The governor, Omar Pasha Luth, a friend of Ismail's, encouraged the Moslems, which sarmed the Greeks, and Cookson assisted the Maltese. A week before Tewfik had telegraphed to Luth: 'Arabi has made himself responsible to the Consuls for public order, and if he succeeds our consideration will be lost. Now, therefore, choose for yourself whom you will serve.' The riot, however, got beyond the control of his police, fifty persons were killed and the Consuls injured, the troops had to be called in, and Arabi's influence would have increased if he had been determined to expose the real authors of the disturbance. He suspected the Khedive, but as they had just been reconciled and he did not wish to quarrel again, he accused Sinadino and Cookson. As it was, only Sultan, who feared intervention, and nine of the deputies supported Tewfik. Malet reported that the German and Austrian agents considered armed intervention would endanger the lives of their countrymen 'to which the political question was a secondary matter,' and that security could only be ensured by the departure of the fleet and himself. Sabunji wired to Blunt to get Malet recalled, or he might be murdered; this

\*Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

was done, and in return Malet urged the Khedive to arrest Nadim, Abder, Sami, and Sabunji, all of them republicans and opposed to the Porte.

THE NEW AGE

That week several industrial towns of the north of England had protested against the dilatory treatment of the crisis which was injuring trade, and Chamberlain, "egged on by Dilke, used this to coerce Gladstone, who soon after relinquished Egypt to the Departments and men on the spot." On the 23rd the Conference of Ambassadors met at Constantinople, and Blunt published his letter to Gladstone in *The Times*. It summarised the proceedings as follows: The sim of the Nationalists had been as follows: The aim of the Nationalists had been the development of political liberty; Gambetta's note changed their confidence in Europe to distrust, note changed their confidence in Europe to distrust, which was misrepresented by the Press as the work of the army; the English then intervened to prevent the Deputies voting that half of the Budget to which they were entitled; acting presumably on instructions Colvin, "although a paid agent of the Egyptian government," endeavoured to bring about a reactionary revolution, while Malet encouraged the Khedive against his Ministry, and "permitted" the Khedive against his Ministry, and "permitted the Press to disseminate rumours of revolts which were known to be false"; the ultimatum following the Circassian plot having completely failed, the F.O. had connived at the irregular object of the Dervish mission; lastly, the presence of the fleet had been calculated to produce a disturbance at

This created a storm of abuse, there was an inquiry into Blunt's 'unofficial negotiations,' and his correspondence was opened. Scott wired to The Times that Colvin denied that Blunt had been used as interesting. used as intermediary. A week later in a private letter Colvin repudiated this, but declined to do so publicly, and after a bogus report of a massacre at Benha, which was used to infuriate opinion against Arabi, Chamberlain insisted on the bombardment of Alexandria. Seymour's ships lay under the guns of the forts, and on the roth of July he demanded their evacuation. Gladstone apparently believed that the forts could be shelled without bloodshed or injury to the town, and Bright, on whom Blunt had injury to the town, and Bright, on whom Blunt had called in June, had been persuaded that when threatened the people would give up Arabi, who alone was for resistance. Frederick Harrison, who had denounced the intervention in the Pall Mall of had denounced the intervention in the Pall Mall of June 7, under the title Money, Sir, Money! wrote to Gladstone that his moral character would be for ever ruined, and Blunt added that he would take care it was Markey of added that he will take care it was Markey of added that he will take care it was Markey of added that he will take the state of the s take care it was; Morley, of course, had very little to say on Egypt in his official biography.

The Khedive had given Arabi orders to return the fire of the ships, as he thought they might be sunk, but the forts were of an obsolete type, and after a thousand of the garrison had been killed, they were sileneed to Transit in the said by silenced, so Tewfik deserted, and placed himself under foreign protection; his subsequent activities are ineptly referred to by English writers as 'loyal.' The day's bombardment, in which the French had refused to take part set the city on fire and Arabi refused to take part, set the city on fire, and Arabi withdrew his troops to the lines of Kafr Dawar on the 12th. With the set of baying him arrested, the 12th. With the intention of having him arrested, Tewfik invital the intention of having him arrested, but Tewfik invited him to a Conference at Cairo, but Arabi declined him to a Conference at Grand Arabi declined, and was supported by a Grand Council. Tewfik then sent his agents to seduce the Circassian officers and Edward Palmer, a professor of Arabic Wassers and Arabi of Arabic, was sent out by the Admiralty with £20,000, to bribe the Bedouins east of the Canal. He left Suez early in August, but the gold was scented by his escort, and he was shot. Blunt took up his case, and the Mission was furiously denied by the Government, their lies being excused by Salisbury as "conventionally permitted in cases of secret service many."

Meanwhile, the Ambassadors at Constantinople having signed a Protocol of Disinterestedness, were

persuaded by Dufferin's fictitious account of Anarchy and Massacres in Egypt, to invite the Sultan to 'restore order'; Abdul hesitated, and a British army of 34,000 arrived at Alexandria on August 16, the French and Italians again refusing to take next. to take part. Arabi was in an impregnable position, and had he blocked the Canal, Wolseley admitted they never could have landed, but he trusted de Lesseps, who imagined he could make the English 'respect its neutrality,' and while he telegraphed assurances, the British landed at Ismailia on the 21st. Arabi was certainly unfortunate; the officer in charge of the lines of Tel el Kebir was accidentally captured. Two the captured. Two other commanders were disabled at Kassassin, and Sami was misled by an Arab chief who had been beit and the commanders who had been beit and the commanders with the commanders were disabled at Kassassin, and Sami was misled by an Arab chief who had been beit and the commanders who had been beit and the commanders with the commanders with the commanders who had been beit and the commanders were disabled at the commanders were dis captured. Two other commanders were disable Kassassin, and Sami was misled by an Arab chief who had been bribed with £500. On September 13 Ali Bey Yusuf, who had previously sent Arabi's plan of attack to Wolseley, withdrew his men from their position in the centre, and the commander of the advanced guard did the same. (Yusuf got only received a pension of £12 a month.) Egyptian army contained only 8,000 regular troops, the rest were unarmed labourers; they were taken by surprise, and 20,000 men were slaughtered. Arabi escaped to Cairo, but it was decided that with the official divisions brought about by Tewfik's official divisions brought about by treachery, no effective resistance would be possible, and he surrendered as prisoner of war on the 15th.

