THE

# NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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## CONTENTS.



## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Apropos of our recent comments (THE NEW AGE, July 3) concerning the proposed Vatican coinage, and our discussion of the relation of Christendom to monetary power, we notice an article entitled "The Mint" in the June number of the *English Review.* It is a useful survey of the technique and history of coinage in England, the Empire and foreign countries. What caught our eye at once was a passage early in the article in which the writer, Mr. H. Charles Woods, said:

> "The authority to coin money, though in earlier days often delegated to leading personages and institutions, such as the *Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the great barons and the more important monasteries,* has always been held to be the prerogative of the King." (Our italics.)

It is highly significant that this authority should have thus been exercised in association with the Church, the Land and the Army, especially in view of the fact that as and when the authority has since been passing into the hands of a private credit-monopoly, there has been a concurrent decline in the power of all three institutions to decide, respectively, ethical, economic and military policy. Each institution is being warned to-day not to interfere with the policy of either of the other two. Thus, as Mr. Baldwin told the late Archbishop of Canterbury in 1926, the Church has no right to a voice in deciding economic policy. And the same rebuff would be administered if the Church presented any independent point of view about military policy. Similarly the Landlord (now represented by organised capital which has swallowed him up) is denied a voice in ecclesiastical and military policy. Lastly, the Soldier must not think to interfere with the powers of the other two. Of course interferences do take place, but only when procured or allowed by Finance. Little reflection is required to show that the three institutions are three isolated impotencies. In appearance it would seem that Capitalism, as the successor to Feudalism, has merged the old powers of the other two institutions within itself. But there is no truth in the appearance. All three of them are in exactly the same position, namely that none of them has any power to affect credit-policy (which is the modern equivalent and development of coinage-policy). No institution which is denied the right to its share in the power of controlling financial credit can hope to affect the policy of the country, whether the issues involved are moral or technical. Conversely, the institution which exclusively controls financial credit imposes its own policy on all other institutions, whether their experience, knowledge, ambition or ideal concerns temporal or spiritual things.

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Bearing upon this subject we notice that A. A. B. contributes an article in the *Evening Standard* of July 15, under the title "Squeezing Out the Dukes." We recommend readers who want to document the Social Credit analysis, presented several times in this journal, of the high-financial policy of sapping what is derided by Democrats as "Landlordism," to take the trouble to buy a copy and keep it for reference. We will quote the writer's concluding paragraphs:

> "Suppose the dukes—I use the term generically for the upper class—allow themselves to be squeezed out by taxation, what sort of a place would England become? Society would be remodelled upon the American and Colonial plan, the least lovely and the least lovable in the world.
>
> "The sack of England's treasures by the Americans must be resisted.
>
> "Jowett used to say '*Rank has so much power in this country that I am astonished that its possessors don't make more use of it.' The Master was right. The House of Lords has many more friends than it knows of. Let them take courage, and lead a revolt against the rule of confiscation,* both for their own sakes and on behalf of all classes for whom discipline and respect for the respectable are the only guarantees of personal liberty." (Our italics.)

Language like this is not too strong to use in a situation where, as the writer has heard, for instance, at Hornby Castle, which the Duke of Leeds is trying to sell, there has already been an auction of movable effects, among which "*The coronet and robes that*

*may have been worn at the coronation of William and Mary, were pawed by the auctioneer and fingered by the mob, until some Covent Garden dealer bid £8 for the lot.*" The connection between this sort of sacrilege and the restrictive credit-policy of the banks is too plain to require comment. But other phenomena which at first sight seem entirely independent of financial policy are just as certainly the outcome of it. From among these let us instance one:—the spectacle of the Prayer Book being pawed by the Cabinet and fingered by Parliament.

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While on the subject we may mention in parenthesis that a report from India last week described acts of mob violence by Moslems against Hindu *moneylenders*. This is particularly interesting because it at once suggests that there is another factor than religious prejudice and animosity, in Hindu-Moslem relationships. As our readers are well aware we do not believe in Home Rule for India because we know that the general happiness of the population cannot be improved by any change of political administration. But because there is a real case against yielding to the Indian Nationalists that is the more reason why false arguments should not be brought into the controversy. We are told that one of the reasons why India cannot be trusted to govern herself is because of the religious antipathies of the Hindus and Moslems. We are far from suggesting that antipathies of a purely religious origin do not exist there in such measure as to constitute an administrative problem. But we submit—and we expect everyone who holds a religious belief to support us—that any over-stressing of the notion of religious causation in interpreting this political problem should be rebutted and repudiated, because it inevitably creates and disseminates the idea that *religious belief itself* is the cause of social disorder. We are certainly entitled to ask, in the present connection, how far the administrative problem is one of getting Moslems to be friends with Hindus, and how far it is one of getting *debtors* to be friends with *creditors!* What are the relative weights of the two factors? It is an important question, having regard to the widespread prevalence of money-lending in India, and an especially fruitful question to us and our readers, because whatever difficulties a wise administration might find in eliminating the religious factor in the case, there is no difficulty in eliminating the monetary factor. Borrowing is made practically compulsory by taxation: taxation is levied to fulfil the financial obligations of the Administration: these obligations are exacted by the Credit Monopolists—the banks: the exaction is based on bank policy: the policy is based on certain financial axioms. These axioms have been discredited by Major Douglas. Serious investigation of his disproof therefore becomes the prime duty of every statesman; for until existing bank policy is reversed there will be disruption and sedition however efficient and sincere may be the persons who assume the responsibility of administration.

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In a book by S. K. Ratcliffe, published in 1923, entitled *Sir William Wedderburn and the Indian Reform Movement* the author quotes the following remarks made by Sir William on the Indian famine of 1900:

> "I point to one economic fact of the highest importance, which has not sufficiently occupied public attention. Even in the worst months of the famine, and in the worst localities, there has never been a deficiency in the food supply. There has always been a sufficiency of grain on the spot, in the hands of the traders: the difficulty is that the cultivators have no means to purchase. They have no money, and being hopelessly in debt to the moneylender, have lost their credit."

All political unrest has its source in economic insecurity. And economic insecurity has its source in credit-policy. As concerns the physical task of producing and sharing out means of welfare in quantity sufficient to establish general economic security there is no natural fact which even tends to make this task difficult: on the contrary everything conspires to make it easy: there is virtually no natural limit to what science *can* accomplish. But there is a non-natural limit to what science *may* accomplish. It is a moral limit imposed by the banking monopoly. This fact is disguised by financial insinuations that there is some restrictive law in nature which the bankers themselves are obliged to obey. But the bankers refrain from defining that law and from attempting to prove its existence. If it exists, the fact ought to be the primary subject of education in all the schools and colleges of the world. If the same Nature which yields a profusion of wealth has decreed a restriction of monetary claims to wealth, surely the rationalisation of this seeming paradox ought to be the first duty of all educationists.

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For one thing it would eliminate what the bankers themselves complain of as "ill-informed criticism" of their policy; and for another it would enable political and industrial administrators to escape the odium of having caused the economic insecurity which gives rise to the multitudinous grievances that are destroying the peace of the world. There is, of course, the objection that a world intellectually convinced that collective scarcity of the means of well-being was a natural law, would go on quarrelling, as it does now, about the sharing of whatever wealth was available; but at least it would understand the fundamental cause of its quarrels and would realise the iron necessity of compromise. That would be a great step in advance of the present situation in which every individual or group or nation which experiences the lack of well-being—whether in terms of concrete wealth or political freedom—is under the impression that some other individual, group or nation can grant it what it lacks. "Why do I believe him guilty?" exclaims postulates an old lady in one of Fergus Hume's stories: "Because I have made up my mind to believe him guilty." Thus the Communist makes up his mind that Capital possesses the money needed to make Labour secure and contented. And thus the Indian Nationalists make up their minds that what India lacks Britain possesses and is enjoying. While the knowledge that neither "Capital" nor "Britain," in these instances, can afford to yield to the indicated demands for "justice" would not necessarily eliminate agitations by people who felt unjustly treated (for intuition will always outshout logic) nevertheless there would be a deeper general realisation of the futility of these struggles. Why, then, do the bankers refuse to call in the scientist to set out the formula and demonstration of this law of scarcity? Because there is no such law.

