

THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the new Irish Free State Administration Mr. Fitzgerald becomes Minister of Defence. It was this Mr. Fitzgerald whom we quoted some weeks ago as having said that in the event of an attack on "these islands" the Irish Army would obviously have to co-operate with the British army. When he said this, certain apologists for the Government toned it down, saying that it was a personal view of his, or that even if it was the view of the Cabinet it had no significance. In a word, Mr. Fitzgerald had been indiscreet. To-day his indiscretion appears to have been rewarded by Mr. Cosgrave. It is the old story once more: governing policy is carefully disguised until after the electors have voted. Then they learn for the first time what they voted for. Of course, to the student of *real* politics and not *political* politics, it would not matter whether Mr. Fitzgerald said this or that, or thought either. The antecedent inevitability of the subordination of the Irish forces to British policy would have been as irrefutable as in the case of the Nicaraguan army and American policy. But students of *real* politics are rare birds, and no sail of the ship of State has ever become full-bellied by the beat of their wanton wings. Nevertheless their influence, though passive, cannot be ignored. An Ancient Mariner once shot an albatross.

* * *

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary for War, speaking in Yorkshire last Sunday, told the local branch of the Primrose League that he did not want the House of Lords to have equal authority with the House of Commons, and for that reason did not want an elected Second Chamber. What he wanted was a reformed Chamber in which "real and interesting" debates took place, but which would not be a final obstacle in the way of the House of Commons. He hoped, anyway, that Conservatives would consider the proposals of the Government, and concluded by declaring that general agreement is necessary before they can reach the Statute Book. All

this sounds something like an appeal to the public in general to discuss an alteration in the rules of shove-halfpenny. Between the Lords Reforms and the interest of the individual elector there is an enormous gulf. As we see the situation it is one in which the hereditary and electoral politicians are contending about the division of a power which does not reside with either. It is the tale of Capital and Labour all over again. In fact, the two struggles are really one struggle on two planes. Money incomes and political power have the same common denominator—financial policy based on a private credit monopoly. We can prophesy this at least: that whatever may be the result of the "general agreement," its net effect will be so to redistribute the powers of the two Houses that in every case where they may differ on questions of high financial policy the credit monopolists will be able to decide which of the two shall prevail. For instance, if the House of Commons were to decide to remove the Stamp Duty from all Postal Orders and make them legal tender, it would mean salvation for financial monopolists if the House of Lords were constitutionally entitled to intervene to stop or delay this piece of legislation. Conversely, if the Lords wanted this reform, and the Commons did not, the same monopolists would want the Commons to be supreme. The whole puzzle at present is how to formulate the respective powers of the two Chambers so that final supremacy may be swung over at any time from one to the other at the will of the banker within the limits of an ostensibly Democratic Constitution. It would be impossible if electors were trained in *real* politics like they are trained to earn a living, or if politicians trained in *real* politics frankly revealed the true issues to their untrained constituents. But as things are it is quite feasible.

* * *

Let us take the *Liberal* point of view. Sir Herbert Samuel at Sheffield last Sunday stated his

objection to a single-Chamber Government. It was that

"the electorate would probably be so frightened of an uncontrolled House of Commons that it might tend to be unduly Conservative, and it might be a generation before a really progressive Parliament could be installed in authority."

This is characteristic. The electors are presented as being frightened of electing a body who might do what they were told to do. Now, whatever the emotions of the whole electorate, fear has no place in them. What Mr. Samuel is really saying is that high finance is frightened of an uncontrolled electorate. There must be some body to decide what is good for the electors. Mr. Samuel therefore is willing to submit the Liberal programme of reforms to this body. On his own showing this body must not be elected, because the electorate would be afraid of its being uncontrolled. Here he is at one with Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, though for a different reason. Thus we see the spectacle of a Conservative wanting the House of Lords to have less authority than the House of Commons; and a Liberal wanting it to have more. The truth is that both of them want each House to have less authority and more authority, according to circumstances which they envisage to themselves but are careful not to specify. This underlines our prophecy: that a common agreement between these two political views is only possible by a tacit arrangement to abide by the decision of a third body of controllers as to which of the two Chambers shall exercise control in any given crisis.

In commerce, important business documents frequently bear the formula "E. and O. E." insinuated in furtive type just within the left-hand bottom corner. "Errors and Omissions Excepted." In politics every programme contains that destructive reservation. "This is what we want you to empower us to do," plead the contractors in legislation. But the silent little formula is there all the time, making faint motions which nobody notices or can interpret: "But we may have put in something we do not intend; or we may have omitted something which we do intend; and we reserve the right to amend the contract accordingly." Or again: one often sees a communication like this: "These prices are without engagement"—meaning to say that they may be altered before you can place your order." In both cases the use of the protective clause is legitimate: for in commerce it is generally recognised that the negotiators are often dealing with conditions that they cannot control. But in politics, the elector does not recognise any external force that may cause a political candidate to withdraw his word. He is deliberately taught not to do so. It is for this reason that the increasing curiosity of the public to know something about finance is a healthy sign, and that efforts honestly to satisfy it are good work. The final revision of all Party programmes is carried out by the Bank of England; and the sooner every elector realises it the better. Every reform that electors desire costs money. The availability of the money is a matter which only the banks and large financial houses decide. So the feasibility of any reform depends not on what the electors think of it but what the credit monopoly thinks of it. Mr. Samuel's expressed fear of an "uncontrolled" House of Commons is fear of a House that might demand as of right the finance necessary to keep faith with the people who elected it, and that might, as a last resort, create its own credit for the purpose. For him to speak of a "progressive Parliament" in any less sense than this is to talk nonsense, and even dangerous nonsense. It is nonsense, because, as a matter of fact, all Parliaments are progressive in the sense

that they move from one position to another. Conservatism, in its traditional absolute connotation of sticking still, has always been a figment of the imagination. It is dangerous nonsense because Parliaments must move. It is the direction that matters. Either Parliament will "progress" further towards centralising power in the hands of private financial interests, or it will "progress" towards its decentralisation into the hands of bodies responsible to the electors. If Mr. Samuel rules out, as he manifestly must, the decentralisation principle, Liberal "progress" is going to be worse than no progress at all. The direction of Liberal progress can be plainly seen in those past measures that Liberal leaders are deliberately choosing to boast about. We enumerated them recently. The corner stone of their achievement is *National Insurance*—a measure than which no other has done more to subserve the bankers' policy of Centralisation via Deflation. Amusingly enough Mr. Lloyd George thinks it a triumphant reply to critics of his Insurance legislation to challenge them. "Would you dare to repeal it?"

Let us look at some of its effects. The following statistics have been taken from the Government's *Eighteenth Abstract of Labour Statistics of the United Kingdom* (H.M. Stationery Office 4s.) which we reviewed in a leading article in our issue of December 2 last. We have put in heavy type the figures for the year 1915, for the three-year period 1920-1922, and for 1925; thus setting out the position as it was (1) at the commencement of the deflation period, (2) during the period of steepest deflation, and (3) in the last recorded year given.

A.—Average percentage increase as compared with July 1914 in retail prices, etc., in the United Kingdom, 1915-1925. Mean figures for completed years.

1915	...	23	1921	...	126
1916	...	46	1922	...	83
1917	...	76	1923	...	74
1918	...	103	1924	...	75
1919	...	115	1925	...	76
1920	...	149			

B.—Aggregate duration in working days of all Labour Disputes in each year 1915-1925 in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. In thousands of days.

1915	...	2,953	1921	...	85,872
1916	...	2,446	1922	...	19,850
1917	...	5,647	1923	...	10,672
1918	...	5,875	1924	...	8,424
1919	...	34,969	1925	...	7,966
1920	...	26,568			

C.—Yearly average number, per 10,000 of estimated population, of persons in receipt of Poor Law relief in England and Wales, 1915-1925.

