THE
NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 1846] NEW SERIES Vol. XLII. No. 13. THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1928. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Under the shadow of the next Election the *Morning Post* has joined the *Daily Mail* in its dark forebodings concerning the consequences of the "flapper vote." It calls upon the Conservative Government to reconsider their policy of franchise extension, and never to mind about being "consistent." Let them weigh anew the "dangers to democracy" in this large expansion of the electorate. We are in general sympathy with the *Morning Post's* arguments, subject to a modification in their relative emphasis. It is on strong ground when it points out that the addition of 5,000,000 new electors to the registers will, by adding (it computes) £125,000 to the cost of an election, force out of politics the "independent candidate" and increase more and more the "political machine and the Political Fund." "Money," it observes, "however collected, in the hands of the Political Boss, becomes the decisive factor in our political system." That is true. But the conclusion should be pursued to a higher plane of reality. The "Political Boss," however decisive an immediate factor in a given time and place is not the ultimate decisive factor, for he has to depend on collected money. The superlative "Boss" is he who does not need to collect money because he can create it. That is to say, the control over political opinion rests finally with the banking system. The *Morning Post* must not allow itself to be obsessed by Mr. Lloyd George's strong box. It must not be blinded by the hand of picture cards which the Liberal Party proposes to play. For the banker calls trumps every time.

* * *

"Jean Jacques Rousseau," says the *Morning Post*, ". . . argued always of a small electorate as the basis of a true representation of the people." Certain it is that if every constituency consisted of, say, five hundred electors instead of the multitudes now enfranchised, such a body as the Social Credit Movement could contemplate political action as a sporting investment of energy. For there would be an equalisation of opportunity as regards both money and publicity. On the basis of the present cost of 6d. per elector which is the maximum legal expenditure that candidates are allowed to incur, it would be necessary to raise only £12 10s. to contest a constituency. It is, of course, true that a multitude of other bodies would be able to compete, and it would necessitate special qualities in the electors for them to distinguish the still small voice of common sense in the general din. All this is theoretically possible; but it will never be a practical proposition in a country forced to live in tune with existing high-financial policy. For instance, once postulate the super-law of economic abstinence and the whole preoccupation of the community must be concentrated on the question: "Who shall abstain?" And if this question is to be answered at the polls, it is futile to expect any man to trust another to vote on his behalf. The adoption of Social Credit would eliminate from politics this panic-stricken competition for economic safety. When nobody can be voted into the workhouse, only those citizens who have wider ideals than bread and cheese will instinctively desire to vote.

* * *

In the meantime, even if the *Morning Post* could somehow do so well as to get the Government to disenfranchise 5,000,000 of the existing electorate it would be no nearer its ideal of "representative members." And during a continuous process of this sort the smaller the electorate became the more intense would be financial intrigues to control the selection of the remaining voters, so that by the time you had got the number down to a few thousands your electorate would turn out to be a panel of bank managers or bankers' nominees. In fact, an exactly parallel process is actually being worked out in the revised Company Laws, for these aim at reducing the number of private directors and putting the control of company finance into the hands of paid experts—i.e., "sound-accountancy" experts, which is to say, "safe" administrators of high-financial policy. Consider these directors whose supersession is contemplated; the case against them is that they have been prone to do things discordant with banking policy. They would distribute higher dividends, they would apply less profit to reserves, than the bankers think they should have done. Further, they would value stocks at a higher figure than the bankers think they should have done. And their object in doing this was to make their profit look larger, maintain their share-values, and so deceive the bankers into allowing them greater credit accommodation than they would have done. In short, these directors acted as they thought best, irrespective of what the credit-monopolists desired. Hence the new scheme to replace directors by bankers. And the *Morning Post* can be quite sure that if ever our unwieldy electorate looked like taking the bit in its teeth and rampaging through the hedges of high-financial interests, it would be reduced to manageable proportions long before the Press was able to organise an agitation.

* * *

Again, before demanding a system which will ensure the election of representative members, the *Morning Post* might try to clarify its ideas on why it wants them. We presume it would say, first of all, that it wants the electoral system so devised that alternative party policies will enjoy equal facilities for presentation and consideration: more specifically, it wants a fair field and no favour for Conservatism. But what is Conservatism? On what fundamental, and yet practical, issue can the plain man be asked to interest himself in the running conditions of the electoral race? Why should he trouble what weight-penalties the official handicappers at the Bank of England impose on the runners unless he fancies one of them? Perhaps we shall all learn something of the reason soon, for we see that there is to be litigation bearing on the puzzle. The Carlton Club has decided to admit Liberals to membership; and a long-standing member, Colonel James Grimwood, of James Grimwood and Co., Incorporated Accountants, of Coleman Street, E.C., has announced his intention to seek an injunction to restrain the club from altering its rules with the above object. The *Star* of January 19, in which this news is given, understands that Sir Herbert Samuel has been subpœnaed for the purpose of defining what a Liberal is, and that it is possible that a member of the Cabinet will also be called to define a Conservative. God grant this be true.

* * *

In the course of an interview Colonel Grimwood mentions that since taking this stand he has suffered for it; "men who used to be my friends ignore me when we meet and cut me in the street." His comment is the following:—

> "But that is the attitude of the City Conservative. They are not concerned with political principles. Their political alignment is between the 'haves' and the 'have nots.' They have no foreign policy; no Colonial policy; no Indian policy—all they want to do is to keep what they 'have' and grab as much more as they can."

We do not wonder at Colonel Grimwood's mystification and anger. Imagine an old Conservative being cut by his fellow Conservatives because he objects to relax in the company of Liberals. We admire this gentleman's sincerity:—

> "I told them (the Committee of the Club) that I would not belong to a political club of such colour that both Liberals and Conservatives could be members. I would sooner go over and become a Fabian Socialist and advocate as much State interference as possible. . . . In the country we are fighting the Liberals to the death. The Liberals are out to destroy the Conservative Party or the Labour Party or both—anything to get back to power. And these were the people to bring into the Club and sit down to lunch, and talk peaceably with."

His instincts are true, although he goes astray in his attempt to divine motives. The causes of the change lie deeper. There is no such thing as a differentiated Conservative, or Liberal, or Labour policy except in respect of such superficial divergencies as are consonant with an undifferentiated cosmopolitan financial policy. The "City," for instance, is a homogeneous Wall Street agency, and if it has a dominant political policy at all, it is American policy. The traditional property represented by Conservatism—the land—has to-day the least investment value of all property, and does not interest the "City." In whatever proportions the "City" has at times been composed of individual Conservatives and Liberals, it has pursued a continuous Liberal policy since the industrial revolution. This has made inevitable a continuous decline in the financial power of Conservatism, which at last has resulted in a situation in which the Committee of the Carlton Club cannot make it pay on subscriptions from Conservatives. Colonel Grimwood urges that it should raise the entrance fee and subscription. It might be possible to carry on for a time by that means, but we think it would only postpone the change for a little while. "Peace in politics" is now in the air, and there is no room for honest and single-minded fighters like the gallant Colonel. *Delenda est Carltona.*

* * *

That blessed word Peace. We must have peace in Industry, peace in Politics, peace in the Anglican Church—and now there is an item of news which suggests the commencement of a policy to promote peace between Christianity and Jewry. It comes from America. That notorious film *The King of Kings* has given offence to the Jews. We quote from the *New York Herald Tribune* of January 6:

> "Alfred M. Cohen, international president of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, announced in Cincinnatti yesterday that because of protests from Jews all over the country Cecil B. DeMille had agreed to add a prologue to the motion picture, 'The King of Kings,' and to make certain revisions in the sequences of the picture, thereby *exonerating the Jews from all blame in the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.* The new version of the Gospel story will place the entire blame on Caiaphas, the High Priest, 'and other hirelings of the Roman Empire.'
>
> "John C. Flinn, president of the Pathé Exchange, owners of the film, left for California yesterday afternoon to assist Mr. DeMille in making the changes, and in a telegram to Mr. Cohen announced that he hoped the new version of the crucifixion would be ready for public showing on January 18, when the road tour of the film would begin.
>
> "The negotiations which have now been concluded by the decision to change the film were begun last November by Will H. Hays, film czar, when he learned that rabbis in New York and elsewhere were denouncing the film from their pulpits. Mr. Hays invited Mr. Cohen, and other prominent Jews who had protested, to New York, and a conference was held, after which Mr. Hays wrote to Mr. Cohen that the producers did not want to do anything that would offend any race or creed."

