

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

No. 1785] NEW SERIES Vol. XL. No. 4. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1926. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

An article in the *Star* of November 17 is headed "The Passing of the Clerk." It describes the possibilities of calculating and other machines which "approximate nearer and nearer to the brain of man." Just as copper-plate writers were eliminated by the typewriter, so is the addressograph dispensing with the lowest grade of clerical labour. The writer instances one of the newest devices on the market—the automatic sorter.

"By its means 20,000 or more cards, punched with a variety of information, can be sorted into any one of a number of ways within the space of a single hour."

"What hand labour, however efficient," he comments, "could approach such rapidity?"

"Then there are machines which tabulate and cast columns of figures, and present accounts and returns in neat typescript and in an incredibly short time. And girls straight from school can be trained to manipulate these machines in a few weeks. The cost of hiring a set of sorting and tabulating machines, of British make, is about £400 a year, say the average salary of one competent clerk. And they do the work of a score."

"But what," he reflects, "of the male clerk, who once was prized for his accuracy and speed? He will be offering in the market-place qualifications for which there is less and less demand." Yes; and because he cannot be employed he is denied an income. Under a Social Credit régime, such a man would enjoy an income all the same. It stands to reason that an improvement in mechanical counting and casting which enables a business to do the same work with one twentieth of its staff must enable it to maintain the dismissed nineteen twentieths for as long as the machine lasts. In practice it cannot do so. The reason is that it has to work under financial laws which arbitrarily prevent its doing so. A set of machines adds nineteen men's output to industry, and deprives industry of nineteen customers. Then the bosses wonder why they cannot get orders. In

the column adjacent to the article referred to is a complaint by Com. H. M. Denny, R.N., General Secretary of the Navy League, about the lack of demand for the services of ex-naval officers. He attributes this in part to the fact that their capabilities are not fully appreciated by business men, and so devotes a great part of his article to enumerating their qualifications for a business career. "Tip-top brains unemployed," he claims, and reasonably so on his evidence. At present they wait outside, living on "small pensions or tiny private means." Just so; and it can be said that it is just because these men's incomes are so small that industry cannot employ them. Add to their incomes without adding to industrial costs, and immediately you get increased demand leading to increased employment.

We referred last week to Mr. Frank L. Simonds's comments on the European situation. We have since seen an extended account of his view in the *Providence Journal* (U.S.A.). He surveys the condition of European countries and emphasises the fact that every one of them which has signed a debt agreement with America is going through a "draw-time. As soon as France signs he expects a "draw-time together" of all belligerent countries irrespectively of their sides in the war for the purpose of presenting a concerted programme to America, including the elimination of debts and reparations. He says that Europe believes it will only be possible to pay the debt by processes involving the investment by America of huge sums in a mortgage of Europe; a result, he says, which "Europe does not mean to happen." In fact: "I have been told by men who are of real weight and influence in their countries that if the United States perseveres in its policy the result will be the revolt of Europe and a war." It remains for him to advise America how she can avoid persevering in her policy under the present financial régime which necessitates her

exporting more and more of her production and refusing to accept goods and services in repayment of her debts.

Professor Gustav Cassel is nervous about the supply of gold. In an article in a Swedish financial journal he thinks that the question of gold supplies will constitute the great monetary problem of the civilised world for the next twenty or thirty years. We must economise the use of gold as much as possible, he says. This view was expressed also by the Indian Currency Commission which feared, in its report, that "unless great economy is exercised . . . we have to look forward to a prolonged period of steadily falling commodity prices throughout the world." There is no allaying the panics into which these blind orthodox experts fall. First they impose deflation to put a stop to rising prices, then they look round for gold to put a stop to falling prices. Of course their ostensible fear of rising prices is only a cloak for their real fear that the corresponding expansion of credit will demonstrate the fact that gold is not a necessary factor in such expansion. Their fear of falling prices is due to their knowledge that proprietors of industry will not show enterprise except under the inducement of rising prices. Now, disregarding the New Economic proposals, and assuming that the world must base its credit on gold, we should still want to be told why the ratio of credit to gold could not be widened. Seeing that financial policy is now under a world monopoly, on what plausible grounds is it held that the present average ratio of world credit to world gold cannot be altered? If a wider ratio were simultaneously conceded to all countries alike, so that each of them might create thirty times as much credit as it possessed gold, instead of (assume) twenty at present, where would be the bother? And see how it would economise gold!

Mr. J. F. Darling is apparently bitten by the same fear of a gold shortage. Whether he has his tongue in his cheek is another story. At any rate his remedy will give a shock to Colonel House, for it is a revival of that hotly controverted proposal of bi-metallism—that Brianist "heresy" which kept the Colonel aloof from American politics until he was assured of its eradication from the counsels of the Party with which he afterwards became associated. Mr. Darling, writing in the *National Review*, proposes to make silver a supplementary basis of credit. He would make twenty units of silver equivalent to one unit of gold. The price of silver would accordingly be standardised at a figure equal to one-twentieth of that of gold. Taking fine gold as about 85s. per ounce, silver would be about 4s. 3d. per ounce, or just over double its present price. As we are depending on a *Times* report we cannot say what countries are expected to adopt the idea. Mr. Darling says "the principal countries of the world," and leaves it at that. Presumably these countries would all be members of the League of Nations, for his next suggestion is that the League should be the repository of their gold and silver bullion, against which it would issue to them bullion certificates. In that event it will be seen that the League would stand in the same relation to the central bank of each country as that central bank now stands to the ordinary banks. The League's certificates would be Bank of Europe Notes. Mr. Darling goes on to point out that every country so depositing its bullion with the League would be "giving valuable hostages for their future good behaviour, and might thus bring a material reduction of armaments within the region of practical politics"—an indiscreet argument to use were it not that the decision on this matter is beyond the powers of single-minded and intelligent statesmen in the countries concerned, and can be made effective in spite of their dissent, if financiers think

fit. And so the visible mechanism of the Bankers' Government is nearing completion.

Whatever may happen to the bi-metallism proposal it will come in handy to the Transvaal Chamber of Mines. The white workers on the gold fields are presenting a demand for higher wages. It will now be possible to hold over their heads the threat that silver mines elsewhere may replace some of South African gold mines if there is any trouble. It is a theoretical possibility, and in the hands of expert spokesmen can no doubt be made a practical plausibility.

The prime objective of the coal lock-out appears to have been achieved. The miners are going back to work on the various terms which the owners in the several areas feel able to concede. In refusing to authorise the Federation to sign a formal peace they have made a fine gesture. Of course, signatures will have to be attached to district agreements, but they will have just about as much relation to settled peace as a prisoner's parole would have on a military campaign. If we were mine-owners we should be very nervous about re-admitting to our property a body of men suffering not only a defeat in a struggle, but resuming work on terms which will constantly keep alive the reality of the defeat. It only requires one or two fanatics to get to work for the British coal industry to be within the wit of our authorities to guess for themselves. It would be rough on the proprietors, for the ultimate sin of what has been done is not theirs but that of the financiers. At the same time they cannot escape the responsibility of having ignored the opportunity to challenge, on their men's and their own behalf conjointly, the withdrawal of the subsidy. If they had done this, at least the men would have gone back without illusions about who were the real tyrants. One must suppose that the owners were persuaded to let the subject alone. It will not be let alone, however. It will recur in one form or another throughout the industry until it is taken in hand and thrashed out.

PRESS EXTRACTS.

"During the twelve months ending June 30, 10,000 undesirable have been found and sent back to the lands of their birth, according to Mr. Robe Carl White, Acting Secretary of Labour. The number is constantly increasing, and officials are hopeful of ridding the country of criminal and dependent aliens eventually."—*New York Herald*.

"Although neither Mr. Strong nor Mr. Norman will discuss their presence here (Antibes, France), investigation at their hotels shows that both men have been following the French Parliamentary discussions at Paris closely, with indications that Emile Moreau, newly appointed Governor of the Bank of France, has been communicating with them at great length. . . . The widely varying reports of the activities of the financiers published in the French and foreign Press have noticeably annoyed both Mr. Strong and Mr. Norman. Mr. Strong, in his efforts to guard himself against correspondents, has turned the historic old Hotel de Cap, once the favourite Riviera resort of European royalty, into a veritable fortress. The hotel has been so upset during the last week that the management has issued strict orders to all employees not to deliver messages of any kind to the two men. The concierge, trained during the regime of royalty at the hotel, declared that kings and princes never received such marked attention. Even the smallest of provincial papers of the district has sent representatives in an effort to obtain interviews."—*The Commercial and Financial Chronicle*.

"With a view of combating that rise in the cost of living which is the alarming accompaniment of exchange weakness, one of the provisions of Signor Mussolini's recently reported new economic programme will be at once put into effect. In three central points of Rome the prime necessities—namely, macaroni, rice, coffee, sugar, oil, and soap—will be sold over the counter at the lowest prices."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Verse.