1915	...	159	1921	...	279
1916	...	143	1922	...	398
1917	...	133	1923	...	342
1918	...	123	1924	...	298
1919	...	126	1925	...	300
1920	...	134			

D.—Total yearly receipts, expenditure, and accumulated funds of the National Health Insurance institutions of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1915-1924.

	Receipts, £000	Expenditure, £000	Accumulated Funds, £000
1915	25,640	15,873	32,749
1916	24,142	15,667	41,224
1917	25,558	15,336	51,446
1918	27,965	17,293	62,119
1919	29,960	19,797	71,882
1920	36,165	26,604	81,443
1921	40,644	29,856	92,231
*1922	38,376	30,156	100,413
*1923	38,968	29,880	109,390
*1924	41,050	34,187	116,152

*Northern Ireland's accumulated funds are not included in these three years' totals.]

E.—Accumulated Funds of Societies Registered under the Friendly Societies Acts in Great Britain at the end of three selected years.

	1914 £000	1920 £000	1923 £000
Ordinary Friendly Societies without branches ...	23,694	32,064	40,620
Friendly Society Orders and their branches ...	27,934*	35,525	38,190†
Benevolent Societies ...	358	434	564
Working Men's Clubs ...	627	1,698	1,800
Loan Societies ...	952	601	708
Agricultural Credit Societies	1'5	2'1	1'8
Other Authorised Societies	989	1,284	1,518
Cattle Insurance Societies	9	10	11
Collecting Friendly Societies	12,054	17,922	25,393
Totals	66,618'5	89,540'1	108,805'8

[*1910. †1922. Statistics for 1914 and 1923 not available.]

F.—Relative Level of Rates of Wages for Adult Workers in certain Industries at the end of three selected years.

	1914	1920	1925
Agricultural Labourers ...	18s. od.	46s. 10½d.	31s. 5d.
Engineering Labourers ...	22s. 10d.	70s. 9d.	40s. 1d.
Shipbuilding Labourers ...	22s. 10d.	70s. 5d.	38s. 5d.
Printing, Hand Compositors ...	35s. 7d.	93s. 3d.	73s. 10d.
Boot and Shoe Operatives ...	27s. od.	65s. od.	57s. od.
Coal Mining (Yorkshire) ...	+10% (a)	+109%*	+47%
Cotton Spinners & Weavers ...	+5% (a)	+215%	+95%
Textiles. Pieceworkers ...	+10% (a)†	+131%	+64%‡

[*1921. †1915. ‡With an addition of 2/- a week (a) Increases on Standard Rates.]

These tables have their several interests, but it is the relation of Table D. (Health Insurance) to the rest of them that we want to emphasise. This table may be said to show the Lloyd Georgian "Ninepence-for-fourpence" principle at work. In no year from 1915 to 1923 did the National Health Insurance Fund fail to gather less than about £10 millions more than it distributed. During the period 1920-1922 when prices were brought down from 149 to 83 (involving a wholesale destruction of profits); when strikes mounted (involving lost wages) from 26 millions of lost working days to 85 millions and then down to 19 millions; when the number of people receiving Poor Law Relief (and on loan, too!) went up from 134 per 10,000 to 279, and then still up to 398; when the wage-rates of people lucky enough to remain in employment were being lopped off in every direction in direct ratio to the fall in prices; during all that critical period of universal impoverishment the National Health Insurance institutions were steadily increasing their accumulated funds by their usual annual leaps of £10 millions or so. There is not a hint in their figures that anything untoward was happening in the country. From 1920, the commencement of the deflation period, until the last recorded year (1924) these accumulated funds increased from £81 millions to £116 millions: that is to say, £35,000,000 was abstracted from the masters and men of industry, every penny of which represented costs incurred by industry, but no penny of which subsequently came back in the form of consumers' demand for the products of industry. That amount in addition to its other losses, with the inevitable results in capital depreciation. Further, it is interesting to note that these institutions have sufficient "funds" (£116,152,000) in hand to pay all insurance claims on the 1924 basis (£34,187,000) for three years without collecting any more money. This represents a tax unnecessarily imposed on the "business community." Such is the end of Liberal "progress."

We are aware that the accumulation of reserves is a practical necessity in business under the existing financial system. But that necessity arises out of the dependence of private business on bank accommodation. Business reserves are accumulated in

order to preserve "borrowing powers." But a Government has no need to qualify for borrowing. It has the power, whenever it wills to use it, to create financial credit. Moreover, it is the only body which ought to have the right of creating it. We do not say that it is the only body who should exercise the right, but it should decide the terms of its exercise when delegated. A Government which confers on the administrators of an indispensable system the right to deny it the services of that system is not a Government at all. The administrators automatically become the Government. That is what is now actually the case: and Mr. Samuel's concern to keep Parliament controlled is a desire to leave the customary privileges of the Bank of England uncontrolled.

The *Observer* is busily trying to show that there is no real discord between Britain and America on naval questions. The "foundation of policy" is that war should be regarded as "outlawed already" between the "two great branches of the English-speaking peoples." This is in direct contradiction to evidence in the speeches of our Ambassador in America, Sir Esmé Howard, who reminded his audiences that community of race and speech was no guarantee against a conflict. It is nonsense to talk of boiling a kettle and outlawing the steam. In international relations economic competition raised to a certain stress must inevitably burst into war. The writer of the leading article from which we quote is apparently a victim to the current jargon about "ideas" making "history." In this case, we presume, the will-to-Peace of the ordinary American or ordinary Briton is expected to protect them from war. But the exhortation "Seek peace," continues, "and ensue it." The question is: How? The idea of peace would not emerge at all except for the realised possibility of an alternative state. Nobody conceives the "idea" of breathing air, because no alternative occurs to anyone. Nobody has to consider the possibility of a shortage of air. But put a few people into a small sealed chamber, and the "idea" of breathing more easily is discovered by one of them. He says so; and in a short time everybody accepts the idea. It "takes on" as the saying goes. Ultimately, let us hope, they break out of the chamber. An idea making history! Not at all. Bad air made the history. We might extend the analogy to imagine a cause of the sealing of the chamber which caused the bad air. For instance, if the walls of the chamber had let through a draught, the people adjacent to the fissures would conceive the idea of stopping them up. In that case, the sequence of events already enumerated would have proceeded from that idea. But even so, the draught would have come first. That no great event happens until after someone has had the idea of its happening is true. That it began to happen only after he propounded the idea, and that it eventually happened solely because of it, is untrue. Ideas are the sweat of history.

To apply this to Anglo-American relations, if there is now a common conscious idea of peace and a positive will to peace, it emerges as a result of a multiplicity of conflicting individual acts whose sum effect is to disengage a common subconscious apprehension of war. But the dynamic value of the idea is not intrinsic: it lies in the question whether facts exist which render it feasible. Is the mechanism ready for carrying out the idea? If so (and readers of this journal are aware that it is) the problem is to lay bare the facts which, as we have suggested, have caused the idea to rise into common consciousness. If not, the idea might as well have not emerged. As a matter of observation part of

the idea of Social Credit is even now being applied by people who have not apprehended it at all. The instalment system in America is an illustration of history making itself along Social Credit lines, but in response to a certain set of facts. Some years hence no doubt the Social Credit idea will be said to have made history. Much better to say that it correctly anticipated history. It is people with no ideas that make history. This will be better appreciated by reflecting that the Social Credit analysis has been familiar to banker-statesmen for generations. The accident (to use the expression) of the war made it possible for Major Douglas to establish the analysis independently—an example of history making ideas.