The high-financial entente directs the evolution of every other entente that will facilitate its purpose. Every quarrel costs money, and is wasteful. So it does not matter how important any issue may be on other planes; it must be got rid of. The parties must make friends. Hence the irruption of capitalists into the Labour Party, bankers into capitalist board-rooms, cosmopolitans into "national" Governments, Catholics into Protestant Churches, and, lastly, Jews into Christendom. It is a cunning idea—to eliminate from human psychology the will-to-argue—to destroy the germ of human responsibility.

* * *

According to the *Christian Science Monitor* of December 27, the American Council of Learned Societies have had a field day at Washington. Two societies, the American Economic Association and

the American Statistical Association, held a joint meeting to hear Dr. Lionel D. Edie, of Chicago University, advocate—

> "An international federal reserve system, and a gold League of Nations which would pool gold reserves as a means of stabilising prices."

They also heard Professor E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton, who

> "painted a picture of world finances closely controlled by officials of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and the Reichsbank, with the possible assistance of the League of Nations.

(Consult our old article and chart, "The Key to World Politics." These celebrated economists are shading it in most faithfully.) But Professor Kemmerer is more entertaining when he treats of gold supplies. Here he joins issue with Dr. Edie who had feared a shortage, resulting in a long period of falling prices. Nothing of the sort, the Professor comforts his audience. Something like half the world's gold production flows into the arts and is not applied to monetary uses. So if price stabilisers required more gold to prevent the disaster of falling prices they could restrict this flow of gold "by taxes and other Government measures." We are always interested to hear a definition of the gold standard—or a clue to its definition—but all we can make out of Professor Kemmerer is that the ideal is a "just-enough-gold" standard. Indeed, he proceeds to declare that his great fear is lest somebody should devise "a method of producing synthetic gold cheaply." The "world" would do well "to consider seriously the great problems that would arise" if that came about. Nonsense. The bankers could buy the invention and suppress it. If the secret leaked out they could make the manufacture of gold an illegal act. But what a revelation of the chaotic confusion in which the "science" of finance is involved. Dr. Edie, one expert, fears falling prices, while Professor Kemmerer, another, fears rising prices. The only thing they appear to agree upon is that prices must rise and fall accordingly as gold supplies expand or contract. When they are most united they are most wrong. And that is why you never hear the same tale from banking apologists. Let experts in any other science contradict each other, and everybody says: "They do not know their subject." But let two banking experts do so, and everybody says: "I do not know their subject."

* * *

Whatever quantity of gold flows into the arts is released for that purpose by the banks. Before the war, when the refining of South African gold was carried out in London (it is now done at the Cape) the consignments of rough bars were shipped direct to the refiners, but as the property of the banks. The metal, after refining, was all delivered to the banks—if required. It stands to reason that gold mining companies do not need to deal with a multitude of dealers in gold when the law compels the Bank of England to buy all that is tendered to it at its standard price; nor would they desire to divide their consignments, as they would otherwise have to do. They sell in bulk and have done with it: and nobody but the banker can buy in bulk. Therefore, however "scarce" gold bullion may be said to be in any country, the scarcity is the result of the Central Bank's policy. Scarce or not, the Bank intercepts all it wants out of the total imports. The quantity it intercepts is the quantity it can use as a basis for the loan-credit which it decides to circulate. The surplus of gold in the United States Banking system is due to the fact that the arts cannot absorb the difference between the quantity the system has had to buy and the quantity it needs for monetary purposes. That is why this surplus has been spoken of as involving the system in a loss; for when purchasing the metal it created credit to pay for it, and thus created deposits, which the depositors could, if they chose, place in "deposit" accounts and draw interest on. So it is clear that the volume of the banks' credit operations is not limited by any adventitious acquisition of gold; but that their own credit policy fixes the quantity they choose to acquire. The international confederation of Central Banks rations their several proportions of participation in the privilege of credit creation; and that having been decided, each Bank buys and holds just that quantity of gold which will justify the allotted credit according to the customary ratio. When, therefore, the Directors of the Bank say: "We have only £1 of gold, so we cannot circulate more than £20 of credit," they ought to say: "We have no right to circulate more than £20 of credit, so we need not hold more than £1 of gold." If this truth about the gold "problem" be borne in mind it will clear up a good many of the misunderstandings that arise when bank spokesmen discuss their pretended difficulties.

NOTICES.

We are asked to make two announcements for the benefit of country readers who intend coming to London to attend THE NEW AGE Dinner on February 4.

The "M.M." Club.

The first is that for Friday evening, February 3, the "M.M. Club" have arranged a Reception which will take place at the Lincoln's Inn Restaurant, 305 High Holborn, W.C.1 (nearest stations are Holborn on the Piccadilly Tube and Chancery Lane on the Central London). All visitors interested in Social Credit are cordially invited. The proceedings will last from 5.30 till 10 o'clock—conversation and refreshments from 5.30 till 6.30 and from 8 o'clock till 10 o'clock. A meeting for discussion of the economic situation and other relevant matters will be held from 6.30 till 8.

The Society for Individual Psychology.

The second is that on Sunday afternoon, February 5, the Society for Individual Psychology will be "at home" at their rooms, 55 Gower Street, W.C.1, from 4.30 onwards. The proceedings will comprise social intercouse and a discussion of the relation between Social Credit and modern psychology. Readers of THE NEW AGE who are interested in either of or both these subjects are heartily invited to attend.

"The New Age" Dinner.

Further particulars appear in the advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

"Dr. Julius Klein, Director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, stated that out of 100,000 businesses in the United States examined by his bureau at least 34,000 were making no profit whatever."—*Commercial and Financial Chronicle,* December 17, 1927.

"There is now, and has always been, a certain prejudice upon the part of the public against those engaged in the banking business. . . . This Association (the American Bankers' Association) is trying to break down the so-called prejudice against banks by acquainting the public with our problems and difficulties. . . ."—T. R. Preston, president of American Bankers' Association, reported in *Wall Street Journal,* December 21, 1927.

"'We want every woman who has a house to join us,' said Miss A. D. Muncaster, chairman of the British Housewives' Association, which has a membership of nearly 600. It is launching a new campaign with a meeting at the Forum Club, London, on January 23. 'The Association membership fee is one shilling a year, so that we consider ourselves open to all classes. We have a monthly news sheet which is sent to members, and our idea is that with it we shall enclose dietary suggestions for the month with hints on the best way of cooking. On the diet sheet we shall mark how much the food should cost, so that when ordering from her butcher, grocer, fishmonger, and milkman, the housewife will be able to confront them with fair prices. After our meeting at the Forum Club we want to continue our *great push* by seeking the assistance of provincial lady mayoresses and medical officers of health.' . . . The registered office is 108 St. Clement's House, Lombard Street, London, E.C."—*Manchester Guardian,* January 3, 1928.

Liberalism and Agriculture.