## Mannigfaltig.

By C. M. Grieve.

Henderson's (Charing Cross-road) have issued "People of the Universe: Four Serbo-Croatian Plays," by Josip Kosor, in excellent translations by Paul Selver, F. S. Copeland, and J. N. Duddington. They are not great, but extremely interesting plays, and contrasted with, say, Messrs. Benn s, "Contemporary British Dramatists" series (welcome as these are and infinitely better than most of the plays that have been actually "put on" lately) convict current have been actually ton "lately) convict current between the plays in the plays and puniness of stature. Compared with F. and puniness of stature. Compared with F. Edward Percys, Clifford Baxs, Noel Cowards, H. Rubinsteins and Ashley Dukeses, Kosor is a to pigmies. The difference is that between learn to pigmies. The difference is that between brained ambitious are formal brained. brained, ambitious, craftsmen and a genuine creative artist. One gesture of Kosor's vital spirit is worth more than all their clever artifices put together. It is still the habit of certain old-fashioned "critics" to emphasise the necessity of young play wrights making themselves thoroughly au fait with stage-technique. All our younger English dramatics. stage-technique. All our younger English dramatists are suffering horribly from having taken overdose of this sort of advice. Most of them probably have taken a correspondence school course in it. ably have taken a correspondence school course in it.

Things have indeed course in it. Things have, indeed, come to such a pass that it is almost safe to affirm that no Briton need be expected to write a play of arms to be passed to a play of a passed to be passed to be passed to write a play of a passed to be passed to be passed to write a play of a passed to be to write a play of any consequence if he has ever been inside a theatre or if he has ever read any play (except, perhaps, Shaw's "metabiological pentateuch") published in this country within the last teuch "No published in this country within the last teuch". Kosor however may safely be recommended. five years. Kosor, however, may safely be recommended to any would-be British playwright who has not yet done more than vaguely determine to write play sometime in the near future as likely to give play sometime in the near future, as likely to give him that "Kruschen feeling" which is so sadly to seek.

Kosor is in his 'forties, and is even more of a poet and a novelist than he is a dramatist. He is, fortunately, of peasant origin and without training. Paul Selver, who translates two of these training.

plays, said of him in his "Anthology of Modern Slavonic Literature' that 'Kosor's work is marked by an impulsive energy which is not yet sufficiently counter-balanced by a sense of form. In his plays, for example, the strength of the initial conception often suffers through this inability to maintain the central idea within its appropriate medium, and a curious blend of realism, symbolism, and lyricism is the result." One sees what Selver means; but his point is badly expressed. Have we not got beyond the stage of imagining that there is any con-ceivable appropriate medium for any given central idea? The idea finds an appropriate medium when it is embodied in a perfect work of art; but that cannot be pre-determined. The blending of genres in Kosor's work is not due to lack of insight, lack of that subtle sense of propriety on which the successful achievement of certain kinds of art (and these in the meantime comparatively unimportant kinds) depends—but is deliberate experimentalism and, for the most part, sufficiently successful to be of absorbing interest. Kosor's work belongs to the drama of a transitional period and must be accepted as such. Even very partially successful experiments along such lines as he takes are of infinitely more consequence to-day than complete successes in older modes. No contemporary of consequence, confronted with plays like those of Kosor's, can fail to respond to the appeal inherent in all such work to

Our humanness-if we speak true Some accent of that deeper play containing you.'

Kosor's ultimate place in the hierarchy of twentiethcentury dramatists is a matter of very minor consequence; he is in the vanguard of contemporary experimentalism, a sufficiently reckless pioneer to delight the hearts of those who would ask with Cunninghame-Graham, "what does it profit a man to save his soul if when saved it is so small and shrivelled that it would have been better to have lost it gallantly? lantly?" A mean, artistic caution, with its barren victories, so imbues ninety-nine per cent. of our literary youths to-day when literature has become as orderly and practical a career as any, that one perforce rejoices unfeignedly in a disregard so wholesale as Kosor's for all little rule-of-thumb methods, caring no more than he does what the consequences may be to his work so far as lasting qualities or immediate practicabilities go. It may be said of Kosor as of Kaiser:-

Call him what you will, discover the origins of his work—and a varied, wavering line his labours trace—in whatever impulse you please, the man has intuitions of beauty in the drama. He is intense in spots, rather than complete; he is a playwright of fascinating fragments; in continuing and elaborating the "speed-technique" of wedekind he has sacrificed the continuity to which we have long been accustomed. But not merch, for the sake of covering more tomed. But not merely for the sake of covering more ground or in an impatient desire for an art of outbursts. Kaiser, in his more thorough-going pieces, seeks something of the expressional power of music. If not every work be grasped, not every idea linked to the remaining phrases in a chain of logic, little harm is done. These scenes, these people upon the stage before us are visions, emotions made visible. It is the succession of emotions, the surge of filling that counts.