* * *

"The idea," says the *Observer*, "of permanent and unbreakable peace between sovereign States is a new thing in world politics." Exactly. Yet the idea itself is older than Christendom. But lest we flatter ourselves that the *Observer's* belated advocacy of it is going to help matters, let us consider its next sentence, "Once it is established, agreement on armaments is its necessary corollary." The process of reasoning escapes us. We should have come to the opposite conclusion; that these States could arm or disarm as it pleased them. Again, granted the assurance of perpetual peace, and the necessary corollary is an agreement, not on naval policy at all, but on normal economic policy. A peace pact between Governments is theoretically possible, but only at the cost of civil war—unless the financing of production and consumption is fundamentally changed. To explain: it is quite possible for Governments to share the "world market" up in agreed proportions. But each Government would have to insist on a share large enough to give employment to its manufacturers, traders, and workpeople. Add those minimum demands together, and they will amount to several times the capacity of the "world market." Everybody in business knows this. Very well, there is to be no war; so some Governments will have to renounce part of their claim. Which? And by what method of persuasion if not by force? Here the *Observer* gives us a hint. It is to be done by diplomatic argument. "Nor has Britain ignored in the past the diplomatic importance of naval programmes." Now we've got the solution to the logical puzzle presented earlier in this Note. Under the peace compact navies will not be required for fighting purposes; but they will still be required to lend weight to the arguments of the contending diplomatic hagglers. "Naturally, however, there is room for discussion over details," concludes the advocate of this new principle of voting by battleships. There is. Plenty.

* * *

The *Evening Standard* has made a discovery.

"At present the coal trade flourishes in one country only when it is depressed in another."

These Fleet Street youngsters thrill us just as our own children used to when they rushed our bed on the great morning to show us what Father Christmas had brought them.

* * *

There is another thrill in the following example of literature as she is wrote in Australia. It comes from the *Daily News's* Sydney Correspondent, apropos of the Duchess of York's visit:—

"The smile of a dainty little lady has captured a continent . . . bound Australia and New Zealand to the Mother Country . . . threads of affection, stronger and more enduring than . . . bonds of tradition, duty and self-interest. The Duchess . . . swept from triumph to triumph . . . rivet these sturdy and free-thinking Dominions within the Empire. The Duchess . . . greatest ambassador of Empire. . . . Royal

smile that flashed . . . Kindled a flame of loyalty and affection . . . hold these virile forging young nations . . . British Commonwealth of Nations."

It is comforting to know that this impoverished old Mother Country has not lost her last market. She can still export her *clichés* and keep the home together—so long, of course, as the *Daily News* does not re-import too many of them.

"Friluftteatret."

ELVES OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

By Leopold Spero.

It began in the true spirit of comedy, after a long tram ride, a real money's worth affair, straight up beside the Sound until there was no Copenhagen left. Other trams had stopped, at Hellerup, Skovshoved, Klampenborg, and other places, sliding off into little circular dead-ends to scurry back again to the Raadhushusplads, or wherever they went to bed. But she, the gallant, tireless thing, staggered on like an Oaks outsider, ever northwards towards Elsinore, until one felt like offering the clean and square young conductor another 20 öre, if only for decency's sake.

But she stopped at length, and everyone got out, pink-faced fathers, blue-eyed mothers, tow-haired children, and began streaming off into the woods with an earnestness of purpose which made a fellow ashamed to ask whither they were bound. For it was plain that they were doing the obvious Sunday afternoon thing. So one followed, went up to the nearest turnstile, and inquired, in an Anglo-Swedish *Ersatz-Sprache*, which was intended to be Danish, for a ticket.

The clerk asked a question. Silly fellow! Why didn't he do his job, instead of bothering and making trouble? A ticket, that's all. *En biljet*, if he must have it in his own language.

"Yes, but where do you want to go?"
Where? One looked round. . . . Well, of all the nonsense! It was a railway station, and not an entertainment turnstile after all. . . . And why couldn't he say so, instead of making a fool of a chap?

The crowd was streaming on through the trees, soberly, steadily, devotedly. One joined on at the tail like a boy after a peripatetic Punch-and-Judy.

* * *

The path through the woods was beaten hard with the tread of thousands of earnest feet. Yet though it was dusty, the big trees gave a welcome shade from the hard sunlight of the northern summer. And the hard sunlight of the northern summer, where antiquated and ramshackle flies swayed and jolted with their holiday cargoes, and we plunged into short cuts through the mossy greensward. What a surprise, then, to find in such a spot, in clean and orderly Denmark, this mutilated cripple holding out a pathetic battered hat for alms. He must surely be the only mendicant in this tight little land of eggs and butter and bacon. But no; here was another, and another. . . . Too bad! One must change a krone bill into ten-öre pieces for the return journey.

On and on, up and down. . . . Where were they going? Why ask, since it was clear they all had one objective? And what did it matter, on a holiday? But the long black procession wound soberly on through the trees, with never a hint of its preoccupation. Was there ever such an obstreperous, irritating crowd? The sun pushed golden fingers through the high over-arching branches, touched heads and shoulders, tickled red necks. But still they marched, so businesslike, through the glade—until suddenly they emerged upon a vast forest of bicycles, a massed formation of wheels parked with incredible neatness, thousands on thousands of them, numbered, licensed, each one loved and cherished, no doubt, but here lost to all individuality and affection. And on their

flank two sentry-boxes, with pigeon-holes, from each of which a busy face looked out and dispensed tickets.

Ah! Right this time. This was no railway station. There was not an inch of permanent way in sight. It must be a place to get tickets to see something, not to go somewhere. Yes, but what to see? For beyond the turnstiles lies another stretch of dusty path, with a broader wave of pilgrims sweeping determinedly onward. And now we see it, at length. Here we are, indeed! For on our left, fronting an open space embosomed in the forest, is a curving sweep of eleven steps leading to an open-air stage, flanked on one side by a red-brick property manor house hidden behind an ancient brick wall, and on the other side by a woodman's cottage, with a settle bench by the door. Set back, and reached by a sweep of three more steps, is a small bridge, and the back-cloth is made of big beech trees, Nature's own "props" these, through which many a path winds up and away into fairyland. Two grim griffins, fifteen feet in height, stand sentinel at either end of the footlights, while on our right, into tier upon tier of wooden benches, the crowd are clambering into their seats, and make an arena which even now is overflowing on to the grass, as they find seats among the roots of the impassive, tolerant beeches. Sober old bachelors are here, staid schoolmarmes, stiff-collared young fathers and perspiring young mothers with a family of two or three children, smirking hobbledoys in their Sunday best with self-satisfied young damsels in their company, already refreshing themselves after the long cycle ride with the lemonade which crop-headed boys are peddling energetically on commission. And even as they shake themselves into their seats, or spread their legs comfortably down the bumpy slope, a fanfare of trumpets is heard behind the red-brick wall, and the play begins.

For some time it is music and expectation, but no drama. The stirring noise resounds and tumbles through the quiet summer afternoon, uninterrupted by the respectful and solid audience of six or seven thousand, now munching and drinking in unison like the respectable sheep they are. Its refrain goes caracoling like a circus horse all about the air, until somebody comes out of the cottage door, and we are soon in the middle either of a love scene, Proud Knight and Village Maiden, or its immediate preparation. But as it is all in Danish, and very Danish at that, one's interest soon flags, and we turn from the play to the playgoers.

Now what are they all so pleased about, and why are the children so excited? These butter-headed mites can surely have no interest in the solemn to-and-froings which have taken up the last half hour, and which—high praise to the pigs!—are now done with for the moment. For the scene is at an end, and the curtain, which cannot come down for the very good reason that it does not exist, is made to go up by the curious expedient of applying a lighted torch to a row of pipe-heads, hitherto unsuspected, but lurking nevertheless in the toes of the footlights. These send up their curling wreaths of smoke, burning some slow and mysterious but sufficiently opaque substance which makes a level veil in front of the open-air stage and creates the illusion of dramatic convention which here so condescendingly patronises Nature. Meanwhile the youngsters, hurriedly demanding ten-öre pieces from their indulgent elders for chocolate and sticky drinks and other oddments, fall to eager chattering amongst themselves, canvassing the points of all that is toward like sage playgoers of full competence—and the play begins again, as the smoke curtain is turned off. Now we see to our chagrin that the cardboard manor house is in fact naught other than the highly important Hojstrup Slot, the favourite castle of

King Christian the Builder, full of gentlemen in knee-breeches, plumed hats, and impatient swords, and fashionable beauties in velvet and lace and semi-detached morals. It is easy to see, and the children know it, that the young person who shares that humble cottage with her mamma can well afford to turn up her nose at these spoiled dames and damsels.