After the worst harvest experienced by the present generation of British farmers, the prospect of slipping from the frying pan into the fire is offered to them by the Liberal Party in its latest report*, which continues the proposals for a Liberal Land Policy set out at length in *The Land and the Nation* (October, 1925), where a system of Land Nationalisation, with compensation to present landowners, was advocated. The Liberal Land Convention in February, 1926, asked that the marketing question should be further considered, and this book is the outcome. The policy with which the Liberal Party purposes to set up Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land can be gleaned from the introductory chapter:—

> "It is a plain duty for a Party which has set its hand to the high task of regenerating the rural life of Great Britain to work out in detail the methods by which a fair share of the price paid by the home consumer shall pass to the home producer."
>
> ". . . Following upon the war boom in prices there came a very heavy post-war slump. Before there had been time for adjustment came the return to the gold standard. The present Government apparently decided upon their monetary policy without any regard to its effect on industry in general, and without realising that agriculture . . . would be peculiarly hard hit. . . A time of readjustment and recuperation was anxiously waited for when the Churchill policy had abated in virulence. But then came a world-wide depression in agricultural prices, which wrecked hopes oft postponed. The fundamental cause of this appears to be that the world's agricultural production has been increasing faster than the world's population . . . It may, however, be observed that agriculture is suffering from a trouble which can more properly be described as under-consumption than as over-production. There can be no doubt that world population has by no means reached its maximum consuming point."

In Chapter X. the reader arrives at the proposed solution of the farmers' troubles—a 100 per cent. National Co-operative Trust for Agriculture backed up by what is actually a system of sabotage and stabilisation:—

> "The marketing system we have advocated in this Report, backed by the arrangements we suggest for transport and finance, would, we are confident, give the producer a larger share of the price paid by the consumer."
>
> "By organisation on a national scale producers collectively can strengthen their position so that they could:—
>
> 1. Improve the standard of their goods.
> 2. Simplify the process and reduce the expense of putting goods on the market;
> 3. Stimulate demand by improving the supply of articles of improved standard;
> 4. Secure a wider market by stimulating the demand for goods of a standard quality;
> 5. Profitably increase production by winning access to a wider market; and
> 6. Obtain for themselves a larger share of the price paid and on an increased output."

There is nothing to be done here that farmers could not do equally well for themselves, given the right opportunities.

Let us go forward, however, to examine the motives and means by which this "liberal" refreshing fruit is to be doled out with pitchforks at the farmers' pantomime, where that pretty damsel Miss Goodwill is to play the Fairy Queen:—

> "Without goodwill towards action even the best of principles will produce no result. . . . How can goodwill towards better marketing be established . . . universally and on a national basis? . . . the will to act . . . the will to combine . . . the will to organise . . . the way and the will. . . ."

It seems clear that goodwill can be taken as read, and the will-to-power can be ignored as so fully monopolised by the Banker that there are no pickings left for Giles. The inspiration of Lord Beaverbrook's 100 per cent. Trust for the coal industry has simply overflowed and formed the idea of a 100 per cent. Trust for agriculture. First, Farmer Giles is to be hypnotised with the One Big Union idea, and the dim shadow of the Banker with a big stick is to enter the picture later. The industry is to be scientifically managed, finally, to the complete satisfaction of its financial supervisors:—

> "The next stage would be, where capital was necessary for buildings *and the like*, to collect it from farmers and their friends on a basis which offered a fair return on money provided, and fully to utilise offers of State credit. . . . There must be a central driving force administered by the best commercial brains available. . . . There would have to be at first a Central Board of not more than five persons who must be business administrators of a high type . . . the Central Board should therefore be a Department of the State. This will carry with it close contact between the Movement and the responsible Ministers of the Crown, who . . . will watch progress very carefully. . . ."

The unavoidable interpretation is that the middlemen are to be squeezed out of the business and the farmer bound by contract to supply graded and certified produce in regular deliveries to the factories and dumps of the Trust, and upon the basis of this contract system the Banks are to supply credit, and thus enable the Central Board to sell forward. The Banker will make advances to the Trust while the farmer will take all the risk. There is nothing very novel in this! At the present time Farmer Giles has to cringe alone in the dimness of bank parlours, but even this is better than second-hand dealings through a Trust.

Much dangling of the carrot before Giles's nose as regards what has been accomplished in Denmark is not very warming, for we now know that whereas the Danes send their choicest dairy produce abroad they themselves have to eat Rumanian margarine and American bacon. In the report the United Dairies with its inflated capital of £5,000,000, yielding a high rate of interest, comes in for censure, and is practically accused of profiteering. The fear is also expressed that some similar organisation will likewise capture other lines of farm produce. There is much insinuation as to what the profits of the United Dairies must be, and it is suggested that legislation should be enforced to disclose these profits and to make them issue intelligible balance sheets. The National Farmers' Union is also dealt with. This organisation, with its lamb-like innocency, still believes that something, somewhere, can be accomplished through the medium of politics, and after a recent unsuccessful political campaign—in which the farmers are always left to hold the baby—the Union is at present directing much invective against the Government for failing to carry out their election promises. The body comes in for criticism for failing to organise a collective marketing policy, and we are told that such a policy was necessary in the U.S.A. to avoid flooding the American market; or in other words sabotage had to be introduced, as witness the dealings in connection with the cotton crop. The recent Merchandise Marks Act has not been very helpful, because the parties interested have to convince a Committee appointed by the President of the Board of Trade that it is advisable that a particular import should be "marked" with the country of origin. But if the Federation of British Industries can do nothing for industry what can the poor Farmers' Union expect to do for agriculture—the Cinderella of British industry?

The compilers of the Report have completely forgotten the man upon whose bowed head the brunt of all this dirty work is to fall. The farm labourer's sole compensation is not to be the cultivation of his soul, as permissible with the release offered by

modern science and machinery, but the intensive cultivation of his cabbage patch:—

> "to encourage all wage-earners to use a plot of land for their own profit."

If the Trust has its way the only time for this will be extracted from the labourer's sleep. It is impossible for the Liberal Party to solve any serious industrial depression, if for no other reason than its allegiance to a method of price-fixing that industry cannot bear.

> "Price should be the product of free play between the powers of the producer and consumer."

During 1927 farmers went bankrupt at the rate of ten per week for the first six months of the year, or at the rate of 40 per cent. more during the same period last year. Mr. Lloyd George, their own Liberal leader, had no illusions at one time as to who held the farmers in the hollow of their hands. In the autumn of 1921, Mr. Lloyd George, as Prime Minister, actually ventured to hint that the country's bad condition was brought about by the operation of the banks. He was warned—

> Does he, and do his colleagues, realise that half a dozen men at the top of the big five banks could upset the whole fabric of Government finance by refraining from renewing Treasury Bills?—*Financial Times*, September 20, 1921.

Now, so far as we can learn, Mr. Lloyd George voluntarily gives his allegiance to a policy of centralisation to render the financing of agricultural activities safe for the Banker. It also aims at attacking every privilege except that of the Banker, while in it can be seen a deft gesture to urban interests for the purpose of catching their votes. "H."

Music.

Royal Philharmonic: January 5.

The great attraction of the programme was the first complete performance of the concert version of Ravel's Ballet "Daphnis et Chloë" in England. A good deal of very beautiful music is sacrificed—one is tempted to think quite unnecessarily. Ravel's work is so beautifully made, so logical and convincing in growth, so thoroughly symphonic in character, that the whole of it is perfectly capable of standing alone without any gratuitous assistance from Monsieur de Diaghilev, who can be relied on thoroughly to spoil most things on which he lays his hands. Ravel's protest against the way in which Diaghilev produced this work in London in 1914 will perhaps be remembered. If then, when the Russian Ballet was still a great thing, that is, when it had among it the great personalities who made it what it was—names like Bolm, Nipinsky, Fokine, and Cecchetti above all—the result was far from satisfying, one shudders to think what would happen to it nowadays *chez* Diaghilev. The composition is without parallel in its composer's entire work. To all his qualities of nervous delicacy, fantastic imaginativeness, fineness of style, and certainty of touch in the most daring of situations (he glides over precipices on the edge of a scimitar-bridge time after time in a way that at once thrills and entrances with its perfect grace, perfect certainty, and supremely confident ease)—there is a glowing richness of imagery which one finds nowhere else in his work. Almost it seems as if all his strength had been gathered together to produce this superb music, and that the effort had left him spent and drained, for his subsequent work has shown a rapid and almost uninterrupted decline, having now reached a pitch of anaemic dessiccation beyond which it seems hard to go. But "Daphnis" remains after fourteen years one of the most consummate masterpieces of modern music. Not even in the "Song of the High Hills" is a wordless chorus used to more supremely beautiful effort—the work is a dream, an enchantment, from the quiet opening to the gorgeous pagan orgiastic final dance. It was played as well as circumstances in London admit, and it was obvious that attention had been concentrated upon "Daphnis" to the partial neglect of the rest of the programme, which was rather deplorably played. Especially has one to commiserate with Mr. Walton on the terribly shaggy first performance of his admirable *Sinfonia Concertante* for orchestra and piano, a very well-shaped, sprightly, gay, and brilliant piece of music, which one looks forward to hearing under more happy conditions. Mr. York Bowen, however, gave a finely polished and well-limned performance of the important and elaborate obbligato, and had the rest of the playing been up to this standard one would have been well pleased. Mr. Walton is very definitely shedding the undesirable alien influences that have hampered in the past the free expression of a very racy individual and, one thinks, English (in the best sense of the word) talent.