BALLAD OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

After the French of Francois Villon. (Reprinted from *The Dublin Magazine*.)

Honey mouths have won renown
In Love's gay theology;
Fair of speech is Florence town;
Rome, Geneva, Lombardy,
Piedmont and Savoy they cry;
Venice, bud o' the foam, encloses
Queens of discourse—yet I sigh,
Paris lips are wise as roses.

Girls of Naples, slim and brown,
Chatter bird-like, shrill and high;
Prussia, too, will claim the crown;
Germany and Hungary,
Egypt, where old star-songs lie;
Gold-voiced Greece, where light reposes;
Spain—ah, Spain!—and yet sing I,
Paris lips are wise as roses.

Two old fishwives could bawl down
Valence, Toulouse, Gascony;
Calais women screech and frown;
Breton girls and Picards vie
With the English, silent, shy,
Swiss, Lorraines with rustic noses,
These are dull of wit and sly.
Paris lips are wise as roses.

Paris, Prince, not Italy,
Love's most secret lore discloses.
Here's her wisdom: love and die—
Paris lips are wise as roses!

MICHAEL SCOT.

BALLADE.

A CE PROPOS, EN VIEIL FRANCOIS.

After the French of Francois Villon. (Reprinted from *The Dublin Magazine*.)

And the Apostles—gone likewise!
Amice and stole and alb of snow,
The holy men whose starry guise
Outshone the devil's fieriest glow;
These—these—are scattered too—my woe!
Strewn by the wind—the wind—are they.
Aye, sons and slaves alike must go:
The wind sweeps all save dreams away.

Where in Constantinople lies
The gold-hand Emperor? None know.
The king of France whose courties
Above all other princes show:
Greatly he honoured God, and though
He was sung, maybe, in his day,
Around his tomb the dead leaves blow,
The wind sweeps all save dreams away.

Vienne, Grenoble, old seignories,
Their saints and heroes—gone also.
Their proud young Dauphins? Veil your eyes,
Dolles and Dijon, and Sallins strow
The wide earth with their overthrow—
Heralds, poursuyvants, pages gay,
Sires and their heirs blown to and fro—
The wind sweeps all save dreams away.

Princes like beggarmen below—
Must droop their heads toward the clay,
The bright fruit falls from vine and sloe—
The wind sweeps all save dreams away.

MICHAEL SCOT.

SYMPHONY IN RED.

Within the church
The solemn priests advance,
And the sunlight, stained by the heavy windows,
Dyes a yet richer red the scarlet banners
And the scarlet robes of the young boys that bear them.
But the thoughts of one of these are far away,
With carmined lips putting an invitation,
Are with his love—his love, like a crimson poppy
Flaunting amid prim lupins;
And his ears hear nought of the words sung from the
rubrickeed book.

A S. J. TESSIMOND.

My Naked Life.

By Grant Madison Hervey.

IV. THE THIRD GOHANNA.

The total area of my prison was about six thousand acres. It came into existence in a very remarkable way. About twenty-five or thirty years ago, a young English trade-unionist, named William Holman, received in Sydney a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment, or thereabouts, for some merely technical offence. He served his sentence in Darlinghurst Jail. This latter was a hideous, Stone Age type of prison, situated almost in the very heart of Sydney, contiguous to Oxford Street. In recent years, although the frowning walls still remain—or were still there, at all events, when I was last in Sydney—it has been transformed into a technical school. In Darlinghurst Jail, Mr. Holman, who was a cabinet-maker by trade, was employed as a carpenter. The late Controller-General of Prisons, Mr. Samuel McCaulay, from whom I have these interesting facts, told me that as a prisoner Mr. Holman kept his eyes open, did his work diligently, and said nothing. Ten or fifteen years later on, the same William Holman became Premier of the State of New South Wales. And instantly, to his eternal credit, this able mechanist of Labour—mechanist because he provided the Labour Party in New South Wales with its brains—remembering the unspeakable conditions of Darlinghurst, created a new experimental system. He invented something entirely new for Australia in the shape of jails.

The area chosen was situated about 160 miles north of Sydney. It fronted upon the Pacific Ocean, and was eighteen miles from a railway. The land was very poor. In the geological sense, it was very recent land—country not long emerged above the surface of the sea. It carried a heavy growth of native timber, of two descriptions; trees too old to be worth milling, and trees too young to be fit for the saw. All the best trees had long since been cut out, and converted into railway-sleepers at River Manning and mills. Upon this area, which was then quite worthless and converted into a commercial point of view, but which had less from a commercial point of view, Mr. Holman showed that it could produce tall timber, a pine-forest. New conceived the idea of creating in soft varieties of South Wales was very deficient in soft varieties of timber. And so this area was taken over by the State and, with the exclusive aid of prison labour, after the nucleus of the Afforestation Camp had been built, operations began.

The whole area was surveyed very carefully, and divided into pine-blocks, with geometrical precision. Each block, after clearing away all standing timber and burning thereof, was planted with ten thousand pines. We spent the summer part of the year—there is really no winter there—in clearing off more land and burning the heaped timber. And then, when the rains came, about March or April, we began to plant young pines. And this routine had been carried out, before our coming, for about fourteen years. With what result? Why, with the divine result that the State not only owns a magnificent pine-forest, laid out like a draught-board, eighteen miles from Taree, but it has also proven, during the same fourteen years, that so-called criminals are men of honour: that convicts—the so-called waste and refuse of society—when treated like men, and their energies applied to useful labour in the open, require no armed guards or frowning walls to keep them from running away.

The one great weakness in the whole scheme was the utter indifference of the official staff, upon the spot, to its success. They were, to a very large extent, the products of the old, repressive prison system; and they seemed to long for the low-grade, turnkey's type of pleasure—that of jingling keys, shouting orders, searching prisoners, and eternally

banging iron doors. Here there was none of that. There were no iron doors to bang. And the wooden doors of our huts, each man having a separate dwelling-place to himself, instead of being locked up for the night at a quarter past four, every afternoon, as is the case at the State Penitentiary, were left wide open until nine o'clock each evening. This seemed to break the official heart. They knew that every man had an axe in his hut, and could have broken out and escaped in the middle of the night with complete impunity. But because the men did not escape, nor even try to escape, but did their work with wonderful good spirits, the vitality of every official about the Prison Camp seemed to sink to its lowest possible nadir.

Of all these pessimists, all of whom swore that the place was a mistake and bound to fail, the worst was the Third Gohanna, William Hetherton. This man was a Tipperary Irishman. He had very high cheekbones, a large vindictive nose, and a very long, dismally-drooping moustache. We called him Weeping Bill, because he was always crying about something. His intellect was nil. He was full, however, of certain dark, very obscure tribal hatreds; and he only read the newspapers in order to find some new pretext for abusing England. Everything English seemed to break his heart. His own great personal grievance was that, although a two-stripe officer, senior to Gardiner and Molloy and all the others, he had to go out into the Bush along with a gang of men, instead of sprawling all day at the office in an easy chair.

He was a born lizard, without any question. On the day after our talk on God as an electron at the camp-fire, he turned to me at dinner-time with a cynical jeer:

"Dat de dam proper tomfool idea yeu talk about last night," he said. "Yeu say we all got teu wear tails again? By Jesus, Hercules, I t'ink yeu de clever mahn one time. But neww I t'ink yeu dam well mad."

The men were sprawling all around in the shade of one tall pine trees. They began to laugh. "That's the one hopeful feature about the situation, Bill," I answered casually. "If you thought that the idea was sane it would be a blue look-out. You don't get the idea. What I mean to say is this. We writers and preachers are all split-up. We have lost our herd-complex. Do you understand that? I mean to say, Bill, that every intellectual man or woman is simply the head or apex of a vast unseen group of human beings, whose collective passion and labour have placed him—the thinking and speaking individual—just where he appears to stand, as an isolated phenomenon in history. They are his tail. He belongs, willy-nilly, to that herd. If ever he loses his herd-complex he is done for. He loses all his intellectual power. He becomes a mere empty noise by the wayside, signifying nothing. Now do you understand what I mean?"

Hetherton took out his old, battered cherry-wood pipe. "Yeu talk too much like a bleddy boohk, yeu deu," he complained. "Every blessed wohrd like de bleddy arhticle in de newspaper! Why don't yeu talk like Sneowy and de Dago? Hey? Dey de dam mehn can understand?"

Snowy was a prisoner with very white, sun-bleached hair. "That's right, Bill," he struck in. "I'm the bloke that any flamin' cove can understand. Give us a pipeful of tobacco."

"Dere yeu are!" Hetherton went on, handing his tobacco-tin to Snowy. "Dat de sohrht of talk. But yeu, Hercules! Yeu say 'herd-complex,' 'intellectual mahn.' What de hell am I teu make of dat? 'Isolated phenomenon,' too. I can say de wohrd, but what de hell does it mean?"