The play goes on, but brings small enlightenment to the stranger, even when he buys a programme and learns that it is called "Elverhøj," and is a famous poetic drama by Johan Ludvig Heiberg, known all over Denmark for three-quarters of a century. . . . But stay, what have we here? Who are these strangers popping up suddenly, not from the wings, but from far behind the stage, from 'way back in the forest glades, from mossy mounds, from tree-trunks, from the winding vistas up the shadowy slopes and far beyond, these elves, these gnomes and pixies whose appearance thrills even the bored, uncomprehending foreigner, so real do they seem, so much the people of the forest from which they have sprung? "Elver! Elver!" shriek the children. The grown-ups echo their delight. The fairies take the stage, and as the smoke curtain goes up again, villainy is frustrated amid a riot of knights and ladies, huntsmen, villagers, trolls and gnomes and sprites all tumbled in disarray.

There is more of the play. The solemn king has yet to appear, this time not in disguise, but in full majesty, and reprove and forgive, or do something equally kingish and oppressive, but too proper and inevitable for complaint. But the play's the thing, as another Danish prince said on a more famous occasion fifteen miles due north; and the play is the elves. Here, in this land of forest and woodland mystery, even though scientific agriculture has superseded equally scientific piracy, though prim little cities and neat red-and-white villages, electrically lit and run on oiled wheels of co-operative industry, have supplanted the boorish hamlets and raw freebooters' nests of an earlier day, everyone believes in fairies—young and old, rich and poor, wise and simple. Your stout Danish business man, his leather portfolio put aside for the Sabbath rest, never knows, directly he sets foot in the forest which forever surrounds and obsesses him, when a Hans Andersen brownie may not dodge up from the bole of the twelfth tree on the right with some warning or request, some threat or promise. The housewife at her polished stove, the yellow-shingled typist at her desk, the strapping young clerk on his high stool, the farmer gravely contemplating his fecund, patriotic swine, do they believe in fairies? . . . Of course they do.

The orchestra hidden behind the king's brick wall strikes up a queer but authoritative tune, the audience rises to its feet, and hard but not untuneful voices take up the strains of the national anthem. It echoes through the leafy avenues in challenge to those impudent, mischievous ones hiding there, who will not sing it—not they, the masters of Denmark! The crowd breaks ranks and streams back past the turnstiles to the giant bicycle park and the homeward track. Friluftteatret, the Open-Air Theatre, is over, and the elves are taking their refreshment underneath the brown and sun-baked earth.

"It being accidentally discovered, after a short time, that Mr. Willet still appeared to consider himself a landlord by profession, Joe provided him with a slate, upon which the old man regularly scored up vast accounts for meat, drink, and tobacco. As he grew older this passion increased upon him; and it became his delight to chalk against the name of each of his cronies a sum of enormous magnitude and impossible to be paid: and such was his secret joy in these entries that he would be perpetually seen going behind the door to look at them, and coming forth again, suffused with the liveliest satisfaction."—*Barnaby Rudge*.

The Tree of Life.

By J. R. Donald (Vicar of Bradwell).

VII.—THE GROUP MIND.

TAPLEY: Right you are then, Padre. After last week on Catholicism, I'm just where you said I'd be, and I do want to know. Why aren't you a Roman?

PADRE: In your search for bed-rock fact, you must be familiar with all sorts of contradictions. As Charles Marson used to say, the truth lies in these; never in the Aristotelian "golden mean." You must also be familiar with many contraventions of logic, which nevertheless give more reliable results than the apparently more reasonable lines of argument would or could give. And you remember how Sykes' definition of religion rejected logic, in favour of the Phylum Urge, which cares not a fig for any argument, asking only to give itself "for the Glory of God," in the near view "for the Glory of the Man Spirit," in fact, for the Supreme efflorescent Health of the Human Race." You may be prepared then for this. Logically, I frankly admit, I'm a Roman. But Biologically, and perhaps from some other equally illogical, though vital, points of view, I'm not.

TAPLEY: But you claim to be a Catholic. Can you consistently be a Catholic and not a Roman? Complete Catholicism undoubtedly now involves Papal Infallibility. That involves rejection of Anglican Orders, and unadulterated Romanism.

PADRE: Yes; logically, that is true. But, to begin with, I'm not a consistent Catholic, and think it very unlikely that any Catholic, even the Pope, is a consistent Catholic. And I am not disposed to rank consistency among Catholic virtues. Have you read McDougall's "The Group Mind," Sykes?

SYKES: Yes, I have, with some care. But though he has attained greatness, he may be, like many other great men, likened unto a supposed discoverer of Niagara Falls, who is more pleased with a mechanism for using their power to drive a toy water-wheel, than with the glory of the thing he has found. I know the passage you are thinking of just now, though I think the whole idea of the book bears on the subject. You're on that piece about "collective representations," where McDougall agrees with Lévy Bruhl, and with Cornford, that thinking by means of "collective representations" has its own laws independent of the laws of logic.

PADRE: I am, but I agree with you that the whole subject applies to my case to-night. Cornford, as McDougall indicates, draws religion from what might, by some psychologists, be called "the group-instincts," showing how these take men out of themselves, especially in totem ceremonies, and take them into the realm of "collective representations." All this is, quite obviously, development of the Phylum Urge, or, rather, from and by the Phylum Urge. Well, then, if we are getting our religion quite independently of logic, we can't also have it later on, in religious discussion. In this matter, then, it troubles me little to find that I'm illogical.

SYKES: In a way then, one may say, by conviction you are a Roman?

PADRE: Yes. In a way I am. But—there are butts in this—I take, as I always do, a traditionally English view of the position, when I say that the Pope's power, however infallible at the other side of the Channel, tends to be less so on this side. I much regret the painful want of continuity, now obvious, between His Holiness and the Church of which, in England, I'm a part, but it was not my fault, and I

feel I must just sit tight and receive, so far as I can, his judgments, and, so far as I can, act on them, hoping for better days. That is Catholicism for me. It would not be to leave my branch of the Church with its immortal traditions, its great national spirit, and inheritance for any other, even if nearer His Holiness's influence. To do that would be to abandon the light and the life, however faint, that I already have got, and, incidentally, to give up the heritage of my fathers.

SYKES: Biologically, and that's where we agree to take our stand, the Church of the people, the old and officially recognised Church of the land, should be the Catholic Church for the land, provided its Catholicity is otherwise unimpeachable, which, unfortunately, that of the Church of England tends not to be. There are sound strains in it, but there is, almost throughout the whole Body, far too much Protestantism, and Modernism, with all the weakness and instability, even on the most vital issues, which such things bring. But I feel with you, Padre, that we should stay where we are, and just labour for more Catholicity for us all. Again, I think that the spirit of the whole thing should be considered. To me it is clear that if the Man Soul came to His own, there would and must be union with Rome. But here lies the question for the psychologists. Has the Man Soul come into possession? And the answer is, He has not, and it will be a long time before He does. In the meantime we worship, as did the early Church, more or less *ὁμοθυμαδον*, "with one accord," filled with one Spirit, and that Spirit is our own National Group-Mind, or Group-Spirit—part, of course, of the mighty Spiritual Hierarchy, an integral part of the Life of the Man Soul Himself, but not the Almighty World Spirit of all men yet. A National Church is obviously the only place for worship in such a spirit.

TAPLEY: That brings us to a clear question of fact. In what Spirit do you worship? If in the National Group Spirit, as the psychologists say, then, of course, the Church for your worship is the National Church. I presume it is no question of intellectual difficulty that prevents you from being a Roman, Padre?