Mr. Bertram Jones on the Berlin Orchestra.

There will, one supposes, always be found people to defend the indefensible, like the opponents of the anti-child-labour legislation of last century, but that the secretary of a London orchestra should be found actually to applaud the system that makes those bodies with us not orchestras at all, but a disorderly rabble, is an example of national vanity gone mad. His judgment takes this form: no matter how bad *our* system is, it is better than *theirs*! But his remarks are so priceless that I quote:—

> "But we did not find that we had anything to learn. The German discipline was wonderful, but gradually *we became tired of the unvaried precision* (my italics). We missed the exuberance and spontaneity of the British players. We felt that our orchestral method has the advantage of being more humanised and less mechanised. We have much more verve and 'go' in our work. We get more of the soul of the music."

It would be difficult to cram more false reasoning into less compass. One has only to translate the thing into terms of athletics for its absurdity to be clear to the meanest intelligence. A tennis player, a runner, will have more "verve" and "go," for example, with irregular and spasmodic than with regular and ordered practice and training! . . . . A pretty piece of argumentation. And to a very large extent the playing of musical instruments is an athletic exercise, of a very arduous type, too. "We became tired of the unvaried precision"—that is, of hearing wood, wind, and brass chords played *as* chords, and not as catch-as-catch-can arpeggio, hearing horns play in time, hearing the strings play as *one instrument* with unanimous bowing. . . in a word . . . "we became tired" of listening to the elementary principles of good orchestral ensemble playing put into practice! . . . Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the ears of some of us are more sensitive than Mr. Bertram Jones's. Then observe the insidious dishonesty of the suggestion that an ill-rehearsed, ill-disciplined body will give a more "spontaneous" and "exuberant" performance—that is to say you play with more "verve" and "go" when you don't know the work than when you do. One wonders what accomplished instrumentalist or singer would dare subscribe to this preposterous doctrine. Fortunately there is Sir Thomas Beecham to explode it. At the L.S.O. meeting the other evening he rightly said that in England at the present time a conductor is so occupied in trying to get the mere notes that he has no time to begin thinking to interpret. On top of all this, and after the journalistic jingoes have been working so hard to be kind by explaining away the manifest superiority of the Berliners on the grounds of manifold rehearsals and subsidies, there comes the shattering disclosure from a responsible quarter that they enjoy none of these advantages, that they are a co-operative body just like our L.S.O., and that they have two rehearsals only per concert, also just like our London orchestra. The conclusion is distressingly obvious.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

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* "The Farmer and His Market." (Ernest Benn, Ltd. 1s. paper, 2s. 6d. cloth.)

Rural Life and Lore.

XII.—RABBITS AND FERRETS.

There are lots of people who think they know all about rabbits. I have been out with some of them, and have seen them surprised at things I could have told them would happen. On one occasion I went with a party who worked some hundred yards of burrows, and caught forty to fifty in their net. The next day they went up again to continue working along the same stretch of burrows. And they did not catch one. Not a rabbit bolted. The explanation is that these rabbits had crossed the valley to another set of burrows in an opposite hill. The reason they did so was because the wind had changed. But these people did not know that; so they had all their trouble for nothing.

A rabbit drives his hole right through the ground so that he can come out at a different spot to where he goes in. It is easy enough to see where his front door is, but his back door, where he bolts from, wants a lot of finding. It is as small as the top of a teacup, and you would wonder how he came through. And it is artfully placed so as to be concealed by long grass, flowers, or other growing things.

Now a rabbit will not bolt against the wind if he can possibly help it. If he should happen to be in a burrow where the wind is blowing towards his back door, he will turn sulky and won't budge—not if he has twenty ferrets behind him. Timid as he naturally is, he will, at those times, stay still and let the ferret kill him. But give him a following wind, and then look out—he is out of that hole and away, ah, at a good twenty miles an hour. You will now also understand that he does not like draughts. He chooses his quarters in the most sheltered places, and, as I have said, he changes them according to the lie of the wind, so as to be comfortable, like a gentleman might go to Monte Carlo for the winter.

The ferret is a beautiful little animal, related to the polecat. Properly speaking, he is white. But if you bed him on good wheaten straw he takes on a rich dark yellow colour. He can thrive on a teacupful of milk every other day. He does not need any rabbit offal such as some people give him. In fact, it spoils him for his work to do this. I don't say that after a day's work you cannot let him have a small piece of rabbit's liver as a special treat; but this must not be his regular food, or else he is likely to get the habit of killing rabbits instead of doing his duty, which is to drive them. If he should kill one in the burrow, you can say good-bye to him for a month; for he'll eat and sleep down there until it's all gone.

Because of this danger a ferret is muzzled when being put to work. Some people use a metal contrivance, but that is not satisfactory, because if he has to push through any obstacle the metal makes his nose sore. The best muzzle is the oldest—the poacher's piece of soft string. This is tied lightly, so as to give him room to open his jaw a little. You must put his muzzle on, not when you get to the run, but directly you start out. Then you drop him in your pocket, and he will go to sleep until you want him.

He is a very clever little animal and it is wonderful how thoroughly he can be trained to know that his duty is to hunt for you and not for himself. I have had ferrets that would stop in the entrance to a burrow and give you a sign that there was a rabbit there. The sign would be that they stiffened and bristled up their tails. A trained ferret will not attack a sulky rabbit when he comes up with him. He will give him a nudge with his nose to stir him to bolt, and if he does not succeed he will come back to you. Sometimes, when my ferret had given the sign, and I knew there was a rabbit in the hole, I have sent him back to have another try after he has returned the first time. And he would go, and would come back again without hurting the rabbit if he still couldn't move it.

I have heard people who said they knew all about rabbitting blame the ferret for coming back, saying he was no good and they must get another. But it was proof he knew his work. They seemed to think that if the rabbit was there the ferret ought to make him bolt no matter where the wind was or anything else. They didn't seem to have heard of such a thing as the rabbit turning sulky and refusing to move. Or, if they had, they must have expected the ferret to slide it out. What else could he do except lie down and go to sleep if he was wrong to come back?

Another reason why rabbits may not bolt is because people are too greedy. They say: "Don't let's waste our time; let's put five or six ferrets in different holes and clear the whole run in one go." But they do not stop to remember what the inside of the run is like. It is a honeycomb of passages. The consequence is that very often these ferrets will come upon the rabbits from two or three directions and herd them up instead of driving them out. There's such a thing as having too many workers on a job.