"Well, you are one, Bill," I answered him. "You are the most curious isolated phenomenon, I think, in all history. But about tails, I mean just this.

When Bill Holman was in Darlinghurst Jail he was the head—the quiet, thinking man—of all the other prisoners in that place, and they were his tail. Now, if Holman, when his own sentence was finished, had forgotten his tail and had ignored those men whom he met in prison, he would never have mounted to anything. But because he did remember; because his own herd-complex was strong and constant, he became Premier of this State and has held that office for ten whole years. The proof of my statement that he never forgot his right relation to that human tail lies under our feet. This wonderful Afforestation Camp, with all its millions of pine-trees, standing upright on parade like soldiers—what is it but the sign of the solidarity of Holman's herd-complex? This place, I say, is more important than the Pyramids. The man who created this new-fangled prison, and who stuck it firmly on the map, with you and me inside it, Bill, is as important as any Khufu or Amen-Hotep in history."

Bill spat. "Dere he goes ageain!" he ejaculated bitterly. "More of dem bleddy Amen-Hoteps! Yeu'll be talking about de Phrince of Wales next? If I had my way, I'd bleow all dem bleddy dukes an' dukesses sky-high."

"Too right, Bill," interjected Snowy. "Up with the lot of 'em. My flamin' oath!"

There was a scattered chorus of assent. "Rub-bish!" I said. "That kind of talk is only fit for fools. If you blew up fifty dukes or a hundred princes, Bill here would still be Bill, and Snowy would still be Snowy. Get back to what I have just told you. Because Mr. Holman, unseen by the world, carried his tail with him out of Darlinghurst Jail this place came into existence. We owe every single privilege that we enjoy as prisoners, here, to the action of that psychological tail of Mr. Holman's. Now, when I go out of here, the whole future of a practical prison-sociology for every country on earth depends upon whether I carry out my tail or not. If I forget it it is not only all up with sociology, but it is also all up with me. I will be done for. I may be financially successful upon some other line of activity, but I will never pull down the balance of this epoch. But if I do carry out my tail, and if I do face the world with my new religion—my business religion, for Jacarandah is a business proposition and not a cult—if I do that, then, like Mr. Holman before me, I shall usher in the New Age.

"And that I submit, men, is of more importance than blowing up the Duke of York or the Prince of Wales. This paper here that I get from London week by week calls itself THE NEW AGE. It isn't the New Age. It is the Old Age. A true New Age always embodies itself, first of all, in the shape of a man. A man who remembers his tail. Moses, the murderer who fled away into the wilderness of Sinai and who took two years to think things out—he remembered his tail. He went back to Egypt after his weaker brethren. And so, as a direct psychological result, Moses became the founder of a religion that to this very day through finance exerts a profound power throughout the world. He established a business religion, not a cult. Now, just suppose that Moses, instead of going back to Egypt, had set up in business as a petty Semitic king upon the goldfields of Sinai. How much weight, in that case, would his ideas possess now? Would he count for anything to-day? Not he. He would be a mere name, like Sargon or Sennacherib. Be sorry for kings and dukes and princes, I say. They are cut off for ever from the privilege of being men."

The Third Gohanna blew his whistle. We got up. "Yeu de bleddy madmahn all right, Hercules," he said, mournfully. "Yeu got bhrains enough teu be Premier yeuself, an' here yeu waste yeur time with fools in jail!"

High Finance Below Stairs.

By A.B.C.

II.

Green (the big banker's footman): You were saying, Mr. Drywood, that we couldn't do without money because bartering's too much fag, and when would a barber get a pair of boots if he had to swap shaves for 'em. Well that's all right, of course, but look here, Mr. Drywood, how is it the barber's willing to give you a shave for money?

Drywood (the big banker's butler): Why, it's legal tender, me lad. Surely you know that?

Green: And wasn't the rouble legal tender? And the mark? But they went down to nothing all the same, didn't they?

Drywood: Sure enough they did. But when a man takes a pound, me lad, he knows he can get as much as he gave for it, or, at any rate, as much as he's used to getting for it. With those roubles and marks he might give a day's work for one to-day, and tomorrow find no one'd give him half a day's work for it.

Green: I see; then, it's the barber feeling sure that he can get as much for the coppers as he's used to getting for them that makes him give you a shave for your money?

Drywood: That's it, me lad! You're getting to the bottom of it.

Green: And if, on top of that, the money's legal tender, so much the better. But it's the people's trust in the money that's the thing, and not the legal tender business?

Drywood: But it's being legal tender that goes a great way to making the people trust the money. Still, putting that together with what you say, we shan't be far out.

Green: Very well, then; if your barber can get enough people to trust him to shave 'em when they like, he can sell each of 'em half-a-dozen shave notes for a shilling, and he'll soon have enough to buy his boots.

Drywood: Yes; some shops do that. But what if the man out of work is an assistant, and hasn't got a shop?

Green: Well, what then? He wouldn't be the only man out of work. We've got millions, and nearly every one of 'em ready to make what the others need. Among the millions there may be dozens, or even hundreds of shirkers, but taking 'em by and large we can trust 'em, can't we, to work to-day for the same as they worked for yesterday?

Drywood: They'd work for less, lots of 'em, if it wasn't for the Unions.

Green: Very well, then. If they can trust each other to do that, couldn't we put that trust somehow into print? Just like the barber puts your trust in him into print when he sells you shaving coupons, one for each shave. Only we've got to print for hundreds of businesses where he printed only for his own. Couldn't we give 'em Work-Notes, say, or Work-Exchange Notes—anything that'd be handier than barter. The lowest note could be for one hour of the cheapest kind of labour.

Drywood: It's too much like counterfeiting coin. If it isn't illegal to-day, it'd most likely be made illegal to-morrow.

Green: Not unless the Big Five want it made illegal. But why should you? You should take the lead in it.

Drywood: Do you mean we should give 'em these notes?

Green: If not, they could very soon print 'em themselves. But it'd give the thing a better send-off if you did it. More would join it right at the start. And you might like to be in it, in case it should turn out a big thing. Then you could still sing "I'm sitting on top of the world."

Drywood: But do you mean we should give 'em these notes for nothing?

Green: When a man comes to borrow money now, what do you give him a cheque-book for, and money to draw on?

Drywood: Security—bill of sale—mortgage—any old thing that's safe.

Green: Well, they'd have to mortgage their labour to start with.

Drywood: And if they didn't give the labour when someone came to 'em with one of your Work-Notes?

Green: A welsher like that would be struck off the books. That would mean losing the best chance of keeping in work that he ever had in his life. He could pay because he'd get work and he would pay so as to keep the work.

Drywood: All very fine, me lad. And since you know all about it I won't ask: "Suppose anyone wanted goods instead of work?" because you'd very quick tell me that goods only mean the labour it costs to make 'em. But I think you'll find that something very like your little game has been tried before.

Green: And here we are still singing, "Why are the many poor?" What was the hitch?

Drywood: Well, there's the shocking lot of work attached to it. A million borrowers at £1 apiece gives you a thousand times more work than a thousand borrowers at £1,000 apiece.

Green: What then? There's plenty of clerks wanting a job who'd lend a hand if they saw their way to never being out of work again.

Drywood: Ah, but there's a far bigger job than that to face. There's the job of getting each one of your million workers to try something new. It took a world-war to convert the British people to paper money, and nothing less than another war would make them take anything in place of £ s. d.

Green: Yes; there we are up against something. Why, it'd take 1,000 years! Well, of course, if these Work-Notes won't work there's an end of them. But why should you be against them, Mr. Drywood? Wouldn't you share in the general prosperity—everybody at work, more goods sold, trade flourishing, and so on?

Drywood: Where on earth do you get that notion from? Much you know about the banking business! Everybody at work, indeed! A nice idea! Why, do you know when our profits beat the record? In 1920, in the great slump. And in 1924 again, when trade was so bad, our profits were anywhere from eight to ten millions.

Green: You mean to say that with everybody at work and the factories going full blast, and pouring out goods and selling them as fast as made, that you don't make as much as in dull times?

Drywood: We make far less. When there's plenty of money about people don't come to us to borrow it. Everybody at work is just what we don't want. It means high wages. With plenty of unemployment, a pound'll buy far more labour than it will in your "good times." And it's keeping the value of the pound up that keeps us up. There's nothing like unemployment to send wages down and money up. Everybody at work! Do you want us to starve? Unemployment we must have, man, or we go under. Damn it all! Live and let live, I say!

WHITE MEMORIES.

When scented apple-blossom lies
Like clustered snow upon the tree,
And April with her tearlit eyes
Weeps in the lilacs silently,
Then I shall think of thee.

Remembering two who cared and stood
Dumb in the springtime, side by side,
Mute in a white wild apple wood,
One throste-fluted Eastertide
In days before Love died.

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

Views and Reviews.

METROPOLITAN CIVILISATION.

I.