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"There has always been a sufficiency of grain on the spot," said Sir William Wedderburn, but the starving cultivators "have lost their credit." Here is the complete story of the modern economic world. Money itself was introduced into the world in order to perfect the process of barter—barter still being, by common consent, the fundamental principle governing exchanges of products. In the case of a primitive community, if they were able to produce 100 assorted articles, and their collective need to consume articles did not fall short of 100, it is impossible to conceive of any law—physical, biological or psychological—which imposed a limit on these rates of production and consumption. And granting that it is possible to conceive of a moral law to that end, it is still impossible to conceive of its originating in the will of the community: one has to postulate some person strong enough to overide the will of the community, or, shall we say,



some magician adept enough to delude the community into sanctioning its own deprivation of what it wanted. No such community would spontaneously subscribe to the doctrine that to satisfy its needs was *morally* wrong. It might be prudentially risky not to save something to tide them over an earthquake, storm, or fire; and if these disasters were prevalent this saving would amount to a moral duty. But given the assurance of uninterrupted production, no such idea of morality would attach to abstinence from needed things. Collective abstinence under those conditions would point to coercion or deception on the part of a superior authority, and the so-called law would be nothing more than his whim, or, if you like, his conscience. ("I do *not* approve of people making pigs of themselves; I *do* approve of people undergoing hardships." Thus the law would be the product of a moralo-sadistic complex in the autocrat.

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And that is precisely what we say this law is in modern economy. Economic insecurity is the result of an autocratic use of credit to restrict consumption. The credit-system which was adopted to *perfect bartering* has been twisted into a device for *limiting the scope of bartering*. The bankers, through the control of credit, are the effective controllers of the world's bartering-power. They encourage production but restrict consumption; or, as schoolboys might put it: "We can *make* things but we mustn't *swap* them." Apply that idea to barter pure and simple, and it would meet with universal derision, for its implications would be instantly realised. But these implications are exactly the same in the present system. And so we come to witness such episodes as that which we have noticed, where an Indian dealer sits on a heap of grain which he cannot sell, and watches the Indian cultivator die beside it because he cannot buy any of it.

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*La Gringoire* (Paris) recently quoted a remark attributed to a fleeced investor in New York: "Banks are institutions which hand you out umbrellas when the weather is fine and take them away as soon as the rain comes." This is a happy approximation to the truth; for the conditions under which banks finance production make it inevitable that a large proportion of the products cannot reach the consumer. This is not simply a matter of inference from observation of the phenomenon of the struggle to find markets: it is a mathematically demonstrable conclusion deduced from the facts and figures relating to the bankers' policy and procedure. The famished Indian cultivator died because he had "lost his credit"—which means that in order to get seed he had had to pledge his power to barter the harvest. Likewise the Indian dealer, to acquire the grain, had to pledge his power to barter it. And so, on and up through the economic system until, at the top, there sits the banker with the supreme power in his hands of manipulating all activities and of measuring out their rewards. For the unhappy results not he, but the political Administration gets the blame. Sometimes this may be just—as when the Administration is consciously playing the bankers' game; but generally speaking the Administration is an innocent, or at any rate ignorant, scapegoat. Both in India and Egypt the British Government is reaping the bankers' wild oats. And so long as British statesmen, whether from cowardice or ignorance, refrain from taking up this issue with the bankers, these evil crops will be pointed to as evidences of "British misrule" and will feed agitation and sedition in all parts of the Empire.

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While on the subject of India we may record another passage from Mr. H. Charles Woods' article on "The Mint." Referring to the two Mints in India—Bombay and Calcutta—he says:

> "These mints do the coinage required for British India and are *entirely under the control of the Viceroy and the Government of India.*"

We have no comment to make beyond the suggestion that the fact mentioned would make an interesting footnote to the "Notes" in our issue of May 22 in which we discussed the Marconi Affair, the *Eye Witness*, the *New Witness* and other matters arising out of the controversies of 1912. In that year, according to the *New Witness*, Messrs. Samuel, Montagu and Co. secured the contract for the supply of silver bullion to India. We referred to this in the above "Notes" (pp. 38-9) and to such facts and incidents as Mr. E. S. Montagu's being Under-Secretary for India; his visit to the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford; their collaboration in preparing a Report on Indian government; Lord Reading's becoming Viceroy in 1917; together with a host of other particulars all tending to produce the impression that the effective government of India is largely the concern of a cluster of Jewish families. We really do think that it would save an enormous amount of time if the British nominees to attend the forthcoming Round Table Conference were to be exclusively composed of members of the Schuster, Swaythling, Montagu, Samuel and Isaacs families. For these gentlemen would seem to possess, between them, the power of carrying out any agreement that they might arrive at with the Indian delegation; and, quite as important, the power of frustrating any agreement of which they disapproved. Moreover, as concerns the prospect of any agreement at all being arrived at, it is obviously better to delegate the British case to gentlemen who through racial inheritance and cultural adaptation are equally conversant with Eastern and Western habits of thought. We have an idea that they think so too, judging by the recent Press-agitation in London for the Conference to include representatives of *all* points of view ("no Party prejudices or principles"). We know what non-Party discussions end in: all-Banking conclusions.

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Reverting now to our main theme, namely the ill reputation that dogs all Governments because of the disturbance of economic life caused by the bankers, we may repeat what we have emphasised before, that not simply Governments but all Estates of the Realm, all institutions which play a part in political and social life, are likewise suffering under the same condemnation for the same reason. Thus: organised labour is "short-sighted," industrial administrators are "conservative" and "inefficient." Every problem is due to some "defect" in some "character." The latest example of this false interpretation—inspired by Finance and indulged in by the Press—is provided by the *Weekly Dispatch* which has dug out young Randolph Churchill to deliver a "Challenge to the Church" in the name of that blessed word "Youth." It is a long article comprising an assemblage of criticisms of the Church which he advances to explain why the Youth does not attend the Church. His criticisms lead to the futile conclusion that if a lot of things were altered in the Church the youth would return to Church. If there were more "enthusiasm," better "leadership," greater "vigour," and deeper "faith" . . . the result would be—well it would certainly be that there was more enthusiasm, better so-and-so and so on, and so that's so isn't it. If the Church needs something more specific here it is:

> "What the Bishops have got to do is to adapt the teachings of Christ to the needs of a rapidly changing world."

That does not take the Bishops far, but perhaps they

could make a simple rectification such as is indicated in the following criticism:

> "We still chant the same responses and mumble the same litanies as in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The average sermon is neither eloquent nor inspiring. The Church has been left behind in the march of events."

But there are pitfalls attending any attempt to bring Queen Elizabeth's responses up to date, as Mr. Churchill himself inconsistently discloses somewhere else when he says:

> "Only a few years ago, after months of argument and reflection, the bishops produced a new Prayer Book. Yet even the weight of their combined erudition and authority was insufficient to obtain popular acceptance for the fruit of their labours."

If Mr. Churchill, instead of aimlessly prattling like this, had published a suggested emendation of the Elizabethan responses he criticised, the Bishops would have been able to see what it is that Youth likes so much—which would have been thousands of times more helpful than a string of things he does not like. Mr. Churchill does give one indication of what Youth would like:

> "[The bishops] . . . are afraid to modify the medieval morality which the Church still imposes, with so little success, upon her members. *Hence their inability to deal with such questions as marriage and divorce.* (Author's—or editor's?—emphasis in heavy type.)