I have told you that the ferret is related to the polecat. There is another sort of ferret which comes closer still, for he is a cross between a pure ferret and a polecat. We call him a "line" ferret, because he is let into the burrow with a long piece of conger line attached to his neck. His duty is different from that of the ordinary ferret—the "free" ferret—because he is meant to fix his teeth in the rabbit and hold on tight, so that you can pull him and the rabbit out by the line. So that is why we breed him direct from the polecat, which is a very voracious animal that will kill and eat anything. The line ferret is a larger animal than the free ferret. The time we have to use him is when, as I have said, a free ferret—or it may be two or three of them—fasten on a rabbit and begin to feed on him. You don't want to wait a month till they choose to finish with their eating and sleeping; so you send your line ferret in to get the rabbit away alive or dead. You pay out your line as the ferret goes in, and by keeping it taut you can tell at once when he gets his teeth into the rabbit. It is a beautiful sensation—just like when you get a bite on a fishing line. Then you pull, and you can feel by the weight whether you are drawing out both animals. Then, when you have got them out you will see your free ferrets following of their own accord behind—that is, if they are awake. If not, if they were lying on the rabbit and sleeping off a meal (which they do) you must wait till they wake up and find their food is gone. Then out they will come; and you put them in your pocket and go home. R. R.

Verse.

By Joe Corrie.

CONVERSION.

He married late in life, and when
 His wife bore him a son,
He went to church to thank his God
 For all that He had done.

But after life had fled
 From his prattling lad,
He only went once more to church,
 To cry, "There is no God!"

A DOUBT.

A curse, a kick,
 A howl of pain;
I watched the dog
 Slink back again.

And through my mind
 The question ran,
"Which is the brute,
 Which is the man?"

Views and Reviews.

VITAL ECONOMICS.

As, among others, Count de Gobineau observed, the Renaissance[*] was more than a rebirth of learning. It was a rebirth of personality, a re-affirmation of the majesty of man; it was marked by the revival of a joyful paganism, by a liberation of vitality which concerned itself little with questions of sin, morality, or eternal salvation. The Renaissance was Christian in spirit only, provided that Christianity, instead of implying, as it did and still does for many, self-denial, implies life more abundant; instead of a self-immolation for love's painful sake, a love-feast. There was in the Renaissance an overflowing of creativeness in which men gaily devoted themselves to commanding power for the sake of crystallising noble forms. There was an intellectual uprightness by which men began to recognise the possibilities of this life. Man, in a word, began to pull his weight in the universe that so clearly is as to be taken on trust.

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Alongside the Renaissance, however, the Protestant Reformation occurred. If a guess as to the ideal function of the Protestant Reformation might be tolerated, it seems as though its true work should have been the right direction and discipline of the liberated vitality. Certain very earnest, thoughtful writers have wished that the Reformation had proceeded in England more according to the spirit of Erasmus, and turned less towards Luther and Calvin. Then, these writers have felt, that healthy paganism would have spread like a fountain over Europe. The southern creative joy would have been wed to the northern passion for utility—this latter contributing the application of science, printing, and, afterwards, process machinery—to the end of emancipating the individual over a wider and wider field. Whatever may be the value of speculations on what might have followed had some major event in history turned the other way, had Harold won at Hastings, or Erasmus at the birth of the Reformation, it remains that from the Reformation to the present time Europe has been a house divided. If Europe can be thought of as an organic entity, then its creative spirits, representing its conscious ego, have been antagonistic to the actual course of its conduct and culture. Europe has suffered from a cleavage of spirit which in an individual would be recognised as diseased, and which is not recognised as diseased in Europe only because the entity of Europe is unrecognised, or is at best as yet unfamiliar.

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In all the movements that savoured of Puritanism there was a check to the Renaissance spirit of carefree paganism. It may be, of course, that the paganism of the Renaissance was too carefree to last, and that some compensatory objection to indulgence was necessary, as it is in the career of the youth of every generation, to conserve vitality for a later age. For it is of the nature of prodigality to be brief and of discipline to be long. It may be that the vital economy of Europe in regard to her place in the cultural economy of the world required the Puritan conscience to prevent the spilling of Europe's energy prematurely, or at too high a rate, for the realisation of its maximum of creative achievement. In any event, Puritanism gained the day. But although all Northern European attitudes to life and the world are strongly coloured by the Puritan mood, and although the very gloom of the Northern European climate induces a Puritan discipline to some extent, not the whole of the Puritan outlook has found favour with the free spirits suggested above as Europe's ego. These, of whom de Gobineau is undoubtedly one, admired the creativeness of the Renaissance at the same time as they respected certain qualities of character developed in Northern Europe. They respected Northern Europe's capacity for enduring discipline, its thoroughness, its inventiveness, its aristocratic individualism, its adventurousness, its vitality. While many of these qualities, however, are manifest among Puritans, they entirely lack the aristocratic communal qualities. They betray a parochialism of spirit in their sectarianism, which is tantamount also to a fear of spiritual adventure. They have capacity to bear discipline and privation, they have thoroughness, inventiveness, resource, vitality; but their individualism is not aristocratic, and they contribute nothing to the grand manner of Europe because their spirits are dominated by fear. It is this fear which, above all else, the "ego" of Europe has felt under an obligation to purge away.

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It is as though Northern Europe regarded the awakening of the creative forces called the Renaissance as a threat to demand *prodigality*, where only *thrift* could be afforded, somewhat in the fashion of the adolescent who, seeing the licence of his fellows, suddenly begins to fear for his own old age, and who conjures visions of eternal damnation as the penalty of throwing away his energy. He shrinks from riding on life lest life run away with him. Strong as his instincts are, he dare make no use of them, like the apprentice who dare not handle the chisel for fear of cutting himself. Puritanism converted the gospel of love into the creed of fear, on the authority of Saint Paul.

* * *

The gulf between Luther and the Renaissance has not yet been healed, though the healing idea has sprung again and again in the minds of the free-spirits. From the Renaissance and the Reformation to the present time each epoch has compensated for the extremity of attitude taken by its predecessor. In England we have swung from Elizabeth to Cromwell; between the Restoration and Victoria; between Victoria and to-day's prodigality and licence. This antagonism between restraint and exuberance is precisely a war in the mind of Europe between unbalanced centripetal and centrifugal force; between the will-to-power (in the narrowest sense) and will to creation. That Europe shows unmistakable signs of disease, of inability to reach peace with herself, of an impulse to destroy herself, is at root the consequence of her failure to solve this problem of extreme continence against extreme exuberance.

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It would be foolishness to pretend that Northern Europe had no reason whatever in fearing the degree of exuberance shown by Southern Europe at the Renaissance. Glorious and noble as was its achievement in painting, poetry, sculpture, and architecture, in politics and in commerce, Europe could not live at the pace set on the resources then available. Its great figures could not be assimilated into European tradition as fully representative men. At the Renaissance, however, Europe was endowed with examples that continually confound Puritanism, its fear if not the whole of its discipline. Mr. Chesterton, in whom, Roman Catholicism notwithstanding, there has always been a strong pagan impulse, could write of Cesare Borgia that, the question of whether *he was* a better man than the average London clerk apart, he was certainly more alive. Until man is as alive as at the Renaissance, as alive as Nietzsche, Europe has not succeeded. But man cannot be so alive as long as fear is his only safeguard against prodigality. R. M.

(To be concluded.)

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[*] "The Renaissance." By Count Arthur de Gobineau. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

Drama.

The Dance of Death.

Modern theatrical conditions do not permit of the performance of both parts of "The Dance of Death," which would exceed three hours of *net* playing time in one evening. But the first part is complete enough in itself to appear complete, and the only misunderstanding its production without the second part has caused merely serves as a commentary on the English ignorance of a great Nordic dramatist. The misunderstanding referred to, of course, is that "The Dance of Death" has a somewhat conventional happy ending. But Strindberg did not write the second part with the object of atoning for that happy ending. Both parts were published together. To those with a sense of smell for the Strindberg manner the ending does not appear intended to be happy. It rather shows the awful paradox that northern peoples especially have seen marriage to be—the welding together of forces which repel each other to their full extent. Perhaps it was through an unconscious racial comment on the same paradox that two different Anglo-Saxon verbs developed into a single English verb, which transitively means to split asunder, and intransitively to stick together; and that caused this very verb, *cleave*, to be applied to the relationship of man and wife. There are only two sorts of husbands—those who are scheming to get away from their wives and those who are praying to get back to them.