The volume of work published lately on the subject of the death of civilisations does not seem to be a mere passing re-action to Spengler, whose "Decline of the West" is not by any means a new book in Germany. This obsession with death seems rather European fear of extinction which has become conscious in a number of thinkers. The decline and fall of Rome returns once more as a social enigma, as though we would escape from our own paralysis by concentrating on the diagnosis of the cause of paralysis in others. Professor Rostovtzeff, on the subject of national decay in general, abandons the enquiry into the morality and personal conduct of the Romans in favour of searching for the causes of the imperial fall in something more fundamental. No theory, of course, can ignore the wells of strength and vitality in the peoples around the Roman Empire. As long as those peoples were outside the Empire, and at the same time in touch with it, all they could learn from Rome, from applied science to Christianity, added to their menace. Nevertheless, a sapping of strength within there undoubtedly was, of which the many contributory causes ascribed may have been no more than symptoms.

Professor Rostovtzeff makes his declaration that culture is an aristocratic monopoly. So soon as culture is democratised, so soon, in other words, as it becomes civilisation, and the lower classes begin to absorb the upper classes, the social unit is doomed. The Roman Empire, says the author, resulted from the alliance of the lower classes and the bourgeoisie against the senatorial and equestrian orders, as the French Republic followed the French monarchy. Subsequently the aristocracy was almost annihilated, the motive of Claudius being to set up a democracy of city business-men, who would wield power wherever they happened to be throughout the Empire. In short, the irresponsibility and individualism of the business-man and the merchant produced a sort of plutocracy which destroyed the culture, the organic wholeness of the State, and hastened its destruction. Looking into the condition of Rome, we are as likely to see the image of our diseased selves as the causes of the decline. We may as easily find our own problems of civilisation in realist Rome as we fulfil our hopes in imaginary Ruritania, Never-neverland, or Dixie. Whether Rostovtzeff has accurately diagnosed the fall, therefore, except to the specialist historian, is of less moment than the fact that he has certainly projected an accurate reflection into it of some causes of the wretched condition into which the Western world has fallen.

In labouring to bring home to England the dangerous disproportion between rural and urban life, Dean Inge and Dr. Charles Sarolea are shouting warnings to the nearly deaf. That the only efforts at a constructive agricultural programme for Parliament should proceed from the Liberal and Labour parties—and not from the Tory party—is itself a symptom of grave national disease. Insofar as the historic division of parties is maintained, the Tory party's duty is to be particularly the custodian of the land, while the Liberal party undoubtedly is the custodian of industrial—and therefore urban—interests. The Labour party is merely an organised protest against industrialism, and what is said of the land programme of the one can be said of the nearly identical land programme of the other; it illustrates

the principle enunciated by Achille Loria, that the industrial party's policy in promising amelioration to the countryside is to gain there the votes that it must lose by wronging the people of the cities, and that the landed proprietor party promises amelioration to the town labourer to compensate with his vote the losses on the agricultural vote. Undoubtedly the present morass of English agriculture is due fundamentally to the urban course of civilisation determined by the industrialists. The land has been starved of capital because its development could not immediately guarantee as high a percentage of interest as the new national monopoly of manufacture; it has been robbed of its folk because these had to follow the capital; and it has been deprived of culture because generation after generation those with energy enough to move, following the gold-train to the city, gave never another thought to the earth-weary whom they left behind.

It was a shortcoming of rural life that it cultivated in the human being only group consciousness, and, often enough, only vegetable consciousness. Without the intervention of the city, the attainment of individual consciousness by large numbers of people was probably impossible. The agricultural labourer tends to become rooted in his field like a tree, his heirs making no advance in consciousness. The behaviour, thought, and attitude of one generation are like those of another, and of one individual in the same generation like those of another. To such a man a horse may become more friendly than a man; a dog more understanding. A certain earthy cruelty seems to perpetuate itself in him, together with a miserliness sprung from the fear of famine. All this ought to have been changed by the cultural influence of the city as the city gradually grew, and to some extent attempts to change it have been made. Travelling shows, the spread of books, village institutes, city lecturers, even the wretched compulsory education with which villagers' children have to be content; in various ways efforts, never more than half-hearted so far as society was concerned, have not been utterly wanting. But the mentality which the metropolitans have sought to develop in the countryman is their own diseased city mentality.

The land is exploited to only a fraction of its capacity. Villages are still deserted, since the man, finding that civilisation was not brought to him, has continued his trek to civilisation. Owing to the excessive industrial supremacy of this nation, however, its towns, especially its ports, have been permitted to grow without a care for the organic needs of the nation, until they have become deadly and malignant parasites. So far as cities have developed individual consciousness, it is not the consummation of group consciousness; for group consciousness has fallen to atrophy. In London and its suburbs live and work, mostly in one another's way, at least one in five of the total population of the nation. Individualists all, neighbours are a nuisance, and friends almost a trans- port impossibility. And although the loose grains of this fortuitous society are so much alike, and all individualist, the absence of organic relationship which group consciousness should have preserved prevents them from being individuals.

R. M.

THE REASON.

This morning in a tattered tree
I heard a robin grieving;
And when I hurried out to see
A swallow flock was leaving.

A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE.

The Clue of Three.

By A. Newsome.

The article by Mr. George Ryley Scott, entitled "The Mystery of Three," is only in part addressed to the subject of the Trinity. It is in much greater degree addressed to the subject of mysticism in general, and really presents a rationalist's defence for his scepticism. Mr. Scott states the sceptic's position vigorously and well, but the more easily, I suggest, because the mental conventions of the age grant him his first principles without resistance. Science and the scientific spirit, if one care- fully except its effect on the human spirit and on the condition of the world, has done extremely well. Cutting out politics, art, morality, and the appar- ently lost incentive to effort outside power-seeking, there is no questioning that science has succeeded admirably, and that its method is entitled by re- sults to respect.

The advocates of science, however, are apt to be unduly proud of its success; to forget how much it takes for granted without proof; and to overlook how many errors go to the making of a truth. Science, to give an example, is based upon the metaphysical axiom that causation is not demon- strable; that cause cannot be perceived, but only sequences of phenomena, which are entirely un- linked except by the animist activity of the observing mind. The whole assumption that causation is a fact of nature is an instance of animism, and the reasoning is precisely that of the primitive man who endowed the thunder with vocal organs.

Euclid might hear with incredulity that a triangle contains never two right-angles, but always either more or less, and that, notwithstanding Euclid's creative proof, the only triangles which ever did contain two right-angles were a figment of his logical imagination. So fond is this universe of ap- proximate circles, ellipses, and parabolas, that it has no room outside Euclid's mind for triangles with logically straight sides. Whether Euclid's triangles or the triangles the universe achieves are the reality is a problem outside the scope of science. It is possible that the triangle in Euclid's mind is the eternal triangle, and that all the perceptible triangles are only distortions of it.

It may be as dangerous to insist on the "naturalistic" or "rational" explanation every time, as to suppress all reasoning based on greater experience than that of primitive man. The "naturalistic" policy would, a few hundred years ago, have grouped Mr. Scott with the flat earthers and the geo- centrists. "Reality as defined by the exact sciences," grows up at just the same slow pace as the exact sciences; on the day that exact scientists refuse to grow up farther, for them reality itself will be moribund. Neither the scientist nor science is above the organic law, and it sometimes seems that anyone privileged to be a little more mature than his race in one faculty too often pays by being a little deficient in another. While the scientist is fully occupied pick- ing the lock that protects the secret of the universe's anatomy and morphology, he finds it conducive to mental comfort not to worry as to what was the idea behind it. For this reason a gardener may have a more valuable knowledge of a flower than a botanist. Possibly the understanding of the universe most helpful for the job of living in it may be open only to an animist, which may be why the atom is now regarded by some of the most thoughtful and cautious scientists of the time as organic, with, in addition to an anatomy and external reactions, inter- nal functions.

By the time we have once more turned animists, and deny unanimously that any such thing as a mechanism is left in the universe, every part, in- cluding Ford motor-cars and dry-cells being con- sidered organic, anthropomorphism will have taken

the revenge that such a word is entitled to on its parents. For man, the product of the universe, must recognise that the universe is organic, or deny that he is organic; he must endow the universe with idea, or deprive himself of idea. The more rationalist we are, the more obliged to make up our minds which it is to be. If man, further, is to awake even more, and to acquire still greater powers of conscious thought and creation, he had better lift his eyes from the hypnotising "naturalist" explanation, and recognise that all he is capable of becoming is already implicit either in his seed or in his environment. The "naturalist" explanation may be a cramped explana- tion, since it must be the explanation already known. If it were applied by an eighteenth-century physicist to broadcasting, it would necessitate the deduction of a gigantic conspiracy of charlatans to defraud him.