Needless to say, every British producer would insist that these plays are—at least, in parts—unactable. The fools!—as if any play that contains an idea were unactable. It is conventionally accepted drama that is, except in the rarest instances, unactable; the stuff they are forced to attempt to play in ruins almost every British actor of promise in a couple of seasons. As long as commercal gentlemen and "technical experts" calling themselves producers and what not stand to stand between the dramatist and the actor it will continue to be the rarest of accidents for any play worth acting to be selected for that purpose.

Bechhofer's Literary Renaissance in America and Untermeyer's Contemporary American Poetry achieved between them the feat of failing to mention almost all the facts of the slightest consequence about contemporary American literature. The state of things induced here has been so dreadful that British literary papers have just been rediscovering, on the most extensive scale, such old promises that never came true as Stephen Crane and Emily Dickinson. But, happily, all this is the usual British chaos of values. America really isn't quite such an exhibition of stuffed minors in glass cases as British criticism would lead one to suppose. I had recently the pleasure of drawing attention to one instance of indubitable vitality—the S, N group. A British publisher with sufficient sense to issue Waldo Frank's novels over here may conceivably be born before the end of the present century—or the next! His work is certainly of more consequence than at least 95 per cent. of the contemporary British output of belles

Then there is Rhythmus—a bi-monthly (from Peoria, Ill.), the second issue of the second volume of which, just to hand, is wholly devoted to poems by Eugène Jolas, who describes himself as "reporter, human being, poet"—the sort of creature one might occasionally expect to find in Fleet-street if Fleet-street was what it ought to be! Perhaps, after all, Untermeyer's book was carefully designed for British consumption, and so studiously omitted mention of men like Jolas, who, given space in proportion to his worth as compared with most of the poets dealt with. would have demanded at least a tenth of it. For Untermeyer, on the other side of the Atlantic, apparently can upon occasion use his eyes to purpose. It seems that he has written of Jolas's poems: "There is a possibility of the seems that he has written of Jolas's poems: "There is a possibility of the seems that he has written of Jolas's poems: "There is a possibility of the seems that he has written of Jolas's poems: "There is a possibility of the seems that he has written of Jolas's poems." an indubitable power in them . . relating Mr. Jolas to such poets as Baudelaire and Verlaine." It should, of course, have been Baudelaire and Rimbaud —to bracket Baudelaire and Verlaine is an astounding gaffe—and, so amended, I wish it had been left to me to say, to compensate Young America in some measure for the appalling stuff British critics customarily serve up by way of comment on American letters, and because Mr. Untermeyer's utterances in bulk are such that he descrit deserve to come by a bulk are such that he doesn't deserve to come by a sound opinion such as this by accident even for once! These forty-five poems establish Mr. Jolas as one of America's most significant poets—a cerebral White man, at his best concerned with essentially "unpopularisable "aspects of reality. The collection is, of course, unequal—but what British poet to-day would it be to be a course. it be tolerable to have monopolising a magazine thus? Rhythmus consisting entirely of Mr. Jolas's poems is as readable as any magazine I have had the fortune to pick up for years—a tribute to Mr. Jolas's versatility in matter and manner. He is a great phrase-maker. In "Vignette For a Newspaper Poet" he asks:—

Why did you sing your joyless songs To the distorted rhythm of the commonplace In a morbid shadow of sneers?

describes in "Futility" how a woman in the suburbs . . found a rain-dull tedium nodding its bald

Against the bleak curtain of her old-maid loneliness,"

and tells of a friend who vanished into the spidery catacombs of a static leer; and I feel of him, as he says in " To a Lost Friend,"

the logos of your rebel soul lingers In the lonely ravines of my mind, Like a song hallowing through a forest.

<sup>\*</sup>It is said that the gold paid by the English had lead inside, and 'the coins were bought in for the Government by the bankers at 5 or 10 fr. apiece within a few days.

# The Theatre.

By H. R. Barbor.

## A HAMLET FOR THE GOTH.

The theatre has an odd way of absorbing the most diversified personalities. He who takes Thespis for mistress is like to find himself cheek by jowl with strange companions Theodor Chaliapine and Charlie Chaplin do different but major service in the cause which also claims Massine and Leslie Henson, Claudel and Brandon-Thomas, David Belasco and Max Rheinhardt. "From each according to his ability, to each according to my whim," seems to be

In our own age and country two men have arisen who in similar yet dissimilar ways have contributed a most significant quota to the great world-theatre. Gordon Craig, the supreme exponent of the new dramaturgy, a more or less voluntary exile from the country which, if it has not rejected him, has, at least, not allowed him to extract many plums from the theatrical pie, prosecutes his researches into the more abstract and tenuous aspects of theatrecraft. He has added many a cubit to the stature of theatrical excellence and the repercussions of his theory and practice on the theatre of the world are abundantly and universally visible. He who runs may read the lesson that Gordon Craig has taught the régisseurs of Continental and Analysis de la continental and Analysis de tinental and American playhouses.

