

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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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:—

	1924.		1923.	
	Votes counted up to Oct. 31.	Seats won.	Votes recorded.	Seats won.
Unionist . . . . .	7,367,569	403	5,359,690	258
Liberal . . . . .	2,897,193	36	4,251,573	158
Constitutionalist . . . . .	175,285	7	—	—
Labour . . . . .	5,471,180	150	4,348,379	193
Other Parties . . . . .	105,765	4	226,796	6
Total . . . . .	16,016,992	600	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 to choose a new engine driver. First, they tried 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 turmoil?" it may be asked. It is because the train 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 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 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 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, remote, and far apart. And they all belong 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 Nietzsche, "always becomes harder towards the summit: the cold increases, responsibility increases." And there is no doubt about it that more storm than sunshine will play round the Conservative point of political pyramid. The function of politics is to reconcile the citizens of a country to the effects of over-riding financial policy. The chief of these effects necessitates individual abstinence from well-being. 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 sacrifices! Since general agreement is impossible, they have to arrive at a temporary arrangement by counting heads. Hence party politics. But







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.

### 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;  
I flung it to my breast,  
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  
His beloved one,  
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 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 parasites living on wealth produced by, and properly belonging to, the workers; and to a certain extent he is right. The rich are parasites; but so, unfortunately for his argument, are the poor, and everybody else. We are all parasites, whether we work or whether we don't; and the bodies on which we prey are Nature and the Past. Each generation builds on a foundation laid by its predecessors. The accumulated knowledge, the organisation of society, its technical equipment and training, without which our greatest and smallest achievements would never have been, are a legacy we have received from the Past. The forces which, harnessed to these gifts, have multiplied our productive power so vastly as to make poverty an anachronism, are the forces of Nature—steam, electricity, etc.—not human energy at all; and the human agents who set these forces in motion can no more claim that the wealth that results is the product of their labour than the man who switches on the power that runs an electric tramway system can claim that it is his muscular energy that propels the cars. They are essential factors in wealth production; but their contribution is insignificant compared with the contributions of Nature and the Past. Human labour, considered by itself, is no more productive now than it was in the Stone Age. Its greater apparent productiveness is due solely to the advance that civilisation has placed at its service. In the lights of these facts it is highly probable that Labour is overpaid rather than underpaid for the work it does; but the point is of no practical importance. The important fact is that neither the workers nor the community generally are getting their due quota of 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 unemployed, whether their unemployment be due to 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.

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 for goods directly, as in olden times, we have to 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 not, they would, if they had the country's interests 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.\*

VI.

On June 1 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 unscrupulous 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 Ourabi in the Eastern sense of the word, and his treacherous and extortionate behaviour in Montenegro was quoted with evident hope of its 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 at seventy the fire-eater depicted in the *Pall Mall*; 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 Luthi, a friend of Ismail's, encouraged the Moslems, while Sinadino, a banker, and agent of the Rothschilds, armed the Greeks, and Cookson assisted the Maltese. A week before Tewfik had telegraphed to Luthi: '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.







## 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 Thespis's motto.

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 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 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 design, less spectacular. To William Poel's reconstruction of the principles of Elizabethan stagecraft, to his methods of presentation, and to his 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-to-expression 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 wilful innovators.

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 rehabilitated this great example of medieval drama. To-day "Everyman" is known throughout the world. It has been produced and re-produced time and time again in this country. Little Theatres—and some big ones—delight to honour the anonymous clerical author. One of the greatest living dramatists, Hugo von Hoffmanstall, has adapted the piece for the German stage. This alone was enough to crown a lifetime's zeal and sacrifice. But this has not sufficed William Poel. In a hundred other directions his initiative has borne fruit in establishing the older dramatic currency. The revival of interest not only in the less-known writers of 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 fortune, 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.

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 from the single performance which I have witnessed, I incline to believe that it is a pirated version of Shakespeare's supreme work. To 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, naive product as this "Hamlet" without the imagination. The speculations and 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 psychology of the unhappy prince. In "Fratricide Punished" it is extraneous, 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 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 banditti, lineal progenitors of pantomime murderers, and these are pantomimically tallied in the harlequinade (another Shakespeare contemporary theatricality which Shakespeare scorns) which interrupts and yet seems curiously germane to this compost of tragi-comedy. Taken by 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 own conclusions when, as I hope will soon be the case, "Fratricide Punished" is issued in volume form—perhaps prefaced by the introductory lectures with which the discoverer introduced the piece to the London public.