There is a certain compulsion exercised on the mind directed to metaphysical issues to think suc- cessively in terms of unity, duality, and trinity. It may be that the next flower of human realisation will impose a system of thought in terms of quaternity. It may be that infinity will prove the same convenient escape in this as in other things from the weariness of going on counting after it ceases to matter. Mankind, however, has already arrived at the Trinitarian stage, when the Heavens are reflected in the family and the family reflected in the Heavens. For it is a strange omission on the part of those who employ the term "anthropomorphic" not to observe what a cloak for wonders it is. When the atom moved from the in- divisible, elemental, unchangeable, microscopical quantum of matter to a divisible, non-elemental, changeable, solar-system-like pattern, reiterated by subtle polarised forces, we concluded not that the universe had been suddenly re-done on more com- plicated lines, but simply that man had awoke a little more. The change was pure anthropomorphism. There is a story about an old woman whose soul was entrusted to a bird, which was to be found in a cage, in a room of a house, in a forest under a lake. Some- times we see a conjurer pretend to take the borrowed ring out of a box within a box to several degrees. Matter seems so much like this on investigation that scientists have begun to frame the term "infinte regression."

It is more than a metaphysical assumption that this universe is run everywhere according to one plan; that evolution is a principle capable of being applied to stars and suns, to recognised organisms, to political society, and even to ideas. The idea behind the universe, if one is too busy to bother with it, can be ruled out of consideration; every worker must sacri- fice something. It can, on the other hand, be sketched provisionally, and the race in general freed from the question by the gift of this provisional answer. For one stage of the revelation of the idea the trinity is as indispensable as the atomic theory, and it is an extraordinary fact that the trinitarian idea has not at any stage had to be abandoned. An unity beyond the trinity has not, of course, been denied, nor the duality which is a condition of the trinity. The trinity is the manner in which the unity becomes manifest; first the unconscious, i.e. the unmanifest unity, next the division with opposites, and next the synthesis, after which the process is repeated on another plane. Jacob Boehme recognised the necessity for this divi- sion at the instant of creation; only opposition could render the Creator manifest. In the division of the single cell, the resultant polarity, and the subse- quent sexual propagation, the process is repeated. In the division of Socialism into the patriarchal idea of Collectivism and the anarchist idea of Syndical- ism, with the subsequent synthesis in National Guilds the process is repeated again. National Guilds has divided into a democratic and an aristo- cratic movement, the first asserting guild rights and

the second guild duties, the first making the guild council co-equal with the State, the second making the guild council subordinate to the State, and to religious values. As I am here illustrating the development of a trinitarian idea, and not writing the development of a movement, I may not proceed farther on this issue. Suffice that the confirmation of the trinitarian hypothesis is by no means confined to metaphysics, but is reinforced as pragmatically from every field as the hypotheses of science.

Not the metaphysic of Hegel alone, but the system of logic, and philosophic method long anterior to Hegel rest on this synthetic or creative union of "pairs of opposites." Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil" was an attempt to produce the "Son" of God and Devil, whatever Nietzsche thought it was. The whole basis of psycho-analysis is the resolution of inner conflicts, by the process of rendering them conscious and producing the decision which frees the disabled sufferer from the conflict. It is the realisation, which is to save the incarnation of the son in the psychological realm. "Ambivalence," or the arousing of contrary affects by the same experience, is an example of the division into duality which precedes the synthesis; and it is inevitable in psychic growth. Indeed, psycho-analysis is a treatise on the trinity applied to emotional life as religion is the expression of the trinity in the spiritual life, and logic a function of the trinity in the intellectual life. If the trinitarian sociology derived from the metaphysic of Hegel is in error, the fault may be in the application rather than in the method, since even here man cannot outrun himself any more than in science. The further fault may be in the insufficient recognition of the fourth force.

When only the mother could be held consciously responsible for generation, the state of human consciousness on that problem corresponded to the unicellular stage. Division was recognised, but not antithesis. That a view of the heavens is limited by the gloom in consciousness does not entirely dismiss the picture of the heavens. It may be partly true, like the atomic theory. "Anthropomorphism" fails to render justice to the amazing revolution heralded by the recognition of fatherhood. When the privilege of the child began to be recognised, and the single example of the trinity found in the family came into the heavenly picture, mankind had made a great step. Nature had not been re-done, man had opened his eyes a little more.

When I close my eyes I can imagine the night sky; in my dreams I visit people, perform various actions, and live an imaginary life. It is not inconceivable that some needle is possible, some amplifier, some crystal, which could reproduce these things from my brain on a screen, a record, or a stage. There is probably nothing in earth or heaven not similarly folded within me, unmanifest because my eyes are not open. Should the bud burst in one man earlier than in another, the prophet may be judged a lunatic, a criminal, or a discoverer. The evolution of the idea has a thornier path than the evolution of the power or the means. Yet the mechanic is superior to both the dynamo and the machine.

At this stage I wish to make clear about the trinity what every thinker has recognised, and often said. In every trinity is immanent a fourth force, more mysterious than the three, and invariably unmanifest. When the cell divided into two, the trinity consisted of the parent and the two offspring. The force which impelled the division is outside knowledge, to science no less than to metaphysics. Why the cell divided instead of growing may be answered in a thousand speculative ways, but the decision to divide remains a mystery. Why, having divided, a polarity was developed which led to propagation by union is equally a mystery. Take the simple instance of the union of oxygen and hydrogen. Invariably there

must be the spark which arouses them to activity, although it is usually forgotten, and as absent after the combination as before. The hand of the creator descends, and is removed, and it looks as though it had never been there. Explain that sudden willingness to combine, as Samuel Butler said, and "I will then explain anything." The work of the spark is the mysterious fourth, the trinity being the oxygen and hydrogen, and their combination, water.

To every duality, before the synthesis is completed and rendered conscious, must come the intervention of this mysterious catalyst; whether the agent is perceptible, as in the presence of the unchanging chemical catalyst, or not. Its withdrawal from the universe, it can be well maintained, would result in the eternal recurrence, as it has apparently done in the hive; and as it threatens to do in the rationalist. Let us not forget that the realm of possible explanation is no more fixed than the realm of possible manifestation. Both expand with consciousness. Wherever there is an antithesis, ideological or actual, Nominalist versus Realist, Romantic versus Realist, Scholastic versus Empiricist, or what it may be, the continued development of life requires a creative synthesis. On one plane the task of making the synthesis is the obligation which follows the recognition of the Holy Trinity and the acceptance of the Christian religion, which necessitate a solution by *action in consciousness* of the problems of human evolution. In a word, the question touches precisely those aspects of the human spirit in which science has no jurisdiction: the aspects of value. Science is not the idea; it is a function of the idea.

Why the Holy Spirit is in the Trinity in the creed, and not the Mother, is a subject upon which I may write later if the Editor gives me leave.

The Eugenic Myth.

A REPLY TO MR. ELDON MOORE.

Mr. Moore clearly betrays unquestioning acceptance of an unproved doctrine, and a refusal to consider dispassionately any criticism of its fundamental concepts. In support of it he collects and magnifies every scrap of what he thinks to be positive evidence, and the contrary evidence he waives aside as triviality.

The bulk of people in any country, Mr. Moore's statement notwithstanding, think alike. Obviously, if Mr. Moore's thesis is correct, that is, if heredity exceeds environment in its influence, the child of cultured parents, if removed at birth to Africa, would develop along the same lines as its parents. On the contrary, the child, on reaching adolescence, would, so far as mentality goes, be indistinguishable from the savages with which it lived, and would as likely as not have developed anthropophagy.

Millions of Europeans accept Christ as the most interpretative figure in Christian polytheism. Millions at birth worship uncritically the one God, Allah. Transfer an English child to Asiatic surroundings, alienating him from Western thought, language and symbolism, and at manhood he will be a worshipper of Allah. Transfer an Asiatic child to English surroundings, the child will accept the Christian religion. Admittedly there are conceivable exceptions, but in nine cases out of ten the law and racial good. The biological factors of skin colour and racial physiognomy, being hereditary, will undergo only slight changes; but as regards mentality, twenty years of environmental influence will have a thousand times more effect than twenty centuries of ancestral accumulation.

Thus when Mr. Moore says "mental acquisitions are not inherited," he unconsciously disproves his case. What part of mentality is not acquired? He might as well say mentality is not inherited, and have done with it. Most people subscribe to the false assumption that a trait common to parent and child is necessarily inherited. They fail to realise that heredity is a biological process, and that mental aptitudes cannot in any circumstances be transmitted as hereditary processes. To say that "the factors which determine mental aptitudes" are hereditary is to say something suspiciously like nonsense. Apart from pure instincts and environmental influences there are no such factors. "Every social structure will collapse unless it is surely founded upon a population of good quality." Obviously it

all depends upon what is considered "good quality," or rather who are to be the judges; the scientists or the fundamentalists, the Communists or the aristocrats. For instance the bankers are scarcely likely to subscribe to the same definition as those constituting the Social Credit group: the readers of the *Daily Mail* and of *THE NEW AGE* have widely divergent views as to what constitutes "good quality." From this it would appear that even were the eugenic theory true, whatever concept of "good quality" was decided upon by the Eugenists, they would be compelled to select as breeders men and women whose mentality had been environmentally acquired, and as the Eugenists themselves admit mental acquisitions are non-inheritable, the precise breeding value of this selected stock is difficult to see.