Another contributor of no mean order is William Poel, whose work is no less important for all that it is less immediately evident, less definable in terms of literature and devident, less definable in terms of To William literature and design, less spectacular. To William Poel's reconstruction of the principles of Elizabethan stagecraft, to his methods of presentation, and to his practice of the principle of the principles of t practice of enunciation the English theatre is under a great obligation. Like Craig, Poel is possessed by the demon of experiment, relentless in his self-discovered academism, determined on the prevalence of his researches and theories. And this stern will-toexpression has made it practically impossible for the terre-à-terre theatre of commerce to exemplify to all and sundry the purest products of these quite properly

Poel's life has been ardently and arduously devoted to the theatre, and especially to the restitution and re-expression of Elizabethan drama. In this direction he has a fine achievement to his credit. After having sought and found many long-obscured excellences of early dramatic technique, he established and personally endowed the Elizabethan Stage Society, presenting various forgotten or neglected examples of Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan drama. In this context it is interesting to note that the "Everyman" vogue is due to Poel, and to him alone. Poel valuabilitated this great example of alone. Poel rehabilitated this great example of medieval drama. To-day "Everyman" is known produced the world. It has been produced and reproduced the world. produced time and time again in this country.

Throughout the and time again in the country. Throughout the length and breadth of America, Little Theat the length and breadth of America, Little Theatres—and some big ones—delight to honour the Cone of the honour the anonymous clerical author. One of the greatest line. Hoffmanstall, greatest living dramatists, Hugo von Hoffmanstall, has adapted the piece for the German stage. This alone was enough to construct the German stage. alone was enough to crown a lifetime's zeal and sacrifice. But this has not sufficed William Poel. In a hundred out his has not sufficed William Poel. hundred other directions his initiative has borne fruit in contact directions his initiative has borne fruit in establishing the older dramatic currency. The revival of interest not only in the less-known also in the greatest period of English drama, but also in the mysteries, moralities, and interludes of an earlier age, is directly traceable to him.

Poel's latest contribution to the theatre to which he has cheerfully devoted his time, effort, and for-tune, is a revival of a version of "Hamlet" as

played by an English company touring in Germany during the lifetime of Shakespeare. In fact, while Shakespeare's tragedy was being presented at the Globe Playhouse, "Fratricide Punished" was being toured in Germany. It was presented, probably for the first time in England, at Oxford lately, and on Friday morning last was given a first London production at the New Oxford Theatre.

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Whether the piece was a derivative of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," or of the early version of "Hamlet" is apparently unknown. It may well have been and the spanish I have been, and from the single performance which I have witnessed, I incline to believe that it is a pirated version of Shakespeare's supreme work. this it bears a very clear but oftentimes visible resemblance. There are whole passages which seem to have been culled, sense for sense, from "Hamlet, but these have lost in their passage through an inferior mind and memory the glory alike of their poetry, and of their character and dramatic aptness. If a Congreve comedy had been witnessed and rewritten by, say, Walter Hackett, we might have just such a vulgarised, naïve product as is this "Hamlet" without the imagination. The speculations and animadversions of the Prince and his follows do not animadversions of the Prince and his fellows do not illuminate and enhance the drama of "Fratricide Punished." They serve only to retard it. Hamlet's advice to the players, for example, in "Hamlet serves as an index to the gravabalance of the unhappy serves as an index to the psychology of the unhappy prince. In "Fratricide Punished" it is extraneous, evitable for the piece. evitable, foreign to the spirit and action of the piece. Revenge remains the dominant note of this play, a concession to barbaric sentiment that Shakespeare was too observant and too fine an artist to retain in his development of the theme. Notable, too, is the evidence afforded by this piece that Hamlet's madness is feigning and the that that ness is feigning pure and simple. The hint that Shakespeare gives of nor'-nor' west madness is here stated pat and plain. The Hamlet of this piece knows hawk from heron past all doubting. In this piece we have two bondity the doubting of panpiece we have two banditti, lineal progenitors of pantomime murderers, and these are pantomimically tallied in the harlequinade (another concession contemporary the contemporary contemporary theatricality which Shakespeare scorns) which interrupts and yet seems curiously germane to this account of the seems and yet seems curiously germane to this account of the seems and yet seems curiously germane to this account of the seems and yet seems curiously germane to this account of the seems and yet seems curiously germane to this account of the seems and yet seems curiously germane to the seems are seen as a seems are seems as a seems are seems as a seems are seems and yet seems are seems as a seem are seems as a seems are seems as a seems are seems as a seems are seems as a seem are seems as a seems are seems as a seem are seems mane to this compost of tragi-comedy. Taken by and large the gives and large, the piece stimulates interest and gives many pointers to the debated uncertainties of the greater play. I should like to deal at length with these cross references, but must leave it to my readers to form their cure. to form their own conclusions when, as I hope will soon be the case, "Fratricide Punished" is issued in volume form. volume form—perhaps prefaced by the introductory lectures with which the discoverer introduced the piece to the I piece to the London public.

The performance was, for a special event, extremely smooth, and had that durchcomponient quality so rarely achieved by English producers. It is remarkable how much the is remarkable how much this regisseur can produce with the slightest with the slightest assistance of properties and effects. The portrayal of Hamlet was wisely bestowed upon Esmé Percy, they are the same to the same than the same treads Esmé Percy, than whom no more skilful actor treads a London stage. Clever use, too, was made of H. de Lange as the usurping King Erico—a deft and penetrating study. Michael Sherbrooke did admirable service as Corambus (the Polonius of this piece), and George S. Wronger the Polonius of this piece). and George S. Wray won the audience's esteem for his tactfully bombastic embodiment of the Chief Player. Orlanda Player and Player. Orlando Barnett made a sympathetic and dignified Heretic dignified Horatio. Fisher White did a like office for the inadequate part of the ghost of the murdered Danish King. The best writing in the play, apparently from another part of the street is rently from another pen than the rest of the piece, in the prologue, given by Night. The beauty with which Florence Saunders spoke this passage was only exceeded by the exceeded by the loveliness this beautiful actress brought to its visible embodiment.