We need not stop to discuss this sentiment except to remark that the institution of marriage is of all subjects the one on which the opinions of Youth are of least consequence.

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The last, and from our point of view, the most significant, of Mr. Churchill's remarks is as follows (and in heavy type):

> "*The Bishops cannot pretend that they have as much ability as they formerly had to influence the life of this country. They will not soon forget the almost universal disapproval which greeted the then Archbishop of Canterbury's intervention in the General Strike.*"

Mr. Randolph Churchill overlooks the fact that at that juncture there was only one newspaper—namely the *National News* (or something like that) conducted by his father. People have, it is true, an absent-minded notion that editors command magical means of consulting and reproducing the public opinion of the country in so short a space of time as from last night to this morning. But if asked if they believed this they would laugh at the question. Apart from that, Mr. Winston Churchill was using this newspaper for the explicit object of forming public opinion, not consulting it. Public opinion is formed by an editorial selection of certain news and views on the one hand, and by a suppression of certain other news and views. Mr. Winston Churchill decided that the public should not be informed of the fact or the nature of the Archbishop's proposals. So while we are glad to see that Mr. Randolph Churchill is still an old-fashioned enough youth to regard his father's disapproval as the same thing as "universal disapproval," we must confess our own incredulity about it.

* * *

The originating cause of the General Strike was the withdrawal of the subsidy paid to the mining industry for supplementing wages. This was decided upon by the bankers, communicated to the Treasury, and put into effect by Mr. Winston Churchill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Knowing that decisions of the bankers are irrevocable except at their own instance, Mr. Churchill, as soon as he saw that the Archbishop's memorandum included a provisional restoration of the subsidy, had no difficulty in deciding that his scheme for a truce was impracticable. He had at least a colourable excuse for suppressing it, for the public might have read Government endorsement into the fact of publication. But this is an incidental matter. The central factor in the situation was that there was never any need to withdraw the subsidy—either on technical or moral grounds. What made its withdrawal appear to be a necessity was that the Government was under the supposed obligation to raise it in taxes from the rest of the community. But such an obligation is an imposed rule of the bankers and not a real necessity. Technically it is now known to be possible to expand credit, and administer it in such a way as to increase production and consumption with profitable results both to producers and consumers. One part of the method involves the *creation of new credit* to be distributed to the community for personal-consumption purposes. The other part ensures a concurrent *lowering of the consumption price-level* while leaving unimpaired the existing inducements under which productive enterprise is carried on. The Archbishop's suggestion was in substance based on the most up-to-date economic research. What is more, he was aware of this and had the assurance that if the bankers came out into the open to impugn the suggestion on technical grounds they would be speedily and effectively answered. Having that assurance he had only to consider the moral aspect, and to decide whether this thing that could be done *ought* to be done. On that there could be no two views: if peace to the country and a comfortable living for the individual could be established without exacting material sacrifices from any section of the community, that was the answer to the moral question. The reception of the Archbishop's intervention, then, far from being a symptom of the declining influence of the Church, as Mr. Randolph Churchill submits, was on the contrary a symptom of the money-changers' resistance to her resumption of responsibility.

* * *

Mr. Randolph Churchill, with his youthful candour, tells us pretty clearly what he considers to be the proper rôle of the Church.

> "It [the Church] is even now one of the strongest bulwarks of civilised life against any threat of anarchy."

Quite so. The rôle of the Church is to keep people submissive under financial repression, which is exactly what the Salvation Army does, and what the large financial houses in the City subsidise it for doing. If the Church inquires into the how and why of this repression and seeks to mitigate it, that is considered to be unwarranted interference. It is not the first time that Fulfilment of the law has been attacked as Destruction.

* * *

There is an underlying threat here. It is that if the Church seeks to act outside the part assigned to her the financial powers have other agencies ready to substitute for the Church. We wrote at length on this theme in an article a year or so ago called "The Passing of Christendom" in which we analysed the process of substitution which had already been going on. We can add an item to that analysis. In a newspaper recently appeared the following report:

> "Chaplains in Bradford's casual wards have been displaced by wireless. Radio sets have been installed in the wards, and the Bradford Public Assistance Committee has received sanction from the Ministry of Health to dispense with the appointment of chaplains. The committee thinks that broadcast services will be sufficient. Wireless sets for the casual wards are not to cost more than £20."

It is a small manifestation of an all-persuasive influence. Here the Church loses some revenue, and loses the benefit of personal contact, while the pauper comes under the influence of a centralised agency of mass-admonition concerned solely with the maintenance of the rights of Cæsar.

* * *

In conclusion, it is a little curious that Mr. Randolph Churchill's "Reply and Appeal To the Bishops" (as a subheading describes it) should appear on July 13. Is it a reply to our Lambeth Conference issue of July 3?

## The Accountant-Controller.

A feature which is becoming more noticeable in company meetings is the Chartered Accountant as controller. There have been several such meetings lately, Beardmore's being one of them. This reflects the banks' policy of intervention in the administration of industry—a policy which has been discussed in these pages more than once. An accountant in control of, say, a steel factory does not know, nor need know, a scrap about steel manufacture. He is there as a bankers' observer, and his prime duty is to regard the concern not as a distributor of steel but as a collector of money. His function is to see that sufficient profit is earned (a) to repay bank overdrafts (b) to secure debenture holdings—that is, to make sure that the ordinary shareholder bears all the risks of the enterprise. This he does, in profitable years, by withholding part of the profit available for the ordinary shareholder and saving it up as Reserves. Reserves are thus a Bankers'-Risks insurance-fund to which the ordinary shareholder pays all the premiums; for no contribution is levied on interest payable on bank-loans and debentures. The consequence must be (and probably will be seen to be) that the greater the accumulation of reserves the less the Controller need trouble whether the concern continues to flourish at all, much less whether it distributes ordinary dividends. Once he has got it in such a "sound condition," as that upon liquidation the banks can recover the whole of their loans and investments, the purpose of his control is fulfilled. He is then in a position to permit the technical management even to take risks in their manufacturing programme, knowing that, if they back a losing guess, it will be the ordinary shareholder's stake that will be lost.

## The Man and the Moment.

A man may set heart, hand and mind to the doing of some particular work in the world, and never be able to do it. But he was born at the right time—his time—in spite of his failure to accomplish what he could not accomplish. In the same way, the right moment, the critical moment, the psychological moment is always the same moment—now. We do not say: the right moment arrived before its time. It is just as much nonsense to say: the right man arrived before his time. We might just as well say: the right moment arrived before its man.

If, in such-and-such a case, we say: the right man and the right moment coincided, we mean simply that a man acted at that moment. He did what he did "now."

If, in such-and-such a case, we say: the right man appeared before his time and so could not act, we are simply saying that he was not the right man for his time. But he was. And he always is.

If, in some other case, we say: the right moment arrived but not the man who could deal with it, we are saying that this moment was not the right moment for its man. But it was. And it always is. There is no subtle paradox here. The key-word in all this is the word "right."

You might choose to say that prehistoric man was in advance of his time. What you mean is: he was in advance of *this* time. He existed before us. The Past is not now, the Future is not now. But now *is* now, and ever shall be. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might"—now. *At what other time is it possible to do anything?* The thing is to know what one has found to do.



We may say: the right moment has not arrived for the introduction of a Social Credit *régime*. But it has. And that is what we have found to do.

In that case, one may ask, why does not such a *régime* come about? The answer is: it is coming about "all the time." *All* the time is now—for there is never any other time. It is true to say it has not come about. When it does come about it will then be "now." Shall we then say: Ah, at last the right moment and the right man (and/or men, of course) have coincided? We may say so. But the point is that this coincidence could not take place at that particular moment, but for the fact of a certain speed and sequence of other coincidences, some of which are taking place now.