GEORGE RYLEY SCOTT.

Art.

Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours: Winter Exhibition (open until December 18).

The Exhibitions of the "Old" Water Colour Society have a definite sense of the past, and, while this may irritate the student eager for the conspicuously experimental, it will attract those anxious to form a complete idea of British water-colour painting. If many of the exhibits suggest the atmosphere of a withdrawing room devoted to sentimental leisure, from the background of an older age emerge pictures admirably suited to the barren or ill-decorated walls of a director's room in an office. Such are the four contributions by Henry Rushbury, whose work (true water colour drawing) shows an increasing ease in its combination of architectural structure with the subsidiary movement of workmen, pedestrians, and vehicles. Drawing co-ordinated by means of washed colour is also well seen in "Worth Matravers," by Henry A. Payne, and in "Early Morning by a Lake," by Charles M. Gere, the cool atmosphere of the latter drawing being obtained by particularly simple and appropriate means. Paint with more body, as in the glowing "A Highland Burn," by S. J. Lamorna Birch, leads to the completely opaque colour successfully used by Walter Bayes in "Harbour at Rapallo" and "Etang de Berre," the emphatic clarity of statement in both of which should be compared with the statement by suggestion in the sketches for the decoration of a school dining-hall by Gerald Moira.

The large "Billiard Bar, Laigueglia," by W. Russell Flint, is a fluent example of that consciously wet method practised with distinction by J. R. Weguelin, now the one Honorary Retired Member.

A portrait by Ambrose McEvoy and an interior by F. Cayley Robinson seem to stand apart. The first, "Lamp-light," is a more corporeal evocation of personality than this painter usually obtains, and consequently its wistfulness has an authentic appeal. The second, "The Old Nurse," is a variation on a theme now familiar. Careful as is every line and every note of colour, the whole is an unforced and moving vision of homely things.

Loyal to its older members' work even when performance does not match intention, the Society, on this occasion, also shows four pictures by each of three deceased members. Mrs. H. Allingham and H. E. Crocket aimed at prettiness. Edwin Alexander at truth: the latter's "The Ship of the Desert" has the beauty of actuality seen with intelligence.

Samuel Palmer Exhibition. Open until December 31, at Victoria and Albert Museum.

Amid the wilderness of exhibitions to which the critic is invited at this time of the year, the display of drawings, etchings, and woodcuts by Samuel Palmer and other disciples of William Blake is like an oasis. Coming to it from those petty tyrannies and sycophancies which abound in the world of art, as in that of business, one is rested and refreshed.

The work of Palmer, who was born in 1805 and died in 1881, stands the test of time; much that he did anticipates the practice of to-day, and it may be suggested that the student who is tired of constant direction to the Cézanne fount can find, at this English well, abiding inspiration.

From the "Self Portrait" (a youthful face suffused with restrained passion) to "Opening the Fold," the exhibits cover a wide field, thrilling in colour, as in "The Magic Apple Tree," and thrilling in line and tone, as in "The Eastern Gate."

I urge all who can spare even a short time to go to South Kensington while these works are to be seen, and those who cannot go to get a copy of the catalogue, with its admirable introduction by the artist's son, its full notes, and its thirty-two half-tone plates.

ERNEST COLLINGS.

Solitaria.

By V. Rósanov.

(Translated from the Russian by S. S. Kotliansky.)

X.

Even a fool can "lead me by the nose"; and I may know that he is a fool, and that he is leading me to harm, finally to "everlasting perdition"—yet I follow him. "To my honour" it must, however, be observed that in the cases of my "being led by the nose," half relates to my profound, utter incapacity to say to the man: "you are a fool," as well as "you deceive me." I never once said it in my life. And simply in order not to place my "fellow-man" in an awkward position. I pretend, sometimes for years, that all his advice is very wise, or that he himself is *comme il faut* and looks after my interests. A quarter of these cases relates to my profound (from childhood) indifference to external life (if there be no danger). But one quarter, however, is the manifestation of sheer minus and lack of will—without any external and subsidiary reasons.

A perfectly different thing is my dream life: as regards that I never stirred one iota under anyone's influence whatsoever, never; it was the same in my childhood, too. In that respect I was a perfectly "un-brought up" man, utterly unyielding to "cultural influences."

Almost in proportion to the absence of *will to live* (to realisation) I possessed a stubbornness of *will to dream*. I should say it was even more constant, and more persistent. Indeed, I never "stirred one iota and yielded to nothing."

To look at me—I am "all-declinable."
In myself (subject)—*absolutely undeclinable*; non-compatibile. A sort of adverb.

I am like a baby in its mother's womb, which does not at all wish to be born. "I'm quite warm where I am."
(In a cab: at night.)

* * *

I longed for nothing so much as for humiliation. "Fame" at times gladdened me—with a purely bovine pleasure. But this never lasted long (a day or two); then would come the former longing—to be humiliated.

* * *

Literature is the most disgusting kind of traffic. And doubly disgusting is it because certain talent is mixed up in it. And the objects of the traffic are real spiritual values.

* * *

Strictly speaking, Tolstoy has spent a profoundly banal life. This has never even occurred to him.

No suffering, no "crown of thorns," no heroic struggles for convictions; and even no particularly interesting adventures. Perfect banality.

Well, he had adventures "with his ideas." . . . But this is a mere literary *entourage*—the same banality only sprinkled with scent.

It seems to me that Tolstoy was little loved, and that he felt it. After his death, to say nothing of his lifetime, not a single agonising cry was heard, nor a single mad act committed—the signs by which genuine attachment is recognised. "Everything was reasonable in the highest degree"—and that is just the stamp of banality.

* * *

Do you know that religion is the most important, the most essential, the most useful? With the person who does not know this, not the alpha of discussion or conversation should be entertained.

Such a person should simply be ignored. Passed over in silence.

Yet who does know it? Are there many who do? That is why in our time there is almost nothing to speak about, nor anyone to speak with.

* * *

They imagine that "I played up to the authorities." Whereas the peculiar trait in my psychology consists in such a strong feeling of a void around me—a void, silence, and non-living around and everywhere—that I hardly know, hardly believe, hardly admit that there are other people contemporaneous with me. It seems impossible and absurd, yet it is so.

* * *

No interest at all in self-realisation, a lack of all external energy, of the will to live. I am the most unself-realising man.

* * *

Live every day so as though all your life long you have been living just for that day.
(In the door, coming home.)

Drama.

"The Doctor's Dilemma": Kingsway.

Although Mr. Coward has held the stage in three theatres at a time, he has given no evidence yet of his power to do so after he has ceased to be a novelty. Only two English dramatists can support a repertory company. Shakespeare maintains, more rather than less, thirty-three, and Shaw maintains at least one. Even one to thirty-three suggests so high a proportion of free intelligences to school-children and other spoon-feds that I fear Mr. Shaw must have begun to degenerate, along with his rival, Shakespeare, to the level of a popular entertainer. Of Shaw criticism there is no end; for he is not only at the critical age between the classic and one of our own generation, but insists, besides, on being criticised. In spite of the provocation, however, to run him down again, I will merely say that he is the greatest stimulus to thought and laughter of his age.

"The Doctor's Dilemma," that compromise between a satire of a pseudo-scientific profession and a melodrama on the theme of covetousness, turning from the former to the latter at the end of the second act, where the doctor's dilemma really begins, shows little sign of being constructed around a topical controversy before the war. It is still pretty well up to date, which doesn't say much for the profession it criticises unless the doctors have been right and Shaw wrong throughout. It is packed with brilliant phrases and penetrating observation. "B. B.'s" remark on Dubedat after they find out that young artist's disregard "of the usual arrangements," is characteristic of the play's wit: "I shouldn't be surprised to find him well connected; whenever I find dignity and self-possession without any discoverable basis I diagnose good family." There shines the full Shavian reaction to both democracy and aristocracy. One has been an empty failure, the other is going to be, and the man who could save the world is dead.

Several years ago S. Ramiro de Maeztu, with whom I disagreed about most things, diagnosed Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray" as Wilde sanctifying his aesthetic ideal by crucifying him. It would be possible for anyone similarly to diagnose in the "Doctor's Dilemma" Shaw crucifying his ideal. In Dubedat died what Shaw had to sacrifice in order to be Shaw. "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt, in the night of design, in the mystery of colour, in the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting. . . ." So died Dubedat, and Shaw might have added to the dying breath, "Yet God has appointed me to scourge mankind for its folly, therefore the pursuit of Beauty is not for me."