PADRE: Certainly not that. Nor does any such trouble prevent my holding any other religious belief. There are some clergy in our Rural Deanery who, with a smattering of science, are pooh-poohing some previously held doctrines of the Church. I told them the other day that the twopence-a-penny worth of science going in this Rural Deanery was not enough either to establish or to confute any religious dogma whatever, Christian or Pagan. And I was right, for such dogmas are too deeply rooted to be assailed by Science so-called; rooted beyond the reach of ordinary logic.

SYKES: I'm inclined to support the Padre on this to my last cartridge. And if Religion is, as I'm convinced it is, the core of the Phylum Urge, that, for the Padre, and for us, is essentially English, not Continental, or Roman, and he and all of us must, by Biological necessity, find our Religious Life here.

PADRE: Well, Tapley! What do you think of our new Pope now? I shall not quarrel with him.

[THE END.]

"There is the reason why the artist is seldom a man of action. He finds it too easy, when the real world hampers him, to slip away into the world of illusion and there build what cloudy edifices he may. . . . With the true artist the desire for action is but fitful. He will go and bombard a town, or harangue a . . . crowd. But he looks on things like that as brief promenades in life. As soon as his puppets of flesh and blood refuse to act as he would have them act, he comes back to his world of phantoms, where he is mightier than Cæsar."—*Captains and Kings*.

Views and Reviews.

THE I. Q.—II.

(Concluded.)

Whether education is a leveller or a process practically wasted on children of low native endowment, is treated with great earnestness in Professor Bagley's work; and the proposal that naturally gifted should be sorted out "at the age of six" for education as leaders renders it a serious question, quite apart from the unsettled problem as to whether they are meant to lead. While there may be no objection, human or schematic, to a caste system of a kind, there is ground for opposing a caste system whose values are obversely plutocracy, and reversely the Servile State. Undeniable as grades of intelligence and ability are, grades of soul are as self-contradictory as degrees of the absolute. Implicit in the foundations of western civilisation is the duty of making the best of every child, not merely making the best of those fortunate children already capable of making the best of themselves.

In western civilisation the sources of social power and development, the very foundations of hope, have been the enjoyments opened to practically everybody. One may affirm that the line of life of Europe is the distribution of the privileges of the Greek freedom discovered by individual genius. That a few great men might crystallise philosophies, consolidate a tradition and a technique of art and architecture, accumulate a store of literature and poetry, and formulate applicable principles of science, the masses of mankind have been sacrificed in war, slavery, and work. It is the office of the new aristocracy—if need be, self-appointed—to communise the fund of power and knowledge. Such is the idea of the common inheritance, applied not only to things of the body, but to those of the mind and spirit. Perhaps it is one of the meanings of the coming of Christ.

Writing, printing, universal education, and the rest of the characteristic institutions of western civilisation are not positive achievements in themselves. They are means for a widespread culture, and positive indications of direction towards the transvaluation of aims necessary for their utilisation. Only the religious values required for setting free the means already at Europe's service—means which embrace all powers from the machinery of production to broadcasting and newspapers—are retarded. We shrink before the difficult duty of communising the privileges and duties of wealth. That rank among men which a culture brings out cannot be expressed because the actual aims of life that still prevail are social pre-eminence and individual economic power or security. The farce of political democracy played in the foreground is a sort of smoke-screen to hide our real movements and motives from the social gods.

On all occasions the social values have been accepted, in siege, shipwreck, family, or even in the somewhat muddy expression of them that Mr. Lloyd George exploited during the war, the individual has been ennobled and the group has been justified. It is not curious but in accordance with the European life-line that the stability of nations since the war corresponds closely, as Prof. Bagley shows, with their degree of elementary education facilities. Dealing with European communities in three groups, neutrals, victors, and vanquished, Prof. Bagley finds that they have been able to withstand the shock of post-war conditions positively

according to the state of their elementary education in 1910. Their post-war stability correlates more nearly with elementary education facilities than with secondary school or college provision for the training of "leader-men." In colleges and universities Russia and Italy before the war were well ahead of countries whose superior elementary education coincides nevertheless with their superior capacity to obtain the respite necessary for reconstruction.

Certainly those who glue their faith in the redemption of mankind to education seem to have hit upon one, and not a small one, of the essential factors. Although a tremendous field opens to the question what sort of education and to what life-goal should education be directed—a field that Prof. Bagley shows himself equipped to explore—it nevertheless remains that the social benefit of such education on the wide scale as has been undertaken is manifest and demonstrable. Intelligence of the native order, breed, in a word, and the will to practise education for all, may in the final analysis be reducible to the same thing. For the orientation of actual conduct, however, final analyses are rarely helpful. By proving that the education distributed after a fashion is worth pursuing and doing better, and that dependence on heredity is as yet premature, Prof. Bagley has rendered the teaching profession and society a true service.

The simple question of the retardation and acceleration of faculty development from all manner of causes, hereditary and environmental, material and psychological, so bristles with points on which experts are ignorant that the way to find out what development a child is capable of is not to examine him at six years of age and fix his life category, but to examine him at six years of age, seven years of age, and at all such other times as the *examination is going to help the child*. The idea that a child is born with so many units (atoms!) of intelligence, which, once counted, can never be increased or decreased, may be both true and in accordance with the scientific temper of the period. It corresponds closely with views regarding the fixed quantity of *libido* possessed by an individual expressed by some psycho-analysts. Yet the power of the human mind and body for transforming physical food and mental stimuli into intelligence is both undetermined and unexhausted. The best pragmatic knowledge on the subject is still the intuitive or revealed heritage of philosophy and religion. It is rarely for the child's sake that his mental *potentiality* is given exact quantitative definition by an adult, but rather the adult's problems that are being disposed of.

That educational development of intelligence is indispensable to prevent actual atrophy, the examination by Hugh Gordon of English canal-boat and gypsy-children (Mental and Scholastic Tests among Retarded Children, London, 1923) leaves no doubt. Canal-boat children have their only opportunity either for education or for mixing with other children when the boats are tied up for unloading and loading. At these times they do not mix readily, but mainly attend places of amusement such as cinemas:—

"Many of the children are well dressed, clean, and appear fairly intelligent, although some of the older ones are undoubtedly very dull. The majority were found anxious to talk, but it was difficult to understand what they said, owing to their indistinct articulation and their use of unrecognisable words."

Under intelligence tests these children gave an average quotient (69.6), little higher than the average of mental defectives. The quotients of

children from the *same families decreased* steadily from the *youngest* to the *oldest*. Children from four to six years old compared favourably with children enjoying social advantages, showing a quotient of 90 (normal 100), whereas the oldest children from twelve to twenty-two years averaged only 60. As Gordon maintains, all the evidence is against any cause of this in heredity; it is due to isolation and to the lack of schooling. Results of the examination of gypsy-children confirm those obtained in the case of canal-boat children. "Intelligence" here also declines, in the absence of formal training and education, as the child grows up. Granted fully that differences in natural endowment are manifest, there is no excuse in religion or in pragmatic justification for withholding from the less endowed by nature the opportunity of full development. Solicitude for genius is early enough when genius appears. The idea that it will appear among the "selected intelligence" groups and be recognised provokes a cynicism. Educators, like the rest of us, are far more familiar with dead than with living geniuses.

R. M.

New Poetry.

By Hugh M'Diarmid.

HUMBERT WOLFE.

"All Is Not Gold that Glitters."

Humbert Wolfe is not to be dealt with in a paragraph, out of all proportion as is the praise, and, relatively to at least a score of his British contemporaries, the space, he is being accorded in the English Press. This rational young Swinburne has not yet "found himself"—if there is anything more to find than an extreme dexterity (within a narrow range) of versification, a verbal wit, a way with the minor musicalities, and perfect manners—all things that have a certain value and are sadly enough to seek. "Requiem" (Benn. 6s.) is his most ambitious effort—but not to find himself, as he boasts.