The final coincidence we shall call "right"—the thing will have actually happened. The other links in the chain leading up to this can hardly be "wrong"? They were right at the time. That is to say, they are right at *this* time. As right as they can be—now. Anything that is as right as it can be is—quite right.

And so, we may argue, since it is all happening so inevitably "now," there is no need for anyone to do anything in particular; after all, now is now, and what is to happen now will happen. So it will. But the moment you feel-and-think so, it will be *something other than Social Credit* that will happen "now." For now you have pretended that the moment of time can be separated and can act without the man of the moment. You are always the man of your moment, and, since you cannot help but act in some way at each moment, and as you have now decided not to try to implement Social Credit—having left it to pure abstract "time" devoid of human agency to get on with the shaping of circumstances towards that end—it follows that you will now be doing something else. By doing something else you slow-down the process, since Time, at any rate, always waits for every man. The man and the moment cannot be separated. For all practical purposes the moment is the man.

> "I think you might do something better with the time," said Alice at the Mad Tea-Party, "than waste it asking riddles with no answers."
>
> "If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

Is it, therefore, possible to slow-down or speed-up the "right moment"? The right moment is nothing but the man acting "right now," as they say, and it may be possible *to do more* in the given moment than we have, hitherto, imagined.

It is not possible to hasten the right moment, we may be told. Of course not. Now *is* the right moment for doing what can be done now. You cannot hasten "now." You cannot do what cannot be done now. When someone says: it is not possible to hasten the right moment, he means that you cannot do now certain things that you may be able to do in the future. However, no one can do anything "in the future." But for "now" there is no Past, and no Future.

The question is: *Are we sure that we are doing what can be done now?*

In the theatre of reality there is no one moment when the curtain goes up and the show begins. There is a continuous performance. Are we actors or merely spectators?

S. R.

### NOTE.

**The Cotton Report.**

**Will our correspondents please concentrate on Cotton during the next four weeks, and send either Press cuttings or other information bearing both on the recommendations in the Report and on the attitudes of employers and operatives towards it. Technical data about the industry will also be welcome provided they are relevant to the deep issues with which this journal is concerned.**

# Whom the Gods Love.

**By Old and Crusted.**

We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name.—(Elia's Dream Children.)

True, I talk of dreams, which are the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy.—(Romeo and Juliet.)

— a garden charmed from changing, in which your June has never passed away. Walk there awhile among my memories.—(Alice Meynell. Your own fair youth.)

A distinguished critic, reviewing "The Small Years,"* says that Mr. Kendon "has produced a picture of everybody's childhood—which is true enough in its way, and he might even have added in support of the title of his article "A Poet's Childhood," that most children are potential poets, until they perish in that massacre of the Innocents, miscalled education.

By the mercy of God a certain happy few survive, even as an occasional blossom escapes a spring frost and ripens into fruit on a south wall; others who are not killed outright drag out a stunted existence as bank managers, insurance actuaries, writers of best smellers, cinema actors—et id genus omne.

Of the favoured few Mr. Kendon is one, and it is a rare pleasure to be permitted to walk awhile with him in the garden of his memories, where we may, perchance, catch a glimpse of our own little "might-have-been" hiding shyly in a thicket or smiling wistfully in the mirror of a lily-pond.

Now, when discoursing on this subject of "the early years" it is only too easy to drift into maudlin sentiment—fall from the inkpot into the treacle, so to speak. One may, nay, must, love little children and hold with the poet that, without them,

> "This were a drearier star than ever
> Yet looked upon the sun,

but feel more than a little nauseated at some of the cloying drivel poured out by certain popular scribblers on the topic of babies and fairies. From any taint of this Mr. Kendon is most pleasantly free —perhaps he owes his restraint to his grandfather, "Old Kayzey," under whose puritan discipline he passed his first ten years. There was something heroic about grandfather. He kept a school; how he came to be a schoolmaster "and his ways, and his sayings" the reader must find out for himself. As for the school, it was a Spartan institution, and might easily have degenerated into a Dotheboys Hall:—

> "A pump to wash at, a bed to sleep on, a room to work in, a wood to play in, the plainest of food, no sort of organised games, no touch of art anywhere, few books but Bibles, no music but hymns, no culture but religion, for reason rules, for holidays long walks—these were the characteristics, and in the hands of a rogue the school might have been a scandal.

But happily it was not, for Grandfather was no Squeers, although, given the erudition, he would have made a sound Scotch domine of the Calvinistic brand. He was this manner of man:

> "His discipline was summary, not persuasive. . . . He could hate cunning or dishonesty, as though it was a personal enemy. His anger was sudden; but his habit of mind was just."

That may not constitute the whole armour and equipment of the ideal teacher, but it does provide some of the essentials of a sound education. Moreover, this weird establishment had one supreme advantage: there was no games tyranny: no "blue" devil from Oxbridge, to make school-life hell for a sensitive child. Grandfather's boys were not always being urged to "play up" for the honour of the House or made to waste long summer afternoons in the outfield. They had time and occasion to use their eyes and ears during those long rambles in the garden of England; with far-reaching results in at least one case; as witness the discovery of the succory bloom:

> "I remember how, one day, in the chapel meadow, in the long mowing-grass, I found a big blue flower of a purity comparable without loss with the blue of the sky. . . . what is clear now is that this joyful, simple discovery left me changed. I am, even to-day, thirty years away from that blue succory bloom, partly what I am because I found it then, with my eyes for my spirit. And every cloud that I saw go marching mysteriously by across the heavens, and every silent summer instant in the fields, every first primrose or white violet that surprised me, every incident, in fact, that I remember now, had some addition to make. Often I cannot trace the addition, more often still I fail to give it a name, but I am sure that the very fact that I remember it proves that it nourished life in me and is part of me and indestructible.

Would that every child might find a succory bloom in the meadows of his prep. school.

. . . . . .

There is just one point at which one feels constrained to join issue with Mr. Kendon, and that is when speaking of Grandfather's death he says that "ten knows little of seventy-three." Probably it was true in his case, but there are countless others in which the most perfect sympathy exists between child and grandparent. They are natural allies.

It is often said, in terms of pity or contempt, of some old man that he is entering his second childhood; but would it not be nearer the mark to say of such a one that he has reached the age of readjustment and is selecting as his companions and comforters for the final stage of the journey from things temporal to things eternal the ideals of his early years rather than the pinchbeck "realities" of his hungry forties. In this sense it is literally true that those whom the gods love die young; even if they be full of years—and when you have read this book, as you will if you are wise, you will agree with me that its author is one of that goodly company who are always young at heart and, at the end, are not ashamed to become a child once more:

> "For the best that the best of us ever devised as a likeness of heaven and its glory,
> What was it of old, or what is it and will be for ever, in song or in story,
> Or in shape or in colour of carven or painted resemblance, adored of all ages,
> But a vision recorded of children alive in the pictures of old or the pages?
> Where children are not, heaven is not, and heaven if they come not again shall be never:
> But the face and the voice of a child are assurance of heaven and its promise for ever."—Swinburne's *"Sunrise."*

## The Insurgents.

Dawning and sunset plant inviolate
Our tattered banners on Infinity:
Ragged our pennons rear their silken state;
Our muted trumpets challenge Destiny
Of all unheard, down all the winds that blow.
We slew the priests of Baal long ago,
We humbled Rome, we taught men Liberty
A thousand times—receiving only hate . . .
(We know the taste of hemlock, and we know
The bite of each ingenious agony.)
The dinted harness, hewn by Time and Fate,
Wildly remembers, ringing to the blow,
Its ancient youth and battles obdurate;
All earth's lost causes and their overthrow,
And all the iron years of misery.
*Strike at the van!* The long futility
Of common living kindles to the glow
That yet shall dawn on Chaos to create
A world resurgent from its dreaming woe.
*Stirrup to stirrup!* See, the ravens wait;
And naught is certain now—save victory!