Dubedat is about the only person who dies in Shaw's plays, where there is more respect for human life than in any other dramatist of note. This fellow was killed by a medical man who knew not what he did; who knew not, although he was deliberately killing, whether he did it to save the peace of mind of the murdered man's wife, or for conscience sake, since either the artist or dear old Blenkinsop must die, or to clear the field for him to win the lovely wife himself.

The Macdona players, reinforced by a number of favourites, have made an excellent job of this play. Three and a half hours of solid stuff swept by like two hours. Shaw's exhibition of the newspaper man's callous incompetence drew more laughter from the gallery than the stalls, but the whole audience enjoyed itself on balance. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies made a sincere Cornish Mrs. Dubedat, S. Esmé Percy a charming Dubedat, though a little more pathetic than I looked forward to, while Clarke-Ridgeon was first-class. Miss Edith Iffe, who took Nellie Hodson's part of Emmy on account of the latter's indisposition, gave a very good performance.

The Would-Be Gentleman: Lyric, Hammersmith.

For Mr. Anstey's adaptation of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" one is prompted to adapt the famous sentence—transposing the order of phrase: Ce n'est pas Molière, mais c'est magnifique. Mr. Anstey and Mr. Nigel Playfair between them have given a fine modern flavour to the language without polluting Mr. Playfair's speciality, the atmosphere of the second half of the seventeenth century. It would be false to suggest that Molière's play has suffered a transformation, although satire has become comedy, and at times simple uproarious fun. The ghost of Molière need give no shudders to see it. Mr. Playfair's M. Jourdain, the Would-Be Gentleman, for all his vanity and stupidity, is more likeable than Molière's, on account of his good nature. There is a stolidly English air about him; when he gets into

situations too complicated for his intellect he blinks with a "What's all the fuss about" manner that is comic rather than contemptible.

With nothing to lose but his money, M. Jourdain is ready to pay for his passport into the best society, and falls to the transparent wiles of every genial rogue who offers to teach him music, fencing, philosophy, or manners. It was in the philosophy lesson that he discovered he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, and during a lesson in hospitality, and a sort of affair that philosophers have rarely managed well, given by a young nobleman and a desirable Marquise, that he found he could even be witty without knowing it. Far from being the despicable upstart, he was just the stupid fellow with a lot of vanity who goes scapegoat for us all. But aristocracy has a long pocket that seems to have a hole in it, so that Madame Jourdain, rompingly played by Sydney Fairbrother, didn't quite share our tolerance for her husband's proclivity for lending without hope of return. She persisted in reminding him for his good that his father, like hers, had been a shopkeeper. Perhaps it was this genealogy which gave them their thoroughly English air, even to the old boy's anxiety, in his new milieu, to refer to the old man as a Merchant Prince—not the only *jeu de mots* that Mr. Playfair—or is it Mr. Anstey?—makes on the titles of recent plays.

Naturally, M. Jourdain's relations bore with his vanity to the degree of its advantage for them. His maid openly laughed at him, having his wife behind her; and uncomely well Florence McHugh performed that laughing scene. One can do little with a cast like this, except enjoy it, yet William Stack's Comte de Gaillard must be praised along with James Whale's lackey. The latter expressed all the snobbery and hauteur of the pedigree servant who has previously lived in more noble houses, and who knows that he could teach his new masters their manners. The women—Sydney Fairbrother obviously excepted—were lovely as well as good, in both senses. Here is music, ballet, burlesque, comedy, and farce, gorgeous dresses—like the one worn by Fay Yeatman as Lucile Jourdain—fine scenery, and joyful acting. It will be a certain and deserved success as merry entertainment. As for Molière, he cannot be less well known as a result than he was before; while after this, people who would have had an appointment at the mention of him may want some more.

The House of Cards: Little.

Cheating at cards is a serious offence; I remember a man being thrown through a football pavilion window into a puddle for it. Among the very best people, where auction-bridge is a veritable auction of estates, according to rumour, and where the greatness of the Empire is forgotten in the excitement of poker, cheating entails the penalty of damnation. Whether or not the awful consequences which overtook Lady Tremayne will effect the moral reform of London's élite, and convince them that cheating at cards is not worth the candle, the incident is not sufficient for a play whose success depends on moving simpler souls. The verdict of the folk on the miseries that befall women whose whole thought is the club, and whose only conversation outside is small-talk and scandal, will be simply that they ought to have more to bother their heads about.

One can understand the people who are "successful" in England to-day trying to forget themselves over the post-mortem examinations of a game of bridge. But an occasional player who cheats appears only to furnish a suitable scapegoat for the petulance of the others. Lady Tremayne, who did the cheating, was really a foreigner, the Polish wife of a rising young Englishman who was something in the Foreign Office. It is amazing how careless diplomats are with their matches. Still, it was prudent on the author's part to get somebody into the club who might possibly cheat, a temptation to which no English-born person could possibly succumb. There is, of course, in reality a disgust among English folk for cheating at games. One ought to get a rest sometimes, and among one's own sort is the place if anywhere.

Lady Tremayne was not an out-and-out villain, although she was a foreigner. She could break the social—or club—law only through her obedience to a greater lawlessness. She had the virtues for which an English knight with Foreign Office ambitions might reasonably marry her. She had spent her patrimony on magnificent parties with influential guests to further her husband's career, and with a womanly weakness for arithmetic, had found herself with a lot of bills left over for the requisite gowns and diamonds with which a wife who knows her husband's business charms the politicians of the day into recognising his talents. The poor lady put up with all the scandal talked behind her back about her being too well dressed to be moral, and bore the

malice of her envious acquaintances heroically for her husband's sake. When she was found out she behaved as well as if she had been English or Japanese. On first thoughts she chose exile to Poland, and then showed that second thoughts are not of necessity best by committing whatever we like to guess she committed from the scream that we heard.

In books that I read a long time ago, when blood was hotter, there were people who cheated at cards, but they invariably had a thousand greater villainies up their sleeves. Well as this play is put together, therefore—and there is not a creak in it—and well as it is acted, I cannot see there being much of a public for it. Jeanne de Casalis and Malcolm Keen, as Lady and Lord Tremayne, with a cast capable of anything to assist them, got every ounce out of the play, Martita Hunt as Miss Squire, the secretary of the club, being particularly good. To attract "the people," the pageant of the wealthy who live useless and empty lives suspecting one another's morals, reckoning cheating the lowest disgrace and adultery the highest distinction—a code acceptable enough to the people—must also be as brilliant as the arc-light himself. Such people's lives must be more complicated than the lives of the characters in this play; the crowd will not go to see a juggler who can keep up no more than two or three articles at once.

PAUL BANKS.

Reviews.

Artifex, or the Future of Craftsmanship. By John Gloag. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

This small book, in the series "To-day and To-morrow," after examining what the artificer has done for civilisation and asking how his activities to-day would be affected by some overwhelming disaster, emphasises, with force, the most important present aspect of craftsmanship, an aspect often not squarely faced, the relation of hand-work to machine-work. No machine can take the place of the hand, but the mechanical may assist the human if the machine is intelligently controlled. Often it is not, and with the creation of false values violent and unnecessary antagonism is engendered. Invalid craft is born, and when, as Mr. Gloag writes, we "see some frowsty, effeminate man in carefully careless garments, working a hand-loom, posing as a master craftsman to a room full of girls in art jumpers (in the earlier and even unhealthier days of the arty-crafty movement they wore art djibbahs), we realise that craftsmanship is not alive in that room however bright be the colour of its walls or the threads on the loom, and that those handicraft survivals, raised under glass with all the pomp and circumstance of preciousness, are but the hobbies of the dilettante." The sincere craftsman need not fear such ridicule, which cannot injure fundamentally sound work, however soon it may find the flaws in "crankiness." The abuse of craftsmanship by ceaseless attack, but the author is to be praised for his enthusiastic advocacy of an understanding alliance between hand-craft and machine-craft for mutual service to the needs of mankind. There is a long way to go before man can so control himself that he may wisely and unselfishly control all the machinery he has brought into being. New values must be sought in some such cleansing of the whole being as is expressed in Richard Jefferies' "The Story of My Heart." These words from that exultant song of honest introspection may well be set in conjunction with the pages of "Artifex" and other books in the same set: "Full well aware that all has failed, yet, side by side with the sadness of that knowledge, there lives on in me an unquenchable belief, thought burning like the sun, that there is yet something to be found, something real, something to give each separate personality sunshine and flowers in its own existence now. Something to shape this million-handed labour to an end and outcome, leaving accumulated sunshine and flowers to those who shall succeed. It must be dragged forth by might of thought from the immense forces of the universe."

Flecker's Magic. By Norman Matson. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

This is a pretty little tale, quite unpretentious, despite its title and its "blurb." Every now and then the author fancies himself as another Anatole France, which is not the case. But his romance, though assisted out of all its difficulties by the convenient supernatural theme (not too cleverly handled), works out to a wholesome end, and is well-enough written to satisfy those who care for such things. One misses the magic, if the truth be told. But then it is Flecker's and not France's. That explains every-

Not at Night and More Not at Night. (Selwyn and Blount. 2s. each.) Selected by Christine Campbell Thomson.