#### Reviews.

In the Land of the Golden Fleece. By Odette Keun. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)

This very unconventional and entertaining book of travels in the wild regions of Georgia—with occasional excursions into the "pays du tendre"—will be a revelation to most English readers. The peregrinations of an attractive and temperamental lady, who sets out for the wilder parts of Caucasia escorted by a "tall, slender, and graceful officer, of the manufacture of the second of t of the mature age of twenty, with gay, almond-brown eyes, and exquisite sensual mouth," rejoicing in the name of Prince David Chavchavadzy, foreshadow complications. We are not disappointed. Half way through the story Master Dodi—as he is subsequently called—shoots himself, after having been struck across the face by his exasperated charge. having been struck across the face by his exasperated charge, on his return from an all-night gamble, in which he had squandered their whole stock of money. We gather that he recovered from his determined attempt at suicide, but was replaced by another nobleman, a cavalry captain this time, Prince George Tsereteli, who "drank like a gentleman, and talked well." It is interesting to learn so early in the narrative of the state of tive of his career that he "played later a very great part in This preux chevalier was "twenty-eight, fairly tall, with a splendid breadth of shoulder . . . . the hair grew thick and short on the upright head, the nose was aquiline and fine, the mouth under a brown moustache had exquisitely modelled lips, delicate and firm, and the eyes, when they lighted up, shone like stars under the long meeting arches of his magnificent eyebrows." Was ever a man better equipped by nature to "play a very great part" in a wandering lady's life? Unfortunately, Grisha—which is probably the Caucasian equivalent of Georgie—had heard ugly but unfounded rumours that his predecessor had been driven to suicide by Oderstey that he produced the control of the control suicide by Odette's "coquetry and caprice," and that she had "forced him to gamble" because she "valued her person at so high a price"! Small wonder that this military Adonis treated her at first "with indifference and even disapproval," but after many bickerings and unpleasant scenes, which the vulgar call "rows," the gallant officer went the way of all flesh, and the last chapter leaves him "kissing my shoulders, his head pressed against my breast, while . he repeated again and again with tears: " And now I love you; I love you, and beg you to forgive me the past."

She did. Packed between these pulsing moments is a vast amount of clambering up mountains, falling into rivers, and horrible nights spent in discomfort amongst filth indescribable. But Odette Keun is something more than a restless wanderer in out-of-the-way places, she is an artist with an abiding love of nature in her brighter moods, although even here she cannot escape from the great passion, as witness her picture of the vines, "climbing over the top of their supports, pouring down their glorious clusters in torrents, or invading the trees near by, and strangling them with their terrible vigour. The frenzied embraces of these vines remind one of the fury of an unbridled lover." She tells us and the first property of the manners of the manner of the tells us so much that is new and fascinating of the manners and customs of this romantic land that we look forward with eager anticipation to the promised additional volume; and if, on her next adventure, the gifted authoress could be induced to select her escort from the Sergeants' Mess, and could have the great good fortune to meet with a fine old C.S.M. of pre-war stock who would keep her servants up to their work, and devote his leisure moments to the local substitute for beer, Odette Keun could give the world a book that would live. Still, one would like to know how " l'affaire Grisha " ended.

From the Back Benches, By J. E. Mills, M.P. (The Labour Publishing Company. Cloth, 3s.; Paper, 2s.

The Labourites are evidently suffering from "cacoethes scribendi," otherwise it would be difficult to account for the appearance of this slim volume of personal reminiscences and stale anecdotes. Perhaps this booklet would be best described as "Little Arthur's Introduction to Parliamentary Procedures" Procedure," and a subtle warning to the more leisurely disposed members of the ambitious proletariat not to aspire to lead to the subtle warning to the fourteen disposed members of the ambitious proletariat not to aspire to legislative honours entailing a working day of fourteen hours in the precincts of the House, which—as Mr. Mills wisely observes—accounts for the "disparaging remarks about the fat and flabby appearance of certain legislators by critics who have no idea of the sedentary yet exhaustive work that has to be done." Mr. Mills is happily gifted with a certain sense of humour which may prevent him from publishing more Back, Bangh huguprations, but if he does, we lishing more Back Bench lucubrations, but if he does, we trust this saving grace will help him to avoid a repetition of such feeble attempts at wit as are perpetrated in his description of the various institutions he has been invited to support, which include: "The Harmless Idiots' Mutual

Improvement Society, the Society for Curing Housemaid's Knee, the Domestic Animals' Choral Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Species." Also, if in place of the chapter entitled "Yarns and Episodes" the author had given us a few more details of his early years of struggle the book would have gained both in value and

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Sir,-Your two correspondents are excellent specimens of the type that is incensed at the existence of standards of artistic excellence far beyond what they are capable of realising. W. T. S. cannot read with accuracy what is under his nose. I said nothing whatever about or against "Harriet Cohen's remarkable ability in interpretation of modern composers," but confined my remarks to her performance of one modern work, the Bax Variations and her playing as exhibited in this work. It would be instructive to develop the theme that it is quite possible to be an interpreter—even of "remarkable ability" to people like W. T. S.—of certain modern composers and be quite unable to play, as it is to be an interpreter of modern songs and be quite unable to

W. T. S. does not even know the meaning of the words he uses. Actually the language of fish porters or of the gutter would have been singularly apt to apply to the illgutter would have been singularly behaviour of Rachmaninoff's audience. KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Sir,-If criticism is based upon laws and canons, then they apply to Music as they do to Literature, and that being so, I venture to disagree entirely with the dicta of Dr. Percy

Buck, who, it appears, has just written "The Scope of Music." The dicta quoted by your correspondent are:

1. Criticism does not consist in "fault-finding."

Intelligent, enlightened, and informed criticism most certainly is concerned with the recognition of "Faults" in the work under review. It must charge itself with pointing out the devictions from the Ideal, and by that I do not mean in the deviations from the Ideal, and by that I do not mean in the sense that the Daily Mail uses the word Ideal, but in its artistic sense that the Daily Mail uses the word Ideal, but in its artistic sense, that is the permanent, the eternal, the universal.