RONALD NORTHRIDGE.

* "The Small Years." By Frank Kendon. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.)



# Drama.

**Acting.**

Mr. Lane Crauford died young, in 1928, soon after finishing his book, "Acting, Its Theory and Practice."* This gave an opportunity, on publication, for Mr. H. Chance Newton to write a hasty, sob-stuff, foreword, of which he ought to be ashamed. Fortunately, this foreword is only two pages long, and may not therefore deter students of acting from reading the rest of the book. For despite all its faults it is a good book. That Mr. Crauford sometimes contradicts himself, as he does on the question whether the actor needs "conceptual intelligence," is a small matter, since it is almost impossible to give fair weight to one's observations of acting without self-contradiction. Sometimes Mr. Crauford multiplies anecdote and illustration beyond what the person whose undivided object is to study acting wants or requires. In addition Mr. Crauford gives far more space than necessary to the consideration of natural gifts and such matters as elocution, facial expression, gesture and deportment, in short, the mechanics of acting, which can be had from the academic professors. But his wrestling with the imponderables of acting, in the effort to help towards the attainment of such qualities as distinction, interplay, finesse, and style, makes fascinating study.

Natural gifts, physical and mental, enable a person to obtain a living at almost anything, from the lowly trade of potman to the well-to-do office of policeman. But one of the most inaccurate assertions ever made is that genius is "born, not made." A professor may develop out of natural talents, but genius is created in spite of the lack of natural talents. Genius cannot be catered for. Schools cannot encourage it; and the citation of genius cannot illustrate the advantages to budding actors of either natural gifts or ordinary cultivation. In everything that stands above talent there is manifest, not the development of natural advantages, but the almost successful overcoming of insuperable obstacles. A fluent speaker using his native speech may interest and move his audience; but he cannot hold it as can a non-native using with clarity a language he has only nearly mastered. As some of Mr. Crauford's illustrations show, a good natural voice on the stage, no matter how well cultivated, may exercise less charm over the audience than the last traces of a lisp, a stammer, or other impediment, almost successfully overcome. Genius is never born, it is always made, and largely self-made, though it is not, of course, the only self-made thing.

Mr. Crauford considers whether the proportion occupied by the voice in acting is as great as generally assumed. He instances the silent-cinema, dumb-shows, listening to plays in unintelligible languages, and also occasions when the most memorable thing in a performance was a gesture or a piece of "business." If, during the recent international season, I had seen only those plays the pantomime of which is intelligible alone, I might have been disposed to discount voice a little. But one thing certainly links Shaw's "Saint Joan" and "Hamlet" in one class. If the words are not understood "Hamlet" must lose enormously and "St. Joan" almost everything. Voice, deportment, gesture, and expression, are not ingredients of acting, the importance of which can be fixed for all kinds of work at the same degree. Varying emphasis on one or the other is necessary for different kinds of show, from pantomime to poetic and philosophic drama. Charlie Chaplin did not demonstrate that the stage over-valued speech. He demonstrated that another art could be created in which speech was not even an ingredient. But one can enjoy Chaplin better—indeed, one has possibly more right to enjoy Chaplin—if one can also enjoy Shaw.

Mr. Crauford's remark that he probably learned more about acting from having to see bad amateur and indifferent touring company shows through than from anything else, is illuminating. If ever dramatic critics have to earn a diploma before being qualified they will probably have to criticise a number of performances by unknowns, and what they say about the worst will very likely settle their fate. This experience certainly gave Mr. Crauford an insight into style.

> "The quality of distinction is absent when actions and movements are slovenly; when attitudes are not 'held'; when there is an air of looseness or hurry; when the words are allowed to slide into one another. . . . I think distinction may be explained in words by saying that it necessitates little divisions, nicely marked, between elocution, gesture, movements, and so forth."

Mr. Crauford illustrates this by describing Rachel walking to the fireplace, placing her gloves on the mantelpiece and her right foot on the fender, "in itself a study." Sir Arthur Pinero once corrected him in the drawing of a curtain; instead of one movement of the arm it required two (possibly three); the raising of the arm, the grasping of the curtain, and the sharp drawing of the curtain, being all distinct movements. Every section of the part of the book on aspects of technique contains lessons for the student of acting which he might simply have to discover for himself—if he ever discovered them—after hundreds of blunders. For the amateur theatre movement Mr. Crauford's book is one of the indispensables, and would provide a basis for much useful discussion.

In illustrating such a book from the present-day actors it is hardly possible not to make disputable selections and not to overlook some that should be made. As an example of excellent diction Mr. Crauford does not mention anybody as good as Mr. O. B. Clarence who spoke the inquisitor's speech in "Saint Joan" in Mr. Crauford's day. He mentions Miss Edith Evans as an emotional actress and not as a comedy actress, whereas her tragic efforts have not succeeded and her Restoration comedy work has conquered all the world that loves wit. But this aspect of Mr. Crauford's book could be discussed at any length.

PAUL BANKS.

* "Acting, Its Theory and Practice." By Lane Crauford. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

# Music.

**Covent Garden: "L'Amore dei tre Re."**

After a lapse of sixteen years this very admirable work was revived in a dead-and-alive sort of fashion by the ruling powers of the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate. The performance as a whole in its flat tameness and utter lack of glow or fire was in very sorry contrast with that I remember sixteen months ago in Rome. With its sixteen years of age the work wears remarkably well, has a vigour, freshness, dramatic appositeness and fineness of musical quality that mark it as a masterpiece of the lesser orders—not quite comparable with such a work as "Turandot" or "Falstaff," perhaps, still less with "Tristan," "Salomé," or "Elektra"—but a distinguished member of the company that includes "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Der Freischütz," "Carmen," or "La Tosca." The consistently high quality of the thought and its entire avoidance of those pitfalls of banal *melos* that Puccini has left for the feet of lesser than he and his *epigoni*, to-

gether with a harmonic feeling that relate it much more to Strauss and Wagner. The method of the former in " Salomé " and " Elektra " in dispensing, practically, with prelude or overture except for short introductory passages that can hardly be so called, is followed, and mark it off emphatically from other Italian post-Puccini operas. Its unfailing distinction, in fact, is a most attractive element about it, and the admirable homogeneity of the work, the skill with which it is moulded to the libretto, and the stage action, deserve the highest praise. Indeed it is the eminently satisfying quality of the work that so strongly appeals to the intelligent and cultivated ear.

The performance was, as I have already said, indifferent. There was one first-class piece of work only, that of Ezio Pinza as the old blind Archibaldo, very finely conceived, powerfully and convincingly acted, and well sung. The singer has a bass voice of quite fabulous magnificence. One's hope is that he will not spoil it, after the prevailing Italian manner (present day, that is) of misusing a voice. Rosa Ponselle, neither in looks, acting nor voice will ever succeed in convincing us that she is a good " Fiora." The defects in her singing which I have commented on before, and which in this degenerate and ignorant post-war period naturally arouse our " leading " critics to pæans of hysterical admiration, when there are but two, at most, of the regular critics with any serious knowledge or qualifications to speak of the art of singing—one (naturally, as we should expect!) writes for the only intelligent weekly periodical in the country, the other . . . well, I *really* do not know who the other one is! Rosa Ponselle postures and attitudinises prettily enough in the *tableau vivant* manner, arranges some marvellous cloaks with great style and *entrain* —one thinks quite often of a show of *modèles* chez Drécoll of Vienna—those twirls, whirls, swirls and curls are done as by one to the manner born—it's all highly decorative, but, where is the *acting?* Francesco Merli looked like the dustman in fancy dress, and did not dissipate that impression by his singing. The chorus sang in the most execrable and barbarous massacre of that lovely Italian language I have heard for a long while, and they sang—like a chorus—at Covent Garden. Two further seasons at least are definitely promised, and circumstantial reports float around as to a measure of agreement reached between the Imperial League of Opera, which has been in existence so long that it is necessary to remind one's readers that that is Sir Thomas Beecham, and the Covent Garden Syndicate for co-operation, which is encouraging at least. Anything that brightens up the deplorable repertoire of " The Garden," and prevents the exhumation of decaying corpses like a " Martha," and " Romeo et Juliette," surely the ineptest piece that ever passed muster as an opera, unless it be certain productions of Messrs. Rutland Boughton and Gustav Holst. Where is " Falstaff "? Where " Ariane et Barbe Bleue," " Giulietta e Romeo "? Where " Die Aegyptische Helena," " Wozzek," " Village Romeo and Juliet " (two excellent alternatives to " Romeo et Juliette "!!), " Doktor Faust," " Salome," " Elektra," " Judith " (of Goossens), only as a sample of a few?