The performance was, for a special event, extremely smooth, and had that *durchcomponiert* quality so rarely achieved by English producers. It is remarkable how much this régisseur can produce with the slightest assistance of properties and effects. The portrayal of Hamlet was wisely bestowed upon 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. Wray won the audience's esteem for his tactfully bombastic embodiment of the Chief Player. Orlando Barnett made a sympathetic and 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 pen than the rest of the piece, is in the prologue, given by Night. The beauty with which Florence Saunders spoke this passage was only 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 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, 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 his career that he "played later a very great part in my life." 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 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 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. net.)

The Labourites are evidently suffering from "cacoes 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 Procedure," and a subtle warning to the more leisurely 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 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 interest.

## 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 "the 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 sing.

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 ill-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 deviations from the Ideal, and by that I do not mean in its artistic sense, that is the *permanent*, the *eternal*, the *universal*.

2. Criticism does not consist in the expression of personal preferences. It not only does so, but every great English critic from 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, 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 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 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 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 cherish.

A negative appreciation, but my best. S. F. MEADE.

### 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 instructive, but I trust that you do not suggest that the doctor's five, 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 Polish Nietzsche, may be suited to the Latin and other 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 the north.

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.

D. E.

## 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.  
 \*DALVIN, R. G. S., 9, Morthen-road, Wickersley, Yorks.  
 \*GALLOWAY, C. F. J., 37, Cale-street, S.W.3.  
 †KIRKBRIDE, J. S., The Old Hall, Lowdham, Notts.  
 †MCINTYRE, A. HAMILTON, 9, Townhend-terrace, Paisley.  
 †MEADE, Miss S. F., Sandpit, Horsington, Templecombe.  
 \*O'NEILL, JOSEPH, 31, Hayfield-road, Claremont Estate, Pendleton.

#### 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 Movement.

(signed) M. ALEXANDER.

#### PRESS PUBLICITY.

"The Friend," October 3.—"War and the Social Order."  
 —J. 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. Allen.

#### FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.

##### Hampstead Group.

The next meeting will take place at the Holly Hill Shop, 1, Holly Hill, Hampstead (one minute from Hampstead Tube Station) on Thursday next, November 6, at 8 o'clock. A special invitation is given to everyone who has questions to ask on the Douglas Proposals. The meeting will be of the same social nature as was so much appreciated on the last 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 address on "The Control of Credit" will be given as originally intended.

## 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 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, being nothing if not patriotic, I gave them back into the safe keeping of the 'Old Lady of Thread-needle-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.

... Arthur loped down Kensington-road towards the High-street with his nose downward-smelling for all the world like a stoat. Stoat-like. Ah! That was Arthur all right, for the man was a stoat. And in his dark, all-too-dark, consciousness, he was sniffing out the bloodtrails of those old primeval encounters, the dark God in him secretly exultant, oh-ho, so exultant in the old, old blood lust. And it was that that gave Arthur T. B. Pringle that evil secret smile which made the passers by shrink instinctively from him; for when they marked it, they hated, how they hated! 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, clustered bare with their all-too-starkly-painful nakedness, clustered close to each other like dark conspirators, remote and inaccessible. Yet their tree-like trey intensity penetrated deep into Arthur's soul, although he saw them not with his conscious unseeing gaze; yet they penetrated and melted the hard fluid in his tissues till it grew soft, delicious soft, and runny in ecstasy. Ah, the delight of it, the warm delight! Memories of tree-worship, dim, phallic memories, the long faces of druids, palely glimmering, the holy mistletoe, the 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 gloated secretly as he loped 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 he was different. Aloof in his satanic pride, his black, satanic pride. He was all too aware, I say. A group of shop girls passed him, laughing shrilly, laughing high, and demoniac laughter. One with big hips, red blouse, and yellow stockings, and a black fringe, thick as night, under which her bird-eyes glanced bright, ah, so bright, at Arthur, fluttering bold, oh so bold, exultant, and "don't I know just," at the sudden encounter. For a second his soul, his primary, male soul, stirred within him, but then it slept. Slept again, dull and sullen. . . . For no, he was not the one for those sudden, sharp encounters. Be still, my soul, nothing doing. Oh, 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, soul-crushing ignoring. She turned to her companions, to their loose, warm, comfort-femaleness for defence; away from 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 think of it. Pah, how unutterably sickening! Smack your brat, my 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 "ickie darlings," "mummy's lambikins," "tweety-tweeties," "ducky-uckies," etc., etc., ad nauseam. He spat into the gutter, writhing inwardly, his soul twisted and tormented. . . .

### 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. The 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 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 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 1860 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 stand the financial strain for six weeks. They are now 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 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 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 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 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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