2. Criticism does not consist in the expression of personal

Dryden to Churton Collins interprets the work of art and renders it homage, as the expression of his feeling with regard to it. Some men are more subjective than others, as for example, Hazlitt, Lamb, Swinburne, but the less objective, Goethe, Matthew Arnold, St. Beuve, and others of this school leave us in no doubt as to what they love and of this school leave us in no doubt as to what they love and admire. What other reason could there be for the existence of critics?

The example chosen by Dr. Buck of criticism is equally infelicitous. A critic who says he does not like So and So because he is "long winded" or "slow," as the case may be, is not exercising any critical faculty unless he goes further and shows us what he understands by "long windedness" how it relates to the production in question and its ness," how it relates to the production in question, and its

bearing upon artistic truth and beauty.

These statements deal with very elemental matters, but one has only to recall how completely they are ignored to-day, when the bizarre, the abnormal, the diseased are regarded by Mr. Gerald Gould and his school of critics as "originality" to be region and admired. I mention Mr. Gould nality" to be praised and admired. I mention Mr. Gould because I consider he more than any one else has confused and perverted the minds of the average critic who take him for a model.

Frances H. Low.

## "THESE SLENDER LARCHES."

Sir,-May I express a debt of gratitude to-is it Mr. or Miss—A. Newberry Choyce for the delicate poems, suggestive of the creativeness of shadowy things, which have appeared in The New Age lately? One can take pleasure and find relief in those slender thoughts without the arrière pensée of expecting the snake in the grass which the implications of the works of creative artists so often about the contract of the contract o S. F. MEADE.

A negative appreciation, but my best.

# THE SPIRITUAL BASIS OF FASCISM.

Sir,-The article by Dr. Oscar Levy which you publish in THE NEW AGE of October 23 is both interesting and instruc-The New Age of October 23 is both interesting and instructive, but I trust that you do not suggest that the doctor's ideas should be adopted by our nation. The principles of the Italians, Machiavelli and Mussolini, and the philosophy of the Polack Nietzsche, may be suited to the Latin and other Mediterranean races, but they are alien to the northern genius. Benevolent tyranny is the best thing for nations composed of gods and worms, but leadership without too much rule is better for the more homogeneous nations of HAROLD W. H. HELBY.

### NIL DESPERANDUM.

Sir,-As a non-party student of the old politics and the new economics, I have, during the past three elections, endeavoured to exchange views with all classes, from the labourer upwards, in an agricultural constituency. I have found in all classes the conviction that " there is more money about when the Conservatives are in power"; and I am inclined to agree that this has actually been the case in the past, and is likely to be the case in the immediate future.

# The Social Credit Movement.

NOTES AND NOTICES. 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. †ANDERTON, Roger, 51, Carr-lane, Windhill, Shipley, Yorks. †BROOM, E. J., 70, Marylands-road, Paddington, W.9. \*DEMANT, Rev. A., 64, Purrett-road, Plumstead, S.E.18. \*DOUGLAS, Major C. H., 8, Fig Tree-court, Temple, E.C.4. \*GALLOWAY, C. F. J., 37, Cale-street, S.W.3. \*GALLOWAY, C. F. J., 60, S., Cale-street, S.W.3. \*MCINTYRE, A. HAMILTON, 9, Townhend-terrace, Paisley. \*MCINTYRE, A. HAMILTON, 9, Townhend-terrace, Paisley. \*O'NEILL, JOSEPH, 31, Hayfield-road, Claremont Estate, Pendleton. Names and addresses of Social Credit Advocates or Adherents

## Hon. Secretary's Report.

Members of certain Groups have been busy during the past week in making the most of the opportunities for propaganda afforded by the elections, and all who have taken part in this work—notably at Penrith, where Mr. Fred Tait is contesting the seat for Mid-Cumberland—are unanimously of the opinion that the possibilities in this direction are very great indeed.

Copies of letters to candidates for Parliament have been sent to provincial Group secretaries for use in their constituencies, and also a Questionnaire. Reports already received would indicate that these have been appreciated.

During the past month two requests have been made for articles on Social Credit, and as a result a short series of articles will appear in "The Outpost" (the organ of Post Office officials in Northern Ireland) and in "The Miner" (the organ of the Scottish Miners' Association).

If there should be any members who, while unable for any reason to write themselves, can act as catalysts between trade or technical journals and people who are in a position to contribute articles, they will be rendering a very real service to the Manual of the Manual

(signed) M. ALEXANDER.

## PRESS PUBLICITY.

"The Friend," October 3.—" War and the Social Order." E. Tuke.
"The Spectator," October 25.--M. Alexander.

## MEETINGS HELD.

Devonshire House.—Lunch hour Address, October 20.— W. O. Field. Portsmouth Men's Co-operative Guild, October 15.—C. R.

# FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

The next meeting will take place at the Holly Hill Shop, Holly Hill US will take place at the Holly Hill Shop, I, Holly Hill, Hampstead (one minute from Hampstead Tube Station) on Thomas Assember 6, at 8 o'clock. Tube Station) on Thursday next, November 6, at 8 o'clock. A special invited A special invitation is given to everyone who has questions to same social nature as was so much appreciated on the last occasion, and the Hampstand members are looking forward

occasion, and the Hampstead members are looking forward to a record attendance, and an enjoyable meeting. Light refreshments will be available at a Just sufficient Price to cover their modest cost.

## Swanwick Conference.

Under the revised arrangements for the postponed Conference, now to take place November 7-10, Major Douglas's originally intended.

Control of Credit "will be given as

## Pastiche.

#### SOVEREIGN RIGHT.

If you present a £5 note at the Bank of England and ask for golden sovereigns in return, the bank authorities have no power to refuse you.

In the present abnormal conditions, however, it is the duty of good citizens to accept bank or Treasury notes in lieu of sovereigns.

"I, however, thought I would like to see some once again (writes a correspondent), "and yesterday I presented a fiver at the Bank and demanded gold. The clerk in the liesue deposits with and demanded gold. issue department wished to know why I wanted gold, and told me that, unless I had a reason, I could not have it. As I insisted, I was handed over to one of the senior officials.

"' What use is gold to anyone just now?' said the official. Notes are much handier.' Another official pointed out that the sovereign is valuable for transactions in foreign countries, and there was always the suspicion that a person demanding gold wanted it for taking out of the country or for some illicit purpose.

"I was able, however, to assure the officials that the deal was a straight one, and I got my sovereigns. It was a pleasant sensation jingling them in my pocket as I walked around the City but her them. around the City, but, being nothing if not patriotic, I gave them back into the safe keeping of the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle-street' within a couple of hours of their coming into my possession." (From the Evening News.)

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL BY MR. D. \*. LAW\*ENCE.

By Barbara Burnham.

High-street with his nose downward-smelling for all world like a stoat. Stoat like All Characters Arthur all world like a stoat. Stoat-like. Ah! That was Arthur all right, for the man was a stoat. And in his dark, all-toodark, consciousness has a stoat. And in his dark, all-toodark, consciousness has a stoat. dark, consciousness, he was sniffing out the bloodtrails of those old primeval encounters, the dark God in him secretly exultant, oh-ho so exultant is the dark of the secret of the sec those old primeval encounters, the dark God in him secretly exultant, oh-ho, so exultant in the old, old blood lust it was that that gave Arthur T. B. Pringle that evil secret is mile which made the passers by shrink instinctively from him; for when they marked it, they hated, how they hated him; for when they marked it, they hated, how they hated that slow, evil smile. The man passed them by with his cold unseeing gaze, cold, colder far than death; ah, so cold! The sky was bluey, bluey with dusk, a heavily brooding panther-like dusk. The bare trees in Kensington Gardens, panther-like dusk. The bare trees in Kensington Clustered bare with their all-too-starkly-painful nakedness, clustered close to each other like dark conspirators, remote

close to each other like dark conspirators, remote and in-accessible. Yet their tree-like treey intensity penetrated deep into Arthur's soul, although he saw them not with his conscious unseeing dares were they constructed and melted the conscious unseeing gaze; yet they penetrated and melted the hard fluid in his tierres and hard fluid in his tissues till it grew soft, delicious soft, and runny in ecstacy. Ah, the delight of it, the warm delight! Memories of tree-worship, dim, phallic memories, the faces of druids, palely glimmering, the holy mistletoe, the dark bodies dancing strangely in the haunted, savage dark bodies dancing strangely in the haunted, savage forests, or in the inky swamps under the white cruel moon. So old, so very old are the dark memories in the strange, secret soul of man. Our Arthur glosted secretly as he loped secret soul of man. Our Arthur gloated secretly as he loped along.

along.

Yet with his surface consciousness, although he seemed to see not, he was aware, perfectly aware, oh, yes, all-too-aware of the passers-by. Rum little chap they thought him, but in their hearts they feared him, a dreadful, secret fear. For their hearts they feared him, a dreadful, secret fear, he was different. Aloof in his satanic pride, his black, he was different. Aloof in his satanic pride, his black, shop girls passed him, laughing shrilly, laughing high, shop girls passed him, laughing shrilly, laughing high, edmoniac laughter. One with big hips, red blouse, and yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under yellow stockings, and the yellow stockings, and yellow stockings, and yellow stockings, and yellow male soul, stirred within him, but then it slept. Slept again, dull and sullen. . . For no, he was not the one for sudden, sharp encounters. Be still, my soul, nothing sould one, no; not he indeed. And his all-unseeing eyes smote deathly chill into her heart, and her eyes fell again, frightened by that terrible ignoring, that dreadful, soulfrightened by the triple ignoring, that dreadful, their crushing ignoring. She turned to her companions, to from loose, warm, comfort-femaleness for defence; away that awful, remote, frigid male look that turned her bowels into ice.

A woman in a grey cloak and black close-fitting hat passed by, fondling a child in her arms, a sickly, puny brat, thought Arthur. No wonder. And he laughed harshly. The brat is being devoured by love. It made him vomit to hink of it. Pah, how unutterably sickening! Smack your brat, and good woman, a good hard smack on the bottom, and to hell

with all this slobbering maternal instinct. All this lovey-dovey-cooing business! Parents must give vent to their bad temper, and what I ask you, my dear madam, can be healthier than turning up your little brats' bottoms and spanking them soundly with a hair brush? Or even a good slap of the hand? But mind. No reproaches, please. The little brats crave for this treatment, so for God's sake give it to them, I beseech you! And away with all this fulsome, nauseating mother-love. Away with all these "ickle darlings," "mummy's lambikins," "tweety-tweeties," "ducky-uckies," etc., etc., ad nauseam. He spat into the gutter, writhing inwardly, his soul twisted and tormented. . . .