In subject and method it is curiously like Edwin Muir's "Chorus of the Newly Dead," published by the Hogarth Press last year. It might almost be called a popularisation of it. The difference in the choice of characters is significant. Muir took the Idiot, the Beggar, the Coward, the Harlot, the Poet, the Hero, the Mystic—in that order. Wolfe takes the Common Man, the Common Woman, the Soldier, the Harlot, the Huckster, the Nun, the Anarchist, the Respectable Woman, as his Losers, and, as his Winners, the Lovers, the Builder, the Teacher, the Saints (male and female), the Uncommon Man and the Uncommon Woman. That implies a profound difference in insight, in intellectual integrity. How petty Wolfe's list is in comparison with Muir's—how suburban its distinctions and divisions. Each "type" speaks once in Muir's poem, and twice or thrice in Wolfe's! "Requiem" is the longer, but the lesser, poem. It is destitute of *progression d'effet*. It lacks (despite one or two efforts) the organic variety, as it lacks the dramatic unity, the containing form, of the "Chorus." Its "thought" is negligible, its manner repetitive, its effect horizontal. Mr. Wolfe has done it all "on his technique." "Sub specie aeterni" is merely Kensington Gardens writ large. The poem ends (in what is called the "Coda"):

"There is no need for blame, no cause for praise now,
Nothing to hide, to change, or to discover.
They were men and women. They have gone their ways
now
As men and women must. The high song is over."
(My italics.) But to Muir:—
"It was decreed. We cannot tell
Why harlot, idiot, or clown,

Lived, wept and died. We cannot spell
The hidden word which drove them down.
But looking towards the earth we see
The chart, deep-scored, stretched rigidly,
And all they did beneath the sun
Writ clear until the world is done."

Another writer has said: "Mr. Wolfe has set himself the task of estimating human values, eternal values. He is the advocate of both winners and losers in life; the judge of their gain and loss, now and hereafter. Victor Hugo himself could have done no more. But he has not yet proved that the power of the immortal jurisdiction is his." No; scarcely! James Shirley is a tiny figure in English literature, but before Wolfe thinks of writing another sequence of poems he should carefully weigh his present fifty-three poems in the balance alongside these two stupendous lines:—

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things":

But since "Requiem" is being acclaimed as "pure poetry enchanted and unchallenged," and its publishers are rejoicing that it has restored such a time as "when educated circles eagerly awaited a new volume of poetry by the Great Victorians," while "the reviewers (unlike many of their Victorian predecessors) have at once recognised the remarkable quality of Mr. Wolfe's achievement," let us put it in its right place here by comparing it with another poem which essayed the same task. Dante, says Papini,

"conceived the *Divine Comedy*, which is, in fact, an anticipatory Last Judgment. . . . He takes the place of God, forestalls the great Assize, exalts to the spheres or thrusts down into infernal caverns the souls of cowardly Popes, proud Emperors, rapacious captains, enamoured ladies, saints and warriors, hermits and thinkers, poets and politicians. No one is overlooked. Each has his penalty or his reward. The *Divine Comedy* is the *dies irae* of a great spirit which cannot await for the manifestation of divine wrath, and assigns a place provisionally to every man. It is an incomplete *Vale* of Jehoshaphat, in which all the dead are gathered, while beyond the dread hills the renewal of life goes on. Dante felt that his genius was a divine investiture which gave him the right to judge those who had lived before his time. He was so sure of being a better representative of God than the venal priests and intriguing Popes of his experience that he did not hesitate to thrust into Hell men who passed themselves off before their fellow-men as vicars and ministers of God. Thus, from a lofty throne, more enduring than bronze, the Florentine poet pronounces terrible condemnations which have not yet been cancelled. He seems verily, by the power of his art, to compel God to ratify his sentences."

Immortal jurisdiction! Nobody need be afraid of Humbert Wolfe as judge. He has no such power. His dedicatory poem, in which, as I have indicated, he repudiates responsibility, claiming

"but as the pool
They called Bethesda, when the angel stirred it
Was with some alien virtue wonderful
So this was written, as though I overheard it,"

or again

"I only know this poem is not mine,"
reminds me of Nietzsche and the Case of Wagner. "He (Wagner) was not proud enough to be able to suffer the truth about himself. Nobody had less pride than he. Like Victor Hugo he remained an actor." Is there not a like "stage playing of the spirit" in Wolfe's dedicatory poem? Is he so jealous of poetry that he has called even the most absurd of his eulogists to account? Is he able to bear witness about himself? "Please, teacher, it wasn't me." By thus giving the credit to supernatural inspiration, he is able to claim.

"This is your poem. I shall not write its fellow
Earthsides of immortality. . . ."
and to speak of "the inhuman loveliness"—of his

dreams. What cues to his reviewers and how they have taken them! He knows his Press and his public. Wagner's "not music alone" equates with Wolfe's "this poem is not mine." "Requiem" is in truth a miracle—not of the pool at Bethesda, however, but of the loaves and fishes; for, just as his "royal liberality" is the talk of our literary tea tables to-day, so to-morrow, as Nietzsche said he will be praised by the same people for the opposite reason, as prudent amphitryon—for "the art of Wagner and Hugo, who were similarly praised, of providing a princely board with such a modest outlay." But those of us who "are scarcely satisfied with the mere representation of a banquet" do not believe Nietzsche was thinking of butterflies when he wrote "All that is good is easy, everything divine runs with light feet." "Requiem" "is superfluous to bed." As Janko Lavrin says: "If we consider works of art from the standpoint of their genesis we discover two main motives of creation. The first springs from an impulse to find an escape from oneself and reality; the second from an attempt to divine one's own self and reality."

"For how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read!"

"Requiem" is a product of the first impulse—mere spiritual hedonism; Muir's "Chorus," though not a great poem, springs from the second impulse, and though it may lack the "light feet and wit" (which "Requiem" counterfeits), has, if not "fire, stellar dancing, and wanton intellectuality," at least its share of "grave, grand logic, the vibrating light of the South, and the calm sea—perfection. . . ." But, like all true poetry, it got practically no notice—except from the discriminating few.

Drama.

The Honeysuckle: Playroom Six.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's "The Honeysuckle," does not bother itself with the embarrassments of the respectable and the convention-flouters due to cowardice. It deals with jealousy, friendship, honour, and love—in other words, with universals that are apparently also eternal; with motives common and fundamental to human beings wherever they live together. The play is a romantic tragedy of super-morality, a description that implies its faults as well as its qualities. Its faults are reducible to the exotic, rhetorical language, insufficiently disciplined to the imagery and theme. Words have been given preference over the word. Nevertheless, the qualities have intensity enough to make them felt through the words. In the last act the revelation and practice of super-morality held the audience under a spell comparable with that of a tragedy by Shakespeare.

This play—translated by Cecile Satoris and Gabrielle Enthoven—would have required over four hours for production in full. While cutting more than a third needs a long knife and a strong wrist, it wants also delicate nerves. Possibly the performed version could have been bettered by more plucking of twigs and rather less lopping of branches. Without having seen the original script one hopes that this course, leaving a shape and proportion at the end rather less work for Hilda Maude. Her range of tone and pitch increase, but she has not yet the power of commanding her audience's whole sympathy. She leaves it self-conscious when it ought to be oblivious of self. Her part of Aude de Coldre would, it must be conceded, have tested the most experienced tragic actresses—they are very few—in London, and her performance, especially in the third act, is to be com-

mended. This hysterical sensitive Aude whose uncanny vision has revealed to her that Pierre Dagon, her step-father, killed her father, is the central figure. Becoming almost witch, she assumes the seat of judgment, and in the end forces her mother to take vengeance on Pierre. A tangled complex of motives is suggested in the conduct of Aude; jealousy of Pierre for taking her father, jealousy of Pierre for taking her mother, and jealousy of her mother for taking Pierre. She is a very fine character-study.