There are still people who know how to sing, though it almost seems as if " The Garden " is intent on showing us how many *can't*. But " The Garden " prices are too high for singers who *are* coal-heavers and orchestral players who *might* make very good 'bus conductors.

Cesare Formichi and Toti dal Monté are two rare and magnificent singers. Dal Monté is the *only* great *fioritura* soprano living, but she is transcendently great—an artist of a quality that has all but passed from the earth—in Italy, or anywhere else for that matter.

Emnie Leisner is a magnificent German contralto whose equal as a German singer has not been heard since Schumann Heink, yet Covent Garden knows her not. Instead, one or two ladies would disgrace the door of a dockside public-house. It is all very sad and rather silly, and makes us all think very regretfully of the great days of Caruso, Destinn, Kirkby Lunn, Plançon, Battistini—such of us as can remember some of them, that is, when anyone who was anyone in the world of the lyric drama gravitated to " The Garden " inevitably. Perhaps, seeing what " The Garden " has now become, they prefer to stop away!

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

## The Films.

**One Family: Palace.**

With few exceptions—" All Quiet on the Western Front " is one—the more that publicity agents indulge in anticipatory superlatives, the worse the film. Of "One Family" we were told that it was to be an epic of the British Empire. It is actually an advertisement for the Empire Marketing Board, and a very bad advertisement, marvellously inferior to most of the posters and Press announcements issued by the Board. The central idea is good, that of a small boy who in a dream sees the *provenance* of the ingredients of the King's Christmas pudding, said ingredients being all the produce of countries coloured red on the map. Here is a subject which demanded the subtle simplicity of " Turk-Sib," instead of which we get crudity to the point of amateurishness, which is the chief characteristic of the film; forced schoolboy humour, and a mixture of reality and fantasy in which the flats not only fail to join but exhibit staring gaps. A bad production blunder is also that the youthful hero, who is supposed to come from a typical working-class family, speaks with the accent of Eton and Oxford, although there is no indication that his mother and father have any reason to believe him a changeling. Walter Creighton, the director, and British Instructional Films, the producers, have done very much better, and it is regrettable that the artist who devised the Wembley Tattoo and the firm which gave us " Ypres " and " The Lost Patrol " should be responsible for such pretentious dullness.

As indicative of the condition of the British film industry, it is incidentally interesting to record that although this programme at the Palace was supposed to be very much All-British, it included a short Warner Brothers film of a gentleman singing incredibly antique melodies, and that the presentation of " One Family " coincided with the inauguration of an American sound projector, although a conclusive test at this theatre had shown that an English appliance was perfectly capable of standing up to the job.

**Men Without Women: Stoll.**

This film was heralded in terms which Shakespeare's advance agent might have considered a trifle excessive. It is largely an imitation of " Submarine," itself no masterpiece; is lacking in sincerity; and the actors appear to have spent most of their time in posing before the camera in the most theatrical attitudes which they knew how to assume. Hollywood long ago accustomed the British public to regard the United States Navy as largely composed of lechers and drunkards and lacking in discipline; this production also exhibits the Service as having more than its fair proportion of weaklings and hysterical cowards.

DAVID OCKHAM.



## Verse.

**By Andrew Bonella.**

I find Mr. W. J. Turner's rather second-rate " Miss America " (Mandrake Press. 6s.) disappointing, not because the " puffs preliminary " of the Mandrake Press had led me to expect much, but because Mr. Turner's musical criticism had made me suspect a talent for satire and because I remembered a charming little poem of his called " Romance ":

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams.
I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And boys far-off at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream
To and fro from school—
Shining Popocatapetl
The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold-dark boy
And never a word I'd say,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my speech away.

I gazed entranced upon his face
Fairer than any flower—
O shining Popocatapetl
It was thy magic hour.

The houses, people, traffic seemed
Thin fading dreams by day,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
They had stolen my soul away!

But " Miss America " is not quite good enough.

The poem relates the story and opinions of Altiora Peto in her own words:

Told by herself this story lacks the padding
By which the woman novelist superadding
Imaginary scenery to imaginary acts
Murders imagination with false facts. . . .

But, indeed, in all gratitude for being spared the padding, there is little more in this than a competent woman novelist might have given us. There is neither great wealth of poetic beauty nor—which was rather to be expected—any first-class satire. Some of Altiora's opinions are not badly put:

Never before on earth was so much fiction,
The whole of modern life is pure invention,
Soon babies by test-tube manipulation
To wireless music * and a doctor's friction
Shall watch themselves being born. And copulation
Will be another lost art whose intention
Babies themselves will then not blush to mention.

but there is nothing so suavely savage or so gaily destructive as to give us the legitimate thrill of true satire. Mr. Turner does not seem to have had any particular reason for writing the book, nor is there evidence of much care in the versification, which is a pity. A rough, light-hearted gusto may carry off imperfect verse, but Mr. Turner's charming but slender Muse should be more elegantly clad.

Mr. Ivor Brown tells us in his review that Mr. Turner uses the Byronic stanza: if he speaks precisely he is surely wrong, for I can find no such form in the Oxford Edition of Byron; and if more loosely, he is far too kind, for the trouble is that Mr. Turner's verse is not Byronic enough. Byron was as much the master of the comic stanza as Spenser was of the poetic; he was not often inspired, but he was always slick. Take a stanza from the " Vision of Judgment ":

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

Note the complete rhythm of the whole, and read any of Byron's or Spenser's poems in this or a similar form if you would see how the stanza should rise and fall in waves, each a finished thing in itself, yet not so finished but that the eye travels easily to the next. Now take this of Mr. Turner's:

Perhaps it is my fault I cannot love
Or find a man to all my womanhood pleasing;
Perhaps ideals are folly, love an illusion
By which the lover lifts the beloved above
The common kind, but instinct in thought's confusion
Tells me that what I truly do desire
Is something beyond me, absent or present, 'tis higher.

It may perhaps be scanned, with liberal elision; but while we can stand and even enjoy such difficulty in " Samson Agonistes " or " The Testament of Beauty," it is merely irritating in light verse.

Mr. Turner's stanza form itself is not quite satisfactory.

In my first quotation the second line rhymes with the last two; in my second with nothing. If the practice were consistent we might get used to a blank line in the stanza, but as it is optional, we are constantly looking for a rhyme that isn't there. Some of the double rhymes are good:

. . . . . but was a virgin
. . . . . the ocean surge in

is neat enough, but the following feminine ending is poor, especially as the final couplet should clinch the whole stanza:

Woman has fallen, she's no longer goddess
To brute-like man but comrade in distress.

Here is a good double rhyme ruined by misplaced accent:

Tell me, O wives of husbands non-intellectual
Has this too great discrepancy not wrecked you all?