An idea of what Strindberg saw in marriage is to be found in a play published the year after "The Dance of Death." "The divine primal force," says the daughter of Indra, in "The Dream Play," "allowed itself to be persuaded by Maya to propagate itself," and, elsewhere, "Fire and water do not agree, but they generate energy." Happiness, according to Strindberg's outlook, is to be attained only in one state; in the state of complete exhaustion when no more conflict can be borne, when sleep or death is all the same.

Perhaps the best course to take with regard to this production of "The Dance of Death" is to see the first part performed—it is the duty of everyone who complains of the unreality of the present-day theatre to pull himself together sufficiently to go and see it—and then to read the second part. Then it will be clear that Strindberg inherited—or stole from Heaven—some of that all-creativeness of the Spinozistic deity which Coleridge, a little blasphemously, attributed to Shakespeare. Although the play is a conflict of character, more real, more intense than life itself, it contains a great variety of symbolic undertones and comments on life and its apparent meaninglessness. When the Captain dies—in the second part—Curt no longer sees him as a devil. He sees him as representative of the sort of men who possess the whole earth. The Captain does not merely reflect the insanity of Strindberg. He reflects the supersanity of Strindberg. This figure, put together with a power of observation and psychological synthesis which puts criticism on its knees in wonder, manifests, with only sufficient exaggeration for their lunacy to be perceived, those very traits of character which imprison all mankind.

"Born in a poor house with many brothers and sisters the Captain had very early to support a family. His father was a ne'er-do-well if nothing worse." For the rest of his life the Captain persuades himself that everything he possesses has been earned solely by his own efforts. He must for ever do the whole job himself, resenting offers of help yet taking what help is given without thanks. His home on the fortified island was previously a prison; the cage-birds in it are in prison. His own frame is a prison, for his wife, after twenty-five years of intimacy, confesses that she knows him no better than when she first met him. Every act of his life is directed by the principle that nobody must be as good as he; to make sure of his own importance he must pull and push everybody beneath him. He sees the rest of the people on the island as "rabble." For fancied wrongs he ultimately ruins his one friend, Curt, who had borne his offences with saintly patience and helped him in many needs. In the Captain Strindberg has drawn, out of the well of his own poetic genius, the complete syndrome of egotism. The Captain is mad because mankind is mad.

The play was one of Strindberg's later works, composed during a prolific creative period after he had recovered from his breakdown and become mystic. Far from arousing doubt as to whether Strindberg knew what he was doing, the play's most remarkable feature is the breadth and depth of its consciousness. Taken in conjunction with the "Dream Play," several phrases are duplicated in the two plays—"The Dance of Death" portrays the contradiction between "inside" and "outside." No sooner does any character make a boast of virtue than he immediately betrays himself by a display of its corresponding vice. Each sees in the others his own motives. Even Curt preserves his resignation only until he is once more mixed up with love and desire. The relationship which exists between the Captain and his wife Strindberg calls "love-hatred," a way of saying that their lives are a ceaseless fight for individual supremacy against a ceaseless drive into coalescence and self-annihilation. The Captain wanted all for himself. He imagined himself Atlas, who had the right to possess the world for supporting it. His wife, who cannot forget that her marriage thwarted her own ambitions as an actress, is almost held to him by the challenge. She longs to overcome him, and the only occasion in her life when she might have left him was chosen to humiliate him. This is not gloom. It is Nordic realism, dramatically intense and tragically convincing. Every soul is a fortress for attack upon and defence against the world; and it is both a refuge and a gaol. Because of its impenetrability all that exists between men is misunderstanding; and the way out of this isolation can be found only through purification by fire and water. Technically the construction, the weaving of themes, symbolism, and character, into a work of art that can last purely as such, is exceptionally fine, though in the introduction of the accusation of defalcations against the Captain, a master-craftsman's hand slipped. Both at the time, and when it transpired that he was innocent, one felt that Strindberg could have found better means of proceeding to the pre-destined end. For the rest there is the same economy of setting—the three acts are played with no change, but the amount of light—and in the number of characters. Miriam Lewes played Alice with considerable devilry, and Robert Loraine, in a performance marked rather by military precision and broad sweeps than by psychological subtlety, was a very soldier-like captain; Edmund Gwenn only occasionally rose to the dignity required of Curt, and was not given the full importance in the play which the relationship of the character to the Captain merits.

Lancelot of Denmark: Playroom Six.

The Playroom Six has again provided something unique in the modern theatre. Lancelot of Denmark, translated from the Old Dutch by Dr. Geyl, is one of the missing links in the evolution of European drama, being an entirely secular play dating from so early as 1400. It is one of the signs of the awakening of the spirit of this world. It contains plot, action, and character, and though it is furnished with a moral, the tenor of which is that one should treat women with courtesy, no moral is necessary. One marvels to see the whole future of dramatic technique here folded, as it were, in the bud. The story is as simple as one of Chaucer's, and quite probably no more original in the dramatist. A knight loves a beautiful young woman, lowly born, and loses her through the plotting which his mother undertakes, to make him cast her off. Wandering disconsolate in the forest, she is found by a noble, to whom she confesses her fault, as he makes known his love, but who marries her nevertheless; and she reigns, beloved by all, in his castle. Yet this simple story is worked out so that the audience has no mind for anything outside, and with a richness of humour that no longer exists in Europe. This play was composed just as art became the arts, as architecture, poetry, painting, ceased to be written to the glory of God, and began to be written consciously for the glory of man, while pictures, as Chesterton said of Rossetti's, were still poems, and poems still pictures. Mr. Dunlop has caught this atmosphere. His action is picture, and his pictures part of the poetry. He has given drama a unity that makes it lop five hundred years off one's age, and live again in the nursery of Europe, where innocence and freshness, though beset by temptation and folly, are full of creative promise. The charnel-heap of Europe seems impossible, and the play only, with its appeal to imagination, reality.

PAUL BANKS.

Purpose. A Speculative Fantasy.

By W. N. Soden.

Purpose may be considered as a conscious activity aiming at a preconceived goal. This definition may have to be modified later, if not in its phraseology, at any rate in the meaning we attach to the words. "Behaviour" is a word which has a very wide application, for we may speak of the behaviour of a man or the behaviour of a piece of metal, but we do not mean the same thing. The former includes factors not present in the latter. The term "reaction to circumstances" shuts out too much of the meaning of behaviour to be an alternative. Behaviour may be considered to be the external evidence of action. Conscious behaviour may be spoken of as conduct, unconscious behaviour as instinct, the vital behaviour of an organism as reflex action, the vital behaviour of organic matter as metabolism, the behaviour of inorganic matter as reaction, and of atomic structure as phenomena.

When a man sets out to attain some object he systematises all his knowledge of the facts that bear upon it, he reasons out all the steps that must be taken, and argues out all the pros and cons of each step required, each subsidiary objective that must be gained, and should he be wanting in experience or knowledge, he will gain them by a process of trial and error. The whole process is a conscious one, and all the faculties a man possesses are brought into use; each plays its part, conscious anticipation permeating everything.

How different is this from the bird at its first nesting! Here physiological demands appear to compel the pairing and mating, but what is there in the bird which tells it to build a nest, or to choose the site? It has had no experience to guide it; it has no knowledge to draw upon; it probably does not know even why it is building, still less likely is it that it anticipates what will happen when it has sat on its eggs for two or three weeks: and yet we cannot deny that there is purpose in every action. Though there is consciousness of the steps, there is no consciousness of the result to which these steps lead. There is something missing here which is present in the purpose of a man, if we may judge by introspection of the activities of one's own instinctive actions. Does the solitary wasp that catches its first grub, paralyses it with its sting, lays its egg upon a suitable spot, and seals them both in the ground, know why it is doing so? It probably never sees its progeny, and yet who shall say there is no purpose? Does the bee that works itself to death in a few weeks know why it exhausts itself in collecting and storing honey? Does the moth know why it seeks the light, or the spider why it spins its web, or the caterpillar why it encases itself in a silken cocoon? Do we know why we blink when the eye is touched, or why we contract our abdominal muscles when threatened with a blow below the belt, or why the pupil contracts when a strong light shines into it? Does an amoeba know why it engulfs one particular object and rejects another, just because of its suitability or otherwise for nourishment? Does a blood corpuscle know why it absorbs oxygen in one part of its circuit, and gives it out at another? Does any particular cell of the body know why it selects from the blood plasma only such constituents as are necessary for its specialised functioning?