Terence O'Brien made Pierre Dagon effective in the last act, but wrongly gave misleading suggestions of guilt in the second act. Doreen Murdoch, who played Clarielle, "the swallow," the spirit of happiness attendant on responding by instinct to one's natural impulses, as a contrast to Aude's unhappy brooding, is a new comer of promise. The best performance, however, was Enid Lindsey's as Hellis-sant, sister-in-law to Aude, and Pierre's next beloved. Although a good deal crippled by the surgeons, she suggested the part completely by acting reminiscent of impressionism. A good stage setting which refused to be intimidated by exiguity contributed to the satisfactoriness of the presentation.

The Spot on the Sun: Ambassadors.

The Ambassadors Theatre, having presented a series of intelligent plays for only short runs—although one of them is filling another theatre—has aimed at a double, in the shape of an interesting play with a star attraction. There is no reason why "The Spot on the Sun" should not fill a bigger theatre than the Ambassadors for a long time. When "The Lilies of the Field" was produced the author, Mr. John Hastings Turner, appeared to have nothing to add to drama but a mode of the conflict between the older and younger generations in terms of crinoline and crêpe-de-chinery, so that the most suitable actresses for the parts would have been at least as suitable as mannequins. In "The Spot on the Sun," while there are three types introduced because types are handy pegs for humour, there are six carefully drawn characters. It is still the conflict of the generations, but the treatment of rapprochement renders the play far better.

A second merit is that Mr. Limpus's engagement of Marie Tempest as Mrs. Patrick, the demoralised mother providing money for her daughter's education at Cheltenham by dangling herself in Monte Carlo before a millionaire whose father was a Macedonian Pole and whose mother came from Smyrna, donian Pole and whose mother came from Smyrna, gives the public Marie Tempest in more than juggling with light lines. Marie Tempest is the biggest temptation to flapper stage-fever in England—and probably beyond. When she is on the stage it looks as though anyone could simply walk on and act. Since her technical flawlessness has to be seen, it may as well be seen where her command over pathos is as manifest as her mastery over comedy. If it cannot be in a great play it may as well be in as good as can be found.

The occupants of this Monte Carlo villa were certainly not nice people, not a whit nicer than many of the people in London. But the Baroness Ridler, who used her money to buy a young man as well as Casino excitement for the day-time; Michael, the young man; Barrington Woolfe, the millionaire; and Mrs. Patrick, the hostess, were real people; and although their conventions were less moral than those of West Kensington, they were more frank with one another about their motives. The arrival of Mary Patrick from college to join her mother, however, betrayed Monte Carlo into recognising the old morality, and it decided at least to simulate decency until it could get her out of the way again. But Barrington Woolfe, having kept the mother in gambling funds in the hope of return, repudiated her acceptance of his marriage proposal on seeing the

daughter, and held out his seven hundred thousand francs of IOU's—whatever their worth—for the mother's passivity while he wooed the daughter, the alternative being public exposure.

Mrs. Patrick, after agreeing, responded to her better nature. She confessed herself to her daughter, and begged forgiveness. But Mary Patrick was an advocate of the new morality. At Cheltenham, in addition to cricket, she had been taught to do just what she liked, and to make allowances for what other people liked, which seems to imply the preaching of free love and the practice of chastity called Shavianism. Her consequent refusal of forgiveness nearly converted her mother into the aggrieved party. After Mary had made a fool of herself, however, by falling in love with the Baroness's kept dancing-partner, and through the superior wisdom of the mother, had found herself out in time, the pair of them concluded that while attitudes may change, risks are much the same, so that women might as well join one big union. During the absence of the millionaire from the stage, presumably at the Monte Carlo stock exchange, since he must have gone somewhere to make his money, Mrs. Patrick agreed to marry Robert Loudon, a spineless stage-Englishman, brought in for satirical purposes—the part will go better in New York—so that in the end Barrington Woolfe got nothing for his investment but the opportunity to prove himself a sport by the gesture of tearing up the IOU's. The curtain fell on Mrs. Patrick and her future husband retrieving his national reputation for honest stupidity by piecing the bits together again as though they represented the American debt.

One of the types, Agnes Imlay's servant Holmes, who, having been born illegitimate, was brought up to look sin in the face, and who brooded night and day in the manner of the typical northern Puritan on the show her mistress would make at the Judgment, was almost justified by the humour and the acting. Lady Tree's Baroness Ridler, George Howe's Michael, and Fabia Drake's Mary Patrick were carefully studied characters, the last named suffering a considerable handicap from the author. The performance of Frank Cellier as Barrington Woolfe compels the epithet great. Where Mrs. Patrick had to be intimidated by threat of the law courts into giving Woolfe a clear field with her daughter, since it was he, not she, who had broken contract, and at other points, the plot attracted critical attention. At several of these, especially the moment at which Woolfe had to help the play to an end by destroying the testimony of debt, it was the fine acting of Frank Cellier that lulled protest to sleep.

PAUL BANKS.

Music.

Turandot. (Covent Garden, June 15.)

This is immeasurably Puccini's best work. One is again and again delighted by the absolute mastery, the consummate theatric skill of the whole thing, the perfectly natural way in which harmonic neologisms are worked into the fabric of the music, the very high level of general musical quality, particularly in the series of delightful trios given to Ping-Pang and Pong. The difficult part of the Princes Turandot did not, one feels, produce anything like all of its effectiveness as sung by Miss Florence Easton, whose voice lacks the brilliant incisive metallic quality that is called for, and who seemed all the time under strain of trying to force this quality into a voice that does not possess it—although it is somewhat hard, which is quite another thing. The important subordinate part of Liu was very beautifully sung by Lotte Schöne. This was the best singing by anyone in the opera. The tenor Francesco Merti was unimpressive; his singing ordinary and his acting "operatic."

Manuel de Falla. (Aeolian Hall, June 22.)

This composer is a disconcerting example of the deterioration that a mediocre, though very agreeable talent can suffer under the pestilential influence of Stravinsky. Had de Falla, of course, been a really powerful creative artist, he could not have fallen thus under the sway of the reigning modish smart composer. The audience at the Aeolian Hall were an unpleasant example of the sort of people who listen to (and the fact of whose listening makes) modish composers: which, per contra and consequently, utterly damns these as people with any claims to importance. As for the music, it consisted chiefly of the highly-spiced sophisticated and distorted baby-talk one expects on these occasions. Of the "Puppet Show of Master Peter," the centre of gravity of the programme, it can be granted that as an accessory ingredient (a suggestive and skilfully evocative body of sound), if in a stage production and provided all the other constituent elements were superlatively well done, it would conceivably be very successful; but its claims to stand on its own feet as music are frankly preposterous, and to present it in a concert hall as such is inept. The qualities that make the composer an admirable purveyor of incidental noises and sounds for stage purposes are supplemented by no others—at least in the later works—that make him a satisfying musician. These qualities, one in particular that can best be described as a lyricism *ensoleillé*, and a finely pointed, though very restricted, harmonic sense that are to be found in his earlier works up to the period of "El amor brujo" (which the composer all but ruined with some of the clumsiest, and most crudely over-emphasised conducting I have ever heard—a wooden inflexibility of rhythm, a heaviness and deadness that nearly drove one to despair, knowing how the work can be made to sound) gradually disappear under the drumming mania caught from Stravinsky, until in the appallingly tedious Concerto for harpsichord (or piano) there is nothing left of them, and all is become dessicated like dead twigs.

Carmen. (Covent Garden, June 24.)