Replace " husbands " by " men " and see how much the line is improved. Here is a dreadful line:

And if suspecting its truth was a fiction,

all wrong and odd. Miltonic inversion is all right in Milton, imparting a grandeur to the verse, but it degrades this kind of writing to mere doggerel.

Where, in all this, is the pretty sense of rhythm that produced:

I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

or even this stanza:

Returning to our country home, Ohio,
My trip to Europe seemed just like a dream.
Yet people go on saying travel brightens
And polishes the understanding! Why, O
Travellers then, whom motion so enlightens,
Do you all talk alike and look alike and seem
To come back home like a defeated team!

in which the point is neatly made, the rhyme for Ohio is excellent, and the freedom of making the last line but one an alexandrine is justified in that the metre fits the meaning. The stanza is not perfect, but if the whole poem had reached this standard, as it might so easily have done, it would have been worth writing.

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The *Liverpool Post and Mercury* of July 5 refers to " a cynical inclination among City men to attribute ' the Bankers' Protection Manifesto ' to Mr. McKenna, and to regard his motive as a growing professional enmity with the Governor of the Bank of England. It is not, say the scoffers, that McKenna loves his old enemy Protection more, but that he loves Montagu Norman less."

(* " Tristan und Isolde.")

# Reviews.

**The Tramp's Anthology.** Edited by Stephen Graham. Peter Davies. 6s.

The revised edition of this excellent collection will be welcomed for both its lore and literature. It consists of an ample selection, in prose and verse, of extracts dealing with the open air and the animal world from writers ranging from Homer, Isaiah, Chaucer, and Shakespeare to modern writers, such as the "walking parson" (Rev. A. N. Cooper), the "super tramp" (W. H. Davies), Graham himself, and the Gordons. In the introduction, the editor explains the connection between tramping and literature. "We do too much sitting down . . . in libraries, studies, and museums, mugging up to a subject to write a book . . . one knows the sort of book 'mugged up' written for 'mugs.' But you cannot mug up life." "Personally," says Graham, "I wish there were more literary tramps. Young people come to me and say: 'How shall I write?' and I generally answer 'First you must live.' Books should not beget books; life should beget books. Tramping and vagabondage is a short cut to reality."

I. O. E.

**The World of Youth Series.** (Watts and Co. 1s. 6d. net each.)

I. *Great Sons of Greece.* By F. J. Gould; II. *Temple Bells, or the Faiths of many Lands.* By E. R. Pike; III. *The Origin of the World.* By R. McMillan.

This indefatigable rationalist firm, who have done so much to bring classics of scientific and critical thought within the reach of the man in the street, are now turning their attention to his children, and are producing a new series of books suitable for juvenile reading. Of the first three, Gould's is a "children's Plutarch." McMillan deals with the development of the earth and the evolution of life. The best that has appeared is, however, Royston Pikes's vivid description of the religious forms of different lands. He deals, not with technical points of theology, but with the different ceremonies and customs of the world's faiths.

I. O. E.

**Some Craftie Arts.** By Jan. Gordon. (Morley and Mitchell Kennerley, Jnr. 5s. 6d. net.)

*The New Art of Painting in Cheese; The Art of Complaisance or the Means to Oblige in Conversation; The Art of Plucking a Fowl so that it does not Cry Out; The Art of Exterminating Field Mice.* These are a few of the entries included under the heading "Art" in the British Museum catalogue, whence they have been resurrected by Mr. Gordon, who gives diverting extracts from, and comments on, many of the "Arts" enumerated. Incidentally he makes interesting references to past and present social conditions in our own and in bygone times. We note among the headings: *The Pleasant Art of Money Catching, and The Art of Growing Rich, or The Art of Making Money plenty in every Man's Pocket.* One will interest students of primitive magic: it gives recipes for various sorts of dreams, of happiness, wealth, talent, or power, or of aphrodisiac experiences; among the ingredients for the last are the fat of a male beaver, iron filings, and burned tortoise shells. A typical American work of recent date is noticed: *The Art of Attracting Men* in eight volumes, an elaborate series of exercises to enable the lady who follows them to become what the author describes as a "truly cuddlesome girl." An appropriate sequel might be a work on *The Newest Foundout Art, after Oriental Ways, a Bad Wife to Get Rid Of!*

I. O. E.

**The Biological Principles of Education.** By D. H. Jennings White ("Woodcraft Way" Series, No. 14.)

**Woodcraft Discipline.** By Dorothy Revel. ("Woodcraft Way" Series, No. 15.) Both booklets published by the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry. 6d. each.

These two booklets are papers read at the Conference of Educational Associations, January 7, 1930, now reprinted from the Conference Report. They can be summed up as "educational Kerenskyism," and serve to show clearly this form of chronic intellectual influenza, typical of all these Conferences of Educational Associations. There are some potentially useful ideas in both these booklets, but as it is obvious that neither of the authors could hold his or her own for five minutes upon the Economic Principles of Education nor upon the Discipline of Effective Revolt, their ideas remain swamped in a sludge of pseudo-scientific idealism that not only links nowhere to the economic struggle, but fogs the issue by a whole lot of chat about seeking to express "the aristo-democratic ideal," and seeking to realise one's "conception of 'harmonism,'" by "conscious evolution." All of which is the usual infantilism of the middling *intelligentzia;* a kind of mental panic mixed with wan hopes of educational gradualism in the face of a civilisation in the throes of decay and collapse due to a mathematically wrong financial system. Nothing is so useful to the maintenance of the established (dis-) order as this continual spewing forth of high-sounding words ("seeking "—"conception "—"realisation "—"harmonism "—"consciousness "—"evolution," etc.) by the M.A.s, Ph.D.s, B.Sc.s, and what-nots of "educational Kerenskyism." If they were paid for this side-tracking they could not do it better. But they actually do it for nothing, and don't even know they are doing it!

T. M.

**Tyrol Under the Axe.** By Dr. Eduard Reut-Nicolussi. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.)

This book is not a particularly easy one to read. It has no literary quality, and the struggle about which it tells cannot really be understood or appreciated by the average English reader. The author was a member of the Austrian Parliament, and after the Armistice, when South Tyrol was handed over to Italy as a reward for her breaking away from the Triple Alliance, he became leader of the People's Party. He describes how the Italian Government set about the task of Italianising the annexed province in a most thorough manner. They deliberately did their best to stamp out native tradition and culture in South Tyrol; German schools were closed, priests forbidden to pray or hear confessions in German, shop signs were translated, and names —even on old gravestones!—were Italianised. The people, through their leaders, protested again and again, but all to no purpose. At the first election after the annexation, the Tyrolese people sent four representatives, with overwhelming majorities, to the Roman Parliament, but "at that time in the Roman Parliament endless speeches were made, but nothing was done." (What a familiar tang this sentence has about it!) At last, after nine years struggling against Italian authority Dr. Reut-Nicolussi was forced to flee the country and to carry on his fight for the freedom of his countrymen from outside the borders of South Tyrol. This book is one of the shots in his campaign. Whether he will be successful, time alone will tell. One thing is evident—those who have might on their side always seem to win.