These blood-curdlers fall short, for their mark was high, and the bow-string was not pulled hard enough. Only the yarns about the negro tyrants of Haiti have any grip, and if they had been written by any English author of repute, from Leonard Merrick to Agatha Christie, they would have had to be a hundred per cent. better. American magazine editors know how to make up and sell their goods, but as for keeping any of us awake at night, this collection would have far better prospects as a mild soporific.

A Bad End. By Wilhelm Gerhardt. (Benn. 1s.)

Publishers who hate handling fiction that does not re-gurgitate to the extent of 70,000 words, and sell at 7s. 6d., will never produce books like this acid-flavoured story of a respectable novelist whose imagination never included the possibility that he might watch the black cap put on for his benefit at the Bailey, and have a chance of seeing if the newspapers spoke the truth when they said that "the prisoner walked firmly to the scaffold." We do not think much of Mr. Gerhardt's savage certainty that in a case like this a verdict of murder and not of manslaughter would be returned. There are, of course, learned counsel whose bright talents would hang any luckless homicide, but a novelist with a steady sale could afford to employ safer agencies. In this case, it would kill the story if he did so, but that does not justify Mr. Gerhardt's grim confidence in the inevitabilities of his own cynicism. Still, the young man can write, and it is not surprising that he has a following so definite that when his publishers announced that they were putting out a six-shilling signed edition of this 8,000-word cameo, the entire 250 were subscribed for at once. Happy Mr. Gerhardt, to be able to write at his ease and at any length he likes in the pleasant mountains of France, secure in the knowledge that there is always a little circle in London ready to buy anything he cares to produce.

Truth: A Path to Peace and Reconciliation. By "Verax." (Cecil Palmer. 10s. 6d.)

In his introductory chapter to this book the author begins with an historical sketch in which he is concerned with the wars waged by Germany from 1815 to 1914; and the wars of France, Great Britain, and Spain during these years; and is at great pains to prove that while the German wars were all for the unification of Germany as a State, those of the other countries were wars of oppression for the sake of territory. He is concerned to prove that Germany was not the villain of the piece in the Great War. There seems suddenly to have arisen a school which is part of an international movement for such a revision of opinion. The author claims that the innocence of Germany's war aims can be arrived at from a study of the facts. The test of the book is whether the facts are correctly stated. From this standpoint most Englishmen would do well to read this book, it will help to clear their minds of much of the cant of propaganda written during the fever of the war years, and much that has since been written in order to justify the uneconomic demands of the bankers is not quite convincing. No community can ever free itself from the catastrophe of war until it controls its own credit and chooses an alternative credit policy to that of what Mr. Ford calls the "professional financier."

Conversations With Anatole France. By Nicolas Ségur. Translated by J. Lewis May. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Lewis May always adds to the thankless task of translation the ingredient of fine quality: so we enjoy this light collection of scattered leaves, and find in it the savour of France himself, Boswellised and translated, but still Anatole France. What is more calming to the mind than the irony of this dear old man, sitting in the front row stalls at the Villa Saïd or in the Avenue Hoche, watching the play and commenting on it with exactitude and of resource, never at a loss no matter how unexpectedly the plot developed. The war, they say, froze the gaiety out of his heart: as a humanist and a true philanthropist, every day of it was like a knife in his heart. They are all the same, from Socrates downwards, these ironic preachers of scepticism. All the cruelty, the hardness, the self-conceit, the evil understanding and discourtesy, is provided by the optimists, the rich in faith, the highly moral and outspokenly upright. Anatole France, like Rashi, who was only in profession more of a Rabbi, but just as much of a Frenchman, nods his head at a world intent on going its own way, but loves it all the same. He must have hated to give up that front-row seat of his.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SACRED PRECINCTS.

Sir,—I beg to draw your attention to the enclosed illustrations of a modern church—I mean bank.

Why worry over the fate of a few old City churches when the religion of the present day can give us something "just as good"?

ARTHUR WELFORD.

[The enclosure is a page from the *Builder*, which reproduces two aspects of the National Provincial Bank at Norwich—steeple, bell-tower, clock, and portico complete. The organ is not visible. Probably it is audible on the days when overdrafts are strong.—Ed.]

THE RIGHT HAND GLOVE.

Sir,—From Commander Erskine's letter I infer that M. Merezhkovsky cites Einstein as the joint sponsor of a theory of matter, possibly Quanta. I was mistaken in thinking the reference was to the physical theory of Relativity. Criticism of Einstein for a theory of matter, whether he has sponsored it or not, is not calculated to promote sanity in readers.

S. F. MEADE.

EPITAPHS.

Sir,—During my term as a reader of THE NEW AGE Mr. Belloc has twice stood in need of salvation. Cowley was the first, R. M. the second saviour.

Mr. Belloc's criticism of National Guilds was from a purely Roman Catholic standpoint and nothing more. When he was in danger of going too far from his brief (he knew no more about Economics than he does of Evolution) a Mr. Cowley appeared and told us exactly what Mr. Belloc really meant. Cowley, Repton, and Steeksma had a fine fight over it. Cowley, the Catholic, snarling at Repton, the Free-thinker; Steeksma laughing at both and christening Cowley "Belloc's Pup"!

In the present case Belloc has tackled something just as much out of his line as National Guilds (he knows no more about Evolution than he knew about Economics). In this modern case also the plight of Mr. Belloc has brought the saviour, and he is to be saved by R. M. because he has written some verse. Where are Repton and Steeksma? In treating of Mr. Chesterton's attitude towards poetry, R. M. gives us some lovely journalism about Crabbed Age and Youth, the Seasons, and Children, and Prose—and he did it in prose, which was on his own showing the proper medium. However, it won't do. Mr. Belloc stands for Catholic Culture—or nothing. A true poet would strip himself of everything that would prevent his facing nature four-square, whereas Mr. Chesterton has recently deliberately put himself into blinkers.

If R. M. wants to do something really useful in the "Wells-sinking" line, let him answer Mr. P. Mairet's questions to Mr. Belloc (to be found in a recent issue of THE NEW AGE). I am fairly certain Mr. Belloc won't.

J. J.

R. M. says: The contest in invective on the memory of which J. J. appears to sustain himself as his aversions sustain themselves on the Middle Ages, is notable as exhibiting the most Philistine use to which the sonnet form has been put. In spite of his good memory, J. J. seems to forget that the famous fight was in verse. The endurance of verse is remarkable.

I have far too often criticised—in THE NEW AGE—to wish to defend Mr. Belloc's theology, or his attitude to economics and evolution. Great knowledge, however, especially of these subjects, has a way of going with great ignorance of human nature; Mr. Belloc's criticism of National Guilds was based simply on a knowledge of human nature. Mr. Belloc has at least been able, in the *political and economic* field, to recognise slavery, whereas Mr. Wells—if he can recognise it—must like slavery.

When J. J. catches up with THE NEW AGE he will find that Mr. Belloc answered Mr. Mairet.

"Letters to the Editor" should arrive not later than the first post on Saturday morning if intended for publication in the following week's issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Subscription Rates for "The New Age," to any address in Great Britain or Abroad, are 30s. for 12 months; 15s. for 6 months; 7s. 6d. for 3 months.

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The Social Credit Movement.

Supporters of the Social Credit Movement contend that under present conditions the purchasing power in the hands of the community is chronically insufficient to buy the whole product of industry. This is because the money required to finance capital production, and created by the banks for that purpose, is regarded as borrowed from them, and, therefore, in order that it may be repaid, is charged into the price of consumers' goods. It is a vital fallacy to treat new money thus created by the banks as a repayable loan, without crediting the community, on the strength of whose resources the money was created, with the value of the resulting new capital resources. This has given rise to a defective system of national loan accountancy, resulting in the reduction of the community to a condition of perpetual scarcity, and bringing them face to face with the alternatives of widespread unemployment of men and machines, as at present, or of international complications arising from the struggle for foreign markets.

The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to provide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books.

The adoption of this scheme would result in an unprecedented improvement in the standard of living of the population by the absorption at home of the present unsaleable output, and would, therefore, eliminate the dangerous struggle for foreign markets. Unlike other suggested remedies, these proposals do not call for financial sacrifice on the part of any section of the community, while, on the other hand, they widen the scope for individual enterprise.

THE NEW AGE is on sale at Henderson's, 66, Charing Cross Road (close to Leicester Square Tube Station) and at the news stand on the corner of Holborn and Chancery Lane (opposite Chancery Lane Tube Station).

Published by the Proprietor (ARTHUR BRENTON), 70 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and printed for him by THE ARGUS PRESS, LIMITED, Temple Avenue and Tudor Street, London E.C.4.