With all Olszewska's magnificent gifts both as a singer and actress her Carmen, though most individual as a conception (this was a Carmen with a clever unscrupulous head, not merely a vampire woman) was not of the superb vocal quality one expects from this artist. The voice seems to lack the requisite rapidity of movement to tell effectively, in spite of the very much lighter texture of the music as compared with the Wagner music-dramas in which Mme. Olszewska is of such magnificence. The Micaela of Delia Reinhardt was very good indeed, one of the best for a very long time. This singer's French was much better than that of Mme. Olszewska, which was both indistinct and poor in accent. Jeanne Dufau was an excellent Mercedes, a distinct clearly-cut piece of work, finely sung and a very good character study. Katherine Arkandy surprised one with a really acceptable Frosquita. Anseau acted better than he sang (as Don José). There was a lack of freedom about his singing, although on occasion he gave us some beautifully moulded and musicianly expressive phrases. One felt he was not at his best. It was pleasant to hear again that fine artist of pre-war days, Marcel Journet, as Escamillo, an admirable performance of a tried and seasoned artist, in spite of some roughness of attack in the beginning. The *première danseuse*, Elsa Brunelleschi, must be mentioned for her fine performance at the beginning of the second and fourth acts and for her brilliant castagnet technique.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

Reviews.

THE COMIC ARTIST. Susan Glaspell and Norman Matson. (Ernest Benn, Ltd. 3s. 6d. and 5s.)

Without straying far from the recognised lines of domestic tragedy, this play in three acts contains five well-developed characters and plenty of incident. The beginning of the second scene of Act II. would very likely be a little slow, but the remainder should play well and be very moving. Stephen Rolf and his wife, living happily in their centuries-old cottage, are growing part of its tradition when his younger brother, the comic artist, arrives with his beautiful but self-centred young wife. At the same time the young wife's mother, tired of Parisian gaiety in her approaching middle age, flies into the ointment. It turns out that Stephen Rolf was not the mother's lover in Paris before his settling down, but the daughter's. The conflict of motives and attachments among the five of them, Karl Rolf seeking the mothering tenderness and service of Stephen's wife, and Stephen falling to the excitements of Karl's, while the mother plays her own game, is more frequent in farce, especially French farce, than in drama, even American drama. What, in passing, seems invariable in American work is wine, of which a good deal, especially for a country said to be economical in this commodity, is spilled. But the complications up to the point of the tragic death of Karl through the efforts of his busybody mother-in-law to do him a service, are dramatically enough worked out to gain indulgence for the thinness of the plot. The real theme of the play is the psychology of motivation, for the merits of which it will doubtless be produced.

UNDELIVERED LETTERS—from an American Girl to her English Husband. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.)

The profound disbelievers in the Anglo-Saxon sides of the Atlantic, and even one or two in the ranks of NEW AGE readers, will no doubt mark this interesting and earnestly sincere piece of work as put into the mouth of the Stars and Stripes. But if a man believes in his propaganda as heartily as Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, why should he not spread it? For he holds his gentlemanly opinions without any of that equally honest fumbling for the Middle of the Road which so handicaps his brother, Sir Philip Gibbs. And he believes in Us with a Frankauish obstinacy, even when the brokers are on the doorstep. We like the way in which Mr. Hamilton spends a perfectly sound and marketable plot upon a charitable object like this. It proves yet again what we have always felt about him, that he is first and always concerned in giving his public value for their money. That he writes well is no news. And the handsome, efficient, inarticulate aristocrat whom he has taken for a now, so we do not wonder that his chirruping, little, rich girl was pleased with him. But why did she nearly misbehave herself with an attractive all-up English villain just because her hero wouldn't give up a talk in Downing-street for a spell of domestic dalliance? Is this in the sheikh tradition? We think not.

PROS AND CONS. A Guide to the Leading Controversies of the Day. Seventh edition; re-written or revised by Hilderic Cousens, B.A. (Cantab). (Geo. Routledge. 211 pp. 2s. 6d.)

From the notice of this book in THE NEW AGE last week under the title: "A Debater's Encyclopaedia," the name of the publishers was omitted. Particulars are therefore completed and repeated as above.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TEATRO DELLE PICCOLI MASCHERE.

Sir,—It is neither my place nor desire to debate with your critic his opinion of the quality of Gerrard Williams's "Willow-Pattern Plate," one of the works included in the productions prepared by me for the current season of the Teatro delle Piccole Maschere at the New Scala Theatre. Personally, I am glad that my criteria do not agree with his.

I may, however, reasonably protest against the "judgment" which denies knowledge of the right drum-rhythm in "The Dream of Sheba" to Julia Chatterton, the composer of the work, and to her personally-trained assistant-drummer!

I thank our critic for noticing—in advance—my "Idyll in Ebony."

LEIGH HENRY.

Artistic and Musical Director,
Teatro delle Piccole Maschere.

New Scala Theatre.

[Sir,—As to the rightness of Mrs. Chatterton's drum-rhythm, she is the expert and I the learner. But drum-rhythm was not the question. Whether the volume of drum-sound was out of proportion is a matter on which the person in the auditorium is in a better position to judge than the drummer.

The Italian Marionettes transferred to the Strand Theatre on Monday last for a further season. Mr. Henry will thus have an opportunity of testing the question in another theatre.—YOUR CRITIC.]

"THE MEANING OF SPIRIT."

Sir,—Mr. Mairet will, I hope, forgive my pointing out that he has not defined the meaning of *Spirit*. Like Mr. Chadband on "Terewth," he suggests what it doesn't mean, namely, spooks and ghosts; but then chases off with Dr. Adler, leaving readers the task of choosing a meaning for themselves. They have heard that "God is a spirit" and must be "worshipped in spirit"; they know what low spirits are, and that a glass of spirit often changes them into high spirits: they have observed high-spirited horses; they are familiar with spiritual attitudes: they know what the "spirit of the game" stands for; they recognise a mean or a generous spirit; they have listened to spirited discourses; they have also heard of disembodied spirits. The ordinary man naturally treats the word "spirit" as a figurative term depending entirely on its context for a meaning. It can suggest a ghost, God, good health, vigour, piety, imagination, or common virtues and vices according to choice.

All that can be said comprehensively of "Spirit" is that it connotes consciousness. Mr. Mairet appears to regard it as the uncaused cause of consciousness. He goes on to declare that the existence of that "ever-present uncaused cause" is the most immediate experience of human life. If he means (and this reservation, alas, has to be interjected) only too frequently in discussing Mr. Mairet's dissertation that our awareness of being conscious is a common experience; well and good. But if he means that we commonly experience the existence of "spirit" as the cause of consciousness, he should offer evidence. Instead of that he assumes the truth of his statement, and then starts a heresy hunt among those who do not accept it. Such people, or are opinion, desire a "philosophy of helplessness" or are "deeply afraid of humanity." But if they want something, or are afraid of something else, their desire and fear are part of their consciousness (or sub-consciousness if preferred); and since this consciousness is caused by the "spirit," the aforesaid desire and fear proceed from the same cause—uncaused cause—unalterable cause. So even our neuroses are products of Mr. Mairet's "spirit," and he shows himself a determinist die-hard. He may reply that a caused consciousness may function independently of its cause. But, if so, why trouble about the cause at all? Let us stick to psychology and forget metaphysics. He himself says: "An idea is a formidable tool, whose value depends entirely upon what you want to do with it." Alter "want to do" to "are able to do," and the statement is good sense. One may therefore reasonably demand of him not only an intelligible definition of "spirit," but an explanation of its use as a "formidable tool." Tool for what?

In the meantime the average human individual will continue to use the tools he understands. Articles like Mr. Mairet's defeat his purpose: for they imbue readers with the impatient sentiment: "The more I see of metaphysicians the more I love my scientist."

JOHN GRIMM.

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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.

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Contributors are asked to take note that a column of large type in THE NEW AGE contains about 700 words, and a column of small type 975 words. Their contributions should therefore be of 700 or 1,400 words in the first case, or 975 or 1,950 words in the second.

Except in special circumstances articles should not run on to three columns. Normally a writer should be able to explain his thesis adequately in one or in two columns. If not he should divide it with the above measurements in view.

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"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.

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