But let us rest, to think. Can we apply the word "purpose" to these later examples? Is it not that they are serviceable, i.e., of biological import, rather than purposive actions? When can we say that purposiveness ends and serviceableness begins? Are these grades of the same quality rather than degrees of quantity, or is there only similarity in the quality? Let us take the one striking factor of difference between the higher and the lower examples of behaviour, viz., consciousness, and see in what the difference lies. The consciousness of the bird building its first nest differs from the consciousness of the man who deliberately engages in a task as it does also, though to a lesser degree, from that of the bird which is building its second or third nest. Consciousness is not a mere epiphenomenon, for it plays an active part in the process. When, however, we descend to the activities of instincts, and to the reflex actions of the higher animals, we are getting down to automatism; consciousness here plays a lesser and lesser part, so that it may be considered at times to be nothing more than an epiphenomenon, until, when we reach the metabolic processes, it has faded away. We also see this fading out of consciousness in fully developed habits. There are, then, degrees of quantity in consciousness, but, which is more, there are also degrees of *quality* of consciousness, from potential—through embryonic and epiphenomenal consciousness—to that superconsciousness which embraces all the facts known to the individual together with the relationship between different facts and groups of facts.

When we reach the lower stages of activity that have been cited, consciousness, as we understand the word, is completely absent, and purpose is so far missing that only its ghost in the form of serviceableness remains, but even serviceableness implies the future, as of benefit to the continuity of the organism or of the cell, and as such comes within the same category as purposiveness. There is within it an inherent tendency to satisfy the impulse whenever circumstances enable it to do so. The magnetic needle, if no hindrance is present, will point to N. and S., and thereby relieve a certain tension, or impulse, or electric strain. The wall of the cylinder of an engine is under tension. May this not also imply a bipolarity in the form of corresponding resistance, and is this entirely passive? Is there no active resistance present also? May not this active resistance be accompanied by something of the same nature as feeling, or that emotional experience which accompanies instinctive activities? Are not the stresses in the metal comparable to the physiological reactions present in emotion? Again, a cutting tool may become blunt, but recover its keenness after a rest. Engineers speak of the tool becoming tired. May not the molecular disarrangement in the steel, which is said to account for this condition, be of the same nature as the molecular condition in the protoplasm of a tired muscle cell? Is the tiredness of steel and of muscle merely analogy, or is there not something of similarity in it? There is, as it were, within the atom something more than a mere tendency. Rather is there dynamic urge which compels it to combine with another atom should circumstances (temperature, proximity, moisture, etc.) be in accord with the so-called laws of chemical affinity and atomic valency. The atom may be regarded as on the look-out for an opportunity, which it snaps up immediately. We can imagine it to be in a state of constant expectancy. Any way, it acts as if it were.

It must not be understood from this line of argument that the activities which show serviceableness are simply and solely the phenomenal reactions of atomic or molecular change, or that those which show purposiveness are controlled by the same regulations only as apply to serviceableness, still less only to those governing physical and chemical phenomena. Consciousness may then be considered as dependent upon molecular action, though it is not wholly due to it, nor is consciousness wholly due to serviceableness. Other factors come in—such as time in the shape of the past and future, space in the continuity of structure. It is as if the increased complexity of the process caused by the addition of added points of contact, molecular, chemical, vital, or conscious, produces a modification of quality rather than an increase of quantity. The added factors arising from within as emergents or originating from without as influences; which new line of speculation we will refrain from following.

If we seek to go deeper into this mystery, we end only in greater speculative suppositions than have already been indulged in. The solid ground from which we started—solid at least as our everyday conscious experience goes—begins to crumble away beneath our feet, and we are left suspended in mid-air, barely supported on the wings of fantasy.

So far, we seem to have been travelling along an infinite line, and are no nearer its end than when we started; so let us retrace our steps to where we set out and see if finality cannot be reached in the other direction. On our return from the fruitless journey we find ourselves once more in the experienced purposive activity of man. Here at least we feel that we grasp reality and not a dream figure. Is, then, purpose a real entity? Can we deify it, and write it with an initial capital letter as the older psychologists and moralists did for conscience and morality, and thereby infer that it was an extrinsic something, existing in itself, which influenced and guided human conduct "ab extra"? Or can we re-ify it as "thing in itself," distinct in its working from instinctive and automatic behaviour? If so we shall be led into error, for that but leads to the picturing of man as a marionette, a plaything of the gods, without freewill or any inherent dynamic activity. If we face the matter bravely, and state that there is no such thing as "purpose" in the terms of these conditions, it is doubtful if we are justified in using the word as a noun at all. But when we do, we should clearly understand that it is an abstraction, which, when removed from its setting, dissipates into nothing. We should avoid the difficulty if we confined ourselves to speaking of purposive activities instead of purpose, for purpose—forgive the term—is but one of the activities which mind exhibits. It is, in fact, descriptive of one of the aspects of mental functioning.

Having then failed to find finality at one end of an infinite line, we hopefully try the other end. We are again doomed to failure. Whether we dig down to the depths of matter, or aspire to the heights of idealism, we reach a point beyond which we cannot get, try as we may. It would seem that the mind is bounded by certain ill-defined limitations; that if we try to over-pass them it ceases to function, and that language and verbal thought are left behind as totally inadequate instruments with which to pierce the heights and depths of life and existence. Reason fails us as we cannot conceptualise the necessary data, so that we are left and have to content ourselves with the pure subjectivity of intuitional feeling.

Reviews.

"**Lino-cuts.**" By Claude Flight, R.B.A. (The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Flight's admirable book suggests a new method of home decoration, which combines the cheapness of prints with the satisfaction of creative effort. It is, of course, possible for any man to take water-colours or oils, and paint what pictures he desires. But either is expensive, and either involves the study of a difficult technique, an occupation for which most men have neither time nor inclination. Linoleum-cut colour printing, on the other hand, requires few tools, and some of these can be home-made. The materials are cheap, and once a block is made almost any number of prints can be taken from it. The medium being soft, it does not, like woodcuts, produce a harsh outline. Artistic training, so-called, is, in lino-cut work, not only useless, but actually harmful. It is possible, as Mr. Flight's own print of the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel shows, to imitate the appearance of a water-colour. But, if it is to give the best results, the medium demands a geometrical simplification more in keeping with the trend of modern life. Artistic appreciation—that is, a sense of the relations of colour, form, and movement—and intelligent expression are necessary. But these are qualities which most men have, and they demand none of the arduous training necessary to slick reproduction in the literary tradition. Lino-cuts appeal especially to children, whose naïve and beautiful ideas have not yet suffered dilution in the schools. The excellent results are shown in reproductions of the work of pupils of Professor Cizek, of Vienna, and of Mr. Flight's own pupils. Lastly, though it allows the children to be themselves, the art demands a patience and skill in execution, which bring it within the range of those disciplinary exercises which lead to self-realisation rather than to self-expression. Mr. Flight's book is above all practical. But he fortunately finds time to express some of his own stimulating ideas, and those ideas are well worth heeding, for he is one of the few modern artists who realise that we live in a mechanical, swiftly-moving world.

The Lazy Detective. By George Dilnot. (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.)