P. T. B.

**The English Novel from the Earliest Days to the Death of Joseph Conrad.** By Ford Madox Ford. (Constable. 5s.)

Mr. Ford is with Mr. Moore in looking at the novel from the French point of view. He is disgusted by our national amateurishness, just as Voltaire was disgusted by Congreve's preferring to be thought of as a gentleman than as a poet. Fielding he damns completely; Thackeray betrays his art by poking his head round the curtain between the scenes or even appearing on the stage while the action was taking place. Richardson is the father of Flaubert, which is praise enough; Jane Austen and Trollope are admirable in their way; Smollett is great, and Marryat the greatest of all. Sterne and Meredith are nowhere. Seriousness, not necessarily of subject but of its treatment, is Mr. Ford's cry. The reader must be personally immersed in the flow of the story; mere narration of the facts is not enough; the author's whole effort must be to present the story as it were in three dimensions, and any obtrusion of his own personality is likely to distract the reader's attention and break the illusion. Mr. Ford tells us that his book represents nothing but his own likes and dislikes, and, since he is a practising novelist of distinction, his personal taste is well worth reading about; but he overshoots the mark when he maintains that this is the only kind of criticism worth writing. His criticism is, of course, another side of his own creative writing; he himself writes a certain kind of novel, and a very good kind too; and in following the results of his particular system of measuring English fiction, we can learn more about what may be called the school of Flaubert than we could from any textbook. If we find the book a little disappointing, it is not because it goes too far in its judgments, but because it does not go far enough into the subject. It will make every novelist and every reader who is interested in the technical side of authorship long for the manual on this subject which Mr Ford could write, if he wished, with perhaps more authority than any living novelist; we would rather have the craftsman tell us how the thing was made than whether it was worth making, which is more the province of the connoisseur.

M. J.



## "The New Age" Fund.

Sir,—Will you kindly reproduce in your next issue the attached copy of a letter which I have sent to subscribers to this fund. I trust that a number of readers of THE NEW AGE who have not contributed to the support of the journal during the past year will step into the breach and help us to keep THE NEW AGE going. Its importance need not be further stressed by me in these columns, but its continuance is entirely a question of money.

W. T. SYMONS.

[*COPY.*]

*Dear Sir or Madam,—You will see from the statement overleaf that the cost of maintaining* THE NEW AGE *during the twelve months ended June 30 last has been almost exactly covered by the contributions received during the same period, and that we have less than £100 in hand.*

*But this does not at once indicate the seriousness of the situation. The fund became so nearly exhausted in April of this year that I was obliged to send out an urgent request for further help, to a number of those who had already contributed for the current year. Their response was most generous, as a reference to the attached list will show. But those who have so recently saved the paper cannot be expected to contribute again to its maintenance for some time to come.*

*Meanwhile we have only enough money to continue publication for about seven weeks, and I therefore urge all to whom this letter is addressed to help us to the utmost of their ability.*

*Further economies in production of the paper cannot be made, nor does it seem possible to increase the circulation substantially, whilst the great effect of* THE NEW AGE *propaganda on public thought is evident everywhere.*

*The march of events is rapidly concentrating informed opinion on the prime necessity for change in financial policy, and I trust you are of those who believe that* THE NEW AGE *expounds the essential principles upon which change for the better must be based.*

*Please save* THE NEW AGE, *and let us have your help as soon as possible.—Yours truly,*

*For the Trustees of* THE NEW AGE *Guarantee Fund,*
W. T. SYMONS,
*Hon. Secretary.*

*28, Woburn Square, London, W.C.1.*
*July 15, 1930.*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "THE AMERICAN SITUATION."

Sir,—Major Douglas's article on The American Situation inspires one or two questions, which I submit as a sort of Simple Simon, not as a critic. That is to say, I ask for the sake of the answer, not in the expectation or hope of scoring a point.

It is alleged that Big Finance had to turn down Al Smith because he was a Catholic, that it must, therefore, support Hoover. Why, since it is almightly and well informed in advance on all points that matter, could it not have been arranged for the nomination by Smith's party of a more acceptable candidate?

Letting this pass, Big Finance has to discredit Hoover by the elaborate process of imposing hardship on the whole country. It is like a human being burning a house down to drive out the flies. Is Big Finance, then, a Big Fool?

H. S. GOODWIN.

[(1) There appears to be no reason why Big Financiers should have shown their hands by interfering with the nomination of Al Smith. If they were content with Hoover why should they split the Protestant vote by procuring a Protestant substitute for Al Smith?

(2) There is nothing elaborate in the *process* of "imposing hardships on a whole country." It is merely a matter of touching a switch and cutting off the credit-current in a particular direction. The *effects* are elaborate enough; but that is another matter altogether. It must be remembered that the bankers served *their own interests as credit-controllers* by causing the Stock Exchange collapse, quite apart from their attitude to Hoover. They killed two birds with one stone.—ED.]

### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND SOCIAL CREDIT.

Sir,—When in Geneva recently, I took the opportunity of visiting the League of Nations Bureau and also the International Bureau for Labour and made enquiries as to the extent to which the Douglas Social Credit Proposals are recognised there.

The courteous librarian at the League of Nations Office informed me that they have a copy of Douglas's "Credit Power and Democracy" as the only book they possess on the subject, and on asking if they took THE NEW AGE I found this was not the case, and indeed the librarian's only record of your paper was a note that a paper called THE NEW AGE had ceased publication some years ago.

Nor could I find any official who claimed even a nodding acquaintance with these epoch-making ideas.

I hope you will take steps to make the active existence of THE NEW AGE known at this centre, towards which so many look for the solution of international difficulties and although officials of the League of Nations disclaim the power to *initiate* proposals for reform, it is to be hoped they will soon be at least acquainted with the Douglas Social Credit Proposals.

CREDIT REFORMER.

### ROYAL LONDON HOUSE.

Sir,—For a long time past I have been receiving periodically a free copy of the "Financial Times," containing articles on the subject of modern Architecture. That of the 16th mentions a new building called Royal London House in Finsbury Square.

This article reminded me that I went to see this building when I was last in London—I am interested in Architecture—and was much struck by its spire which rises above the surrounding buildings and is topped by a statue of Mercury.

To my mind Architecture is symbolic building; I have been wondering what is the meaning of the symbolism here. The spire might well be that of a City church, and the Mercury wants explaining.

As regards the latter I have looked up his pedigree and general history in Keightley's Mythology and find, "He was the god who presides over commerce, eloquence, wrestling, and other exercises of the palaestra or gymnastic school; even over thieving, and everything in short which required skill and ingenuity." ". . . and he had also the office of conducting the souls of the dead to the underworld." "Scarcely was he born, when he set forth to steal some of the cattle of the gods . . ."

He appears to have had rather a mixed character, but doubtless he stands for commerce, skill, and ingenuity in the present instance. This still leaves the question of the spire; can anyone enlighten me as to its symbolic meaning?

AQUARIUS.

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He had come to study and inquire, for while Australia as an important exporting country could not escape from the influence of world conditions, she had also her domestic problems, which reacted on or were reacted upon by world conditions. Australia's financial position at present was difficult. It was no use pretending that it was one that could be righted by waiting for something to turn up or without a co-ordinated plan and co-operative action. No doubt solutions of the present difficulties were being or would be found, but whatever the solutions they would certainly involve serious efforts and sacrifice.—From a report from Perth, Australia, of a statement by Sir Otto Niemeyer on his arrival. *The Times*, July 16.

The following were signatories to a Free Trade manifesto published in the Press on July 16. Its last paragraph was as follows:

"The nation is ready to move to a higher political level and occupy itself with the principles of government. Cannot one of our parties found its aims and actions on the simple proposition: That the control of economic forces by political means violates every principle on which British prosperity was founded, is alien to the free instincts of the national character, and ought only to be used, if at all, within the narrowest limits?"

*Mr. Henry Bell*, director of Lloyds Bank.
*Sir Hugh Bell*, ironmaster and coalowner.
*Sir Ernest J. P. Benn*, publisher.
*Viscount Cowdray of Midhurst.*
*Mr. F. d'Arcy Cooper*, chairman of Lever Brothers, Ltd.
*Mr. Harold Cox*, economist.
*Sir Charles Harris*, late Permanent Head of the Finance Department, War Office.
*Viscount Leverhulme.*
*Sir Charles Mallet*, historian and economist.
*Dr. Thomas E. Page*, a Governor of Charterhouse.
*Sir Alexander Roger*, member of Council of the Ministry of Reconstruction.

## 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.**


SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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