NOVEMBER 6, 1924

#### HOMO SAPIENS.

#### By Old and Crusted.

"We speak of hardships, but the true hardship is to be a dull fool, and permitted to mismanage life in our own dull and foolish manner."

(Travels with a Donkey. R.L.S.)

All faithful Troglodytes have learned to look forward to Thursday morning with pleasurable anticipations, for on that day the only newspaper worthy of being propped up against a true-blue toast-rack or conservative coffee-pot contains a tit-bit by the one and only Dean which gives an additional zest to the inevitable bacon and eggs. other week this excellent breakfast relish was labelled "The Sensible Man"—His religion and the New Morality." After getting rid of the stale chestnut—attributed to Disraeli, this time—about the religion of all sensible men, the very rev. gentleman adds—

"Since sensible men prefer to keep their own counsel on this subject, it is not easy to say what the religion of all sensible men is."

That being the case, I do not feel inclined to pursue the subject any further. It is not my province, but I have often asked myself the question, Who is the "sensible men". man," and is he such a very wise person after all? The "man in the street" would, I suppose, be his second cousin, or, perhaps, his poor relation; Matthew Arnold's philistine is certainly one of the family take Mr. Job Bottle for weather. Bottle for example,

who is on the Stock Exchange; a man with black hair at the side of his head, a bald crown and dark eyes and a fleshy nose, and a camellia in his buttonhole.

That was the 1869 vintage. They and their immediate descendants are the men who landed us in the 1914 mess. Sensible fellows who held that a European war was impossible, and that even if one did break out, it could not busy making a hash of the Peace and, aided and abetted by the City editors of their favourite papers, including I regret to say the M.T., are feeling their way back to the gold standard via Geneva and New York. There must be thousands of them in London town, and there are quite a few sprinkled over the country side. To see and hear them few sprinkled over the countryside. To see and hear them at their best take up a central position in the smoking room of the local "Borough," "Constitutional," or "Reform" club in the hour before lunch, or, if you are one of the elect, stroll into the "County" when Quarter Sessions are on, keep your areas of the local "Borough," and arrive at the on, keep your ears open, and if you do not arrive at the same conclusion as R. L. S., that to be a dull fool is the true hardship, then am I a "soused gurnet."

One of these ornaments of the Bench assured me-and "he spake with somewhat of a solemn tone"—that the great source of trouble nowadays was the decay of the sense of duty in the working classes: all conception of fair day's work in return for a fair day's wage having gone by the boards. In his particular case the fair day's wage hovers in the neighbourhead of a concept which even with a the neighbourhood of 38s. per week, which, even with a stuffy cottage thrown in at a nominal rent, does not seem to be calculated to evoke enthusiastic worship of the "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God."

Small wonder that trying to explain Social Credit to these Slenders and Shallows is like attempting to direct a strayed reveller on a dark night in a language that he can understand; but the worst of it is, that after a most lucid expensions of exposition of the great verities one is uneasily conscious of departing—leaving behind the impression that the expounder is either a harmless crank or a dangerous lunatic. Well, perhaps they are right—from their point of view. Mons. Jérôme Coignard knew the breed :-

"Les hommes qui pensent peu ou ne pensent point du tout font heureusement leurs affaires en ce monde et dans l'autre, tandis que les méditatifs sont menacés incessamment de leur perte temporelle et spirituelle, tant il est de malice dans la pensée!"

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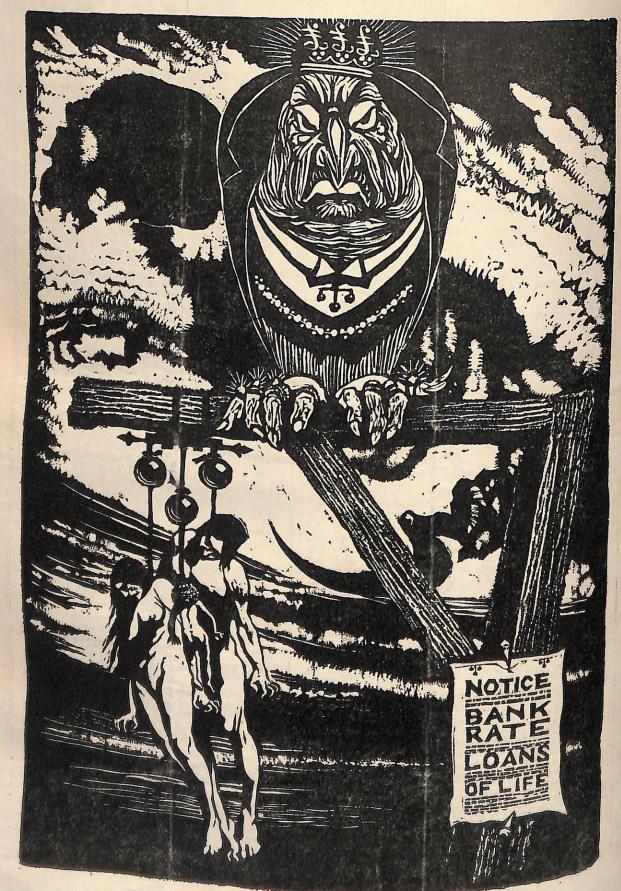
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