The chief thing we have against this book is its title. Mr. Dilnot starts in to tell us about Harry Laban, the divisional detective inspector who always had his feet up on the mantelpiece. It would have been a good idea had it been carried out. But Mr. Dilnot, like the good journalist he is, forgets about it after a page or two, and goes on to write a fairly well-constructed and extremely well-coloured yarn of Crook v. Bull, with a silly love story spoiling it. It must always be specially good fun writing novels if you are a journalist, because then you find out how well you have been writing all your life, almost without knowing it, like Monsieur Jourdain.

VIENS. SUR TES CHEVEUX NOIRS.

(After Theodore de Banville.)

Come. Throw your yellow hat upon your raven tresses,
Ere toil untimely the earth with noise oppresses.
Come, let us greet the dawn creeping from hills' shadow
Plucking the flowers we love from the dew-sprent meadow.
Nigh the green shores of the river softly streaming
Gold water-lilies slumber with pale petals gleaming.
Through the wide fields and the sloping orchards winging
Sweet come far echoes of the sound of shepherds' singing.
Playful the morning wind like a skipping maiden
Shakes for your pleasure its wings with odours laden;
Swift as your greeting smile it scatters o'er your bosom
Frail scents of flowering peach and tender apple blossom.

D. R. GUTTERY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "POWER" COMPLEX.

Sir,—Mr. Helby's second letter goes on the maxim, "Ex uno disce omnes." By the same maxim I arrive at an opposite conclusion. A few days ago, talking with the wife of a playwright, whose treatment of servants is, I am sure, entirely satisfactory, I heard her tranquilly remark that, of course, she did not believe in education for everybody, or else she must expect a time when domestic help was unobtainable. You, sir, take refuge in that question-begging word "necessary." In parts of the United States, I am told, the wives of millionaires have to do the family bed-making because they are unable to induce anybody else to do it. Whatever extra inducements housewives may offer to servants under Social Credit, hotels and restaurants will be able to increase theirs *pari passu*. "The Psychology of the Servant Problem," by Miss Firth, which was reviewed in your columns some time ago, explains the difficulties which I believe will only increase as the general population grows more prosperous. Social habit and convention is a powerful thing. What middle-class family now contemplates road-mending as a career for a younger son, and will road-mending easily attract a sufficient personnel when everybody's income of £500 net can be obtained from dividends selling cigarettes, or setting up type?

HILDERIC COUSENS

[In some of his arguments Mr. Cousens is two or three streets behind the procession. In our reply to Mr. Helby's first letter we implicitly conceded him his point that the fear of labour scarcity existed. We then went on to argue that this fear was unfounded. For instance, when Social Credit is inaugurated we shall calm the apprehensions of Mr. Cousens's playwright's wife by introducing her to Mr. Helby's charwoman. (Jack Sprat could eat no fat.)

The present debate is on the question whether people who will want to hire labour for necessary work will be able to do so. Our only object in using the qualification "necessary" was to exclude such work as is now given out from charitable impulses—and there is a not inconsiderable amount of it. If Mr. Cousens wants to include it we do not mind. His case now rests on the fact that there are categories of work for which there is little or no offer of labour. Take the scarcity of domestic servants, for instance. This fact is of no weight unless Mr. Cousens can prove that these missing girls are sitting down in absolute voluntary idleness. But they are not. They are all working at something, even if it only be at home for their keep. There is alternative work for them to do, and we may presume that they prefer it to the existing conditions of domestic service—although there are many cases where a girl helps at home from a sense of duty. But at the inauguration of Social Credit industry will send hundreds of thousands of girls home; and these, although provided with enough money to live on, will all be under the impulse to *do* something, and a great many will have the ambition to *get richer* as a result of doing it. If, then, would-be hirers of domestic labour bid up for it both in terms and conditions, we see no reason to suppose that they will not get it. And if the girls did not respond (for we realise that they do not much like taking orders from their own sex) there will be plenty of boys and men who would.

There is a further question: that of the prestige attaching to various kinds of work. Now it is claimed by all advocates of Social Credit that it will invert financial and economic policy. If so, it must inevitably invert the scale of work-valuation. It will apply Nietzsche's injunction to transvalue our values. The remuneration for different tasks will be graduated according to their natural use-values from the consumers' standpoint, and not according to their artificial price-values from the money-monopolists' standpoint. Hence it is quite conceivable that road-mending may come to be regarded as an even more gentlemanly occupation than that of dropping bombs on Germans was in 1914-18, or the driving of trains was during the General Strike.—ED.]

FINANCING PRODUCTION.

Sir,—When one wants capital to start some big, necessary modern enterprise, it is very well to say "that is quite easy, just print it," and even seems sensible. But the proposal would be clearer if one could have an answer to this question. At no period in industrial history (practically speaking) did any man ever start out to do anything without first needing to find *some* capital. If he wanted to go and dig coal from an outcrop on a hillside which was nobody's, he had first to find a pick. What is the proposal? Is it to give him the pick? Or is it to give him the pick without asking him to pay for it out of the coal?

J. W. SCOTT.

[No: assuming that the coal itself can be got without any expenditure of money, the proposal is to *lend* him, say, £1 to buy the pick, and subsequently to *give* his customers £1 to enable them to pay him for the use of the pick. If the pick would last for four weeks and extract five tons of coal per week, he would need to charge 1s. per ton so as to recover 5s. a week. So his customers would be presented with their £1 in instalments at that rate. Alternatively the same principle could be followed without giving the customers £1 in actual money—namely, by letting him off repaying his loan if he agreed not to charge the cost of the pick. The orthodox objection to such a scheme as this is, that it virtually puts £2 into circulation against £1 of coal cost. The answer of the Social Credit advocate is that one of those £1's (the money paid to the maker and seller of the pick) is not available to meet the £1 of coal-cost. To realise this one must go back and follow through the pick-maker's operations on the same assumption as has just been considered. In that case it will be seen that his price of £1 for the pick represents a debt of £1, which he owes to his bank. So as soon as the coal-getter buys and pays for the pick with his £1, the pick-maker repays the bank. The money now goes out of existence; but the book-cost of the pick remains as a charge on the coal. So, unless a new £1 is presented to coal consumers they cannot pay for the pick. And to go back farther still: whoever originally sold pick-materials to the pick-maker would himself have used the £1 to defray *his* debt to the bank.

The hypothesis throughout is that consumable goods themselves cost nothing, and that only the "capital" goods incur money costs. We have chosen it in order to adhere as closely to the simple form of Mr. Scott's question as possible. In so doing we are isolating only one element in a multiplex problem, and do not pretend to have given a complete answer.—ED.]

THE THAMES FLOOD.

Sir,—Many of your readers will have heard the appalling account given by the B.B.C. announcer of the conditions in the riverside parts of London, particularly Rotherhithe and Bermondsey.

Hundreds of families living in cellar basements, in some cases below the low water level and flooded to a depth of 5 to 10 feet with filthy water, on which floated as much as 6 or 7 inches of creosote, oil, and tar, and also excreta and filth from the flooded drains and sewers.

Following on this the sanitary authorities came and attempted to clean out the nauseous mess by means of petrol, and the dangers of explosion and fire complete the hellish picture. Most people would have thought such a state of affairs absolutely impossible and fantastic in the richest city of the British Empire in this twentieth century. These unparalleled events are only equalled by the amazing cynicism of His Majesty's Government, apparently calling in the aid of a subsidiary Government department to make a pitiful appeal for contributions from all and sundry of our already overstressed and financially straitened population. Will they send along their pounds, shillings, or pence to help to mitigate these conditions and save the people from death and disease by starvation and pestilence?

When *will* the people awake to the realisation that our nominal Government should stand first of all for the safety and well being of the members of the community and use its abounding real credit to maintain and enhance such well being? Instead of this it constantly finds fresh means of searching the pockets of the people for more and more of their scanty incomes, wages, or doles, while at the same time it allows the more powerful if hidden governing power of finance to inflict such conditions of parsimony, penury, and starvation that even the B.B.C. have to cadge for the mites of the million to mitigate these fiendish cruelties and horrors.

J. E. TUKE.

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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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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.

"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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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.